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ISABELLA II., OF SPAIN, AND HER TIMES.

AMONG the political figures brought into prominence by the historical exigencies of the past half century, that of Isabella II., of Spain, is by no means the least important. The history of Spain during this period has been one of continued revolutions and popular disturbances. Until her final retirement from the country removed her altogether from the sphere of politics, Isabella Segunda was the prolific cause, or, at least the occasion, of most of these.

The declination of Spain from a first-class power, owning the sovereignty of the seas, dictating terms, almost of existence, to distant countries; exploring, colonizing, proselytizing in all parts of the world, this fall, although gradual, has been rapid; and we may perhaps say that its more important steps have been taken during the



ISABELLA II., EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN.

half century of which we write.

The important position, however, which this country sustains in reference to the Western Continent, and the near relations into which the American people are brought with her colonists, will, for a long time to come, render Spanish history a subject of interest to us.

Recent works upon Spain, and notably that magnificent one illustrated by the truthful and graphic artist, Gustav Doré, have well informed the rest of the world of the nature and characteristics of the Spanish people in their social and domestic life, their religious fervor and bigotry, their games and their industries. But to evoke anything like a just judgment upon the political formation and consistency of the Spanish people, it would be necessary to have a much more thorough insight into their nature

than such superficial, although attractive, works can possibly afford.

A conglomerate nation, composed of material the most diverse and least assimilating, the Spaniards have doubtless carried in themselves the seeds of their decline and dissolution, as a homogeneous nation, for centuries. So little is the Spaniard a patriot, in the blood sense of the term, that his country might almost be considered a confederation of distinct social, if not political, unities, wherein the Castilian, and Andalusian, the Galician, and the Basque own each natural allegiance only to his own province, while, however, sustaining a *quasi* loyalty to the entire aggregate, whenever this is threatened or criticised by the outside barbarian.

A mixed population of native blue-blooded Spaniards, *Gitanos* or gypsies, Basques and actual Moors, resulting from the old conquest of Grenada, could scarcely be expected to assimilate or to remain in agreement as a united people. A race volatile and frivolous, yet with sufficient ferocity in their blood to render them dangerous and ungovernable, it required but a firebrand to set in flames the smoldering possibilities of a political eruption.

This firebrand was furnished in 1830, when Ferdinand

a failure. During this illness the queen, Maria Cristina, was appointed regent. Surrounding herself by a ministry composed of the *Moderados*, as they were called, she sought to effect a reconciliation with the Liberal party, in order to break the power of the associates and followers of Don Carlos, now beginning to be known as the Carlists.

The excluded heir to the crown entered a protest against the action of his brother, but the Cortes, in 1834, unanimously decided to sustain the decree by which Don Carlos and his descendants were deprived of the throne.

On September 29, 1833, King Ferdinand died, when Isabella was at once declared queen, her mother, however, continuing to act as regent. This was the signal for a general political conflagration, and civil war ensued. Don Carlos was proclaimed, in the Basque provinces, as Charles V.; and although his greatest strength lay in that section, he was also sustained by a majority of the clergymen, and of the peasantry throughout the kingdom.

On the other side, and sustaining the new régime and the queen-mother, there were the *Moderados* and *Liberals*, and the power of these, and chiefly the influence of Maria Cristina, was sufficient to occasion the decree of expulsion

enacted in 1834, and confirmed in 1836, by which Don Carlos was banished from the country. The Queen Regent gained her influence chiefly through concessions, and mainly that of the promise of a constitution to Spain.

In the meantime, however, the civil war went on, and for a time the Carlists were successful. The queen-mother was forced to appeal to England and France for aid, and these governments allowed recruiting for the Spanish army in their territory, a force of 10,000 men being raised in England alone.

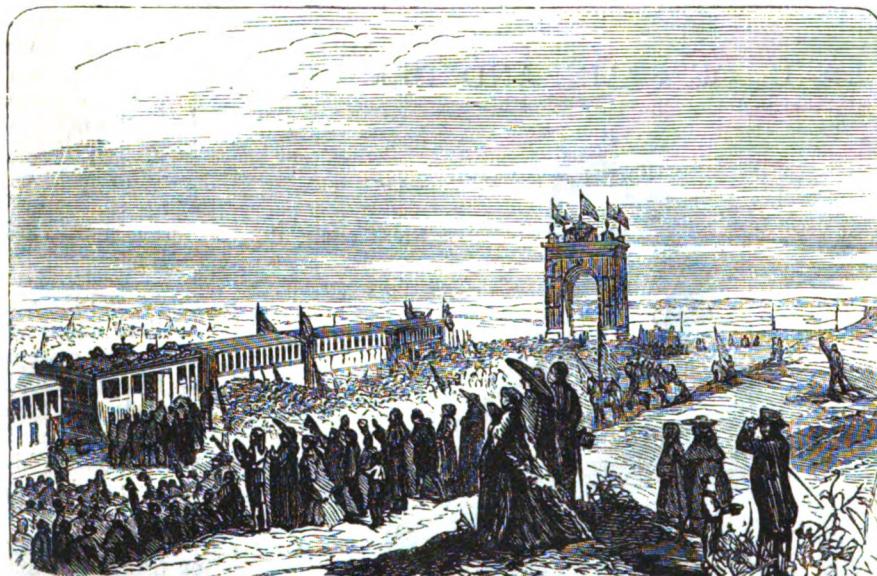
At this time the Carlist general was Zumalacarregui, a man possessing great military ability and exceeding popularity. Unfortunately for the Carlist cause, this general died when

the cause itself began to decline. A change in its fortunes took place, which became still more pronounced when, in 1836, the supreme command of the royal army in the northern provinces was assumed by Espartero.

In the meantime the radical wing of the progressive party having, through its alliance with the queen-mother, succeeded in gaining extraordinary influence at Court, demanded new concessions, and in 1837 the so-called modified constitution of 1812 was adopted in consequence. By the end of August, 1839, actual hostilities had ceased, and a virtual peace was concluded at Vergara by convention between Espartero and General Maroto, the immediate result of which was that Don Carlos fled to France.

General Cabrera, however, maintained himself with a small Carlist force until July, 1840, when he also withdrew into France, and the Carlist war was at an end. This General, Ramon Cabrera—created, by Don Carlos, Count de Morella—was one of the most distinguished of the early Carlist generals.

Naturally of a bloodthirsty and vindictive disposition, his character in this respect became more ferocious after his mother had been executed by orders of General Mina, the celebrated guerrilla chief, and he thenceforth gave no quar-



JOURNEY OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN TO LISBON.

VII., then king, inspired and urged thereto by Maria Cristina, his fourth wife, there being no direct heir to the crown, repealed the old Salic law, established by Philip V., by which no female child could succeed to the throne of Spain. This was in view of the probable advent of such a scion, and when, on October 10th of that year, 1830, Maria Isabel Luisa was born, she entered, by reason of this repeal, into the succession to the crown, the order to this effect being confirmed by the decree of the 29th of March, 1830, and the child proclaimed queen, at Madrid, October 2d., 1833.

Now this action on the part of King Ferdinand VII., with regard to the succession, displeased his brother Charles Maria Joseph Isidore, "Don Carlos," and may be said to have in a considerable measure originated the rebellious and revolutionary spirit which has since embroiled Spain in continuous civil war.

Naturally such action on the part of the king could not pass without opposition from the direct line, and in September, 1832, the Apostolic party, as it was called—that of Don Carlos—extorted from the king, then lying dangerously ill, a revocation of the decree of 1830. The intrigue was, however, discovered before it had culminated, and through the influence and efforts of the queen-mother the attempt proved

ter. He received his first title in 1808, on the occasion of his capturing a fortress of that name.

After his defeat in 1840, and his flight to France, he was imprisoned in the castle of Ham until 1841, and at a later period took part in a number of Carlist uprisings.

But, no sooner had the Carlist war ended when another revolutionary movement broke out, occasioned by the passage through the Cortes of a law abolishing the hitherto existing municipal rights of the Spanish towns. This disturbance proved serious, and the queen-mother found it necessary to appoint Espartero—the leader of the movement—prime minister, and then, accompanied by the chiefs of the Moderados, to embark for France, then as ever since the sanctuary for expatriated Spaniards, royal or otherwise.

In 1841 the Cortes appointed Espartero regent during the minority of the queen, and Argüelles, an old Constitutionalist of 1812, was selected for her tutor. The administration of Espartero appears to have been exerted for the solid advantage of Spain. New roads were built, canals were dug, mining operations were undertaken and prosecuted with considerable energy, and a more earnest effort appeared to be making for the real advantage of the Spanish people, and with a view of strengthening the Spanish government than had been witnessed for many years.

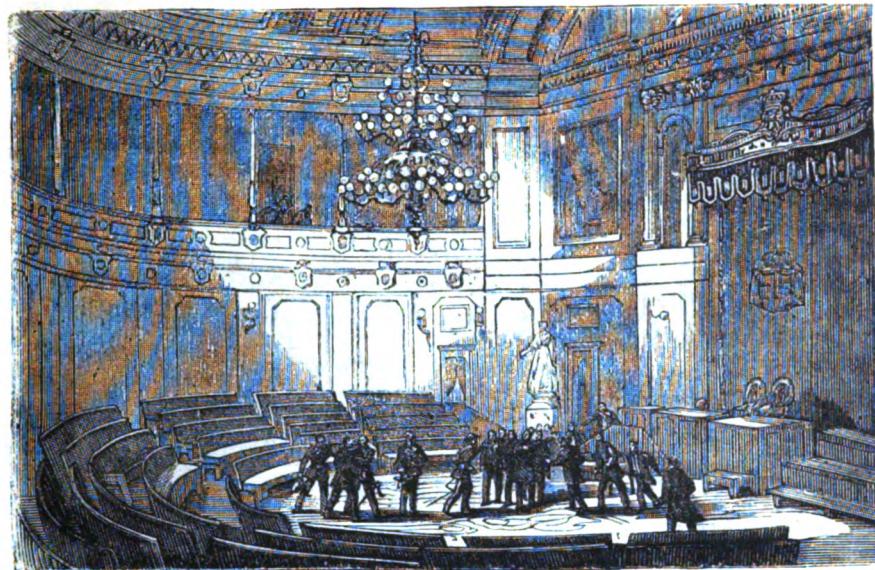
The new administration, however, could not please everybody, and having ordered the sale of certain ecclesiastical property—always a pregnant occasion for ecclesiastical ire wherever the step has been taken—the Spanish clergy united with the Moderados and Absolutistas, and by this union became strong enough to seriously harass Espartero by instigating insurrections in different parts of the country. The activity of Maria Christina and her partisans in Paris materially conduced to this result. Her hotel in the Rue de Courcelles was a rival Spanish court, and her agents were more accredited at the Tuileries than the ambassadors of the lawful regent. Her offended womanhood thirsted for a large revenge; attainted soldiers stimulated to excess her natural feelings, and the astute sovereign by her side, Louis Philippe, who had already insulted Espartero, knew and discouraged not her plans to win or corrupt the Spanish army. Narvaez and his friends were accordingly sent to Spain by sea and a million of francs by land, as a proper and not altogether unnecessary reinforcement of the cause of Maria Christina.

As early as 1840 Narvaez

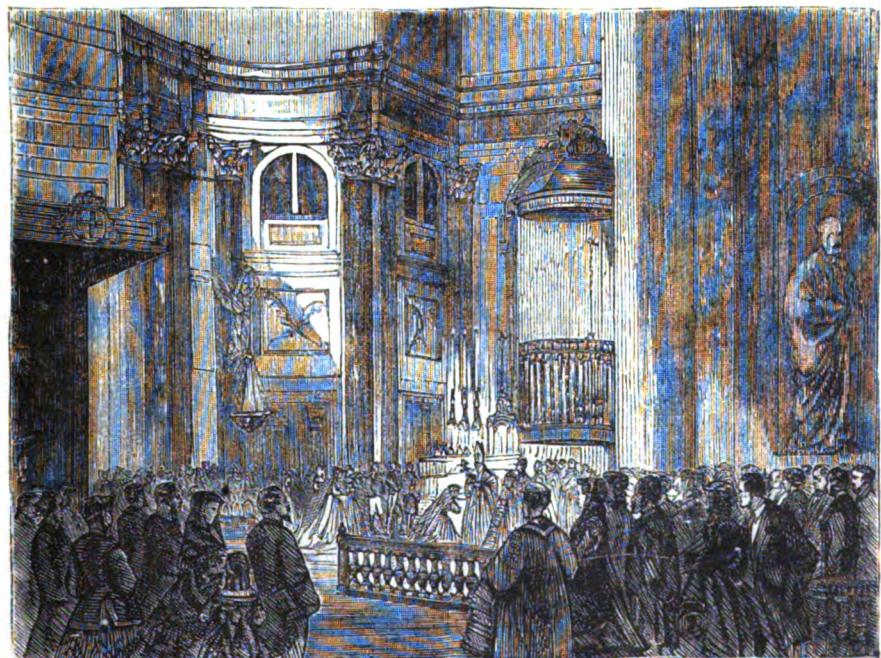
had had a quarrel with Espartero, but having joined an insurrection, which, unfortunately for him, proved unsuccessful, he had been compelled to take the usual route and fly to Paris. There Narvaez accepted the cause of the queen-mother, and her intrigue was so successful against the regent that in 1843 Espartero was compelled to seek refuge on board of an English man-of-war, while Narvaez, having brought about an open rupture between the regent and the Cortes, which was followed by a general insurrection throughout the country, returned to Spain accompanied by Marshal O'Donnell, and the two assumed control of the new outbreak.

In July, 1843, Espartero embarked at Cadiz for England, and, now by a decree of the Cortes, advancing her majority eleven months, the little *infanta* assumed the throne November 8, 1843, under the title of Isabella II.

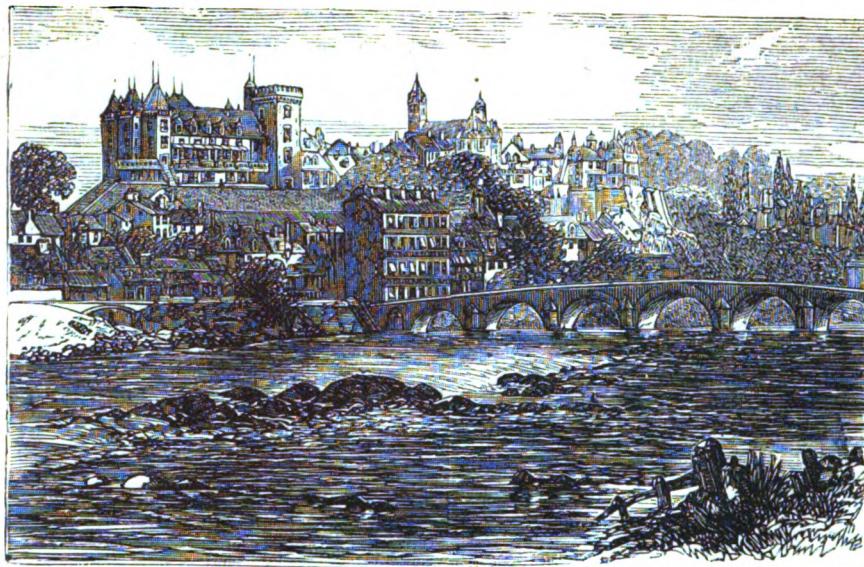
As a means of emerging from the difficulties of the political situation, and with the hope of reconciling conflicting



ARREST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH CORTES, AT MADRID, SPAIN, DECEMBER 27TH., 1866.

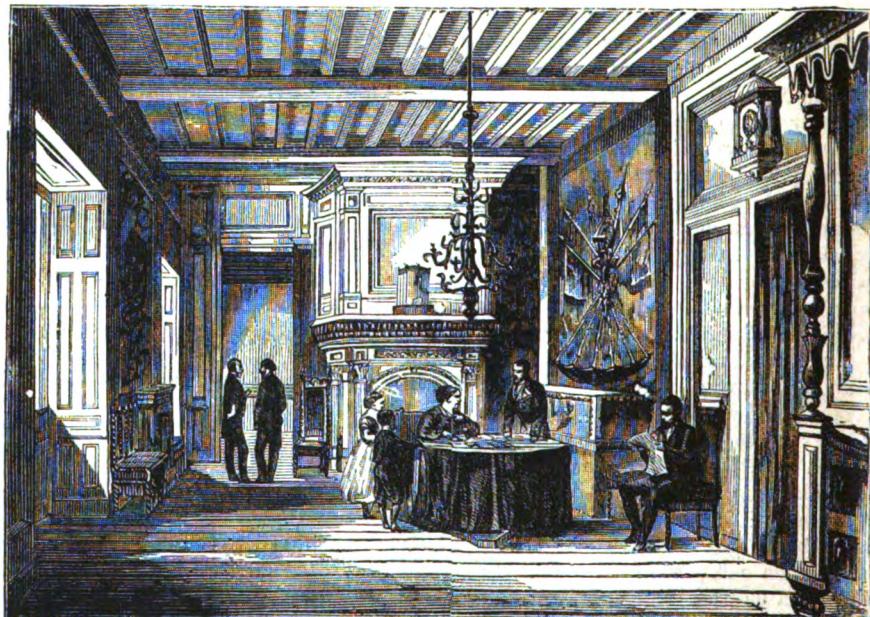


THE QUEEN OF SPAIN RECEIVING THE GOLDEN ROSE SENT BY THE POPE, AT THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.



THE IMPERIAL CASTLE AT PAU, FRANCE, A RESIDENCE OF EX-QUEEN ISABELLA.

opinions, it was determined to give a new organization to the country by this premature declaration of the queen's majority. While Espartero retained his legal rights as regent, and the royal manager had yet twelve months to run, this clear infraction of the constitution appeared to be the sole resource. It was justified, perhaps, by the exigencies of the case, but the very policy in the hope of a triumphant result was the most fatal which could have been pursued, for it made Isabella her own mistress, and threw her into the arms of the *camarilla*, the latter being the "kitchen cabinet," made up of personal adherents to the ruling power, and being an intriguing organization of great influence, which accompanied royalty in Spain during many hundred years.



EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, WITH HER CHILDREN AND SUITE, AT THE CASTLE OF PAU, FRANCE.



THE PALACE BASILEWSKI, PARIS, PURCHASED BY EX-QUEEN ISABELLA.

The declaration of Queen Isabella's majority was celebrated throughout Spain with unusual rejoicings. The event was naturally regarded as one of primary importance, for it was delusively held to be the close of those turbulent scenes by which the frame of the nation was convulsed and emaciated during her long and stormy minority. Three days were fixed for the demonstrations, and with royal salvos of artillery, solemn masses and *Te Deums* in the cathedrals, before immense concourses of people, the ceremonies were exceedingly imposing. A portrait of the young queen was placed in the *ayuntamiento*, or municipal house of each principal city or town, and this was saluted by the offi-

cials and the masses. During each day of the rejoicings there were extensive distributions of bread to the poor citizens, to the convents of indigent nuns, and to the prisoners in the national prisons. Each soldier of the different garrisons received a small sum of money extra, per day, while the demonstrations continued. At night the illuminations were very extensive, the streets being brightened by colored vases, wax torches, and chandeliers, while music arose on every side, bells pealed merrily in a thousand churches, and joy beamed on the faces of old and young. The solemn act of the proclamation of the queen's majority was read by the



first *alcade* in each municipal house, and processions led by military bands filled the streets. The town-council halls were decorated, and the entire country was given up to festivities, while Queen Isabella assumed the reins of power and the crown of Spain in the palace of the Escurial.

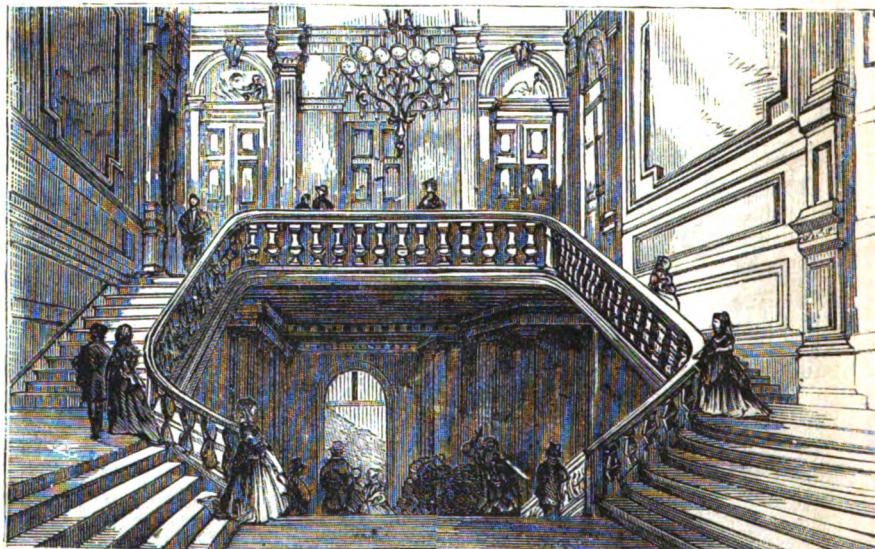
The Escurial, the royal palace of Madrid, was built in 1737 by King Philip V. It is a square structure, 470 feet in dimensions, and 100 feet high, situated on the Plaza del Oriente, and the little river Manzanares, by which the city is skirted. It occupies the site of the Moorish Alcazar,



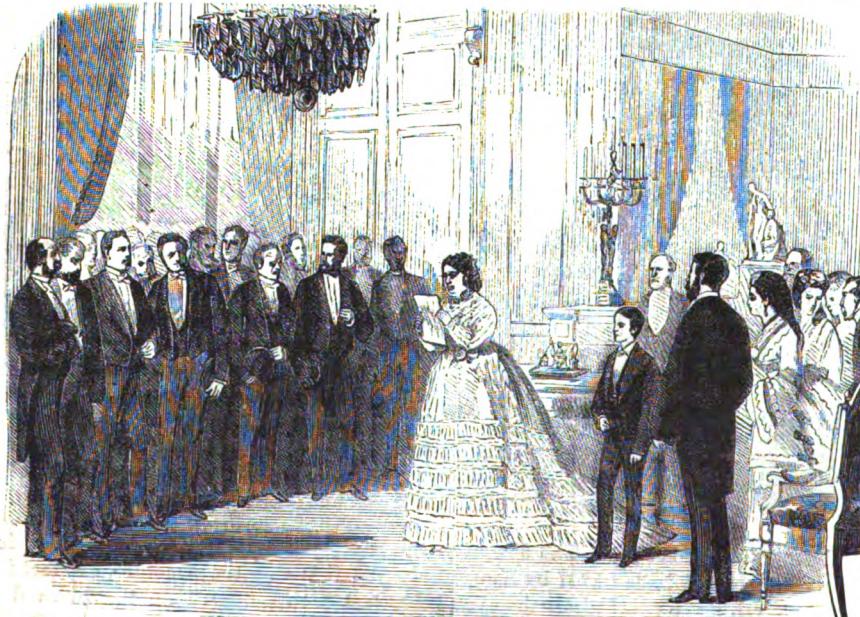
RESIDENCE OF EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, PARIS.—THE GRAND SALOON.

formerly the home of the Moorish kings. The base of the building is of granite, the upper part dressed with a glittering kind of white stone, which resembles marble. The interior is splendidly decorated, and contains a fine collection of works of art and an unequalled museum of armor. From the windows on one side can be seen, across the river, the woods of the Casa Del Campo, and the plains beyond as far as the Guadarama Mountains.

A curious charge is brought against Queen Isabella, related as having occurred only a few weeks after she assumed the throne. It is stated that the *Camarilla*, desirous of getting rid of Olozaga, who had been charged with the



RESIDENCE OF EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, PARIS.—THE GRAND STAIRCASE.



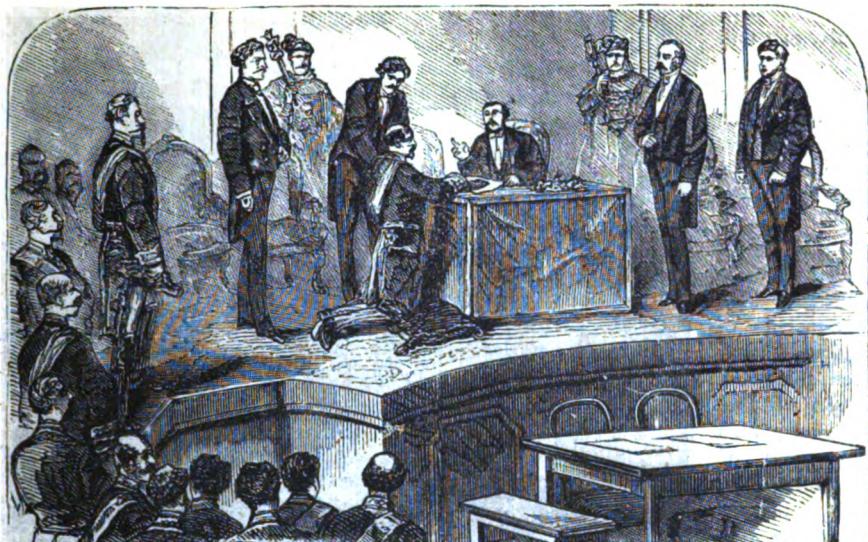
EX-QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN READING THE ACT OF ABDICATION IN THE PRESENCE OF HER COURT, AT HER RESIDENCE IN PARIS.

duty of forming a new ministry, formed a plot into which Isabella was induced to enter. This was, to make a charge against Olozaga that he had forced her by actual personal violence to sign the decree of the dissolution of the Cortes. The young queen, tutored by the conspirators, actually brought this charge before the Cortes and the deputed grandees of Spain. She accused the prime minister of having procured her signature to the obnoxious document by violence in seizing her hand and forcing her to sign it. This charge was afterward disproven clearly by the one against whom it was brought, and even at this early period of her reign it placed Isabella in a

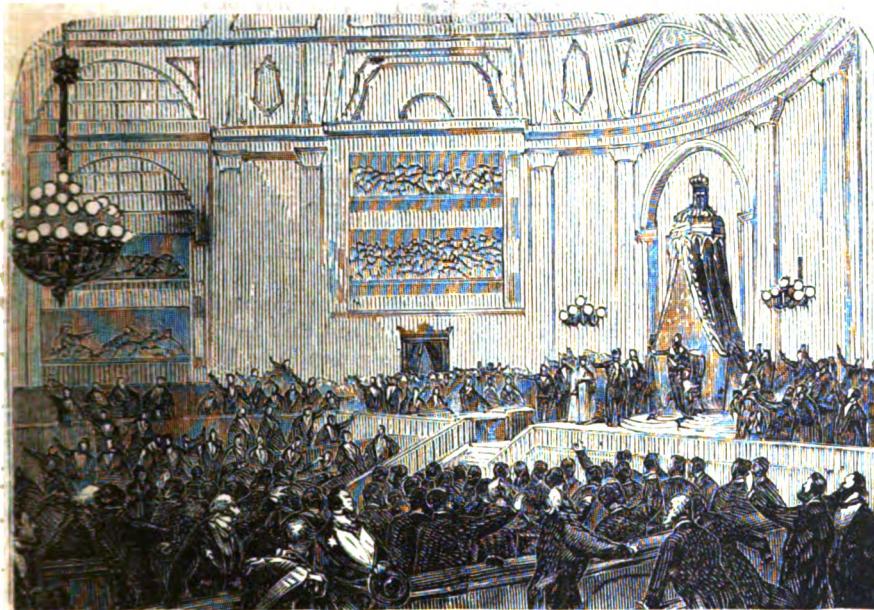
most painful attitude before the better class of her subjects.

An English writer upon this bit of secret history says: "A queen grown hateful before she had ceased to be a child, a sovereign made contemptible ere she had strength to wield the sceptre, the doll stripped of its gewgaw trimmings — such was the spectacle of derision presented by this execrable management, and such the effect of this encroachment by unprincipled courtiers upon the domain of the responsibility of the government. The friends of law and order clamored for the re-enactment of the Salic law, preferring even a dotard in the shape of a man to any woman." The same writer says of the person of Queen Isabella at this time: "The appearance of Queen Isabel Maria to the eye of the stranger is that of a pre-

cocious, but somewhat careworn and sickly, girl — exceedingly pale, and with nothing either expressive or interesting in her countenance. But that her brow is encircled with a crown at a period of unparalleled youth, there is little there to arrest your attention. You are neither forbidden nor attracted, beyond deeming her more advanced than her age ; but this precocity, as compared with England, is universal in the Peninsula. If you will look more closely you will see a shade pass now and then over her brow, her features indicating waywardness of disposition and a character somewhat spoiled by destiny, and you will not be far mistaken if you draw this conclusion. The queen is



MARSHAL SERRANO, AS REGENT OF SPAIN, TAKING THE OATH TO THE CONSTITUTION BEFORE THE CORTES.

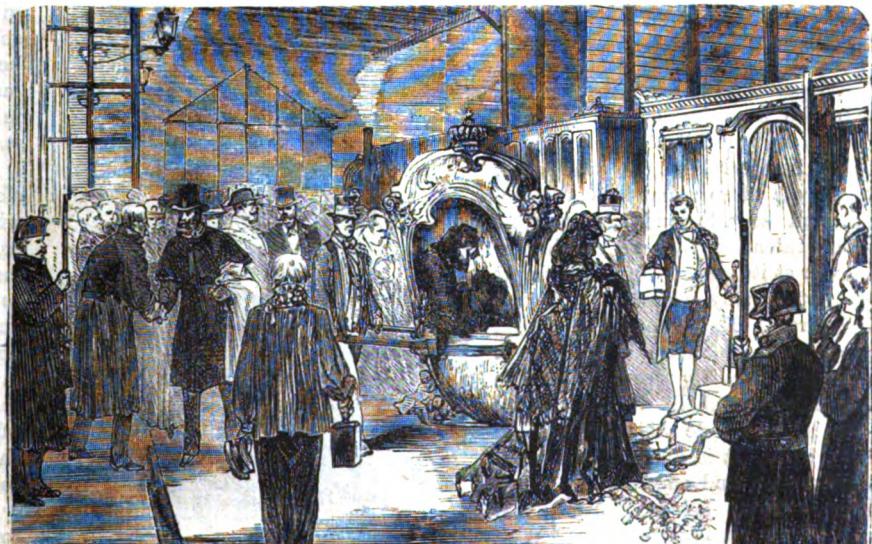


KING AMADEUS OPENING THE CORTES.

said to be willful, subject to pettish fits, at times not a little obstinate, and deficient in intelligence as well as in temper. These qualities are inherited in particular from both father and mother."

At this period the young queen was addicted to candies and sweet stuffs to a most extraordinary degree, and possessed at all times the most excellent museum of confectionery in Europe. Her royal repository was perpetually vanishing, but not less frequently replenished. Extending over every department of the palace, it contained *tortas*, or tarts of moron, the most celebrated in Spain ; *panes pantos*, or painted buns of Salamanca ; the paschal *ojalores* ; the carnival

and Easter dainties ; hard *turones* of Alicante, composed of almonds, nut-kernels, filberts, and roasted chestnuts, intermixed with honey and sugars ; *dulces*, nut-kernels frosted with sugar ; roasted almonds ; *avellanas*, a peculiarly nice sort of filbert, whole and in powder ; cinnamon, pineapple kernels ; jelly custard, marmalade, jam, *blando de huevos*, or sweetened yolks of eggs ; barley-sugar, pomegranate-jelly, *madroño* strawberries, and other curious specimens. Her papers of sweets strewed the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visited the council-chambers, and her *dulces* lined the throne. When she was in a good humor, the most remarkable evidence of amiability which she afforded was in distributing these *bon-bons*.



DEPARTURE OF THE EX-KING AND QUEEN.
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amongst her ministers and palace officers.

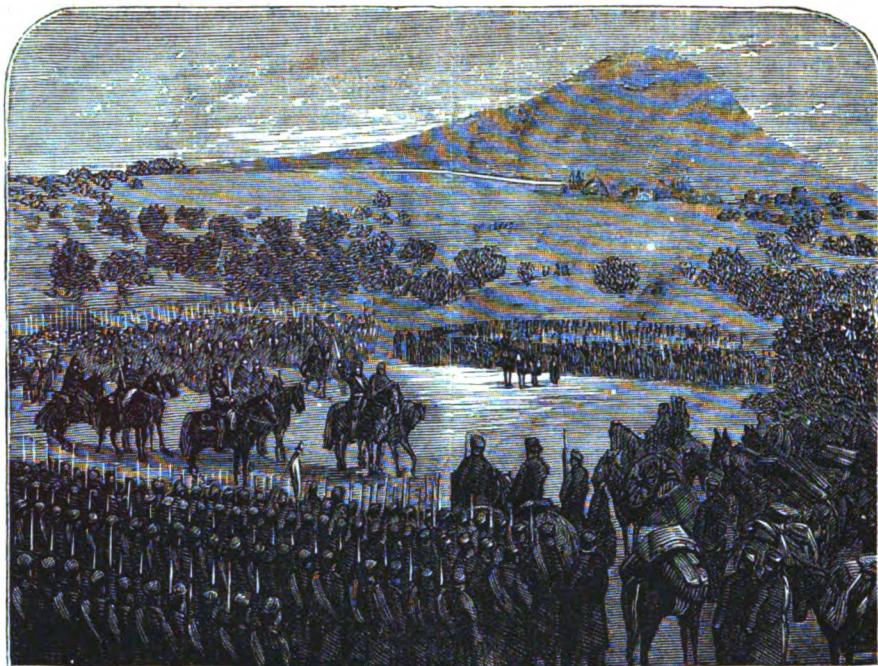
After the return of the queen-mother, her royal daughters and herself were often seen in public, their visits to the churches of Madrid having been somewhat ostentatious. During the ceremonies of the Holy-week, in particular, every one had an opportunity of seeing the royal family at their devotions. The young queen's health at this time was far from good, she being subject to a rather dangerous scrofulous affection, in addition to which her person exhibited symptoms of general dropsy. On this account she was obliged to make frequent journeys to the mineral springs of Catalonia.

Maria Cristina had been recalled from France in July, 1844. Narvaez was created Duke of Valencia as a reward for his services, and becoming the prime adviser of the queen and the queen-mother, succeeded in keeping the Liberals well in hand and in restoring temporary quiet to the disturbed kingdom.

During her residence in Paris, Maria Cristina had contracted a secret marriage with Don Ferdinand Muñoz, Duke de Rianzares (December 28th, 1833). This marriage, by royal decree of October 11th, 1844, was consecrated publicly on the thirteenth of the same month.

And now, matters being satisfactorily arranged at home, negotiations were commenced with the Pope, who had condemned the sale of church property. It was hoped that his sanction would completely consolidate Isabella's power and restore peace.

In the meantime an intrigue had been going on, instigated and fostered chiefly by the Orleans party in France, which was of so scandalous a character, and so vile and contemptible in its intention, that we can hardly wonder at its success having brought about the many evils which followed in its train. The restoration of Maria Cristina to influence in Spain was signalized speedily thereafter by the marriage of Isabella to her cousin, Don Francisco de Asis on October 10th, 1846. It is difficult to analyze the occasion and effects of this marriage without being offensive; but as it forms an important portion of the history of the times the effort



PROCLAMATION OF KING ALFONSO, AT SAGUNTO, BY GENERAL MARTINEZ DE CAMPOS.

should be made.

Don Francisco, Duke of Candia, a son of the *infante* Francisco de Paula, brother of Ferdinand VII., was a man physically and mentally incompetent alike. The match was brought about through the intriguing of the Duke de Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe of France, who was married to Maria Ferdinand Luisa, sister of Isabella II. The fact that in default

of any issue of the marriage of Isabella, the throne of Spain would fall to the offspring of the Duke de Montpensier and the sister of the queen, will render the occasion of the selection of the nearly imbecile Don Francisco for the husband of the latter sufficiently obvious.

It is doing no more than justice to Queen Isabella to reflect that very much of the impropriety of her after-life might not have existed, and that her entire character and disposition might have grown to be formed on an entirely different model from that which it finally assumed, had the unfortunate girl, then only sixteen years of age, not been made the victim of this rascally transaction in statecraft. Had Isabella been favored with a husband whom she could respect and love, and who loved her, it is fair to assume that her own course of conduct would have been different. Meanwhile, that this course was deliberately assumed and followed by her as an extraordinary and original means of revenge, we can hardly believe. The girl was too young to have conceived so elaborate a scheme; yet it should be observed that alleged statements on her part are not wanting which might lead one to believe that such was actually the case.

At this time Isabella, though physically not beautiful, was by no means without personal attractions. She was certainly plump, vivacious, free in her manners, if not bold, fairly well educated, and a good conversationalist—and a queen. As to her personal appearance, we are informed by one who saw her at this period of her life, that she was indeed far from beautiful, the cutaneous disorder with which she was afflicted rendering her the reverse of pleasing.

The secret of the intrigue which forced Don Francisco upon Isabella, was not so well kept but that its



GENERAL MARTINEZ DE CAMPOS, WHO PROCLAIMED ALFONSO KING.

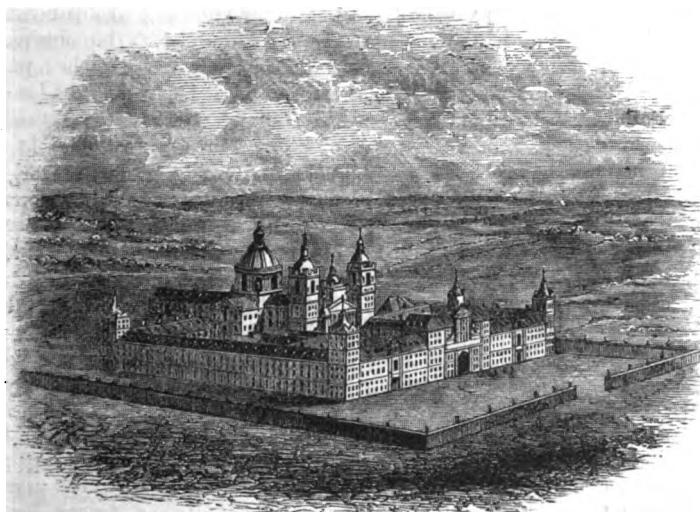
port leaked out, and sinister comments were made in Spain with regard to it, some of which could not have failed to reach the ears of the unfortunate queen. At all events, it appears certain that from the time of her marriage Isabella's conduct was far from discreet. Of a lively and volatile disposition, she threw herself unhesitatingly amid the fascinations of court life, and with little regard for the opinions of the world; and from this time forward there began to fasten itself upon her a reputation for disregard of the conventionalities of social, and even court life, bordering upon libertinism.

A contemporary writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* says

of Francisco de Asis, the husband of Isabella: "As a | the time. The hand of Isabella had been offered to the Spanish Bourbon, he may pass muster; but surely a | Duke d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, but refused by his more pitiful race than these same Spanish Bourbons the | astute father, who knew that the other nations would not sun never shone upon. In vain does one seek among them one name worthy of respect. The feeble and imbecile Charles IV.; Ferdinand, the cruel, treacherous, tyrannical profligate; Carlos, the bigot and the hypocrite; Francisco, the incapable. For the sake of the country whose queen is his wife, we would gladly think well of him—gladly recognize in him qualities worthy of the descendant of a line of kings. It is impossible to do so. The evidence is too



ALFONSO VI.



PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.

strong the other way. He accepted the hand reluctantly placed in his, became a king by title, but remained, what he ever must be, a zero."

After this ill-assorted match, things can easily be imagined. Not a year had passed before Europe rang with rumors of the royal quarrels, and a divorce was openly talked of. Despising her husband, with his feeble mind, squeaking voice, and repulsive person, Isabella, imitating the example of her mother and grandmother, worked hard to make the Court of Spain the most corrupt in all Europe.

The bringing about of this disastrous alliance was part and parcel of the state policy of Europe of

permit the alliance. In exchange, however, he took her sister for his fourth son, the Duke de Montpensier. Then the English Cabinet intrigued for a marriage between Isabella and the Prince of Coburg, cousin of Prince Albert. This failing, Louis Philippe, while queen-mother was in Paris, recommended Francisco. He was an imbecile, besotted, drunken, and repulsive in person. He was then called the Duke of Cadiz. Isabella resisted the henchmen stubbornly;

but she was compelled to yield. Meanwhile, in the Cortes, which met in October, 1844, the Moderados adopted a constitution by which the rights of the Cortes were limited, while trial by jury for offenses of the press and the national militia were abolished.

In the following year Don Carlos resigned his pretensions to the Spanish throne to his son, and, in 1846, General Cabrera succeeded in once more raising the banner of insurrection in Catalonia, Valencia, and Aragon, but without marked success. In this year Narvaez fell from power, and was made ambassador to Paris.

During the insurrection of 1846 General Prim first came into prominence. This able man was born in Catalonia, in the town of Reus, December 6, 1814. He had first served in the civil war of 1833, and in 1837 he was promoted to the rank of colonel. This advancement he owed to the influence of the queen-mother, and after the flight of the latter, to whose interests he had been attached, Prim associated himself with the opposition to the dictatorship; but being soon compelled by Espartero to fly to France, he there aided the efforts of the queen-mother to bring about her restoration to power.

In 1843, being elected a Deputy to the Cortes for the city of Barcelona, Prim was enabled to return to Spain. But still revolutionary, during the same year he headed a new insurrection against Espartero in his native place, Reus.

After the fall of Espartero and the return of Maria Cristina to Spain, Prim was made a general, with the title of Conde Reus, having, moreover, the post of Governor of Madrid. His advancement and success for the time closed here, however, for having been sent to Barcelona to suppress the revolt there, Prim's management was so inefficient, and, as was suspected, intentionally so, that the whole of Catalonia was involved in the insurrection, which continued an entire year.

Prim, disgraced by the queen, was next tried for high-treason, and for complicity in an attempt to assassinate Narvaez, which occurred at about this time. He was, however, acquitted of the last charge, but was imprisoned for some months on account of the former. From this time until the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war, in 1853, General Prim remained retired from public life.

In 1849 Queen Isabella established political alliances with Austria and Prussia, and even sent a force to the assistance of the Pope. Meanwhile Narvaez had been chosen President of the Council, and had resumed the reins of the government, holding these until January, 1851, when troubles connected with the financial management sent him into retirement.

By this time Queen Isabella had given birth to a daughter, the Infanta Maria-Isabel, born December 20th, 1851. This daughter was followed, in 1857, by a son, Alfonso Francisco de Asis Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, born November 28th, now king of Spain. In 1862 another infanta came upon the scene, and in 1864 another, this being the last child of Queen Isabella.

Up to this period Isabella seemed to be firmly seated upon the throne. She had, however, made many enemies. On February 2d, 1852, a desperate attempt was made to assassinate Queen Isabella, by a fanatic named Martin Marino, a Franciscan friar. The queen was on her way, accompanied by her infant daughter, from the royal chapel to the palace, where the would-be regicide had just been saying mass, to her own apartments, preparatory to visiting in state the Church of Atocha, to return thanks for her safe delivery, when the priest approached her in his clerical garb and knelt before her. Thinking that he wished to present some petition, the queen held out her hand, when the assassin immediately drew a dagger, which he aimed at her heart. The weapon struck her on the right side,

inflicting a flesh-wound about an inch long and half an inch deep. As he dealt the blow he exclaimed, "Take that! It will be enough for you!"

He was instantly seized by the soldiers and the dagger fell at his feet. The queen's first thought was for her infant, and she cried out "My child! Take care of Isabel." The Marchioness de Pavar, who carried the child, fainted, but an officer took it and raised it up for the queen to see it. The king drew his sword. The queen then walked to her chamber where she swooned. It was found that a bone of her stays had been broken, and that her majesty's dress was soaked with blood. Her hand also, which she had raised at the moment, was slightly wounded.

Marino, the assassin, was summarily tried and sentenced to death; and after having been publicly degraded from the priesthood, he was strangled by the garote. Before his execution he declared that he had no accomplices, and expressed contrition and sorrow for his act.

This event was turned to account by the Conservatives, who made it a pretext for dissolving the Cortes, and adopting severe repressive measures.

Among those who had espoused the cause of the queen-mother upon her flight to France, was Marahal O'Donnell, a Spaniard of Irish descent, who had served against Don Carlos in 1838, and had been raised to the dignity of Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Centre. When Maria Cristina fled, O'Donnell warmly attached himself to her cause and sided against the people and the army. This compelled him to retire to France with the queen-mother.

In 1841, however, he obtained permission to return to Spain; but he soon raised another insurrection against Espartero, and being discomfited fled the country. In 1843, when Espartero was dismissed, O'Donnell received as his reward the Captain-generalship of Cuba.

In 1847, Isabella, her favorite being at that time General Serrano, appointed a new ministry under his advice, which promulgated a general amnesty, one feature of which was the recalling of Espartero from England, and his election to the dignity of Senator. Before the end of the year, however, the Moderados had again succeeded in obtaining control of the State under the energetic leadership of Narvaez, who resigned, however, in 1851, from which time and until 1854 Spain was controlled by short-lived, weak, and frequently changed ministries, mostly of the reactionary order.

In the meantime, Cristina had been speculating with her husband, Muñoz, and a banker named Salamanca. These three managed to obtain possession of very important railroad contracts, and succeeded in forcing upon the country a compulsory loan of 180,000,000 reals. The facts becoming known a new insurrection was organized under the command of O'Donnell and Dulce, since known to Americans as one of the numerous Captain-generals of Cuba. The leaders at once promulgated a call upon the Liberal party to unite and restore the constitution of 1837. Much against her will, Isabella was now forced to call Espartero to power. Charged with the formation of a new government the latter convened a constituent Cortes in accordance with the law of 1837. This body met and elected Espartero their President, November 28, 1854. Two days later he was appointed Prime Minister. This Cortes restored in the main the Liberal Constitution of 1812 and 1837, and declared themselves in favor of religious toleration and of the sale of church property. Further, it was demanded by the Liberal party that the decrees of the Cortes should not be under the sanction of the Crown.

The ascendancy of liberalism, however, lasted only until July, 1856. General O'Donnell had borne a share in this administration along with his ancient rival, but it was quite impossible for two such men to work together. Disagreement was followed by dissension, and that by

intrigue, the result of the latter being at length the retirement of Espartero, when Marshal O'Donnell was appointed prime minister.

The fall of Espartero was the signal for the customary insurrection, and Madrid and certain other cities revolted in the name of the disgraced minister. The difficulty was suppressed, however, and the advance in liberal ideas and toward liberal government ceased; the entire kingdom was declared in a state of siege, the national guard was dissolved, and gradually the old state of things was restored once more under the leadership of Narvaez. The sale of church property was inhibited, and Spain again sunk into her former situation of lassitude under the iron rule which had begun in 1845. In fact, for a number of years the government was bandied about between the two parties as though it were a shuttle-cock. Queen Isabella leaning first to the one and then to the other, only now and then foisting some new favorite into position, and occasionally forced by the power of public opinion to restore to authority and influence one or the other of the established leaders—Espartero, Narvaez, O'Donnell, or Serrano.

The church property question was not finally adjusted until 1859, by a convention with Rome. In 1857 Espartero resigned his dignity as senator, and retired into private life and an obscurity from which he rarely afterward emerged.

At this time the Narvaez ministry once more fell, and the faction of that general was forced to retire from power, a much more liberal ministry being appointed. Marshal O'Donnell again floated to the surface in 1858, and was appointed Minister of War and of the Colonies.

Spain at this time united with France in an expedition against the Emperor of Anam. This expedition conquered a portion of the coast of that country, and at the close of 1859 war was declared against Morocco on account of Moorish piracies and for other reasons. This brought about the sending of O'Donnell into Africa. General Prim also, who since his return from the East in 1854 had represented Barcelona in the lower chamber of the Cortes, and had been raised in 1858 to the dignity of senator, was now appointed to the command of a division of the invading army. Several indecisive conflicts with the Moors took place, but the latter were finally defeated, February 4th, 1860, in a serious battle near Tetuan, which was captured, and in the following April a treaty of peace was signed, in pursuance of which the Sultan of Morocco agreed to pay an indemnity of 400,000,000 reals, besides promising to accord to Spanish trade all the rights at that time extended to that of other nations. As a reward for bringing this war to a successful termination, Marshal O'Donnell, in 1860, was named Duke of Tetuan. He continued to hold the office of minister of war until 1863, when he resigned, displeased at the refusal of the queen to dissolve the chambers at his suggestion. He returned to power at the head of another ministry in 1865, but was replaced the next year by Narvaez.

In 1857 difficulties arose between Spain and Mexico, and diplomatic relations were suspended. As France and England were at this time suffering from similar unpleasant relations with Mexico, the three powers joined against the common enemy, and in 1861 a tripartite treaty was agreed upon, and a joint expedition sent against Mexico, General Prim being in chief command of the Spanish division. The Castle of San Juan de Uloa and Vera Cruz surrendered to the Spanish squadron, December 1st and 17th, 1861. Through the intrigue of Louis Napoleon and others, the unfortunate Maximilian was made Emperor of Mexico, an act which did not meet with favor from the Spanish government, and the Spanish forces were accordingly withdrawn in 1862. The abortive conclusion of the French occupation of Mexico and the miserable fate of the the chivalric Maximilian, are

events to which it is not necessary to do more than refer. After taking the Spanish forces to Cuba, General Prim paid a visit to New York, and thence sailed for Spain.

It must not be imagined that during the years of which we have given a brief record the Carlists had been continually quiet. On the contrary, the new aspirant, having succeeded to his father's claims on the crown of Spain, was as active and as earnest in his efforts to forward these as had ever been the former. So, hardly a year had elapsed without a Carlist rising; chiefly, however, in a Basque province.

The people of these provinces during a thousand years enjoyed certain rights, among which were local taxation and self-government, and freedom from conscription. They acknowledged the King of Spain as their manorial lord only, and not as king, turning to him for protection against foreign invasion, and yielding only a limited species of allegiance, consisting in such moneys and troops as they might choose to offer him. Gradually these rights were taken from them under different reigns, partly by force and partly by corruption—until, at the time of Isabella's assuming the throne there were scarcely any of them left, and the civil administration of these provinces was centred in Madrid, when the first Don Carlos readily perceived that the Basque provinces only waited for a leader to rise in revolt. Seizing the occasion, he promised that if they would help him to gain the throne he would restore them all their old fueros. Thus Carlism became mixed up with the Basques, and the latter have grown to associate the name of Don Carlos and Carlism with their ancient freedom. The Basques, however, have always retained the control of their own troops in the hands of *juntas* or provincial assemblies.

Naturally the character of the warfare conducted by these provincials, partly on account of their own nature and partly on account of the mountainous character of their country, was a very different thing from the moving of large consolidated armies on level plains, and so the Spanish gave it the name *guerrilla*, "a little war." The mountain lives of the peasantry, and the familiarity with arms begot by the incessant prowling of robbers, combined to invest the guerrilla life with peculiar attractions. The Catalan and Valencian guerrillero is a politician, but like more peaceful pursuers of the game, a sham one. In troubled times, if Carlism comes in vogue, he starts a Carlist and shoots and robs the natives for his own behoof; if "centralism" is the word, he calls himself a Centralist, and takes toll from both Centralist and Parliamentarians; if "progress" is the shibboleth, he makes the most violent progress in scouring the hills and plundering and stripping whoever is convenient; and if "pronunciamientos" are the order of the day, he pronounces the whole social frame unhinged and himself the only equalizer. He is severely impartial, for he will seize and mulct them all, and so long as a man has money he does not care for his politics. He will squeeze either money or blood out of him indifferently—money if he can get it and blood if he cannot.

But to return to the Carlists.

In 1861, taking advantage of the expedition to Mexico, this defiant and ever-excited faction started afresh under the leadership of General Otega, Governor of the Belearic Islands, who proclaimed as king, the Count de Mont de Moulan, the son in whose favor Don Carlos had resigned his pretensions in 1845. The attempt failed. Otega was captured and shot, and the Count de Montemolin compelled to renounce his claim to the throne. Soon after, however, he repudiated this renunciation at Cologne, but he died at Trieste shortly after, and his brother, Don Juan, took up the gauntlet and asserted his right to the Spanish throne.

From 1861 to 1865 Spain was engaged in difficulties in the Island of St. Domingo and in Peru. The trouble in the latter country was occasioned by the seizure of the

Chincha Islands; and as Chili soon joined Peru, the Spanish forces were glad to withdraw from the Pacific in 1866. In St. Domingo, Spain, having been invited by President Santana, sent troops to his country, and succeeded in holding out until 1863, when an insurrection broke out, and Spain was very glad to retire altogether. From these two military efforts, the Spanish Government cannot be said to have gained either glory or emolument.

This was followed by a necessity very obnoxious to the haughty Spanish sentiment, with regard to possessions, Queen Isabella being forced, in 1865, to give her sanction to the repeal of the law by which the Republic of Dominica had been incorporated in the Spanish monarchy. In the same year, 1865, Isabella ordered the sale of the crown property with the exception of the royal residence and entailed estate, for the benefit of the nation. This concession, however, did not materially alter the condition of public feeling with regard to the queen. The misdeeds of her administration, and her own personal misconduct, had occasioned widespread and increasing dissatisfaction, which now promised to be permanent.

Meanwhile she continued to make mistakes. In 1866 she abolished the freedom of the press, and placed public instruction in the hands of the clergy. General Prim now involved himself in the insurrectionary movements, and in this year, 1866, led one which broke out in various parts of the country, but which, being badly organized, was speedily suppressed. Another attempt in 1867 met with the same result; but in the following year, Gonzales Bravo being at the head of the Cabinet, the reactionary movements were carried so far by the government that a general uprising occurred. In September, 1868, a revolt commenced at Cadiz, which speedily spread throughout Spain.

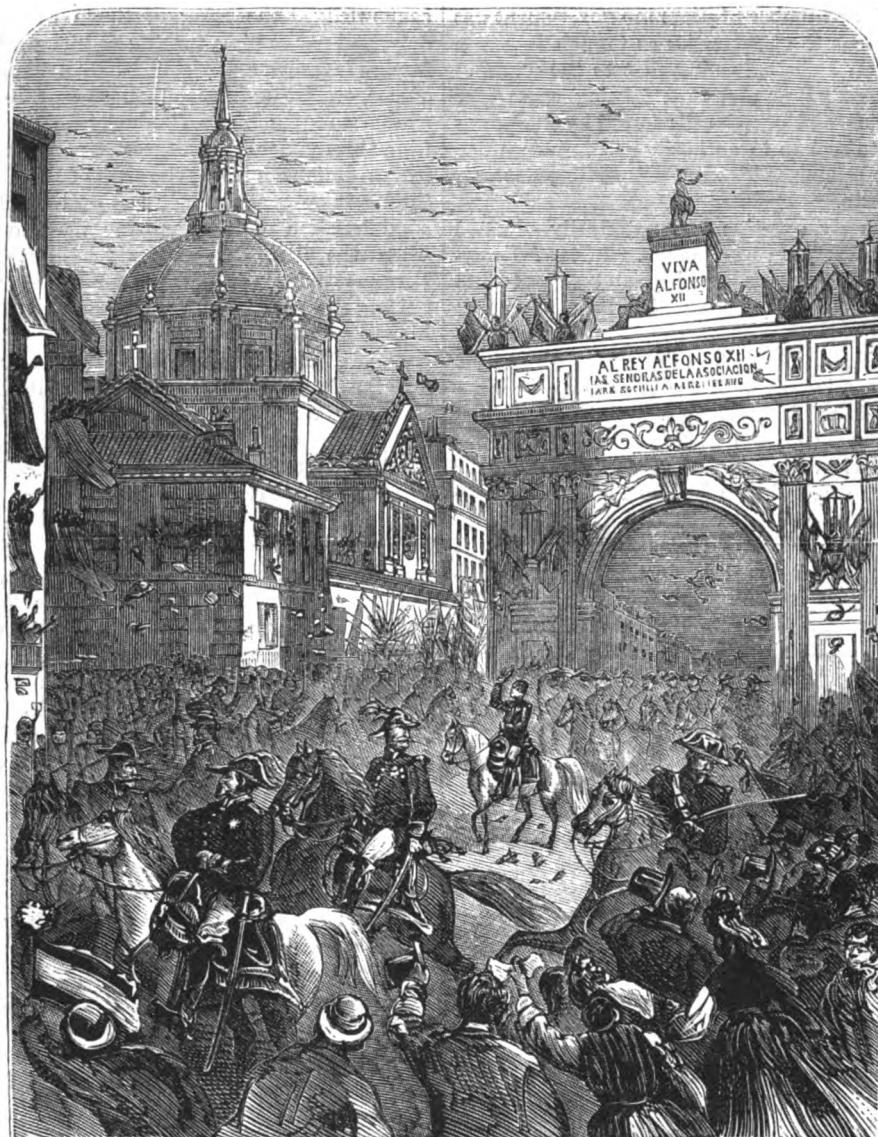
On the 30th of September Isabella was declared by the provisional government to have forfeited the throne; and still on the same day, from Pau, France, she protested

against the new order of things, declaring that she had only failed in consequence of her faithful efforts to discharge her duty and benefit her subjects.

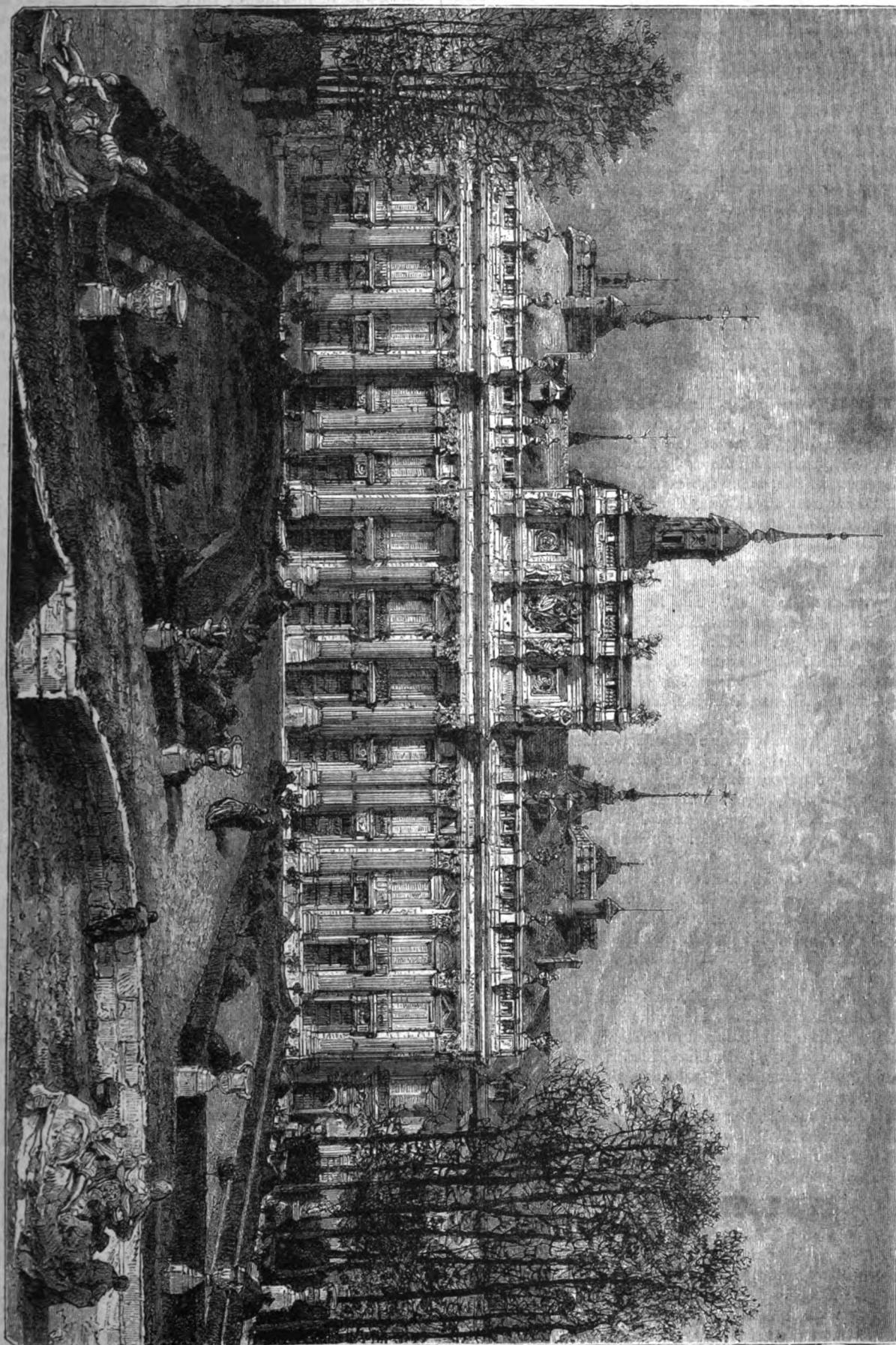
Meanwhile, the commander of the fleet off Cadiz, Admiral Topete, declared for the insurgents. Within a few days *pronunciamientos* were made in almost every province. Local and provisional *juntas* were formed to assume control of the movement, and Prim and other generals appeared to place themselves at its head. On the 19th of September, Serrano and Prim were in Cadiz, and on the 21st the insurgents captured Santander, but lost it again on the 24th, after a sharp conflict. In the meantime, Serrano moved against the capital, and on the 28th a fight took place near Cordova, in the province of Andalusia, when the insurgents were defeated. Revolts, however, broke out at Saragossa, all through Andalusia, and in Madrid, in which city the soldiers refused to fight longer for the queen. General Concha resigned, and a provisional *junta* government was established. The Marquis of Novaliches made the last effort for Isabella, in the battle of Alcols, but was completely defeated, and fell, wounded, into the hands of Serrano. The victorious general entered the city October 3d, and was received with enthusiasm, and on the 7th he was followed by General Prim in the midst of the greatest excitement.

The streets were crowded with people, and deputations from all directions received and escorted General Prim. The procession occupied four hours in passing through the streets, and many were crushed to death in the crowd. All traffic was stopped, and the scene closed with Prim and Serrano embracing, while they addressed the people, amidst cries, "Down with the Bourbons." In the evening Madrid was illuminated.

At the outbreak of the revolt, Queen Isabella had just returned from a visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Biarritz, and was at San Sebastian, in Guipuzcoa, one of the Basque provinces. This city stands on a rocky peninsula, jutting into



ENTRY OF KING ALFONSO XII. INTO MADRID—THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED IN THE CALLE DE ALCALA.



PALACE OF LA GRANJA.—FROM A PAINTING BY GUSTAVE DORE.

the Bay of Biscay, and is quite insulated at high tide by the overflow of the River Uremea. This estuary is crossed by a long bridge, or in ferry-boats, rowed by women. On a conical hill, called Mount Orgull, 400 feet high, is a castle commanding the town and harbor. The streets of the town are regularly built. The greater portion of the old town was destroyed by Napoleon in 1813. San Sebastian is only ten miles distant from the French frontier. At the dépôt at Hendaye, whither Isabella had directed her flight, the emperor, empress, prince imperial, and staff awaited her. Remaining for a time a visitor with the imperial family, Napoleon presented Isabella with the Castle of Pau for her residence, where she remained until November 6th, when she took up her residence in the Palace Basilewski, in Paris, which she purchased, and where she has remained since, save during an interval passed at Geneva, while the Franco-Prussian war was progressing.

The Château of Pau, where Isabella found shelter, has some interesting historical associations. It was there that Queen Marguerite, of Navarre, sheltered Calvin and other Protestant reformers, and in 1553 Henry IV. was born there. His cradle, formed of a large tortoise-shell, suspended by cords, is preserved in an apartment on the first floor, with beds, chairs, etc., relics of the founder of the House of Bourbons, from which the ex-Queen of Spain has descended. The town of Pau, where the castle is situated, is the capital of the department of Basses-Pyrénées, and was formerly the capital of the independent kingdom of Navarre. The castle was founded in 1363 by Gaston, Compte de Foix, and its oldest portions, comprising the donjon-keep, of brick, 115 ft. high, and four other towers with their connecting wall, date from that period. The Spanish royal party which found shelter there consisted of Queen Isabella, the King-Consort, Marfiori, the Marquis de Loja, and the queen's confessor, Archbishop Claret, with attendants.

On June 25th, 1870, Isabella abdicated the throne in favor of her son Alfonso Francisco de Asis, Prince of Asturias, now Alfonso XII.

The revolution by which Isabella was dethroned had been closely followed by a furious insurrection in Cuba, and a number of minor revolts in Spain against the power of the provisional government itself. The general disturbance resulted in an anxious search for a suitable prince to assume the crown of Spain. As we have seen, the Carlist claimant had been until 1868 Don Juan, the brother of him to whom the original Don Carlos had bequeathed his right in 1845. After the revolution of 1868 Don Juan abdicated in favor of his oldest son, Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, born March 30th, 1848, who was married February 4th, 1867, to Margarita, daughter of the late Charles III., Duke of Parma.

Among those to whom the crown of Spain was offered, should be mentioned the name of the ex-king Ferdinand, of Portugal, who had abdicated in 1855. Don Ferdinand married, on June 10th, 1869, Elise Hensler, who will be remembered by American opera-goers as a singer who appeared at the New York Academy of Music with Madame La Grange in 1856. Miss Hensler was a Swiss girl by birth, who had been brought to this country when only five years of age, and whose father was a tailor in Washington Street, Boston. She had been sent abroad through the munificence of certain Boston citizens, that her voice, which at an early age had proven to be exceptionally fine, might be cultivated in the schools of Milan. There she made her débüt at the Opera-house La Scala, and after a brief professional visit to this country, returned to Europe, and attracted the attention of Don Ferdinand, himself an excellent amateur musician, and who, as has been seen, made her his wife.

The connection of this lady with the present history proved to be both positive and important. It is declared on good

authority that Don Ferdinand would have accepted the crown of Spain had it not been for the influence of his wife, who refused absolutely her sanction, unless she should be herself accepted as queen-*regnant*. To this the haughty Spaniards would not consent, promising her, however, that if she would withdraw her opposition she should take precedence over all the grandees of Spain, but without the title. The ex-prima donna—now, by-the-way, Countess d'Edla—remained obstinate, and the crown of Spain went further a-begging.

The disastrous and bold struggle, which arose between France and Germany after the presentation of the Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen candidature for the vacant crown, might possibly—so mysterious are the ways of Providence—have been averted, had the peasant-born Swiss girl, with her American ideas, been less solicitous to wear a queenly crown.

The outbreak of the Franco-German war was followed in Spain by furious riots, which led the Cortes, on November 16th, 1870, to offer the crown to Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, second son of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. Amadeus accepted the crown on December 4th, 1870. On December 28th, General Prim, while riding in his carriage in the streets of Madrid, was mortally wounded by assassins. Two days after, Amadeus landed at Cartagena.

The new monarchy endeavored to rule the country on a constitutional basis, but the Spanish hatred for a foreign prince soon wrought its utter failure. After a short but stormy reign, during which Topete and Serrano were the leading statesmen, Amadeus abdicated February 11, 1873, and the Cortes established a government under Figueras. By this time the Carlist revolution had begun fully to develop itself. Don Carlos had taken command of the insurgents, and declared himself king. Among the commanders under him were his brother, Don Alfonso, accompanied by his wife, Doña Blanca; the Cura Santa Cruz; Dorregaray, and others. Cabrera had declared for the Madrid government. The insurrection gradually spread over Navarre, the Basque provinces, Catalonia, Aragon, and even Valencia.

On June 18th, 1873, the Cortes proclaimed a democratic federal republic, and elected Pity Margall president. They had previously abolished slavery in Porto Rico. Margall was succeeded, July 19th, by General Nicolas Salmeron, and he, on September 7th, by Don Emilio Castelar. The Republic had scarcely been established, however, when the radical elements commenced a series of the old-fashioned revolutionary movements; and while the Carlists controlled the north, a rebellion broke out in numerous cities in the south and southeast. Alcoy was the scene of frightful atrocities, but with Malaga, Seville, Cadiz, Grenada, and Valencia was easily reoccupied by the government troops under General Pavia; but Cartagena, in which General Contreras led the insurgents, resisted for six months. Here a portion of the Spanish fleet fell into the hands of the insurgents, and with this they made piratical incursions on the coast. The blockade was, however, pushed forward with energy, and after a heavy bombardment the fortress capitulated, Contreras and the other leaders escaping to the coast of Algeria.

In the North, however, the Government troops were unsuccessful, and the force sent to relieve Bilbao utterly failed. Castelar resigned the presidency January 7, 1874, and on the following day the captain-general of Madrid dissolved the Cortes with an armed force. A new ministry was formed under Serrano, who himself took command of the army against the Carlists, and after considerable fighting succeeded in relieving Bilbao in May. In June, however, Marshal Concha, who had taken command, fell before Estella. In January, 1875, Serrano made way for the young Alfonso, son of ex-Queen Isabella, who had been proclaimed king by

Martinez de Campos and the armies of the Centre and North, and who assumed the throne under the designation of Alfonso XII.

The progress of the new king to Madrid and his reception there formed an ovation. In the latter city triumphal arches were erected in the streets, and the procession was received with every evidence of delight and satisfaction on the part of the citizens. Alfonso will not reach his nineteenth year until next November. It is claimed for him that he has an excellent mind, and shows capacity beyond his years. In the latter part of the recent civil war he assumed command himself, and is said to have appeared to good advantage. He is fine looking, good-tempered in his disposition; is said to be very fond of his mother, a sentiment which is certainly displayed in the invitation to her to return to Spain, which is said to have been his act.

The close of this year will thus probably see Queen Isabella once more in Madrid, where in name or in fact she ruled for so many years.

ZENOBLA CAPTIVE.

(Suggested by Miss Hosmer's Statue.)

LIFE is not sad, when earthly brows are crowned
With crowns like thine;
Oh, woman, whose divine
And searching hands have snatched our dim Ideal
From out the past's profound,
And shaped it to this Real!

Zenobia, dead and gone,
Steps from her narrow tomb,
Unwinds her scented shroud, and stands
Once more with sad, unsceptred hands,
And yearning eyes o'erbrimmed with gloom,
And spirit far withdrawn.

Across the captive's anguished eyes,
That see, and do not see,
Her own Palmyra's towers arise
To pierce these baleful Roman skies
That smoke with victory.

She hears, and does not hear,
She sees, and does not see;
For her again

The desert smiles in tufts of palm;
The Syrian dews all honey-sweet
Drip slowly as a heavenly rain;
Her city's marble palaces,
With slim spires manifold,
Blaze in the mid-day's fiery gold;
A world is at her feet.
Her sceptre flashes in her hand,
A nation waits her least command:
Earth's greatest cry, "All hail!"
While Rome itself grows pale
At lifting of the desert's vail of sand.

Once more her palace gate
Swings open to the sound
Of silver cymbals, and she sees,
With all a mother's joy elate
Her people bend the knee
To the dark, haughty Three,
And smiles approval as they claim,
In royal purple drest, the Caesar's awful name.
While in a gliding dream

Egyptian Zabdias at her side
Jeers at the Roman's jealous pride,
So soon to melt before his queen.

Again,
The desert wind is on her cheek,
Her armor glitters in the sun,
Her bright Numidian prances free,
Ten thousand voices shout as one,
Zenobia! Victory!

The Roman helmets flash,
The fierce-eyed people shout;
She knows it not, but hears the clash
Of battling steel, the deathful cries
That pierce a desert's solitude.

Again, Alsarges reels and dies.
Again the smoke of blood
Streams upward through the sunny air,
And lifeless faces all astare
Afright her Syrian skies.

Once more Palmyra's towers arise—
She leads her vanquished home again;
A treacherous mist is in her eyes;
The slow, sad tramp of conquered men,
Strikes madness to her brain.
"My people, hear!" she cries
"Aurelian has not won.
Our banner yet shall be unfurled,
Above the mistress of the world,
Before our work is done!"

And now,
Her brow grows haggard as she dreams—
A sound of wailing smites her ear,
By granite wall and brazen gate
Her eager foemen wait;
By night and day their armor gleams.
Their camp-fires watch the sun go down.
Her throne is crumbling, and her crown
Grows dim within the grasp of Fate!
The dream falls outward. Rome has won!
Zenobia stands
Beneath an alien sun,
With sad unsceptred hands,
And yearning eyes o'erbrimmed with gloom
And spirit far withdrawn.

The insolent trumpets blare,
The conqueror's chariot wheels
Flash on before.

The billows of the human sea
Break at her feet with hollow roar.
Wild shouts of triumph thrill the air,
The very earth beneath her reels,
Exultant at her fall.

But still a queen
Though realmless and discrowned,
With more than royal mien
She walks through all.

One dream has passed. Another shadows by;
Her dark prophetic eye
Has pierced the awful depths of the To Be.

E'en as Palmyra fell
So Rome itself shall fall
From its high heaven to woe's profoundest hell.
And conquered Syria
Upspringing from her tawny couch of sand,
With vengeful will and hand
Shall cry aloud

O'er jubilant land and sea,
Pointing to Rome, the deathless, in her shroud!

—ADA VROOMAN LERLIE.

A BOSNIAK DANCING GIRL.

THE dance of the Christian women of Bosnia, represented in our engraving, has not the repulsive characteristic of the gypsy dance, or that of the gawazis at Cairo, though it belongs to the same school. It is the same thought in decent language. This girl, with graceful face, movements full of frankness and nobility, pleases the eye and the mind by her poetry of motion, as she keeps time to the music of the gypsy orchestra.

Of course, at the inns and cafés, the girls who dance for a living, with glaring hues and painted faces, seeking to please half-inebriated men, are not such in their dances as we should care to describe.



A BOSNIAN DANCING GIRL.—SEE PAGE 15.

THE TELEGRAM.

THESE were the last words he said as he left me standing on the piazza of — Hotel, Long Branch :

"If I can possibly come down to-morrow evening, I will telegraph some time during the day; but if you do not hear from me, you will know that I intend to wait until Saturday."

That was plain enough. How was it possible to mistake so simple and concise a statement? "He" was John Macomber, my betrothed husband, and I verily believe the proudest man

on the face of the earth. Not proud of name, lineage, or property; but so stanch in his adherence to principle, so loyal to truth, so earnest in his defense of right, that the tortures of the rack would have had no power to shake him from the pedestal of honest conviction; but proud men and precise men have sometimes been known to make a mistake, and John Macomber's blunder was a bad one for both of us.

As the day on which I was expecting him advanced, in some incomprehensible way I found myself growing very nervous. Reading and writing were both equally out of the question, and, for the first time during the season, I declined to join the company of bathers. I wanted my telegram as soon as it arrived—wanted to be assured that the man of my choice was certainly to be with me that evening, so I waited for it, not for a moment doubting but it would arrive, as John had never, up to this time, disappointed me.

When the operator at last said, with a conscious twinkle in his busy eye, "I rather think Mr. Macomber has forgotten you to-day," I found that I was frequenting the office a little too much for good taste, and after that remained in my room, expecting every moment a servant with the precious document.

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Three hours dragged past. Seven o'clock came, and no telegram; and not until then did I give up the last hope. I tried to comfort myself with the reflection that Saturday was only two days further on, and succeeded so well in conquering my disappointment, that nine o'clock found me with a party of friends on the green before the house, listening to the entrancing music of the orchestra.

"This is Mr. Eustace," said my brother-in-law, sister Minnie's husband. "A friend of mine from New York, Kate. Miss Harris—Mr. Eustace," and I looked up to find a very handsome and intelligent-looking man, who had, judging from appearances, come to Long Branch with the intention of being well entertained. I saw immediately that Fred expected that I should do my best in that line, and as John was away, and Minnie prevented from joining us on account of indisposition, I decided that it would not only be a pleasant thing to do, but was really a courtesy my relatives had a right to expect of me. I think so now.

When I told you that John Macomber was a proud man, I did not tell you that he was also jealous, I did not know it myself until the time I am coming to now.

"So John hasn't come down?" continued Fred.

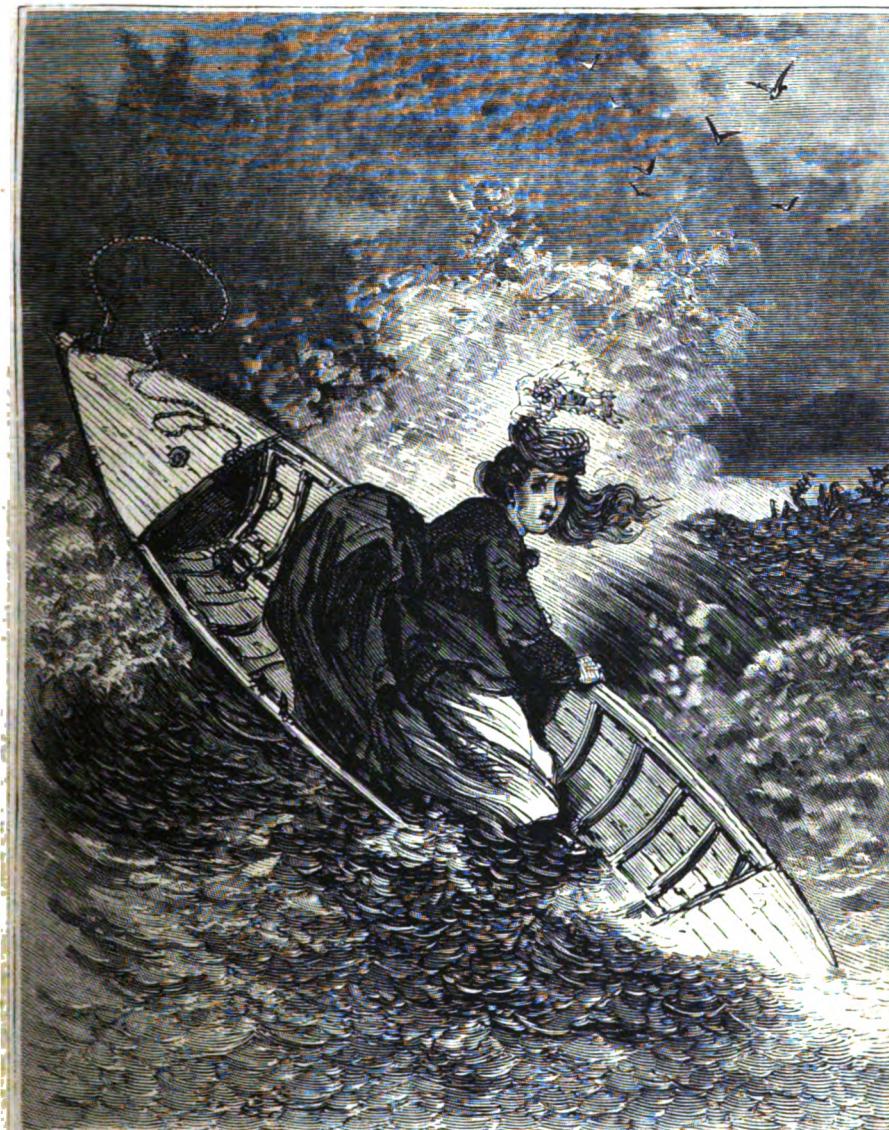
"Business

pressing, I suppose. Would you like to walk on the beach, Eustace? If so, I think Kate will show you the way—eh, Kate?"

"Certainly, I replied, "if Mr. Eustace desires it;" and of course Mr. Eustace did; and it did not seem strange, or in the least opposed to my position as an engaged woman, when, with my hand on this gentleman's arm, we started for a tour of the beach.

The moon was partially obscured. Huge banks of cloud drifted at intervals over her fair golden face, completely shutting it from sight.

It was a weird, beautiful evening, just the time for a walk



THE TELEGRAM.—"I SHRIEKED FOR HELP, HELD ON TO THE SIDE OF THE BOAT, AND KEPT MY BACK TO THE BREAKERS, DETERMINED TO SELL MY LIFE AS DEARLY AS POSSIBLE."

arm-in-arm with one's lover—a night to fascinate, to woo, the best and the holiest.

There was no pleasure in this stroll, and very little diversion. I would much rather have been in my own room alone. Oh, how the sea moaned and groaned, and tossed and roared! The great billows splashed in at our feet, almost drowning our voices as we slowly trod the sand. I had no fault to find with my companion. He was a most accomplished conversationalist—genial, witty, and thoroughly alive to the use and mystery of silence.

"Well, well," said he, gayly, after a long pause, "this will never do! I make it a point, Miss Harris, to nurse the sentimental only so long as it contributes to my peace of mind, invariably striking my colors at the first symptom of melancholy. Why, there is a tug at my heart-strings this very moment."

I tried to reply; but a strangely familiar step behind us attracted my attention. Mr. Eustace continued, apparently unaware of my nervousness, and still dreamily:

"I am sometimes half inclined to believe, though, that an occasional sensation of this kind serves to assist in the establishment of one's spiritual equilibrium, and—"

Just then the moon emerged from its hiding-place; the step which had brought my heart with a quick bump to my throat, rapidly passed us; a deep, hard, but well-known voice, said, "Good-evening, Miss Harris," and for a brief second my eyes met John Macomber's. My hand must have trembled, for my companion looked down into my face with an expression of deep solicitude, as he said:

"Excuse me, Miss Harris, but what has alarmed you? Surely not the gentleman who has just shot past us with such velocity? He did look savage, I must confess. Would you like to return now?"

"If you please," I answered, striving in vain to keep my voice steady. I never knew what that man thought of me—never cared much, it is true—and never comprehended how I reached the hotel, or whether the farce of conversation was kept up or not. I had but one thought, and that one, John. How had it all happened? Why had he come in this mysterious manner—a manner so entirely at variance with anything I had ever conceived of his disposition, anything he had ever shown me? Why had he followed me to the beach? My brother-in-law must have directed him; but, if so, why did he pass me in that dreadful fashion?

"Why, how pale you are!" exclaimed Fred, as I hurriedly inquired if he had seen John.

"Seen him? No. He hasn't been here—at least, not to my knowledge; I should think you had seen a ghost, though. What in the world is the matter?"

I told him, and he laughed at me; called me a little simpleton; said John Macomber was a thoroughly sensible man, and would always behave like one, under all circumstances. I hadn't seen him; had been thinking of my disappointment, grown nervous, and mistaken some other man for my lover, etc.—as if I didn't know John Macomber!

There was no sleep for me that night. The next morning I made Fred promise that he would call at John's office during the day, and tell him how I came to be walking with his friend. I sent him a note also—a queer kind of composition, I think, it must have been, for I was almost crazed. Fred looked at my pale face and swollen eyes, and evidently came to believe that John had passed me on the beach the night before.

Oh, how long that day seemed! But the shades of evening descended, after hours of unutterable misery, and Fred arrived.

"There now," said he, soothingly, "for heaven's sake, don't take on any more. I haven't seen John, although I called at his office three times. His head-clerk thought he would not be in much before three, and I had to leave town

before that. I left your note, however, and wrote him one myself that, I guess, 'll bring him to his senses, if he ever gets them. You'll probably hear from him to-morrow. And now dress yourself, and come down to tea, like a good girl. Whatever I did, Kate, I wouldn't come the love-sick. That is a *role* entirely out of your line, and immensely unbecoming."

I agreed with him, and quietly decided that my relatives should never again be troubled with any grief of mine, condemned poor Fred as a cross, unsympathizing brute, made a tasteful toilet, and stole quietly out of the hotel, determined to at least enjoy the privilege of solitude, if nothing more. I think I must have walked miles, and at last chanced upon a spot entirely deserted. Here I could rest and think. A little skiff, securely fastened, served for a seat, and I could at least enjoy my own thoughts without fear of interruption. The purple and gold that had crowned the setting sun gradually faded into blue and gray, and one by one the little stars peeped forth.

I realized that it was late to be so long a distance alone from the hotel; but this situation was so comfortable, compared to any other I could conceive of, that I scarcely gave it another thought until, to my surprise and horror, I found that the tiny boat in which I had taken refuge was completely surrounded by water. My abstraction had been so complete, that I had entirely failed to notice the gradual incoming of the tide, and now the great white-capped breakers were rolling in from the sea, and I fully realized that a few moments more would serve to put the finishing stroke to one poor little life; but the strangest thing of all was, I could not bring myself to care much about it. I tried my best, however, to devise some means of reaching *terra firma*, but escape there was none; the water was already over my head, and the little skiff pitching like mad with the force of the waves.

I might just as well have been in the middle of the Atlantic, so far as any assistance I could render myself was concerned. I shrieked for help, held on perseveringly to the side of the boat, and kept my back to the breakers, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

The last I remember was giving one wild, fearful cry for John, and imagining I heard voices; then all was chaos.

When I opened my eyes again, I was in my own bed, and half a dozen anxious faces looked down upon me. The past came back like a flash; but my first thought was of John.

"Have you heard from him?" I whispered to Fred, who stood at my right hand, looking very much like a man condemned to the gallows.

"Good Lord! yes, Kate," he replied. (Fred always would use expletives, and on this occasion I think he was fully excusable.) "You're a fool, and he was another. Come here, old fellow, and tell her so yourself, and then perhaps she'll manage to keep from frightening us to death."

Another second, and I was in John Macomber's arms.

He had been jealous, and he owned it. Fred ought to have known better than send me out on the beach with a stranger, and he owned it. I ought to have known better than to have gone, and I owned it.

About the telegram? Oh, John declares to this day that he said distinctly, that if he could not come, he would telegraph, and I declare he said just the opposite; but we don't talk much of that experience, for it makes us both shudder to think about it.

He that knoweth not that which he ought to know, is a brute beast among men; he that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts; and he that knoweth all that may be known, is as a god amongst men.

WE ARE SEVEN.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

— A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered: “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply:
“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my littl maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied:
“Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them.

“And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

“So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow.
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If they two are in heaven?”
Quick was the little maid's reply:
“O Master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those two are dead!

Their spirits are in heaven!”—

“Twas throwing words away; for still

The little maid would have her will,

And said: “Nay, we are seven!”

“We are seven,” was the persistent answer of the little girl whom Wordsworth met within the area of Goodrich Castle, in the year 1793, when the poet objected to the childish reasoner that two out of the seven in family being, on her own showing, dead and gone, she was out in her arithmetic, and ought to have returned five as the sum-total. Eight years old was that little cottage girl, *wildly* clad, curly headed, with a rustic, woodland mien, but altogether of a beauty that gladdened the poet who met her on the banks of the Wye; and there was real interest in the question he put to her, how many brothers and sisters had she? “How many? seven in all,” she said.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”

She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

Her numbers are wrong, and her questioner tries to put her right. If two are in the churchyard laid, then is five the right number, not seven. But the little maid persists in the full number; and shape his demur how he may, urge his objections how he can, the poet is met again and again with the assurance, as one who better ought to know, “O, master, we are seven.” Mr. de Quincey has remarked, that the child in this little poem, although unable to admit the thought of death, yet, in compliance with custom, uses the word: “The first that *died* was little Jane.” But the graves of her brother and sister she is so far from regarding as any argument of their having died, that she supposes the stranger simply to doubt her statement, and she reiterates her assertion of their graves as lying in the churchyard, in order to prove that they were *living*. Beside those graves she would eat her supper of Summer evenings, and knit her stockings, and hem her kerchief; there would she sit, and sing to them that lay below. That authentic voice, argued Wordsworth, “which affirms life as a necessity inalienable from man's consciousness, is a revelation through the lips of childhood.” Elsewhere the little poem is recognised as bringing into day for the first time a profound fact in the abysses of human nature—namely, that the mind of an infant cannot admit the idea of death, cannot comprehend it, “any more than the fountain of light can comprehend the aboriginal darkness.” In the words (translated ones) of Leopold Schefer:

Easier to him seems life than A B C,
So willingly he sees funeral trains,
Admires the garland laid upon the coffin,
Beholds the narrow, still, last house of man,
Looks in the grave, and hears, without a fear
The clods fall down upon the coffin lid.

You may teach children the name of death, but they have no idea of what it is; they fear it neither for themselves nor for others; they fear suffering, not death. There are exceptions, of course; such as one of Sydney Smith's children, in delicate health, who used to wake suddenly every night, “sobbing, anticipating the death of parents, and all the sorrows of life, almost before life had begun.

There is a little girl in one of Lord Lytton's fictions, whom her father visits at the French nunnery from time to time, and who, “whenever monsieur goes,” one of the nuns records, “always says that he is dead, and cries herself



WOMAN OF TETTA, AFRICA, GRINDING CORN.

"Philip broke to Sidney the sad news of their mother's death, and Sidney wept with bitter passion. But children—what can *they* know of death? Their tears over graves dry sooner than the dews." Addressing his daughter Edith, then ten years old, Southey says:

Thy happy nature from the painful thought
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
To hear me name the grave. Thou knowest not
How large a portion of my heart is there!

Ever has been, and will be, admired Steele's picture of a bereaved family, with the children sorrowing according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. "And what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sister did." Still more simply told and touching is Steele's own retrospect of earliest grief. This was on the occasion of his father's death, when little Dick was not quite five years old; and much more amazed he was at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with him. Sir Richard remembered how he went into the room where the body lay, and saw his mother sit, weeping, alone by it; how he had his battledore in his hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa, having, he knew not how, some slight idea that papa was locked up there.

Mary Lamb illustrates the same topic in the first of her stories of "Mrs. Leicester's School," where the little girl takes her newly-arrived uncle straight to the churchyard, as "the way to mamma." So does Caroline Bowles (Southey) in her poem of the "Child's Unbelief," where a heart-sore elder is troubled by the little one's prattling about the lessons to be learnt for a dead mamma to hear, when she comes by-and-by.

Yet what, poor infant, shouldst thou know
Of life's great mystery—
Of time and space—of chance and change—
Of sin, decay, and death?

Then, too, we have a record, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of his first acquaintance with the shadow of death; his memory dimly recalling the image of a little girl, a school-mate, "whom we missed one day, and were told that she had died. But what death was, I never had any very distinct idea [sic], until one day I climbed the low stone wall of the old burial-ground, and mingled with a group that were looking into a very deep, long, narrow hole, dug down through the grim sod, down through the brown loam, down through the yellow gravel, and there at the bottom was an oblong, red box, and a still, sharp, white face of a young man seen through an opening at the end of it." When the lid was closed, and the gravel and stone rattled down pell-mell, and the mourners

quietly to sleep; when monsieur returns, she says that he is come to life again. Some one, I suppose, once talked to her about death; and she thinks, when she loses sight of anyone, that *that* is death." In the same story, we read of two brothers, the younger a mere child, that

had gone, and left their dead one behind, then our boy-gazer felt that he had seen death, and should never forget him. But this is a stage in advance of the disbelief of childhood. More in keeping with the spirit of "We are Seven," is that passage in one of the "Twice-told Tales" of Dr. Holmes's gifted friend and compatriot, Nathaniel Hawthorne, where we see a comely woman, with a pretty rosebud of a daughter, come to select a gravestone for a twin-daughter, who had died a month before; the mother calm and woefully resigned, fully conscious of her loss; "but the daughter evidently had no real knowledge of what death's doings were. . . . Her feelings were almost the same as if she still stood side by side, and arm-in-arm, with the departed, looking at the slabs of marble. . . . Perchance her dead sister was a closer companion than in life." A twin-sister might thus be warranted in saying, in death as in life, "We are one."

Couldst thou believe me dead? Thy living sense
Mistook itself. Howe'er the spirit deems,
Death cannot lie in life's experience.

William Etty, the painter, describes in his diary a visit to the home of four little motherless children, one of whom wrung his heart by her eager inquiries why mamma did not come back. Told that she was gone to heaven, "Why does she not *write*, then?" asked the wistful little girl. Etty was as willing and cordial a consoler as one in Wordsworth, who

— patted tenderly
The sunburnt forehead of a weeping child,
A little mourner, whom it was his task
To comfort . . .

. . . "This blossoming child,"
Said the old man, "is of an age to weep
At any grave or solemn spectacle,
Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,
He knows not wherefore; but the boy to-day
Perhaps is shedding an orphan's tears."

There is an affecting resemblance to the argument of "We are Seven" in the answer of Jacob's sons in Egypt to their brother Joseph, by them not only unrecognized, but assumed to have long since been dead. "We be twelve brethren, sons of our father: one is not, and the youngest is this day with our father in the land of Canaan." One is not and yet we be twelve brethren.

CORN GRINDING IN AFRICA.

THE late Dr. Livingstone, in his African explorations, tells many interesting incidents in the domestic life of the natives. On the native mode of grinding corn, he says:

"As we were sleeping one night outside a hut, but near enough to hear what was going on within, an anxious mother began to grind her corn about two o'clock in the morning.

"'Ma,' inquired a little girl, 'why grind in the dark?'

"'Mamma advised sleep, and



AFRICAN CORN MILL.

administered material for a sweet dream to her darling, by saying :

"I grind meal to buy cloth from the strangers, which will make you look a little lady."

"An observer of these primitive races is struck continually with such little trivial touches of genuine human nature."

"The mill consists of a block of granite, syenite, or even mica schist, fifteen or eighteen inches square and five or six thick, with a piece of quartz or other hard rock about the size of a half brick, one side of which has a convex surface, and fits into a concave hollow in the larger and stationary stone. The workwoman, kneeling, grasps this upper millstone with both hands, and works it backward and forward in the hollow

THE CHARTER OAK AT HARTFORD.

THIS "old, familiar tree," "whose glory and renown" are as household words to every schoolboy, must be so well known to our readers as to need no particular mention here. The great event to which it owes its name has passed into history. After a long and flourishing life, in the course of which it had successively resisted the storms of Winters and that *edax rerum*, the tooth of time, it finally succumbed to a tornado which swept over part of Connecticut in September, 1856. The citizens of Hartford exhibited profound emotions on the occasion of the untimely end of their venerable forest-patriarch, carrying off pieces of the wood to be



THE FAMOUS CHARTER OAK, HARTFORD, CONN., AS IT APPEARED AT THE TIME OF ITS FALL.

of the lower millstone, in the same way that a baker works his dough when pressing it and pushing it from him. The weight of the person is brought to bear on the movable stone, and while it is pressed and pushed forward and backward, one hand supplies every now and then a little grain, to be thus at first bruised and then ground on the lower stone, which is placed on the slope, so that the meal, when ground, falls on to a skin or mat, spread for the purpose.

"This is, perhaps, the most primitive form of mill, and anterior to that in oriental countries, where two women grind at one mill, and may have been that used by Sarah of old, when she entertained the angels."

converted into canes, snuff-boxes, etc., as relics of the tree. The bells tolled mournfully, a funeral dirge was played by the city band, and the liveliest sensations of grief were displayed over the inanimate remains of the prostrate monarch.

Our engraving is from an original drawing, made by Mr. A. G. Holcomb, one of our own artists, whom we sent to Hartford for this express purpose, only a short time prior to the fall of the tree. It is the very latest portrait taken of the *living* Charter Oak, and therefore possesses a value that increases with years. The following incidents are worthy of being recorded in this connection. This noble old tree stood

upon the beautiful grounds of Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, late the Wylls' estate, in the southern part of the city. About three years ago some boys built a fire in the hollow of this tree, which burnt out the spunk, and though it was feared that this would kill it, such was not the fact. Fresh sprouts sprung out the next Spring, and Mr. Stuart took great pains to preserve this valued relic of the original forests of New England, but more especially interesting as the tree in which the old British charter of Connecticut was secreted and preserved. At this time the hollow in the trunk of the old oak was so large that a fire company of twenty-seven full-grown men stood up in it together. Before Governor Wylls came to America he sent his steward forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful "Wylls Place," a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would spare this old hollow oak. They declared that it had "been the guide of their ancestors for centuries." It was spared until September, 1856, finally yielding to the process of natural decay. On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andros, attended by members of his council, and a body-guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take the charter by force. The General Assembly was in session. He was received with courtesy, but coldness. He entered the Assembly room, and publicly demanded the charter. Remonstrances were made, and the session was protracted till evening. The Governor and his associates appeared to yield. The charter was brought in and laid upon the table. Sir Edmund thought that the last moment of the colony had come, when suddenly the lights were all put out, and total darkness followed. There was no noise, no resistance, but all was quiet. The candles were again lighted, but the charter was gone! Sir Edmund Andros was disconcerted. He declared the Government of Connecticut to be in his own hands, and that the colony was annexed to Massachusetts and other New England colonies, and proceeded to appoint officers. Whilst he was doing this, Captain Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those times, was concealing the charter in the hollow of Wylls' oak, now known as the Charter Oak. In 1689 King James was expelled, and on the 9th of May of that year Governor Treat and his associate officers established the Government of Connecticut under the charter which had been preserved in the old hollow oak.

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN OF CHICAGO.

BY C. SHACKLEFORD.

CHAPTER I.

AROLD BURT, night watchman in the building of the "Invulnerable Treasure Repository," of Chicago, glanced at the clock, the hands of which pointed to half-past nine, and, rising from his seat, crossed the marble floor, and pulled a cord that dangled against the wall.

This half-hourly duty was the test of his faithful watch. The cord was connected with a machine in the locked room beyond—the private office of the president—and the dial of the machine every morning bore its silent but unimpeachable testimony to the vigilance of the night watchman.



As the cord dropped from Burt's hand, the deep "boom! boom!" of the Court-house bell smote upon the air.

"Fire!" whispered Burt to himself.

He counted the strokes. Then he drew from his breast-pocket a signal-card, and found the district in which the fire had started.

"Humph! Not far from Saturday night's fire," he soliloquized. "Those westsiders are too selfish. They ought to let some other part of the city have a chance at a fire now."

He sat for some moments, turning the card over and over in his hand, examining the details of the printing, and reading and re-reading the advertisements on the back. In the long, monotonous hours of his watch, his mind seized upon every trifle, and converted it into food for thought.

Presently the bell again tolled. In so large a city, a fire is an almost daily occurrence. When its locality is known, all, save those in its vicinity, resume with indifference their various employments.

A third time the clanging, brazen voice rose discordant on the night. This was the general alarm, which summoned to the scene all the engines of the Fire Department.

Burt, revolver in hand, went to the door.

The night was moonless, but starlit. The warm south wind was blowing a perfect tornado. It was Sunday night, and the street-cars, full of returning church-goers, went rattling and jingling on their way. The walks were full of pedestrians, and down the long streets glittered the straight lines of twinkling gaslights.

When the clamor of the bell died away, there was nothing to remind one that a fearful fire was raging in another part of that vast city.

Ten o'clock.

Burt re-entered the building, and again performed his half-hourly task. He sat down again in the great, silent office, and listened to the muffled sounds of the street—the jingling of bells, the tramp of myriads of feet, the faint tones of human voices.

The reception office of the Repository was a spacious room, with high ceiling, exquisitely frescoed, and marble floor, which resounded loudly in those still night hours to Burt's lightest footfall.

Three or four handsome desks stood ranged about the room, and a division screen of filigree iron-work, delicate and fragile to the eye, but proof against vigorous assault, divided this room from the vestibule.

To the rear end of the room, a massive iron-door barred the entrance to the vaults. The warden of the vaults was a huge Newfoundland dog.

In the long, long, silent and solemn hours of the night, Burt sometimes found it pleasant to hear the faint sound of his unseen associate in police work, as he moved about in his dark prison, or threw himself heavily against the door, preparatory to sleep.

Half-past ten.

The Court-house bell was still clanging at intervals, and Burt again went out.

The crowd in the street was greater, and to the northwest the heavens were reddened with the reflection of the flames.

"What's burning?" said one passer-by to another.

"Only some west-side rookeries," was the answer.

"No, sir," said a third. "Some of those big elevators have gone up."

"Well, this fire will have to stop when it gets to the place of last night's conflagration."

"Oh, yes, That was a clean sweep. Nothing left to burn."

"Pretty high wind. Bad night for a fire. See those sparks!"

"Think the fire can cross the river?"

"Cross the river! Man alive! do you think this a back-woods town, with no fire department?"

"Well," drawled the first voice, "I don't know. A man

told me just now that the bridges and shipping were on fire."

"Oh, guess not!" contemptuously.

Eleven o'clock.

Burt pulled the cord, and sat down again to his vigil.

The voices in the streets grew fainter and fainter. The cars still rumbled on their routes, and at intervals the Court-house bell rang out its useless warning—useless, because all was being done that could be.

The sound of voices and footsteps died away. But the roar of the wind grew louder and louder.

The dog in the vaults began to move restlessly about and whine. Burt could not unlock the vault-door; but he went to it, and called to the dog, bidding him lie down.

At the sound of his voice, the brute grew quiet.

Half-past eleven.

Heavens! how long the night was. Only half-past eleven.

Burt looked out on the almost deserted thoroughfares. The hot, blistering wind went roaring through the streets; and, whirling about high in the air, thick as snow-flakes, were millions of fire-seeds.

Burt watched them fall on the roofs of the buildings, on awnings, on wooden signs—anywhere and everywhere. Then, even as he looked, the Court-house bell again sounded, and the western horizon took a horrible, lurid glow.

When he resumed his vigil in the solemn silence of the deserted room, memory insisted upon recalling to him a certain time when he had run from the fire-fiend, and escaped only with his life, and the money he wore belted about him.

But he hated the thought of those days. He rose, and strode about the room, and whistled under his breath. All in vain. His thoughts, despite himself, would revert to that time, and to that flight for life.

It was so long ago. It seemed as if it must have occurred in another life. How many years? He had to stop and compute. 1871—he was forty-five now. He was twenty-five then. Yea. He was married when he was twenty-two—he frowned darkly as this item entered into the sum—and it was three years after their marriage that she—

"Oh, confound it all!"

He jumped from his seat, and, muttering this imprecation, whirled the chair across the room, and it clattered and crashed on the marble floor, and the echoes thundered through the silent halls.

Twelve o'clock.

Thank heaven, he had something to do, if only to pull a cord!

Another look on the street. A redder sky, a fiercer gale, a thicker rain of sparks. How hot the wind was!

Yet all the time the undercurrent of his mind was still running in the channels of memory.

Yes, that was a night something like this, though that fire was in May. Well, he would not fly so wildly for his life now. His life was little to him to-night; and, as for treasure, he had nothing in the world but a few dollars of his last month's salary. Twenty years ago, in that San Francisco fire, all was different.

He turned impatiently on his heel, and went in again to his dreary watch. He drew his chair up to the register, and kicked it noiselessly open.

How horribly still and solemn it was in that treasure-house. Nothing for a man to do but think, think, think.

Thinking was such confoundedly melancholy work. No wonder men went mad in solitary confinement. When he was young, though, his sister used to call him "Burt, the dreamer."

His sister! There it was again. She was dead. What was the use of thinking of her? Everybody was dead but him.

He recalled this one and that one—a crowd of old ac-

quaintances—all gone. Mother, father, sister—ay, but his brother? Was he dead?

Burt clinched his fist, and a dark frown crept over his bronzed face.

And Burt's wife—the fair, false cheat! Where were they? Had God's judgment reached them yet?

He had saved his life and his money in that awful fire. Then, when he was able to write, he had expressed the money—every dollar of it—to his wife, under the care of the brother, in whose charge he had left her when he went to the mines.

The weeks and months went on. No answer came to his remittance, no letter ever came in response to his.

At last he wrote to the postmaster of the village where his wife lived.

To that missive there came an answer. His brother and wife had left the town together some weeks before, having in their possession a large sum of money, the source of which no one seemed to know.

Burt remembered with photographic clearness every word and detail of that letter. Sitting there, with his chin on his hand, and his elbow resting on his knee, and his eyes bent on the floor, his face was as hard and stern and almost as white as a marble statue, his figure as motionless as carven stone.

Presently the instinct of time, trained by practice of his profession, warned him of his duties. He raised his eyes to the clock.

Half-past twelve.

He stretched out his hand, and, without leaving his seat, pulled the cord, and relapsed again into his musing.

Well, when the letter was read, he dropped like a log to the floor. No one ever knew that, though. He was alone in his room. When he came to his senses he burned the letter, and then very soon left California, and drifted hither and yon about the States.

He never heard of the guilty couple. He never sought them. Why should he? He wanted no man's blood on his hands. And after all—well, no—he would not acknowledge the brotherhood. But their mother?

He rose and strode about the room.

As for his wife—bah! So sweet and innocent and winning as she was. When they parted she put her picture in his hand, and kissed him, and—

Heavens, what a fool he was! Crying, too, after all these years!

He brushed his hand roughly over his eyes.

Well, he had been a fool about her always. He never could bring himself to destroy the picture. He had it now, in its tiny purple velvet case, in his breast-pocket. He had not opened it for years. Suppose now he should look at it again?

One o'clock.

With the picture unopened in his hand, he pulled the cord on the wall, walked slowly to the gas-jet, and pressed the spring of the velvet case. There was a mist in his eyes.

Whiz! The gas flamed up in a long, slender, blue tongue. A deep, sullen detonation from afar. The floor shook. Then all was darkness.

Burt stood stunned. The next moment he thrust the picture in his pocket again, and groped his way to the door.

No twinkling gaslights now adown the streets. An awful silence and desolation brooded in the thoroughfares, lighted now only by the glare of the flames and the rain of fire. The indescribable sounds of a great conflagration, the puff of the engines, the tramp of feet, the inarticulate swell of voices, the crackle and rustle of the fire, and the sullen thud of falling masonry—all these came to Burt's listening ear.

Thicker and thicker came the storm of cinders, sparks and brands. The heavens grew more crimson moment by moment. Louder and louder increased the noises of the

confagation. When Burt turned to perform his half-hourly task, the fiery legions had formed two sides of a square, and were hemming him in on the west and south.

Half-past one.

La Salle Street a blazing wall, and another branch of fire going north and east, with horrible rapidity, on Adams Street.

Two o'clock.

For the last time Burt groped his way to the cord, and made the final record of his faithfulness. Then back to his watch at the door. The poor imprisoned brute in the vaults moaned and howled, but there was no help for him.

North, south and west the waves of fire surged. Out from their opened cells in the burning Court-house poured the murderers, thieves, burglars, and criminals of every kind, and yelling with joy or affright, plunged into the struggling mass of humanity that now blocked the streets, and were lost to view.

Nearer and nearer, up Randolph Street, strode the fire. Crash after crash of walls. Carriages, hacks, express-wagons, all tearing madly along. Men, women, and children a struggling mass, blocking the streets.

Still Burt stood at his post. Not till the flames burst from the upper windows of the Repository building, and swayed over his head like a brilliant awning, did he throw away his weapon, muffle his head in his great-coat, and plunge into the human current choking the thoroughfares.

Pushing, stumbling, struggling, gasping, Burt was slowly swept along with the crowd that surged toward the lake. State Street was still intact, and he struggled out of the solid, eastward-moving phalanx, and plunged into the mass of humanity that surged upon that street.

He hoped by pushing northward to reach his boarding-house, on Wabash Avenue, before the branch moving east should hem him in, with no refuge but the lake-shore.

In the panic-stricken crowd, the first thought of all was self—only to get away with life, only to save one's own possessions as much as might be—this was the first and last thought.

Delicate women, some of them with babes in their arms, frightened little children, panic-stricken men, numberless vehicles drawn by half-maddened horses—all these struggling together made a scene of the wildest confusion, lighted up by the glare of hundreds of burning buildings, and the storm of firebrands borne on the wings of the whirlwind.

Suddenly something fell from one of the windows in the second story of the building Burt was passing. It was a ledger, which had been thrown out to the express-wagon in waiting, and being aimed, it fell short of the mark.

Burt received only a smart blow on the shoulder, but a man at his right hand was struck so heavily on the side of his head that he fell senseless upon the walk.

No one save Burt, appeared to notice him. The crowd surged on, and in a few moments he must have been trampled to death, had not Burt raised him in his arms. Just as he accomplished this, which was no easy task under the circumstances, a man came running out of the building, and throwing some things into the express-wagon, was just about to jump in after them. The driver, who had recovered the fallen ledger, was ready for a start.

"Hold on!" said Burt, catching the bridle of the nearest horse. "Here's part of your load you've forgotton."

"What do you mean? I don't know that man. What is he to me? Go on, driver."

"He's the man you've pretty nearly killed, if you haven't quite done it! That's what he is to you! He's going in that wagon. That whack your ledger gave him deadheads him on this trip. Here, help me lift him, will you?"

The owner of the load wasted no more time in words. Whether or no he quite comprehended the case was quite

undecided, but anything to save time. They lifted the inanimate form quickly into the wagon, and laid it full length on the books and office belongings that composed the load.

"Jump in and hold his head, can't you?" said the gentleman to Burt.

Then, when they had fairly started, the stranger knelt down beside the senseless form lying in Burt's arms, and, opening the vest, felt if the heart still throbbed.

"I guess he's only stunned," he said, at last, with a sigh of relief. "Great heavens! if he had got the full force of that falling ledger, 'twould have killed him, sure. Where do you want him carried?"

"I don't know. Is there any hospital left? Better take him there, I think."

"Yes, there's the County Hospital. We can go there. Who is this man?"

"I don't know. I never saw him till he fell on the sidewalk."

"Oh, I thought you knew him! I say, driver, just drive past the County Hospital on the way, and we'll leave this man."

"All right."

"You can stay and arrange about him, can't you?" to Burt. "You can let me know—"

He paused suddenly, with a short, abrupt laugh.

"Well, I'd forgotten my home and my office were both gone up. I'll tell you. I'll stop to-night—no, to-morrow morning—at the hospital, and make it all right with you."

"Everything is all safe up in this end of the town, unless the wind changes. I have nothing else to do. I can tend to him."

By this time they reached the hospital, and carried in their burden.

"What's your name?" called the stranger, pausing on the threshold in his hasty departure.

"Harold Burt."

The stranger repeated the name, nodded, and was gone.

CHAPTER II.

LOWLY the dawn of that awful 9th of October began to illumine the east. Burt, watching at the bedside of the wounded man, saw the pale yellow sunlight begin to bar the dirty white wall of the hospital ward.

The physician had come, and examined the poor man's hurt, and pronouncing it a slight one, had proceeded on his rounds. It was a dismal place in which to wait hour after hour. Moans, and restless tossings, and sighs of pain and weariness—these were all the sounds that broke the stillness of the sick-room. The wounded man lay with his face turned from Burt, and was breathing heavily. They had not removed his clothes, but had just laid him on the cot till consciousness should return. It was weary work waiting.

One of the nurses came in and whispered to another, and Burt caught the words.

"The fire is creeping against the wind. It is a block further south than it was two hours ago. The north-side is a fire, too, they say."

"Oh, Lord, have mercy!" cried the listener. "Is the whole city going?"

Burt left his post and went out into the street. From all the houses the furniture had been moved out, and elegant mirrors, rosewood and *brocaille* chairs, marble-topped tables, clocks, and all kinds of costly household belongings were



HAROLD BURT, THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN.—“‘HAROLD, DEAR HAROLD!’ CRIED HETTIE, AS SHE RUSHED TOWARD AND ENELT BEFORE HIM.”
SEE PAGE 22.

piled up, ready for transportation. The owners hung idly about the porticoes, and discussed the calamity, of whose extent they could form no conception.

There was no water, and the fire burned not only with the fierce wind, but also in the face of it. Where was to be the end?

Burt walked miles. It was impossible to hire any vehicle. Street-cars and omnibuses had ceased to run. At last he reached Harrison Street, and there before him, far as the eye could see, was a blackened plain, half-hidden by a pall of thick smoke that swayed in the wind, and revealed broken walls, shattered arches, crumbling pillars and *débris*, out of which darted little flames like fire-serpents. This was the heart of Chicago.

The streets were crowded with people, moving wildly about, like ants whose hillock some careless foot has swept level with the ground. Burt sauntered about a while, listening to the comments of the crowd, and then went back to the hospital. The nurse met him at the door of the ward.

"Has he waked yet?" asked Burt.

"Yes, partially. I asked him what hurt him. He muttered something about 'slungshot,' and went off again into insensibility."

Harold resumed his post as watcher. About ten o'clock the sleeper moved his head upon the pillow, muttered some broken words, and opened his eyes.

Burt bent forward.

Their glances met.

For some moments the two men continued to gaze steadily at each other.

"Give me some water," whispered the patient.

He put his hand to his bandaged head.

"What's the matter with my head?" he queried, in a half-wondering, half-impatient tone.

Burt put the glass of water to his lips, and lifted him on the pillow as gently and adroitly as any nurse could have done.

As he turned to replace the tumbler, the wounded man followed him with his eyes.

"Harold!" he exclaimed.

"Who calls me Harold?" exclaimed Burt, in astonishment.

He had not heard his baptismal name for years.

"Why, Harold, don't you know me?"

The wounded man stretched out his hands.

"We thought you were dead—Hettie and I!" he cried, joyfully.

Burt recoiled. A frown darkened and hardened his whole face.

"You and Hettie!" he echoed, under his breath. "Then you are Henry," he said, aloud, and gazing intently and wonderingly at the pale face on the pillow.

He came a step nearer.

"Look here," he said, in a low tone of suppressed hate and anger, "I had feared I might kill you when we met. Well, we have met, and I saved your life. Keep the vile boon!"

He made a gesture as if throwing away some loathsome object, and turned away toward the door.

"Harold, wait! Come back! What do you mean by such words, after all these years of silence and neglect?"

Burt strode away, but at the door he paused, deliberated, and returned. He came close to the bedside, and stood over the prostrate man, with a dark, threatening look on his face.

"Tell me—where is she—Hettie?"

"I don't know. She was at No. — Wabash Avenue. Why do you care to know? Harold, if ever a man acted vilely—"

Harold shook his clinched hand.

"Hush! Don't tempt me to right myself, and kill you even now."

He waited a moment to control himself.

"Look you," he said, fixing his keen, resolute look on the other's face; "if I thought you were not good to her—" He paused. "I would end your life this moment, if I knew that she was unhappy."

He checked himself abruptly, and once more walked away.

"Unhappy!" echoed the patient, raising himself on his elbow, and calling after Burt. "Of course she is unhappy. What else did you expect?"

But Burt had shut the door behind him. Nevertheless, he had heard those last words, though at the time they conveyed no meaning to him. He found himself repeating them mentally, as he hurried along the street.

"Unhappy! Of course she is unhappy. What else did you expect?"

Well, was he to blame that her punishment had come upon her? What right had his faithless brother to use that accusing tone, and heap reproaches on him—the abandoned husband?

They had chosen to deceive and betray him, and now their sin had rebounded and brought misery to themselves.

Could that be his brother Henry—that gray-haired, wrinkled, middle-aged man? Ah, yes! It was twenty years since they had met. And Hettie—was she old and faded, too?

Burt could only imagine her young, graceful, and *piquante*. In all the many, many times in which he had imagined his possible meeting with his brother, he had never pictured it like this. He had made no allowance for time and change. The brother from whom he had parted, leaving his young wife in his care, was young and strong, and gay and handsome. This was the image he had carried through all those years of hate and rancor. The brother from whose presence he had just rushed with murder in his soul was a worn, gray-haired, pallid-faced man.

Burt felt a strange chill. This silent change of age had come upon him, also, but imperceptibly. For the first time he realized how far down the shady side of life's hill he had progressed. Alas! the sun of his existence hung low in the western sky. A little while, and his brother, his wife, and himself would all have passed away. Almost he doubted if indeed he were the Harold Burt who had been the sufferer in that long-time tragedy, so unreal did those twenty-year-old events begin to appear to him.

He wandered on with his hands idly clasped behind his back, and his eyes bent on the ground. The crowd jostled him, in his slow, abstracted walk. He heeded them not. He was living in the dead Past. As he neared the confines of the burned district, he roused himself from his reverie, and glanced at the numbers of the houses.

His heart began to throb quickly and suffocatingly, as he noted how close he was to the house where his wife had dwelt. It was hardly more than a block distant. He hurried forward. Six more even numbers—four—three!

Ah, me! He stood like one turned to stone!

The fire had swept over the place he sought, and the site of the house was within the blackened, smoking area of the burned district.

Burt stood a long time looking at the ruins. There was a confused heap of charred masonry, and then, on the north ern side, an irregular fragment of the wall, smoke-blackened and jagged, stood desolate and forlorn in the pale-yellow sunlight.

Two women were standing on the walk beside him.

"Ah, sorra's the day that iver I came to this countrhy," wailed one, wiping her eyes on a dingy, Magenta-hued

shawl. "Shure, and iver cent I iver airned is nothing but cinders. The bit o' money put by for the coming over of my mither and my sister—that's gone. And my new shawl—fifteen dollars, and my furs. Indade and indade I'll never have the likes of them clothes agin."

"Shure, an' there's many a one has lost so much they'll never need clothes again," remarked her companion.

"Indade am I thinkin' it's that way with the mistress, bliss her sowl! A kinder, more tinder-hearted lady nor she was I never see."

"And is it burned she is?"

"Shure, and I think so. Mr. Burt—God rest his sowl!—wint down to his affis. Mrs. Burt got a sheet full of things, and we got to the sidewalk, and she cried after her bird—and it's fond enough she was of the little craythur. The nixt I knew she was a-flying back after the bird. That's the last nor I nor onny wan iver see of her. By the same token, there hangs the bird-cage now."

And the poor woman ended with a doleful howl, and dried her eyes again on the Magenta shawl.

Burt waited to hear no more, nor asked any questions. He walked slowly along the street, till he could view the inside of the broken wall. Toward the further end of the second story was a window, and beside it still hung a bird-cage, now bent and blackened by the fierce fire which had swept over it.

There was something so desolate, so pathetic, about this little memento of a stricken home, that for the first time in twenty years the tears filled Burt's eyes.

This, then, was where Hettie had lived. There was the window where she had sat. There hung the cage of the bird whose song lightened her loneliness. Down among the bricks and rubbish were all her little home-treasures. Alas! it might be that there, also, was her grave, and that broken, smoke-stained wall was her only monument. As Burt thought of that, he wrung his hands in silent, wordless anguish.

CHAPTER III.

N the Tuesday morning just succeeding the Monday of the great fire a gentleman, inquiring for Mr. Burt, was shown into the room, and to the cot where Henry Burt was lying.

"Ah, my man," he said, seeing the patient was awake, "how do you feel this morning?"

"Pretty queer about the head, and some fever."

"Queer about the head, eh? No wonder. I suppose you know I threw my tremendous ledger on your pate. I only wonder I didn't kill you outright. However, the doctor says you will come out all right. Where is Mr. Burt? They told me he was here."

"I am Mr. Burt."

"You are? There's a coincidence! The man that I left to take charge of you—in fact, the man who saved your life, told me his name was Burt—Harold Burt."

"Yes. Well, my name is Henry."

"Are you relations?"

"Brothers."

"Well, I don't understand. He told me you were a stranger—declared he never saw you till he picked you up from the sidewalk."

"I don't think he recognized me."

"Well, but how long since he saw you?"

"Twenty years."

"Upon my word! There's a romance. Had not seen each other for twenty years, and he saved your life! Quite like fiction. Where has he gone now?"

"I don't know."

"When will he be back?"

The sick man shook his head.

"The truth is," he said, wearily, "he chose to sever himself from his family years ago. We thought him dead."

"So he has left you again. Have you no friends in the city? I do not know as I can find them in the confusion, but I will try. Meanwhile, I consider myself bound to do what I can to alleviate the pain and sickness I have brought upon you."

"Thank you, sir! I've a sister-in-law in Chicago, with whom I boarded. Her home was burned, though, and I don't know where she is. No use even to try and find her, I suppose."

"I can only advertise when the papers get started." The sick man smiled faintly, and shook his head hopelessly.

"You're very kind," he said, simply.

"Keep up a good heart now," said the visitor, rising. "I shall be in to see you again. I haven't any home, nor office, nor address of any sort; but my name is George Waters, and I'm adjuster for the Salamander Fire Insurance Company. You can find out my whereabouts from them, when I have any whereabouts. Good-by."

Then the genial, chatty young fellow went away, and left Henry Burt to his broken head and sore heart.

The next morning, when Waters came again, he had an item of information for the patient.

"Burt!" he said, in the first pause, "I have a clue to your brother. I happened to be speaking of you to my brother-in-law, President of the Invulnerable Treasure Repository. 'Burt' he echoed. 'Why, that's the name of our night-watchman. I hope it isn't his skull you broke.' I just told my relative to keep an eye upon him when he came to the surface."

"It's no use," sighed Burt. "He has lost all affection for his wife or for myself."

The subject was dropped.

The next time Waters called the sick man was sitting up, and had gained the permission of the hospital surgeon to his discharge in a day or two.

"Good as ever, aren't you?" said Waters.

"Yes, sir. Now, if I only had my planing-mill back again, and could find Hettie—that's my sister-in-law—I'd be the happiest man you would see in one long day."

The sick man sat with his back to the door of the ward, but Waters was facing it. At this moment it opened very quietly, and a woman peeped in. She drew back. The nurse entered, looked around the ward, and, motioning the woman to advance, pointed to Burt's chair. The woman stole forward until she stood beside Burt. He raised his eyes, and, seeing her, gave a start and a cry of joy.

"Hettie, is it you? Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

Hettie, laughing and crying by turns, could only hold fast to his hand, and utter little broken sentences of joy.

"How did you know I was here?" queried Burt, at last, gasping for breath.

"Oh, Henry, how can I tell you? I've had a letter from Harold."

"A letter from Harold! No. Don't go, Mr. Waters. This is Mrs. Burt, my sister-in-law, of whom I told you. Hettie, this is Mr. Waters, a gentleman who has cared for me ever since I was hurt. Well, Hettie, go on. You had a letter from Harold. What did he say?"

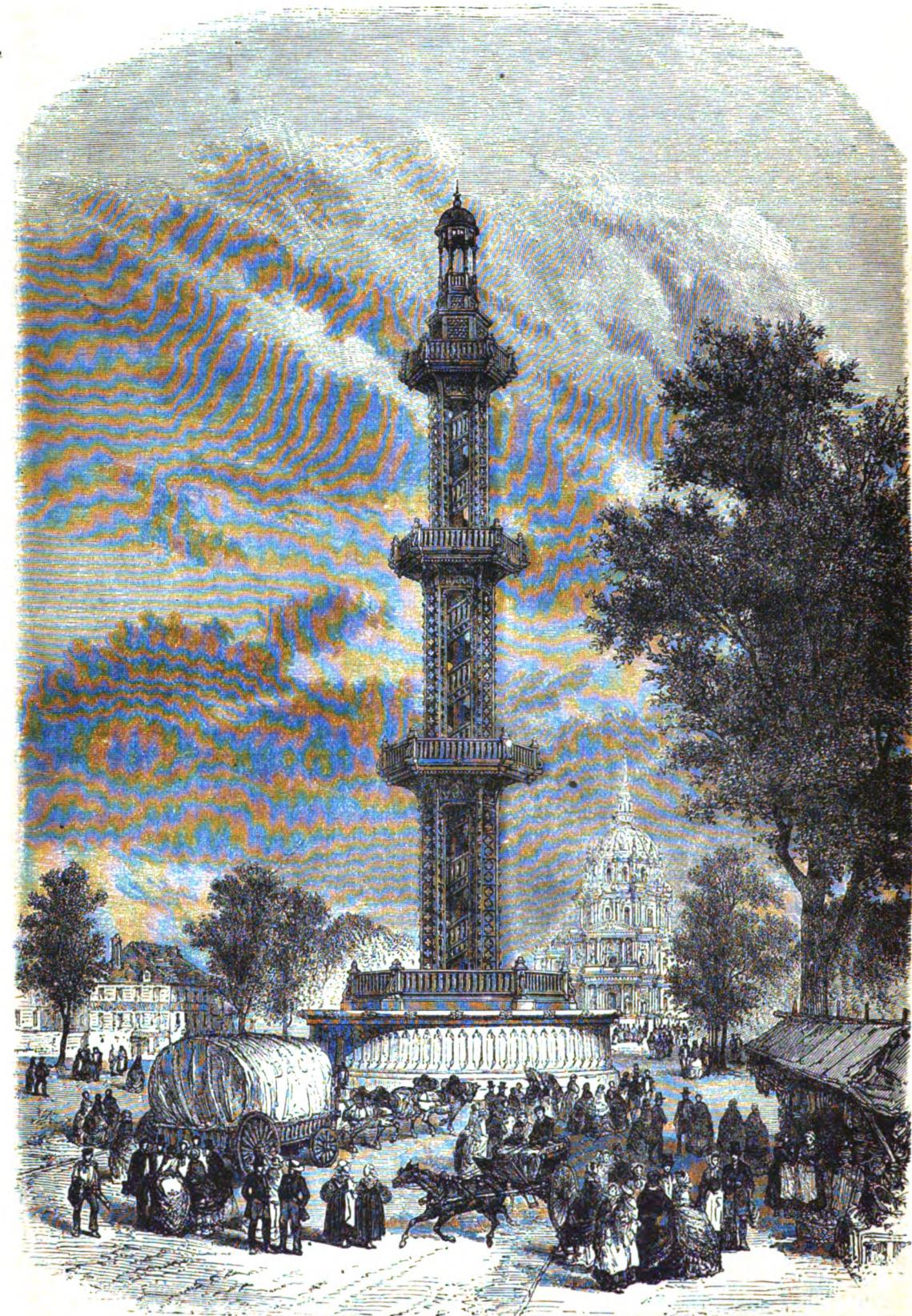
He told me where you were. The letter wasn't signed. Here it is. But I knew his writing. Only think, Henry, of his being alive!"

Burt was reading the letter, and she turned, with moistened eyes and heightened color, to Waters, and took him straight-way into her joy and confidence.

"I've thought my husband was dead these twenty years, sir, and now I know he's alive. It will all come right. He

was such a good man—such a kind husband, and I know he had some good reason for the way he kept away all these years—eh, Henry?" turning again to Burt.

"Yes, it's his writing. He knew where I was. So, you advertised for me, and he answered anonymously?"



THE ARTESIAN WELL AT GRENOBLE, NEAR PARIS.—SEE PAGE 30.

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"Yes. Oh, Henry, do you think we can find him?"
Waters took the letter Burt handed him to read.

"I advertised for Henry in last night's *Journal*, you know," parenthesized Hettie.

There were only a few lines in the note.

"If the friends of Henry Burt will inquire for him at the County Hospital they will learn his whereabouts."

This was all. No signature. No inside address. Outside it was addressed to Mrs. Hettie Burt, No. — Sangamon Street. This was the address given in the advertisement.

Mrs. Burt took the note, and reverently and very lovingly refolded it.

you, Mrs. Burt, to-morrow or next day, and tell it to you. I must bid you good-by now. Let me see; No. — Sangamon Street. I shall remember your address. Good-by."

And so, full of his new idea, he hurried away to put it into practice.

He found the President of the Invulnerable Treasury Repository in a little fourteen by sixteen room, with the desks of one or two other companies crowded into the apartment.

"All your employés come to light?" queried Waters.

"Pretty nearly all."

"Burt—the night-watchman—have you seen him?"

"Yes. I met him on the street. I told him to come here to-morrow morning."



THE FAIR BREADMAKER OF NEW WINDSTEIN, GERMANY.—SEE PAGE 31.

"I knew his writing instantly; but, only think! for twenty years I thought him dead. It was such a shock to see his writing again. Oh, do you suppose I could find him?"

"You might advertise. He seems to see the advertisements," suggested Waters.

He longed greatly to know why this separation had occurred.

Mrs. Burt drooped her head, and a tear fell upon the letter she still held.

"If I could only see him, he would come back to me, I know," she whispered.

"I have a plan!" suddenly exclaimed Waters. "I will see

"Good. I would like to see him in my office afterward."

"Very well."

Then the good-hearted Waters, who dearly loved the part he was playing of good angel to poor wretches, went, with all speed, to ask Mrs. Burt to be on hand the next morning in his office.

"It opens right into the office of the President of the Invulnerable Treasury Repository. If your husband comes, you cannot help seeing him," he said, as he shook hands at parting.

"Really she is a pretty little woman, if she is forty, as I suppose she must be," he soliloquized, on his way home.

"What pretty, bright eyes she has! and that tear in them. I hate to see a woman cry; but, somehow, Mrs. Burt is prettier than ever when she has tears in her eyes."

The next morning, true to his appointment, Burt entered the Treasure Repository office. The president re-engaged him with an undiminished salary.

"By-the-way, I nearly forgot to tell you that Mr. Waters, the gentleman in that office"—pointing to the door of communication between the rooms—"desires to see you."

Burt, who had never learned Mr. Waters's name, opened the door, and recognizing him instantly, walked straight to his desk.

"Well, Burt," began Mr. Waters, "I have been expecting to meet you ever since the fire."

"Yes, sir," acquiesced Burt, and awaited developments.

"Just take a chair, and wait a moment, will you?" pointing to an unpainted white-pine chair that stood some little distance away.

Burt had grown old, thin, and haggard in the trying days since the fire. The remembrance of his lost happiness and former home-joys had been rudely awakened, and the strong man had lived over again the pain and shame and grief of his early manhood.

A moment or so after he was seated, Waters left the room, and passed into the other office. There was a woman sitting at a desk a little distance from Burt, with her back toward him. After a little pause, she turned around.

Burt had barely noticed her presence, but the rustle of her dress caused him to raise his heavy eyes from the floor, and glance toward her. He started to his feet.

"Hettie!" he gasped.

Then he sank back in his chair, still keeping his eyes upon her.

"Harold—dear, dear Harold!" cried Hettie, as, rushing toward him and kneeling beside him, she clasped him about the neck.

For a moment he suffered her to hold him thus. Then his brow darkened, and he pushed her gently but firmly away, and rose to his feet.

"It is too late for this," he said, in a low voice.

He stood looking at her gloomily, and yet with a tenderness he hated himself for feeling.

"Ah, Harold, why did you desert me? Look! I have believed in you through all these years of suffering."

"You have believed in me!" echoed Harold. "Oh, yes, I see! You believe that, come back to me when you would, I would still receive you."

"It was for you to come back to me." And as she said this, Hettie rose to her feet, and stood looking straight in his eyes. "Did you think I cared for your money?" she indignantly continued, after a pause, "that you sent me all your gains, and then left me to think you dead for twenty years? I tell you, had I known you were living, I would not have touched one penny of your money."

"Hettie," said Harold, in a tone of deepest sorrow, "were you so bitter?"

"Bitter?" echoed Hettie. "No; I have always loved you too well."

She turned away, and covered her face with her hands. For one instant she stood thus, and then, snatching up her thick veil, was hurrying from the room.

Harold stepped before the door.

"Wait one moment," he said. "Hettie, why did you refuse to answer my letters—why did you leave me?"

"Your letters? You sent none. I could not even get a reply to those I sent, begging you to write me."

"But you received the money?"

"Yes, but how could I tell whether it was a legacy or not? No letter came with it. Henry tried every way to gain an explanation of it, and to find your whereabouts."

At the mention of his brother's name, Harold's face, which had begun to change and soften, grew dark and stern. He moved aside, to allow her to pass out of the door.

"Harold," she said, with her hand upon the door-knob, "tell me one thing before we part forever. Why did you cease to love me?"

He stood looking at her with unutterable longing and sorrow, but he did not speak.

She came back two or three steps, and laid her hand upon his arm. Cease to love her? Ah, never had she been so dear!

For a moment they stood thus, looking straight into one another's eyes. A sense of awe and solemnity, as if they were disembodied spirits meeting in a spiritual world, took possession of them.

"You left our home without a word to me, and went away with Henry," said Harold, speaking slowly and painfully, like one in a dream.

"Henry had to come here. I had no relative in the world but him, so I came too. I thought you were dead," she whispered, in the same tone.

Then, after twenty years of separation and mutual misunderstanding, they silently kissed each other.

THAT night George Waters told the Burt romance to his wife over his evening cigar.

"But only think, George, of losing twenty years of happiness out of this short life!" exclaimed the happy little wife, with a shudder.

Waters blew a blue ring of smoke into the air with great deliberation.

"Well, Puss, as Mrs. Gamp says, 'there are some happy creatures as time runs back'ard with.' We will hope Burt and his wife are of that favored class."

THE ARTESIAN WELL AT GRENELLE, PARIS.

ARTESIAN wells derive their name from Artois, in France, anciently called Artesium, where they have very long been in use. An artesian well is a small hole bored in the earth to a great depth, till it strikes one of the strong underground-currents of water.

To understand this thoroughly, it is well to know that the interior surface is full of fissures, channels and basins, through which the water is gradually working its way wherever it finds or makes a way. Where the current of one of these rivers is very rapid, and the pressure from above great, and the channel thus tapped, the water is forced up to the height nearly of the basin from which it started. An artesian well must, therefore, be sunk in a lower ground, surrounded by a more elevated tract, which can collect the water.

The deepest well of this kind in the United States, and perhaps in the world, is that sunk by the Belchers, at their sugar refinery in St. Louis. It was driven down to the depth of 2,199 ft., and then, on March 12, 1854, water was reached, but so charged with mineral matter as to be unfit for use.

That of Grenelle, in the Paris basin, was more profitable. It was commenced on the 24th of December, 1833, and on the 26th of December, 1841, at the depth of 1,792 ft., the boring-rod suddenly penetrated the rocky arch of the subterranean aqueduct, and fell some 14 ft. Then the water gushed out, and after a short time became perfectly limpid. It rises 34.10 metres above the mouth of the well—that is, more than 100 feet—and the structure shown in our illustration was erected to support the pipe in which it rises. It was essential to success that it should attain such a height as to allow it to descend to Paris. From this pipe the water

is drawn off to the reservoirs in the Place du Pantheon. Its importance in supplying water may be seen from the fact that it gives out 500,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. The well was near the Place Breteuil, and to make the tall structure needed both useful and ornamental, pipes were laid to conduct the water to the square at the junction of the roads leading to the Military School and the Invalides. Here the architect Delaperche raised the strong yet graceful structure shown in our illustration. It is of cast-iron, from the foundry at Fourchambault, is 42.85 metres, or, we may say, yards in height, and 3.55 metres in diameter at the base. It weighed 100,000 kilogrammes.

As will be seen, it is light and graceful, and may be ascended by a spiral staircase.

THE FAIR BREADMAKER OF NEW WINDSTEIN.

ABOUT the middle of the last century there lived at Walbourg, in Germany, a young nobleman, who cultivated carefully his broad acres, but yet indulged freely in the pleasure of the chase. His remarkable respect and attention to his widowed mother, a lady whom all revered, won him the strange title of the Son of the Lady, and by it he was known far and wide, the recognized type of a good son.

It was his constant habit to ride around every morning and inspect the details of his patrimonial domain, and this master's duty done, to gallop off on the road opened through the forest of Haguenau by the waters of the Sauerbach.

A friendly nod as he rode on answered the frequent greetings and good wishes for his success in his day's hunt, and then the farmers and their hands kept on their work with little thought of him. However, one morning, after he was out of sight, those who greeted him either from field or roadside stood in surprise watching till the last glimpse faded away, and then, with amazement, they asked, "Where is the Lady's Son gone to-day?"

They had all remarked two unusual circumstances, causing them great surprise, and leaving them in a whirl of conjectures. That day the young gentleman was not in the sportsman's dress, and still more unaccountably he turned his bridle toward Woerth, just the opposite direction from the forest of Haguenau.

There would have been far more conjecture had an indiscreet echo repeated out-doors the last words of the son when he took leave of his lady mother.

"Do not grow sad over the hours of my absence," said he. "I do not know how long my journey will be. I can only assure you that I will not return without what you need here."

Now, what the young gentleman's mother needed, in her reluctance to interfere with his active life of daily excursions, was a young companion, affectionate and confiding, who would make it a task of love to aid her in the domestic cares—one to enliven the day with conversation, and repay her fond caress with a gentle smile.

The year before, the lady had, indeed, possessed an amiable companion, an affectionate assistant, sweet words for sweet words, caress for caress. She then still enjoyed her daughter's society. But within a few months that daughter had left her to follow a husband's fortunes. Mademoiselle, in her mother's house, had become madame in a manor-house of her own.

The Lady's Son was uneasy as to the effect of this solitude on his mother, and one day said to her :

"If we cannot recall our runaway, we can, at all events, replace her. Here I am, as old as my father was when he married you. Let me seek a wife, such as will please me and suit you. My marriage will give you a daughter who will not leave you."

This proposition at once pleased the mother, who day by day grew less resigned to her isolation. As she was, in the best sense of the word, a practical woman, and as her long domestic experience enabled her to tell the young man's attention to the essential point most apt to contribute to the peaceful happiness of a home circle, she replied :

"I do not pretend to guide your choice on all points, but bear in mind this recommendation : If on your search you find in a noble house a worthy young girl gayly and cheerfully engaged in useful labor, question your own heart. If it speaks for her, and she is free, try to please her, for she is the woman you require."

The Lady's Son respectfully pressed his lips to the hand his mother held out to him, and then, mounting his steed, rode off.

The memory of his father—a man still honored in the country—and the deep respect inspired by the widow's virtue, would open every door to the young noble. He met, indeed, a cordial welcome at the different manors, whether on mountain-side or valley, that studded the road between Woerth and Niederbronn.

As he carefully concealed the object of his journey, and his hosts, not to say hostesses, were pressing in their invitations to have him prolong his visit, whenever they had an unmarried daughter, he was able to make his observations quite leisurely.

His criterion, as we know, was the combination of the charms of amiable gayety with frankly avowed industry, and natural grace in the accomplishment of daily duties. But where he found grace, beauty, and accomplishments, all taste for needful occupations seemed unknown ; and where he found an inclination for serious employments, it was marred by a sullen or unattractive temper. But for the remembrance of his sister, and had he stopped at Niederbronn, he would have come to the final conclusion that music and sprightly conversation are only masks of untidy sloth, and that a taste for work is incompatible with a cheerful disposition or grace in form or action.

He had been but three days on his journey, when he began to grow discouraged. Instead of fixing in advance his next stopping-place, he resolved to leave it to chance, and trust to fortune to guide him to the object of his search. He re-crossed the Falkeinsteinbach, which intersects Niederbronn north and south, then passed over the road from Haguenau to Strasbourg, and letting his horse take the northeast, he reached the charming and industrious village of Joergerthal, where, night and day, the ring of heavy hammers proclaims the laborious life of the people. Following the path by the lake, into which the aged trees dipped their roots and mirrored their branches, he came in sight of the castles of Old and New Windstein, proudly seated like twins on the two hills that form the background of a wonderful landscape.

The Lady's Son let his horse slowly climb the hill whose summit was crowned by New Windstein, and resolutely spurred him into the courtyard of the castle. He found it deserted. All were in the vineyards.

Leaving his horse there to get the rest it needed sorely, he advanced to a door opening on a spiral staircase. What attracted him to this spot was, we confess, the silvery ring of a young, fresh voice, like his sister's, singing in a room on the second floor, a favorite song of his mother's. At the risk of being indiscreet, he followed the guidance of the voice, till the last step of the stairs brought him to an open gothic door. Arrived there, he stood for some time in wrapt contemplation of the songstress, who, utterly unconscious of a stranger's presence, kept on with her task. She was making bread. She was a very graceful young lady; the grace of her movements showed that she was not born for labors such as she now performed both cheerfully and well.



THE PIX OF MASO FINIGUERRA—THE FIRST COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

When she perceived the young gentleman, and on hearing his name received his apology—when he learned that this charming girl, who could knead bread, while, like his sister, she sang his mother's favorite ballad, was the heiress of the castle—in fine, when he ascertained that she was doing the work to take the place of a sick servant, he felt that his mother's advice was good; and the next day, armed with the welcome given to his proposals by the parents of the noble maiden, he returned home to tell that mother, who was beginning to grow uneasy at his absence.

"My sister's place is filled. I give you as a new daughter The Fair Breadmaker of New Windstein."

THE PIX OF MASO FINIGUERRA—THE FIRST COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

THE "Coronation of the Virgin," shown in our illustration, is remarkable not only for its merit as a work of art, but still more as being an exact representation of the first specimen of engraving on copper.

Wood engraving, producing a raised surface like type, was older than that of cutting into metal plates. Copper was first used, but steel has since been more widely used. Copperplate engraving arose at about the same time in Italy and Germany. Vasari gives the credit of the first use of this metal to Maso Finiguerra, a native of Florence, who, as a goldsmith, made *nello* work engraving plate for churches, then running into lines cut in the metal a black-colored alloy of silver, lead, copper, sulphur, and borax.

When the surface was polished, the design was brought out beautifully, according to the skill and taste exhibited in the pattern. For the purpose of obtaining a proof of the engraved figure, Finiguerra is said to have made an application of soot and oil, and taken an impression on damp paper. The first impressions taken and put in circulation were from an engraved pix. As these circulated, all admired the effect, and painters like Botticelli and others giving their attention to it, copperplate engraving was rapidly perfected before the middle of the fifteenth century.

OLD ENGLISH CARVED CHESTS.

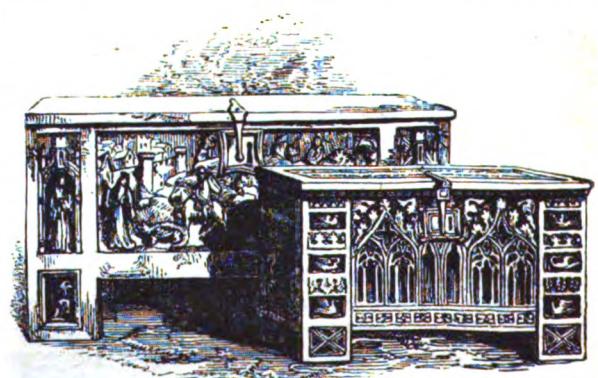
THE modern trunk, when not in use for traveling, is consigned to some storeroom. In olden times, however, a handsome chest stood in many a part of the castle or house, and was not deemed out of place. Such chests figure in many a poem or story. Genevra is not the only heroine who perishes in one of these massive chests of the olden time. The coffer or chest which contained a lady's trousseau on her marriage was often elaborately ornamented.

Our illustration shows some of these, belonging to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and still preserved by ancient English families.

Change of domestic arrangement has now banished such articles, except where they are preserved as curious mementoes of the past.

The carving was sometimes the work of ladies, and fair ladies gave their time to this art, as, indeed, is still occasionally done.

STRONG and many are the claims made upon us by our mother Earth: the love of locality—the charm and attraction which some one homely landscape possesses to us, surpassing all stranger beauties, is a remarkable feature in the human heart. We who are not ethereal creatures, but of mixed and diverse nature; we who, when we look our clearest toward the skies, must still have our standing ground of earth secure—it is strange what relations of personal love we enter into with the scenes of this lower sphere. How we delight to build our recollections upon some basis of reality—a place, a country, a local habitation; how the events of life, as we look back upon them, have grown into the well-remembered background of the places where they fell upon us: here is some sunny garden or summer lane, beautified and canonized forever with the flood of a great joy; and here are dim and silent places, rooms always shadowed and dark to us, where distress or death came once, and since then dwells forever.



OLD ENGLISH CARVED CHESTS, IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



A GRIM EXPERIMENT.—"IN WALKED DOCTOR VACCA UPON THE LAST STROKE, CALM, PALE, OMINOUS AS A PHANTOM, MISS AYLMER ROSE, TOTTERED TO HIM, AND FELL AT HIS FEET."—SEE NEXT PAGE.
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A GRIM EXPERIMENT.



REMEMBER that the dinner took place on Valentine's Day, and this circumstance is connected in my mind with another—the fact that I received a decidedly comic valentine, just as I was leaving the house; though, I may add, that the representation of myself in a miniature mirror when I opened the missive, and the information annexed ("Portrait of the orang-outang"), was not absolutely "comic" to me.

I was going to dine with Doctor Vacca, in order to meet his patient, and very intimate companion, Mr. Ledyard.

I anticipated the companionship for a few hours of two remarkable men. This will be understood when I explain that both were said to be insane. Lunacy is as attractive as it is sometimes dangerous.

Vacca chose to live in a cottage near the suburbs. It was a fantastic-looking little dwelling, and had the most exquisite garden I ever passed through. The bloom was on it the year round, pipes of hot air running underneath. It may be added that this arrangement, so common now, was such a novelty then, that it was considered one of the most conclusive evidences of the unbalanced condition of the doctor's intellect.

The proprietor himself met me at the door, and conducted me—pulling me by both hands jovially, and walking backward—into his study.

He was a little, stout man, with a broad, merry face, bright-black eyes, and a wide, high, bald forehead. His laugh was certainly charming, his voice was also pleasant, and the piano in the corner proved that he was musical.

At the moment of my entrance, I perceived a tall figure at the window. It rose, and I was introduced to Mr. Ledyard, the madman. He was thin, pale, reserved, mysterious. His hand in mine lay like a cake of ice, but a furnace seemed to be smoldering in either eye. He glanced at me only an instant, and then I comprehended, by some subtle inference, that he liked me.

"We met by a mutual wish, I think," he said, with a faint smile rippling at his lips.

"Yes," I returned, also laughing. "People are nearly always disappointed when they encounter each other for the first time in this way—by previous appointment. But I trust we shan't be."

"You are friends for life!" cried the doctor, binding our hands with his own. "It shall be from now a marriage between you. Bless you, my children! All is over, and I congratulate. Sit down."

The dinner was excellent, though, I need hardly say, peculiar. Vacca, who was fond of indulging in absurdities, placed a chair at the foot of the table, a plate and food, and stationed there that silent guest, who is, however, generally invisible at other feasts—a skeleton.

This wild humor suited the fancy of Mr. Ledyard, and I smile now to see him in my mind's eye gravely bowing and drinking every few moments to our gruesome companion.

We had also several courses in the style of ancient times. Vacca pretended to enjoy them, and even Mr. Ledyard was not averse to eating them, but, for my part, I found them quite the opposite of agreeable.

The doctor talked all the time, and about everything. He was one of those people whom wine really enlivens and improves for the period of its reign; and his abundant fancy charmed and controlled as long as he chose to give it leave.

Mr. Ledyard thawed by degrees in the sunshine of our host's rosy face, and I soon began to find him really interesting. He talked in a low key, and so rapidly that he was

occasionally indistinct; but what he said was eminently practical and correct; and I immediately found myself wondering how such a man could be mistaken for a lunatic.

No opportunity to satisfy myself on this point occurred till dinner was over, and we were on our way back to the study.

In the hallway, I whispered the question to Vacca.

"Hist!" he returned. "Wait till you hear him at the piano."

Coffee over and cigars smoked, I mentioned music.

Vacca seconded me warmly. He pulled away the stool, raised the piano-lid and placed his hand upon Mr. Ledyard's shoulder.

"Are you in the mood?" he asked.

This was not the first time I had observed a singular deference in his manner of accosting his patient, and a curious, though primarily, an imperceptible distance between them.

"I hardly know. We will see."

He sat at the keyboard, and struck out carelessly a vague, wild symphony, playing chiefly in the minor keys, and then gradually approached a distinct theme.

If I ever witnessed musical "inspiration," I witnessed it then. The melody seemed to flow like a magnetic current from the tips of his fingers, almost without his volition. His face seemed paler, his chest heaved, his eyes burned brightly, and his lips were tightly compressed.

The music itself was weird, original, not without beauty, but yet unpleasant. In the sombre study, where I perceived nothing but moldy books, oddly-shaped phials, dim, ugly pictures, between the sensations produced by these, and the painful feeling inspired by Mr. Ledyard's performance, I was at length, indeed, nearly ill.

But after a quarter of an hour he rose to go.

"I did not reach my conception," he said, lightly. "You have heard merely the effort. Further trial might weary you."

And then, after an unstudied, easy farewell, he was gone.

I returned to my chair, and lighted a fresh cigar. The doctor did likewise.

"You have seen him," he said, leaning back; "now, what is your opinion?"

"I have none, except that he is the most singular man I ever met. You are correct. He is certainly mad."

"His disease is purely mental, you think?"

"Undoubtedly."

"My dear friend," said Vacca, laying his hand on my knee, "you were never more mistaken. He suffers from a nervous complaint entirely. If I succeed in curing him, you shall see as sensible and well-balanced a gentleman as the world can show."

"You surprise me. Where has he gone now?"

"To the residence of Miss Aylmer. When he is no longer in this condition of imperfect health, they are to be married. He does not chose to make his wife merely the nurse of an invalid. Did you observe—"

"But," I interrogated, "you need not explain further. I see love has, as usual, something to do with the mystery."

"Yes. Before I relate all, however, you must see her."

"A stranger!"

"True; but you will find all this plain in the end. She has heard about you through me. In short, she seeks your acquaintance."

This piece of information very naturally surprised me; but I immediately perceived that something in the shape of a plot was in progress. A dim foreboding—a sensation it would be utterly impossible for me to define—rose within me, and to Vacca's last words I was silent."

He observed it.

"Be under no alarm," he said, "and, above all, do not

disturb yourself with useless conjectures. If I find positive need of your aid in anything I may undertake, I shall not set a trap to obtain it. I should not involve you in anything, be assured, that you should not be permitted to fully examine and understand first. My dealings with you in all our intercourse ought to tell you this."

I begged his pardon, quite reassured, and prepared to go away.

"Expect a note from me within a week," he said, rising. "It will name the evening of our purposed visit to Miss Aylmer. In the meanwhile, if you meet Ledyard—silence!"

He pressed his fat forefinger on his lip; and then we separated.

I think I understood Vacca's theory concerning Mr. Ledyard's disease to be this: some physical derangement had brought about suddenly—with the effect, in fact, of a shock—the mental derangement.

The young man was by no means what is called a *lunatic*. The interview had assured me of that.

He had talked eloquently, logically, and, several times, marvelously. There was nothing singular about his conversation, except, as I have related, the low key and rapidity which marked its delivery.

But there was still—what? Something vague, mysterious, unnatural—something which would be noted only of those whose sanity, in the direct sense of the word, is impaired.

The note arrived after four days. It contained nothing but these words:

"At eight this evening. But wait till half-past, in case I do not reach you earlier."

He was, however, quite prompt, and at a quarter to nine I was sitting in the semi-circle around the fire in Miss Aylmer's parlor.

Though not strictly beautiful, she was one of the most distinguished-looking women I had ever seen. It is difficult for those of her sex who are tall and slender to be at the same time graceful; but in this quality she chiefly excelled.

Besides Mr. Ledyard, there were two other gentlemen present when Vacca and I entered. I remember nothing of them, except that one simpered a good deal, and talked in a light, chatty way, while the other was in silence and gravity a very statue.

Miss Aylmer sang, and then cards were proposed. By a preconcerted arrangement with Vacca, he and I did not play; so the game was conducted by Miss Aylmer and her lover against the inspiring gentleman and his stolid friend.

The doctor and I, under the pretense of wishing to examine some bronzes, exiled ourselves upon a distant sofa, and I prepared to hear his revelation.

"The history of Ledyard's misfortune began when he was only nineteen years of age," said Vacca, in a low, earnest voice. "He met Miss Aylmer at that time, and fell in love with her. It was his first passion—the wild, reckless, desperate devotion of an imaginative boy. You know these sort of things—ideals, and never realities."

"Yes, it is true."

"Well, Miss Aylmer was a coquette. After about three or four months a grand quarrel crowned countless minor disputes, and there was a breaking of the marriage engagement. Miss Aylmer declared the breach should never be closed.

"But was not in earnest," I commented, glancing across at the lady in some curiosity.

There was nothing of the coquette's manner about her now, though she was making herself certainly very charming. The simpering gentleman appeared to be especially affected by this. He was bending toward her, basking in the light of her eyes, and chatting more glibly than ever.

"Hearts, you know," he rattled on; "and who doesn't like hearts? But it depends on a man's luck whether his

hearts are always trumps, or his trumps are always hearts. Often thought, Miss Alymer, of studying theory of chances here. Get up a table on a card, you know—Sir Isaac Newton sort of thing. Put my name in the book of fame; Alfred Croople handed down to distant posterity. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whether the lady was in earnest regarding her expressed resolution," pursued Vacca, "I shall not assume the responsibility of saying. I only know the result. Ledyard, to forget his misery, his torture, began the use of opium. Then he gradually approached in his thoughts something more hideous still—suicide!"

"Suicide!"

"Yes; and at length, in an opium-dream, he attempted it. He procured a drug, used it upon himself; and the fearful mineral, whatever it may have been, instead of destroying his life, exerted its effect upon his brain. He did not die, but he went mad—as mad as you see him now."

I pondered in silence upon hearing this; and then I began to have a dim conception of the physician's object in interesting me in Ledyard, in arranging the dinner, in bringing me to meet Miss Alymer this night.

"When the lady perceived what her folly had done, she was, of course, stricken with remorse. At a proper time all was renewed. She hoped to remedy the disastrous effects her thoughtlessness had created. Time passed, and there was still no improvement. She came almost on her knees to me."

"You had been acquainted with him already?"

"Yes. I consented to do what I could, and, after effecting an absolute intimacy with him (a delicate undertaking, I may add), I secretly put him under treatment. There was no result."

"You have now another idea?"

"Yes; not mine, but Miss Alymer's. I told her frankly that unless I could find out what drug Ledyard had used in his attempt at suicide during the dream, all attempts to remove its effects would be without avail."

My suspicion now grew stronger. I listened attentively.

"Miss Alymer had read somewhere, as I had, indeed, myself, that the only method of reviving the memory of an opium-dream is to produce the dream again. That is to say, if I place my money somewhere, while under the intoxication of laudanum, I shall not be able to recall the place until I throw myself once more into the same condition."

"I have often read of this. Well, you were pleased with the suggestion."

"Very much. It had one weak point—if tried, it must either kill outright, and instantly, or cure. For Ledyard's system cannot bear the least stimulant; you must have observed that in his manner of using wine the other day at dinner. He did not drink but half a glass. I could not consent to administer the enormous dose of opium necessary to produce a dream such as the fatal one I have just described to you."

"But might you not prepare his system for its reception by degrees?" I asked. "This is the mode usually adopted in these cases."

"No; the very first grain given him would produce mania of the most fearful description. There is but the one course—to administer the same quantity he took on the night of his attempt at self-destruction. His diary has told me what that quantity was. Now, you perceive, of course, that such a large dose must either destroy him, as it would you or me, or act as it formerly did, and restore him to perfect health. As for the experiment itself, I have no doubt that it would be successful, if the conditions were proper."

"But I infer that you have not abandoned the idea altogether?"



ARSENIC AND THE ARSENIC EATERS IN STYRIA.—SEE PAGE 39.

"We have not; in fact, we have determined to make the trial, be the end what it may."

I drew back in astonishment.

"Miss Aylmer has consented to this?"

"It was she who resolved upon it. She trusts in fate. But if Ledyard is killed, she will die too."

"You objected, at first?"

"Strongly. But once she became possessed of the idea, it grew in her mind until she saw nothing but the certainty of success. She conjured me, with all the eloquence she was mistress of, to make the trial."

"You refused no longer?"

"It would have been impossible. She had threatened to employ some one else; I knew she was in earnest, and, rather than trust so delicate, so strange, so fearful a business in the hands of a man who could feel none other than a professional interest in it, I agreed to assume the responsibility myself."

My interest in so remarkable a woman grew with every instant. Again I glanced at her; but nothing of what was agitating the deepest recesses of her mind disturbed the gayety that sparkled in her eyes and on her lips, and lighted up all her face.

The simpering Mr. Croople was evidently more fascinated than ever.

"Names, names!" he was saying. "Lots of character in names. Miss Aylmer, I think. Balzac used to believe in names. 'Sound a name, and note its ring,' was his plan. He went all over Paris once to find a name for a social martyr he was creating. I don't like my name—nobody does. Ladies can't bear it. At least," he added, bursting into the most showery laughter imaginable, "I can't induce any lady to bear it."

To this she seemed to be listening with the deepest interest; but I very well understood how far away must be her soul.

"Well, I presume you desire me to take some part?"

"A third person is necessary. I have chosen you in preference to any one else."

"Very well; but, remember, I assume the responsibility of nothing."

An hour afterward I was in my room, writing in my journal the substance of what I have recorded here. The further account of Vacca's experiment, and its result, will be given in a transcription of some pages in that volume:

February 21st.—I spoke with Miss Aylmer for the first time to-day on the subject of Mr. Ledyard, and the measure we are about to attempt. I knew she loved him, but had no

idea how deeply. There was not the least reserve on her part with regard to anything relating to the subject—and this, under the circumstances, was certainly most sensible. She seems to fully understand and appreciate the danger. I feared her eagerness and confidence in the result had led her to overlook this point. We are to begin to-morrow. The first step will be to do all we can to reproduce in Mr. Ledyard's mind the emotions which agitated it at the time when his violent despair led him to do what he did in the dream. Each of us three conspirators is to have a part to play that will require the utmost intelligence, skill, and delicacy in its handling. Mr. Alfred Croople is also unconsciously to aid us. Miss Aylmer will encourage him so far as to lead him on, and, if possible, make her lover jealous. Vacca is, by conversation, to feed this flame, like *Iago*; to create and foster the old morbidity of mind. I am to aid him.

February 3d.—Last night, at Miss Aylmer's, the experiment formally commenced. Mr. Croople and his companion, Mr. Jounce, were both present. At their appearance (Mr. Ledyard Vacca and I had come first), Miss Aylmer rose and greeted the former with the most demonstrative effusion. She began by teasing him about his mustache, which, since his last visit, he has waxed most elaborately at the ends. He was so pleased that she should have interested herself in his looks, that he vowed to cut it off if she wished. Very coquettishly she changed her bearing in the matter, and professed to have no care whatever in the subject. But the manœuvre succeeded. Mr. Ledyard's attention was gained, and that was the point desired. He seemed at first surprised, and then amused. We next went to cards. Miss Aylmer refused to play with any one for partner but Mr. Croople. Mr. Ledyard found fresh amusement in this, evidently believing that Miss Aylmer is about to divert herself with an elaborate and lengthy flirtation at poor Mr. Croople's cost. By Vacca's direction, I played against Mr. Jounce, while he and Mr. Ledyard sat talking in a low voice on the sofa. From dropped words I judged they were conversing about an attempt at suicide by poison made a few days since by a famous and learned English barrister-Music, as usual, followed, and Mr. Croople turned over the pages while his enchantress sang. All left at eleven or so, Mr. Ledyard quite in spirits, for him. Nothing has occurred to-day.

February 25th—Midnight.—I went to the theatre this evening to see the new *Hamlet*. Near the front of the orchestra sat Vacca and Mr. Ledyard. They gave me a place beside them, but we did not remain after ten, though the acting was excellent. Vacca pretended to have eaten nothing since morning, and we went to Baumgartner's celebrated restaurant for supper. I asked about Miss Aylmer, but Mr. Ledyard had not seen her. He had called, but she was in the country, a



ENGLISH MINING WOMAN. SEE PAGE 39.

few miles, and would not be at home for a week at the earliest. This must be an absence on purpose, and a part of her plan. We are to see "Othello" to-morrow night. Vacca evidently hopes the play will influence, in some degree, the tone of his patient's mind, which, he has told me, is easily impressed by these things.

February 26th.—Seldom have I seen such acting as I witnessed in "Othello" to-night. Mr. D—, the new tragedian, was very fine. The jealousy scenes were perfect. Mr. Ledyard was deeply affected; but made a significant remark at the end: "Desdemona must have been a great coquette before her marriage. I am sure of it." Vacca, with much acuteness, allowed a moment to pass, and then asked casually if Miss Aylmer had been heard from yet. Mr. Ledyard noted the train of thought in the doctor's mind, as his face indicated; but said simply, "Not yet." He left him thoughtful, and a shade melancholy.

February 27th.—We had arranged to see "Richard III." to-night; but Vacca purposely contrived to be late, so when

February 28th.—This evening I called at Miss Aylmer's, and found Mr. Croople present. Poor man, he has been foolish enough to cut off his mustache! His appearance is now most ludicrous; and after I recognized him, which I did not at first, I burst into an involuntary fit of laughter. He took my merriment good-naturedly; but Miss Aylmer gave me a scolding. At nine, in came Vacca and Mr. Ledyard. "You did not answer my note this morning, Azalea," was Mr. Ledyard's first remark, in an irritable tone. "I intended to, but forgot it. However, I can explain now. I came home yesterday." He started. "Are you sure?" "Quite." He looked at her a long while, and then said, "I will speak of this at some other time." It was a dull evening. We are all burning with anxiety—at least we conspirators; Mr. Ledyard is beginning to burn with distrust, for he is aware that Miss Aylmer did not leave town at all; and poor Mr. Croople is burning with love.

March 3d.—Though much has occurred, I must relate all briefly. Miss Aylmer and her lover have quarreled. He



CATCHING A CAYMAN.—SEE PAGE 39.

we reached the theatre there were no places to be had, and we were obliged to go away. Mr. Ledyard had been with the doctor since morning. My clever friend had harped on the subject of jealousy unceasingly, contending, with reason perhaps, that no man was ever jealous entirely without cause, and incidentally that it is woman's nature to wish for a change, and to be deceitful. Mr. Ledyard proposed visiting the comedy theatre at the corner of — Avenue. Vacca consented, and we went on at once. Passing Miss Aylmer's house, Mr. Ledyard was startled to see a light in the parlors. He glanced through the window, by standing on his tip-toes, and immediately exclaimed, "Good heavens! Azalea is in town. She is there with Mr. Croople. It is very strange." "She has returned unexpectedly," said Vacca; and we proceeded to the theatre. But Mr. Ledyard was exceedingly serious the whole evening, and at the conclusion of the performance quitted us abruptly. "We are succeeding!" exclaimed the doctor, by which I understood that everything that has occurred was prearranged.

was really appalled by the deceit she had seemed to practice on him for the sake of such a man as Croople. At first, indeed, he did not believe it; but Miss Aylmer has, with Vacca's aid and mine, played the game so skillfully since, that Mr. Ledyard is now firmly convinced that she is really interested in Croople and wearied of himself. Vacca has outdone himself. The patience, the skill, the *finesse*, the depth of knowledge in intrigue which he has displayed, were worthy of a Machiavel. He has taken his friend's side strongly, and, though at first in favor of a reconciliation, has now concluded that all between him and Miss Aylmer is over. To divert Mr. Ledyard's mind, he has pursued a method that, were it under less grave circumstances, would be amusing beyond measure. He has taken him to see "Medea," performed for the benefit of the lady who has been supporting the actor who played *Hamlet* and *Othello*, Mr. D—. He has also taken him to see a most gloomy French melodrama, in which the hero poisons himself for love. He has been reading "Werther" to him,

Hugo's "Travailleurs," and other books in which the catastrophe is suicide. In short, for the last few days our unhappy Mr. Ledyard has existed in an atmosphere most sombre and terrible, yet he suspects nothing of our scheme. Miss Aylmer is suffering bitterly, but continues her faith in the ultimate result. Mr. Croople alone is in a state of rapturous felicity.

March 6th.—Yesterday Mr. Ledyard, who is nearly bewildered at the recent hurried succession of monstrous events, wrote to Miss Aylmer to know if she intended the breach between them to be final. Vacca had arranged this, of course, remembering that such had been the step before. After the letter had gone, he kept strict watch upon his patient, taking him to see a dramatization of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and remaining at his house all night, pretending the hour to be too late for a return home. Mr. Ledyard slept but little—not until dawn, in fact—and even then his slumber was broken by hideous dreams. This will continue to be the case until the doctor shall feel compelled to order him some opium, which will bring about a culmination of our designs, and end, one way or the other, all further suspense.

March 7th.—No answer yet from Miss Aylmer. This is according to Vacca's instructions. He wishes his patient to still hope. Our anxiety is intense. Mr. Ledyard slept but an hour last night. He looks haggard and wretched, and we must not pause much longer, or he will surely go raving mad. We pity him; but it is too late to go back now, even if we wished to do so.

March 8th.—His hopes are now forever shattered. Miss Aylmer wrote him to-day, giving her final decision. She refuses to renew the engagement, feeling convinced (as she professes) that she no longer loves him. It has been decided to give him the opium to-night at his house. He is frantic, and certainly dangerous.

March 9th.—Last night at twelve, from a long walk, I reached the house of Mr. Ledyard, accompanied by himself and Doctor Vacca. We went directly to the bedroom, which has been arranged precisely as it was on the night of the attempt at suicide. Our unhappy friend's mind seems to be precisely in the same condition that it was then. Vacca spoke lightly of desiring my aid in giving Mr. Ledyard a small quantity of opium. I consented at once, and he left the apartment to obtain the drug, which he stated he had left in his overcoat pocket in the hall below. But his design was to admit Miss Aylmer, who had followed us in a close carriage. She remained without the room, and Vacca re-entered with the necessary quantity, so prepared that its weight escaped the patient's observation. "You have lost so much rest, my dear friend," said Vacca, "that you must lie down dressed as you are. We will leave you, but if you have need of us, ring the bell." (The wire had been cut.) So speaking, we quitted him.

Outside the door we stood face to face with Miss Aylmer—pale and in tears, her hands clasped piteously.

Vacca spoke kindly to her, and signed me to give her my arm below.

"You must retire to the library, Miss Aylmer," he said, very seriously, and it was plain to perceive that he appreciated the gravity of the crisis. "It will be some time before the drug will begin to work. But when all is accomplished, I shall call you, and you may see him through the glass of the inner door. To-morrow you may clasp him, heaven willing, to your arms. I must remain at the post of observation alone."

I led her away, exhorting her to bear up courageously, as all might yet be well.

I shall never forget the hideous dreariness of that long vigil. Our eyes upon the clock, Miss Aylmer and I sat hour after hour scarcely uttering a word.

Outdoors the wind moaned, the trees in the garden creaked, the blinding snow fell.

Within all was silence, except when the chimney rattled, or a coal clattered down the bars of the grate.

One o'clock struck, and then, after a torturing period of delay, the gong suddenly pealed forth two.

I essayed conversation upon indifferent subjects; but the words seemed to cling to my tongue, and would not be uttered.

Three o'clock.

No relief yet.

Four o'clock.

Still we sat watching and waiting.

Five o'clock.

In walked Doctor Vacca upon the last stroke, calm, pale, ominous as a phantom.

Miss Aylmer rose, tottered to him, and fell at his feet.

He took her hands, and looked down into her appealing eyes.

"Shall I tell the truth?" he asked, gravely.

"Conceal nothing," she faltered.

"He is hopelessly insane—a maniac, Miss Aylmer, and three of his servants are now holding him to the bed."

She gave a wild shriek, but instantly afterward rose to her feet.

"I must see him!" she said, her eyes flashing, and her body quivering all over.

"You may—through the glass of the door. Then you had better return home. He must be taken immediately to some retreat. At daylight the carriage shall come."

She sank down again, her fortitude giving way, and burst into a torrent of tears.

"Prepare for a terrible sight, Miss Aylmer," continued Vacca. "I will go in advance of you."

He left the room noiselessly as he had entered.

I thought it best to allow her grief full vent for some moments; and when it had passed, she cleared away her tears, and we took our way to the chamber.

Vacca came out of the apartment, closed the door, and stood with his back against it.

"You will promise to be calm?" he said.

"My weakness is past, sir," she answered, with heroism. "It is enough that I have not killed him—and well for me—for I should have been this minute dead too."

He then went in, and closed and locked the door.

We approached the glass, and looked through.

Near the bed stood three of the house-servants; behind it stood Doctor Vacca; on it lay Mr. Ledyard.

His face was contorted into a thousand frightful grimaces. A ghastly grin overspread it, then an expression of deadly horror, then another of rage, another of misery, another of fiendish hate, another of unutterable anguish!

His breast heaved up and down, and his lower limbs quivered as with a freezing chill.

Suddenly he raised his right arm, and it shook convulsively. The forefinger of the hand darted forth, and pointed, as if in fearful reproach, directly at us.

Miss Aylmer fainted.

The doctor came out, and we bore her to the carriage below, and, in the gray dawn of the morning, it rolled away.

"He is at least alive!" I sighed.

"He is dead," said Vacca, solemnly.

I stared at him in actual terror.

"Yes. He died at one o'clock this morning, never having spoken from the moment the laudanum took effect."

"But the scene I have just witnessed?"

"Was produced by Voltaic electricity. I had made preparation for all possible issues in advance. A battery of two hundred and seventy pair of four-inch plates was brought to this house secretly yesterday. One pole applied to the

nerve of the eyebrow, and another to that of the heel, caused the extraordinary occurrences you have just observed."

"A grim experiment, Vacca!"

* * * * *

Miss Aylmer lives in utter seclusion, as she has done for several years. She is still under the impression that Mr. Ledyard is confined in a distant and strictly private lunatic asylum, where, there being none but incurables, visitors are not permitted to call.

ARSENIC, AND THE ARSENIC-EATERS OF STYRIA.

If the old alchemists had been aware that this metal would have been made the instrument of so many crimes amongst high and low of all degrees, they would probably have represented it by the sign of the "death's head and cross bones."

Arsenic, like alcohol, is one of the good things which was created for man's use and profit, but has been fearfully and wickedly abused.

The learned Dr. Thomson states that the word *arsenicon* (powerful) occurs first in the works of Dioscorides, and some other authors who wrote about the beginning of the Christian era. It denotes in their works the same substance which Aristotle had called sandarache, and his disciple, Theophrastus, *arrhenicon*, which is a reddish-colored mineral, composed of arsenic and sulphur, used by the ancients in painting, and as a medicine. The *white oxide of arsenic*, or what is known in commerce by the name of arsenic, is mentioned by Avicenna, in the eleventh century; but at what period the metal called arsenic was first extracted from that oxide is unknown. Parcelsus seems to have known it, but the metal does not appear to have been obtained as a simple or single body until Brant, in 1733, described an accurate process for procuring it.

The strangest story in connection with this poison is the fact attested by the most truthful evidence, obtained by Mr. Heisch, the eminent Professor of Chemistry at the Middlesex Hospital School—viz., that the peasants and other persons in Germany, and especially in the metallurgical districts of Styria, actually eat small doses of white arsenic to improve their personal appearance, and also to increase their powers of sustaining fatigue in the ascent of this romantic Alpine region. Amongst the evidence adduced are the following statements: "There is in Stirzburg a well-known arsenic-eater, Mr. Schmid, who now takes daily twelve and sometimes fifteen grains of arsenic. He began taking arsenic from *curiosity*, and appears very healthy, but always becomes sickly and falls away if he attempts to leave it off." They say, "In this part of the world, when a graveyard is full, it is shut up for about twelve years, when all the graves which are not private property are purchased and dug up, the bones collected in the charnel-house, the ground plowed over, and burying begins again. On these occasions the bodies of arsenic-eaters are found almost unchanged, and recognizable by their friends." Many people suppose that the finding of the bodies is the origin of the story of the "Vampire."

A MINING WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

WHILE we are talking of woman's rights here, how stands it in England, and Europe generally? Woman there shares the labors of man; women are clerks, saleswomen, book-keepers, farm hands, and even miners. A traveler who recently visited the Merthyr Iron Works says:

"My path leads past a great embankment of cinders, still smoldering, as the lazily-curling white smoke-wreaths show;

past great blocks of slag, that look like the shell and pebble plumped boulders of clay found on our eastern seacoast; across a tramway, whose ballasting, save where it is frozen in the shade, seems made of sticky blacking; up a steep bank of damp coal-dust, over a little wall, and along another line of rails, as filthy as the former, which curves out of a low, goblinish tunnel-opening in the hillside, and whose metals are being freed from the viscous mud that clings to them, by a bent old man and a girl in semi-masculine costume and with a most unfeminine face. On one side, the lambent tongues of the Plymouth furnaces—pale pink in the brightest daylight—are flickering above gushing and belowing steam; on the other, are one or two residences that rank, I suppose, as cottages *ornées* in Merthyr, the ornament of one being a great slab of coal set upon its lawn; low heaps of iron-ore stacked like stones to be broke for road-mending, and each block marked with its miner's number, letter, or distinctive cross; seven or eight young women, in coarse, sleeved pinafores, handkerchiefs tightly bound over their heads, battered hats, bristling with frayed feathers, blue stockings, and, in some instances, masculine overalls, some helping to unload the trucks that come up the shaft, and others pottering with shovels about the "tip," a little hovel at the pit-mouth; a wooden frame above it, gibbeting two great wheels, with broad, flat, glossy bands, that look like magnified figs of negro-head tobacco; and at the foot of the tip, where more girls and a boy or two are shoveling coal, an engine-house, to which access is obtained by a narrow plank uncomfortably near to a hot pipe. This is an iron mine proper, a "mine pit," as it is called in the neighborhood, "mine" being the Glamorganshire miner's equivalent for "ore." The engine-man negotiates with the banksman to become my cicerone, and invites me into the engine-room, to perform my underground toilet. When I have tied a handkerchief round my head, and plastered the engineer's Jim Crow down upon it, buttoned myself into his greasy monkey-jacket, and tucked my trowsers into my boots, he tells me with a chuckle that my wife wouldn't know me now, and turns me out for the inspection of the tip girls, whose reception is fuller of fun than of flattery. My guide is a short, civil fellow, with a bronzed, ruddy face like a sailor's. Fifteen shillings a week, he says, he gets; the overman getting 30s., and the engineman 2s. 8d. a day. The miners, working by the ton, must be good men, he adds, to average 20s. a week."

What women get he does not tell us—probably half the price of a man; and here she stands for you, an English mining woman.

TRAPPING THE CAYMAN.

PERHAPS the most exciting of all the narratives in Mr. Waterton's, the great South American traveler's relations, is that which describes his efforts to entrap a cayman, and his final encounter with one of those terrible animals of the alligator kind which infest the rivers of South America. One day, an hour before sunset, he reached the place which two men, who had joined his party at the Falls, had pointed out as a proper one to find a cayman. There was a large creek close by, and a sandbank gently sloping to the water. Just within the forest on this bank they cleared a place of brushwood, suspended the hammocks from the trees, and then picked up enough of decayed wood for food.

They now baited a shark-hook with a large fish, and put it upon a board, which they had brought on purpose. This board was carried out in the canoe, about forty yards into the river. By means of a string, long enough to reach the bottom of the river, and at the end of which string was fastened a stone, the board was kept, as it were, at anchor. One end of the new rope was reeved through the chain of

the shark-hook, and the other end fastened to a tree on the sandbank.

It was now an hour after sunset. The sky was cloudless, and the moon shone brightly. There was not a breath of wind in the heavens, and the river seemed like a large plain of quicksilver. Every now and then a huge fish would strike and plunge in the water; then the owls and the goat-

awful sound, like a suppressed sigh, bursting forth all of a sudden, and so loud that you might hear it above a mile off. First one emitted this horrible noise, and then another answered him; and, on looking at the countenances of the people round him, Mr. Waterton could plainly see that they expected to have a cayman that night. The party were at supper, when the Indian said he saw the cayman coming.



GETTING MEDICAL ADVICE FOR THE SICK CAT.—FROM A PAINTING BY WATTEAU.

suckers would continue their lamentations, and the sound of these was lost in the prowling tiger's growl. Then all was still again, and silent as midnight.

The caymen were now upon the stir, and at intervals their noise could be distinguished amid that of the jaguar, the owls, the goatsuckers, and frogs. It was a singular and

Upon looking toward the place, there appeared something on the water like a black log of wood. It was so unlike anything alive, that the Englishman doubted if it were a cayman; but the Indian smiled, and said he was sure it was one, for he remembered seeing a cayman some years ago, when he was in the Essequibo.

At last it gradually approached the bait, and the board began to move. The moon shone so bright that they could distinctly see him open his huge jaws, and take in the bait. They pulled the rope. He immediately let drop the bait, and then they saw his black head retreating from the board to the distance of a few yards, where it remained quite motionless. The monster did not seem inclined to advance again, and so they finished their supper. In about an

hour they had contrived to get the bait from the hook, though they had tied it on with string. They had now no more hopes of taking a cayman till the return of night. The Indian went into the woods and brought back a noble supply of game. The rest of the party went into the canoe and proceeded up the river to shoot fish, where they got even more than they could use.

The second night's attempt upon the cayman was a repeti-



AN ECCENTRIC QUEEN.—QUEEN CHRISTINA, OF SWEDEN.—SEE PAGE 43.

hour's time he again put himself in motion and took hold of the bait, but did not swallow it. They pulled the rope again, but with no better success than the first time. He retreated as usual, and came back again in about an hour. Thus the party watched till three o'clock in the morning, when, worn out with disappointment, they went to the hammocks, turned in, and fell asleep. When day broke, they

tion of the first, and was quite unsuccessful. They went fishing the day after, and returned to experience a third night's disappointment. On the fourth day, about four o'clock, they began to erect a stage amongst the trees, close to the water's edge. From this, they intended to shoot an arrow into the cayman. At the end of this arrow was to be attached a string, which would be tied to the rope; and as

soon as the cayman was struck they were to have the canoe ready, and pursue him in the river.

They spent the best part of the fourth night in trying for the cayman, but all to no purpose. Waterton was now convinced that something was materially wrong. He showed one of the Indians the shark-hook, who shook his head and laughed at it, and said it would not do. When he was a boy he had seen his father catch the cayman, and on the morrow he would make something that would answer.

In the meantime they set the shark-hook, but it availed nothing; a cayman came and took it, but would not swallow it. Seeing it was useless to attend the shark-hook any longer, they left it for the night and returned to their hammocks. Ere the English naturalist fell asleep, he was inclined to let the Indian try his own plan.

In the morning, as usual, they found the bait gone from the shark-hook. The Indians went into the forest to hunt, the white men took the canoe to shoot fish and get another supply of turtle's eggs, which they found in great abundance.

The day was now declining apace, and the Indian had made his instrument to take the cayman. It was very simple—there were four pieces of tough, hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as a little finger, and barbed at both ends; they were tied round the end of the rope in such a manner that if the rope be imagined to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head; so that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrow, while the other end expanded at equal distances round the rope. It was evident that if the cayman swallowed this (the other end of the rope, which was thirty yards long, being fastened to a tree), the more he pulled the faster the barbs would shut. Nearly a mile from where they had their hammocks, the sandbanks were steep and abrupt, and the river very still and deep; there the Indian fixed the machine, which hung suspended a foot from the water, and the end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven well into the sand.

The Indian then took the empty shell of the land tortoise, and gave it some heavy blows with a stick. Waterton asked him why he did that, and he replied that it was to let the cayman hear that something was going on.

Having done this, the party went back to the hammocks. About half-past five in the morning the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place, he set up a tremendous shout. All now jumped out of their hammocks and ran to him.

They found the cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. The whole party consisted of three Indians from the creek, Mr. Waterton's Indian servant Yan, a negro called Daddy Quashi, and a man named James, whom Quashi was instructing in the art of preserving birds.

"I informed the Indians," continues Mr. Waterton, "that it was my intention to draw the cayman quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, 'I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us.' On saying this, they squatted on the grass with the most perfect indifference.

"Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrank back, begging that I would be cautious.

"My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

"Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sandbank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the cayman's jaws. Here, then, we stood in silence, like a calm before a thunderstorm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

"I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it around to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians they brightened up, and said they would help me pull him out of the river.

"Daddy Quashi hung in the rear. I showed him a large Spanish knife which I always carried in the waistband of my trousers; it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope, and let him go again into the deep.

"I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast), and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity, I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. They pulled again, and out he came. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfastly on him.

"By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I instantly dropped the mast, and sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat, with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle."

The cayman now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. Mr. Waterton was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head, but the brute made his rider's seat extremely uncomfortable.

The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard their master tell them to pull him and his singular beast of burden further inland. He was apprehensive the rope might break, in which case there would have been every chance of going under the water with the cayman.

The people now dragged them above forty yards on the sand. "It was the first and last time," says Waterton, "I ever was on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds."

After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. They now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore feet, but they had another severe struggle for superiority before the huge monster was finally conveyed to the canoe, and

then to the place where they had suspended the hammocks, where, after he was slain, the enthusiastic naturalist commenced dissecting him, thus making a valuable addition to scientific knowledge.

AN ECCENTRIC QUEEN.



HE astrologers, in 1626, predicted that a son would be born to the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and that ill-fortune would attend both mother and child.

It turned out differently. The child who came upon the stage was a daughter.

"She will be clever enough, at all events," said Gustavus, "for she has already deceived everybody."

This daughter, Christina, became Queen of Sweden when only five years of age. With all her cleverness, however, it was not till she was eighteen years old that she assumed the reins

of government. She was educated on a liberal plan, which embraced a wide range of learning. Greek and Latin both became familiar to her, she knew several modern languages, and investigated the many mysteries of art and philosophy. She possessed a strong understanding, and affected an extraordinary love of letters, and even of abstract speculation.

The young queen's learned turn of mind was united to a disposition for manly sports and exercises. Her presence, voice, and manners were altogether masculine. She was a great horsewoman, and could drive a sledge with the utmost skill and rapidity. Any fare suited her, no matter whether it chanced to be tough beef or the most delicate morsel. In conversation, her language was remarkably unfeminine and forcible.

Her dress was very simple. A visitor to her court valued her riding-habit at a few shillings. She wore no ornaments. Her hair was combed once a week; but sometimes, when engaged on deeper problems than ordinary, she let it go untouched for a fortnight. Her toilet took only a quarter of an hour, except on Sundays, when double that time was devoted to it. Her linen was spotted with ink. Once an outspoken friend suggested washing to her as a commendable practice. "Washing!" she answered; "that's all very well for people who have nothing else to do!" In short, she was a blue-stocking of the most severe type.

But she had some great merits. One of these was her unwearied industry; she loved work, and the more of it she had she was the better pleased. Twelve hours a day were devoted by her to study. If she had five hours of sleep she reproached herself next morning for indulging in too great luxury. She hated idle people, sham and hypocrisy. Although she was below the middle stature, she would have no heels to her shoes, but wore them with even soles, that she might not seem one hair's breadth higher than the truth.

When we have added to the above particulars the fact that she was passionate, proud, and revengeful, we have perhaps a clear enough idea of the character of Christina, the young Queen of Sweden, who was crowned in 1650, under circumstances of more than ordinary splendor and rejoicing.

As a queen she knew how to keep her people in order. "It was a wonderful thing," says a Flemish writer of her time, "to see how, at the very opening of her mouth, every person present trembled. Even the great General Wrangel, who had made all Germany shake in their shoes, was, in the presence of this princess, as meek as a lamb."

Christina was courted by several princes of Europe. She

rejected them for various reasons; the true ones seem to have been a sense of superiority, and a desire to rule uncontrollable. Her subjects were anxious for her marriage, and urged her acceptance of Charles Gustavus, Duke of Deux Ponts, her first cousin. She refused to comply, and, to prevent the renewal of the suggestion, solemnly appointed Charles Gustavus as her successor.

Very soon she became weary of her position, and disgusted with public affairs. The notion then seized her of becoming the general patroness of learning and learned men. She invited to her court men of the first reputation in various studies; they came, and did not fail to celebrate her praises in numberless poems, letters, and other literary productions, long since forgotten.

Amongst the throng was a French physician, Bourdelot, who, by outrageous flattery, quickly attained to the position of favorite. When her councillors and the great men of the kingdom wished to confer with her majesty, it was impossible to approach her; Bourdelot was always in the way. A plot was laid to murder him. He got warning of it, and quickly beat a retreat from Sweden, carrying with him not less than a hundred thousand crowns.

The post of court favorite and flatterer was not long unoccupied. Bourdelot was succeeded by the ambassador of Spain, whose influence remained unbounded. The wily Spaniard suggested, with many plausible reasons, her becoming a convert to the Church of Rome. Christina listened, and, as we shall see, his words were not without effect.

Our learned sovereign was not satisfied with a troop of philosophers, she must needs surround herself with books, manuscripts, medals, and paintings. These she purchased at such an enormous expenditure as seriously to injure her treasury. Her judgment, too, was occasionally at fault. It is told that once, having secured some pictures of Titian at extravagant prices, she had them clipped to fit the panels of her gallery!

The nation bore silently at first with this extravagance, no one caring to say anything against the daughter of the great Gustavus. But, seeing her intercourse with the Spanish ambassador and other Catholics, the honest Lutheran Swedes spoke out.

Christina, for her part, grew more tired than ever of ruling. "I never hear but the same thing," she said, one day, with a yawn. "I am sick of hearing the same thing, and long for something new." Rumors of her abdication now began to go abroad.

In 1652 she proposed to resign in favor of her cousin. The States remonstrated, and the measure was delayed. Two years later she determined that she would have her own way, and, right or wrong, retire from business as a crowned queen. "I have made up my mind," she wrote, "and do not trouble myself to know, nor do I care, what people may say of it."

As a preliminary step, she prudently sent to Gothenburg more than a hundred cases, containing a vast quantity of books, jewelry, gold and silver vases, medals, paintings, statues, and rare manuscripts. The Swedes began to think that all the wealth of the kingdom was being sent away. Then, in February, 1654, she assembled the States General, and announced her determination to resign the crown to her cousin, Charles Gustavus. She was indifferent, she said, what motives might be attributed to her by the world, and she begged that her resignation should be simply and speedily accepted. "Nothing," she added, "can induce me to withdraw it. All I desire is a guaranteed annual income of two thousand rix dollars, and certain lands which I may hold at my sovereign disposal." She proposed to add some conditions as to the succession after Charles, but the sensible Councilors assured her that Charles Gustavus would himself save her all trouble on that head.

The Act of Abdication was performed on June 6th, 1654. It was an extraordinary spectacle ; a young queen voluntarily quitting a throne which she had received from illustrious ancestors, and which she had it in her power to make still more famous by her own enlightened sway.

People were early afoot in those days, and Christina appeared before the Senate at seven o'clock in the morning. She wore a plain white dress, over which all the ornaments of royalty were placed. Charles Gustavus was dressed in black from head to foot.

The queen sat down for the last time on her silver throne. One of the Senators read aloud the Act by which she released her subjects from their oath of fidelity, and the conditions on which she transferred the crown to her cousin.

The landed property which she reserved was specified. Christina undertook to do nothing injurious to Sweden ; but she was declared free from all control, and she was to have entire and absolute authority over her retinue.

The queen then arose and beckoned to the great officers of State to remove from her person the emblems of royalty. The sword, the apple, the sceptre, stars, chains, and crosses were taken off one by one, and laid on a table at her left hand. She then summoned Count Brahe to lift the crown from her head. He drew back and positively refused to do so. Christina took it off herself, and placed it in his hands ; the ceremony was complete.

Standing on the steps of the throne, in her plain white garment, she pronounced her farewell address. She spoke with eloquence, though occasionally her voice trembled and showed how great an effort it required to restrain her tears. Few of the spectators had the same self-control, most of them wept outright.

"I thank God," she said, "who raised me to be queen over so mighty a nation, and who has given me such wonderful blessings and successes. I thank the noblemen who preserved the kingdom for me during my minority, and I thank the States for the fidelity they have shown me. In difficult times, I have done nothing with which my conscience reproaches me."

She spoke of the great deeds of her father, Gustavus Adolphus, and added that in her cousin she presented to them a prince who would follow in his footsteps. She begged them to show the same fidelity to him that they had ever shown to her.

Last of all, she released them from their oath, and thanked them from her heart for their truth and obedience.

Sundry complimentary addresses followed from members of the Senate, and from Charles Gustavus, who even went so far as to try and persuade her to resume the symbols of royalty which she had just laid down. Christina smiled, shook her head, and all present having kissed her hand, she was conducted by Charles Gustavus to her private apartments. "There was a pretty struggle on the occasion, but Charles, with gentle restraint, led her on his right, and leaving her at the door of her chamber, proceeded to the door of the cathedral, where he was crowned."

The coronation of Charles Gustavus was not a grand ceremony, for the ready money of the country was exhausted, and Christiansa had retained most of the royal finery. She was good enough, however, to leave the crown, which piece of thoughtfulness, it is to be hoped, was fully appreciated.

Our heroine was now at liberty to carry out a plan of life which imagination had pictured to her as one of true happiness. The 6th of June was a pouring wet day, but in the evening she announced her intention of quitting Upsala. Her friends remonstrated.

"I cannot stay here," she said, "where I was so lately a crowned queen."

So, in the midst of the rain, carriages were ordered out, and she and her retinue were soon hurrying on to Stock-

holm. The report went abroad that she was about to leave Sweden. The peasants grumbled, and urged that she should be detained by force. They were against her squandering their good national dollars in foreign lands. But Christina was not one likely to brook interference. She stayed five days at Stockholm, and then set out to begin her career of wanderer. When she came to a small stream which then formed the boundary between Sweden and Denmark, she descended from her carriage and leaped across.

"I am free at last," she said, "and out of a country to which I hope never to return."

On entering Danish territory, she disguised herself as a man, and took the name of Count Dohna. She probably did this not only to escape impertinent curiosity, but also to avoid the danger she might have incurred from traveling with few attendants. She wore a man's wig, and had her own hair cut off. Her valet deplored the loss of her luxuriant tresses, but she told him to go on cutting.

"Do you think," she said, "that I care about a head of hair, when I have just parted with a kingdom?"

She fancied that, in her new garb and under her assumed name, she was unobserved. But it was not so. This is shown by a highly romantic incident which now happened ; we give it as related by Madame du Noyer in her "Lettres Galantes." The Queen of Denmark, hearing of the presence of Christina at an inn, disguised herself as a servant, and in that character waited upon the ex-queen. Christina laid no restraint either on her tongue or on her conduct, and her majesty of Denmark both heard and saw strange things. The errant lady spoke with entire unreserve of the King of Denmark, and made such remarks upon his character as were far from likely to please his royal consort, waiting there in short bodice and clean apron. We are inclined to suspect that Christina was not altogether unconscious of the identity of the scarlet-cheeked *fille de chambre*.

The ex-queen, having dined, left the inn. The queen in disguise then ordered one of Christina's pages to tell his mistress that she had done great injustice to the King of Denmark. The page obeyed, and on hearing his message, Christina laughed aloud, and exclaimed :

"What! was that servant girl who was standing there all dinner-time the Queen of Denmark? Well, there has happened to her what often happens to curious people—they hear more than is agreeable to them. It is entirely her own fault ; for as I have not the gift of divination, I did not look for her under such a dress as that!"

She rode on with her little troop from town to town in what Dr. Doran calls "impudent independence." On the 31st of July she arrived at Munster. Her dress was then that of a French gentleman ; she wore the hat and large boots which were fashionable in those days, a black wig replaced her own fair hair, a carbine was flung over her shoulder, and a sword hung from the other.

From Munster she proceeded to Antwerp, still disguised. On the way she fell in with a pretty girl, and thought it a pleasant jest to pretend to make love to her. But we shall pass over that incident, and land our ex-queen within the walls of Antwerp.

Whenever she got there, her disguise was laid aside, and safe on Spanish territory, Christina breathed more freely. She had leisure to look about her and mature her plans for the future. Visits were paid to her by all the authorities. It was remarked that she began to lay great stress on etiquette, a subject to which, when on the throne, she had been exceedingly inattentive. One of her biographers ventures on an explanation of the change.

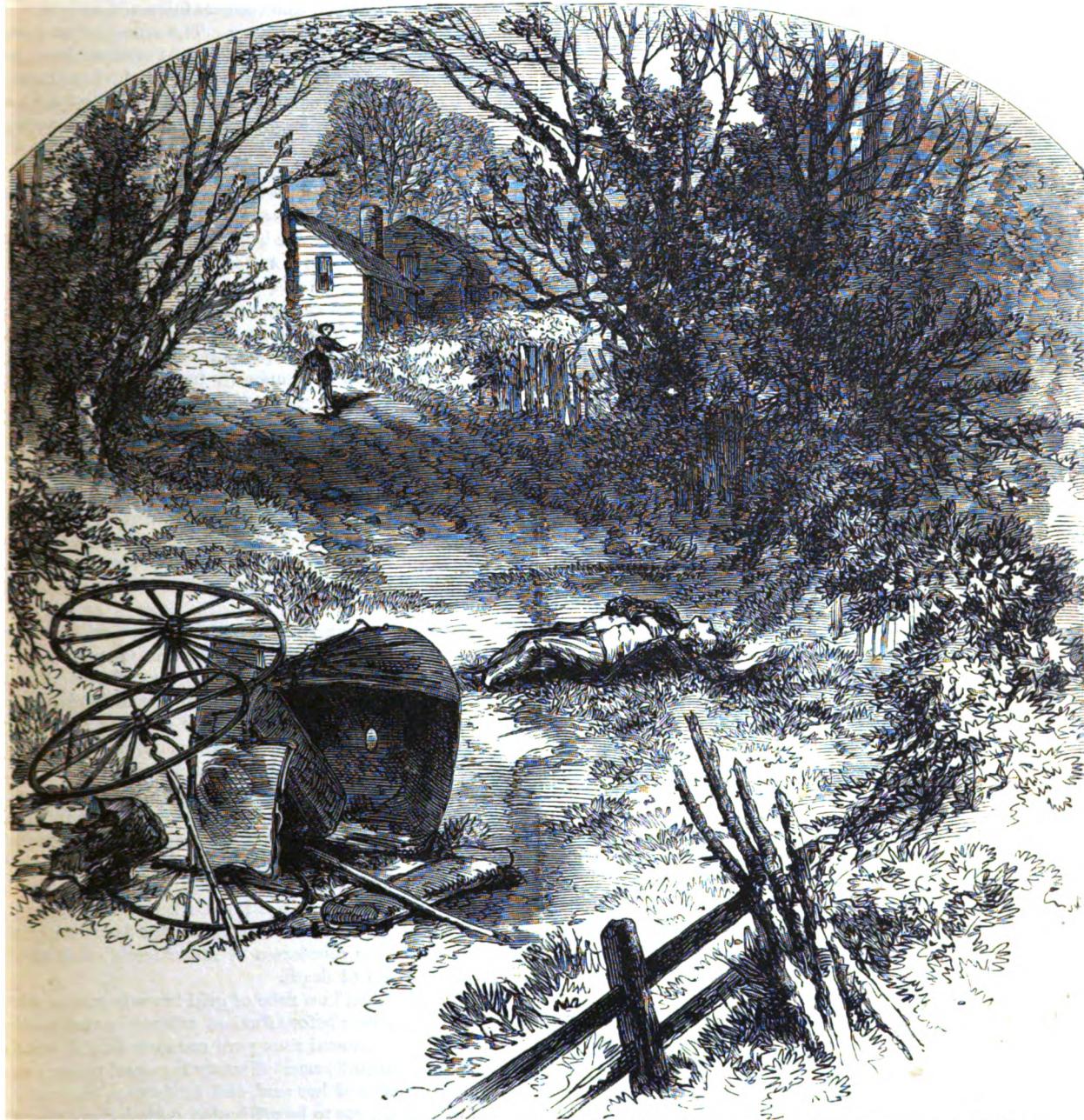
"The reigning queen of a country," was not likely to receive slights. A wandering queen, without a crown, might not get all the respect which she claimed, and could certainly afford less to overlook any attacks on her dignity."

She left Antwerp. Brussels was her next halting-place, and she was received there with great pomp. The city was illuminated, and at the gate by which she entered there was a firework display representing two angels supporting the name of "Christina," encircled with laurels. Though it must have been known that she cared little for the pleasures of the table, the country far and near was ransacked for rarity and variety. They sent "to Bruges for capons, to the city of Ghent for veal, to Antwerp for fish, to Mons for

there should have been extravagant demonstrations of joy and that all the artillery of the city should have announced to the world that she had received absolution.

Christina now remembered an event connected with her baptism. The Lutheran minister had signed her with the sign of the cross. This was contrary to ordinary custom, and was reckoned a superstitious usage.

"O Lord!" she wrote, with enthusiasm, "he enrolled me in your militia, without knowing what he was about!"



THE TALBOT DIAMONDS.—"AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEEP HILL WAS A WRECKED CARRIAGE, AND HALF-WAY UP WAS THE INSENSIBLE FORM OF MR. TALBOT, AND A YOUNG LADY WAS COMING TO HIS RELIEF."—SEE PAGE 47.

mutton, to Ardennes for venison, to Lille and Tournay for poultry of all sorts."

This display of hospitalities on the part of the Roman Catholic authorities in the Netherlands is easily explained. Our Protestant and strong-minded heroine was going to become one of themselves. The night after Christina's arrival was Christmas Eve, and before a small but illustrious assembly she abjured the Lutheran faith, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church. It is little wonder, then, that

But she was not a red-hot convert. When the ceremony of Christmas Eve was over, her new friends must have been greatly edified by her lively career.

"My occupations," she says herself, "are eating, drinking, sleeping, studying, a little gossiping, laughing, going to the play, and passing life agreeably. In short, I no longer listen to sermons—I have done with preachers. According to Solomon (for all the rest is folly), it is our common duty to live happily, eating, drinking, and singing."

For several months she remained at Brussels, but on the 22d of September, 1655, she took her departure, after distributing presents in a most extravagant fashion. Economy was not one of her virtues.

Her steps were now turned towards Rome. When she arrived at Innspruck, she made public confession for the first time, of her belief in the Catholic faith. She entered the cathedral in plain black silk, wearing no ornament except a splendid diamond cross. She knelt at the altar, and read her profession of faith.

The journey to Rome was a triumph, and by the time she reached the Eternal City, she was heartily sick of the fêtes and fireworks, illuminations and triumphal arches. It was on the 19th of December that she first saw Rome. When her public entrance was over—a splendid affair, ever to be remembered for its rich dresses, garlands of flowers, and grotesque doings—and when Alexander VII had been seen, and she had duly and reverently kissed the pontiff's slipper, Christina settled down to the examination of the antiquities of the neighborhood. Her extensive reading enabled her fully to appreciate these, and looking at old buildings and monuments the time went quickly past. She gave some attention to works of modern art. A deep impression was made upon her by a statue of Truth, by Bernini, a sculptor then at the height of his fame. She exclaimed several times, "Ah! how beautiful!"

"God be praised," said a cardinal, "that your Majesty loves the truth, which personages of your rank seldom care about."

"That is very likely," replied Christina, "for the truth is not always of marble."

The Pope soon found that his latest important convert might occasionally be troublesome. "The newly-caught lamb," says Dr. Doran, "was rather difficult to manage. She *would* talk at mass. She laughed herself, and made the cardinals laugh. The Pope sent her a rosary, and intimated that she might so employ it as to find occupation for her mind at divine service. Christina received it with a jest, and flung it aside with a sneer."

She next got into a dispute with some of her attendants. Then she took offence at the want of sympathy shown to her by the Roman nobility; and at last was glad to leave Rome, and pay a visit to the court of France.

We may here give a description of our eccentric heroine, written by the Duke of Guise, who was sent to meet her at Marseilles.

"She is not tall," he records, "but well made; her arm is handsome; her hand white and well-formed, but more like a man's than a woman's. One shoulder is rather higher than the other; but she conceals the defect so well with her strange dress and movements, that one might make a bet about it. Her face is long, and all her features are strongly marked; her nose is aquiline, her mouth large, but not unpleasant; and her teeth are pretty good."

"Her eyes are beautiful, and full of animation. Her complexion is good, and she has an extraordinary head-dress. This is a man's wig, made very large and high in front. She wears a great deal of powder, and seldom any gloves; she uses men's boots, and has the voice and manners of a man. She is very polite, and speaks eight languages well, and particularly French, as if she had been born in Paris. She knows more than all our Academy and the Sorbonne put together. She is an admirable judge of paintings, and of everything else. She knows more of the intrigues of our Court than I do myself—in fact, she is an extraordinary person."

"I am to accompany her to Paris, so you will be able to judge of her for yourself. I do not think I have omitted anything from her portrait, except that she sometimes wears a sword and a buff jerkin."

When Christina arrived at the court of Louis XIV. she was received with a considerable show of respect. The Parisians, however, in their light-hearted way, criticised her as she passed through the streets, laughed at her strange dress and uncurled wig, and said that she was very like "a half-tipsy gypsy."

In Paris she courted the learned, but at last she excited general horror by an action for which, in perhaps any other country, she would have been punished by death. This was the murder of an Italian, Monaldeschi, her Master of Horse, who had betrayed some secrets intrusted to him. It was a cold-blooded and cruel affair. The unhappy man was summoned into a gallery of the palace of Fontainebleau, letters were then shown to him, at the sight of which he turned pale, and entreated for mercy; but he was stabbed by two of Christina's own domestics, in an apartment adjoining that in which she herself was.

The French court was justly offended at this atrocious deed. She was no longer welcomed to Versailles, and the Queen of France could not patiently hear her name uttered. It was prudent, therefore, for her to leave France, and Christina made her way back to Rome early in May, 1658.

At Rome she resumed her studies in arts and sciences, filling up her odd moments by writing to Sweden complaining about her annuity, which was paid with great irregularity. Tranquillity was not possible for her; she was now always quarreling with somebody, from the Pope downwards, and on all sorts of questions.

In 1669, Charles Gustavus, her cousin, died. She then made a journey to Sweden, where she found her old subjects anything but well disposed towards her and her adopted creed. They refused to confirm her revenues, suppressed her chapel, and positively forbade the celebration of mass in any place where she might be residing within the realm. Some were afraid that she had an eye on the crown, but she relieved herself of all such suspicions by executing a second renunciation.

She returned to Rome, busied herself in political intrigues, and tried to puzzle the philosophers who frequented her soirées by asking questions which they could not answer. After a few years she set out again for her native land, but never entered it, owing to her former subjects stipulating that she was to have no priest in her train, and was not to attend mass at any of the ambassadorial chapels.

Rome again became her residence, and there she followed a brilliant career, only interrupted at times by the irregular payment of her income, till 1689, when she became seriously unwell. On the 19th of April her little court was all about her. "As noon commenced striking, she turned on her right side, placed her left hand under her neck, and as the iron tongue tolled the last of the twelve, the daughter of the great Gustavus, the murderer of Monaldeschi, was calmly sleeping the sleep of death.

She was entombed in a robe of gold brocade with a white ground, which a year before she had ordered in anticipation of her end. Her funeral rites were conducted on a scale of extraordinary magnificence. Twenty thousand masses were said for the repose of her soul, and funds were bequeathed by her will for a mass to be celebrated daily for ever for the same purpose. So closed the life of one of the most eccentric of queens.

THE TALBOT DIAMONDS.

A BROWN-STONE front. A fashionably dressed young man standing in the doorway; an old man, in equally modern attire, mounting the marble steps; and a very plainly-dressed young lady passing on the pavement.

The young man bowed to the young lady, and she timidly

acknowledged the salute. The old gentleman took notice of the act, and turned very quickly toward the young lady ; but saw only a trim, ladylike figure gliding gracefully down the street. He turned, quite impatiently, to the young man, and asked, sharply : " John, who is that ? "

" Miss Maggie Osborne, father."

" Miss Maggie Fiddlesticks !" exclaimed the old gentleman. " What do you mean, sir ? "

" That the young lady is named Maggie Osborne," was the quiet reply.

" No trifling !" threatened Mr. Morton Talbot. " Now, what is she ? and who is she ? "

" Your last question is answered. To the first I will answer that she is a very charming young lady."

" Zounds ! You insult me !" exclaimed Pa Talbot, in a rage. " Now, sir, once for all ! What is that girl ? Where did you meet her ? What are her antecedents ? What is she to you ? "

" I declare, father, you quite overwhelm me with questions. Pray excuse me if I ask you to repeat them, one at a time."

" John Talbot, you are insolent !" cried Mr. Talbot, Sr., brushing past him. " *Insolent.*" he repeated, pausing in the hall. " Most *confounded* insolent ! And if I hear any more of it—"

" Father, I beg pardon, if I have said anything to wound your feelings," interrupted John, with a face that was anything but penitent.

" Wound my feelings ! Don't you be alarmed ! I'm not so sensitive as that. But when I ask you a question I want an answer. Now, what is that girl ? "

" I fear, father, that I do not quite catch your meaning," said John, with a distressed look.

" John Talbot, I'm ashamed of you—positively ashamed ! And I'm growing angry, too ! I am, upon my word ! I can endure but little more—very little. Now, for the last time, is she respectable ? "

" Father, you do me injustice."

" I don't know about that. To tell the truth, I wouldn't like to take much stock in your 'respectable' acquaintances. But, about this girl. What is her standing ? There's no use asking about her money, for her dress speaks for itself."

" I am not so sure of that," said John. " I've seen her with wealth enough about her to make a dozen men rich—yet she always dresses very plain."

" Does, eh ? Eccentric, no doubt. But that makes no difference. You know what my wishes are, so you can banish all thoughts of Miss—Miss—Maggie—Osborne from your mind. As for your falling in love with every pretty face you see, I'll not have it ! "

John was about to reply, but the look of consternation that became suddenly visible on Mr. Talbot's face checked him.

" What is it ? " he asked, hurriedly.

" The diamonds—the Talbot diamonds ! "

" What of them, father ? "

" Gone ! Lost !" gasped the old gentleman. " I took them, several days ago, to Sanborn's to be reset, and got them again—or thought I did—not two hours ago ! I must have left them, after all. I'll go right back and see, for there's a fortune in those Talbot diamonds ! "

—
HALF an hour later.

An elegant Broad Street store.

Mr. Sanborn behind the counter, and Mr. Talbot, Sr., before it.

Mr. Talbot was puffing like a spent horse, for no grass had grown under his feet while hurrying back for those diamonds.

" My diamonds ! The Talbot diamonds !" he exclaimed to the wondering Mr. Sanborn.

" Well—"

" Left them here ? " articulated the exhausted Talbot. " Seen them ? "

" Assuredly not, Mr. Talbot. You took them away with you."

Mr. Talbot shook his head.

" The girl ! Where is she ? "

" You mean Maggie ? "

" I don't know whether it was Maggie, or Mary, or Betsy, or who ; but it's the one I dealt with."

" You refer to Maggie Osborne, I presume," said Mr. Sanborn. " She left here soon after you went out, and will not be in the store again for several weeks."

" Maggie Osborne !" exclaimed Morton Talbot. " Gone, too ! Depend upon it, she's got the Talbot diamonds ! "

Mr. Sanborn stared in blank amazement, and mechanically gave Morton Talbot Maggie's address ; and it was not until Talbot left the store that he fully realized the enormity of the crime with which his trusted employé had been charged. He promptly wrote to Maggie, offering sympathy and assistance, and declaring his belief in her innocence. And that was not all. With John Talbot's assistance, a search for the missing diamonds was instituted ; but Mr. Morton Talbot knew nothing of it, and went on in his own way to recover the lost gems.

A LONG, steep hill. At the bottom a runaway horse and a wrecked carriage ; half-way up, the insensible form of Mr. Morton Talbot, so far on his search for Maggie Osborne or the lost diamonds ; at the top, a comfortable farmhouse, and a young lady just coming through the gate to Mr. Talbot's relief.

Help was near, and with very little delay the unfortunate Talbot was safely ensconced between two white sheets in the good housewife's spare bed.

His senses came back to him at last, and his first words were :

" What a tremendous hill ! "

Then he bethought him of his errand, and startled the young lady in attendance by asking, abruptly :

" What would you do to a young lady, if she stole your diamonds from you ? "

" Never having been the owner of diamonds, I cannot say," replied the young lady ; " but I believe I should, first of all, get the diamonds."

" Zounds !" exclaimed Talbot. " And that's just what I will do. By-the-way, do you know a person named Maggie Osborne ? "

" I do."

" Is it possible ? " exclaimed Mr. Talbot, as though it were the strangest thing in the world. " Well, you are the first one. If I've asked one, I have a hundred, and nobody knew the little thief."

" The what, sir ? "

" Thief ! She stole the Talbot diamonds, and I'm after her ! "

" Why ! why ! I'm astonished ! I knew Maggie had a very taking way, but I never supposed she would go so far as that."

" Nor nobody else," grumbled Talbot. " There's my boy, John, won't believe a word of it. He's after her—"

" Two after her ? Poor Maggie ! She'll be caught, surely ! "

" No, no, no !" interrupted Talbot ; " not about the diamonds ; but he wants her for a wife ! "

" Oh ! that's funny, now—isn't it ? Of course you'll not allow it ? "

"Just let him try it!" replied Talbot, with a meaning smile.

"No, I knew you wouldn't. It would be scandalous. But you probably would not care so much if she hadn't stole your diamonds? Maggie is quite a nice girl, they say."

"Well, no. John has always been a good boy, and if he really liked a good, *respectable* girl, and wanted to marry her, I don't know as I should say much against it. But such a creature! Bah! John's a fool!"

"How curious. But if she proves her innocence. For instance, if you should learn that she had not touched your diamonds at all, and your son still wanted to marry her, you would not object. Of course you wouldn't."

"No, I wouldn't," replied Talbot—at the same time he was thinking, "I'll be safe enough, for there's not the least doubt of her guilt. And I guess I'll promise further, for I

"What! Mercy! What is it?"

"The Talbot diamonds, father."

"Hanged if you aren't right!" exclaimed Pa Talbot.

"Where did you get them?"

"After getting the diamonds from Mr. Sanborn's, you changed coats, and left the gems in one of the pockets."

"Confound my carelessness!"

"It's an ill wind—. You know the rest, father. I shall hereafter prize the Talbot diamonds for all they are worth. Your promise—"

"Promise! I was only joking, boy. I never meant you should marry that Osborne girl. You didn't think I was in earnest?"

"Really, I thought of little else but the promise. That holds good yet, from the fact that we have a witness to it. Don't you think so, Maggie?"



THE PEST OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

really like this girl. It won't do any harm, any way, to give her a good opinion of me." "No, I wouldn't object," he repeated; "and more than that, I would give them a good setting up in life. I'm able, and I would do it, too."

"Thank you, father," were the words that came in answer to his; and, looking toward the door, he saw John standing there. "I overheard your promise, father," continued John, "and I think I shall be safe enough to set the wedding-day just a month hence."

"Humph! Don't count your chicks too soon. That Maggie Osborne never will be your wife."

"Not until she, or some one else, proves her innocence."

"You'll be in your grave long before that, boy."

"My demise will be speedy, then," said John, taking something from his pocket. "See the proofs!"

"Maggie! Not Maggie Osborne?" asked the old gentleman, scrutinizing the young lady, who was blushing and smiling very prettily.

"Miss Maggie Osborne, father."

"Drat me for a fool!" growled Pa Talbot. "I'm a blundering fool! and a blockhead! and blind as a bat! I don't deserve anything better. Here, Maggie, take the Talbot diamonds, and John, too! I've not another word to say against it. And all I ask of you is, if you ever find a bigger numskull than old Morton Talbot, give him the diamonds, and ask no questions."

THE idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically fools at large.



SHIPS AMONG THE ICEBERGE.

ICEBERGS.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY.

THE gradual disappearance of whales from off the coast of New England compelled the intrepid fishermen to extend their voyages further to the North until by degrees they approached Greenland. These early voyagers encountered great masses of floating ice which interposed insurmountable obstacles to their attempts to penetrate nearer to the Pole. They brought back such reports of the terrific grandeur of the scenery of that region that it was not long before scientific exhibitions were fitted out for more accurate exploration. Very little was at first known as to the origin of these ice mountains as they were called, and it is only within comparatively recent times that accurate information has been obtained. According to Tyndall, the snows from the mountains of the interior slide into the valleys and fill them with ice. Glaciers or ice rivers are thus formed, some of them equal in size to the largest rivers. The current that moves the frozen mass onward of course does not compare to that of an unfrozen river, but it moves gradually and steadily on, the top more rapidly than the bottom, often through a bed in some high rocky plateau that inclines gradually to the seacoast. At the mouth of this river, or glacier, where it is above the level of the sea, the ice is gradually pushed out by the force of the mass behind, and hangs threateningly over the water. When the angle of the protruding part becomes very acute, and the mass gets beyond the centre of gravity, it breaks off suddenly, and plunges with

3 miles a day
3 miles a day

ICE HUMMOCKS.



FALL OF ICEBERG FROM MOUTH OF Elevated GLACIER.

fearful velocity into the water below, to rise and float off if there is depth enough; to ground, or pack with other ice if the place is shallow or already clogged up. Dr. Scoresby mentions having seen several ice rivers which measured forty or fifty miles in length and nine or ten in breadth, while the precipice formed by their fall into the sea was sometimes upwards of four or five hundred feet high.

It is very dangerous to approach these cliffs of ice, as every now and then huge masses detach themselves from the face of the crystal sides and topple over into the water. The doom of any ship which happened to be passing would be sealed in a moment.

But the sight is grand, where witnessed at a safe distance. Not only are masses of ice hurled from a great height but huge rocks are also brought down with a thundering boom by the avalanches. A ship would be a mere shell against such forces.

Sometimes the glaciers reach the sea, nearly on a level, enter it, after plowing up its bottom into deep valleys, until finally unable to resist the strain



ICEBERGS DETACHING FROM LOWER GLACIERS.

imposed by their own weight and the lapping of the waves, they break across and discharge vast masses into the ocean. Some of these run aground on adjacent shores and remain lodged for years; others escape southward until they are dissolved in the warm waters of the Atlantic. Dr. Kane considers the most remarkable place for the genesis of icebergs on the face of the globe to be at Jacob's bight in about latitude 71 deg., and longitude 56 deg. From Labrador the ice is floated with the current past Newfoundland, and meeting near the Great Bank the warming influences of the Gulf Stream, it usually disappears about latitude 42 deg. A scene off Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, portrayed by our artist on page 55 gives a view of a group of icebergs by no means unusual in those parts.

In the Summer season the vessels which cross the Atlantic often come in close proximity with the floating ice, and not unfrequently they are crushed between two mountains of ice, or are wrecked against the precipitous sides of the walls of ice. It is believed that many ships, of which all traces have been lost, have been wrecked at sea by collision with some gigantic icebergs. In order to avoid this danger the steamers take the Southern route across the ocean, although it is somewhat longer.

The floating masses of ice assume a great variety of forms. Some cover hundreds of square miles, and are spread out like sheets and rise only a few feet above the water. In this condition they are called fields of ice, or ice-floes. The surface of the sheets are often diversified by projections above the general level in the form of hummocks; the pieces of ice are forced up by the floes pressing against each other, and are sometimes in the form of great slabs supported by one edge. Dr. Kane noticed that they became bent by their own weight, even when the thermometer con-



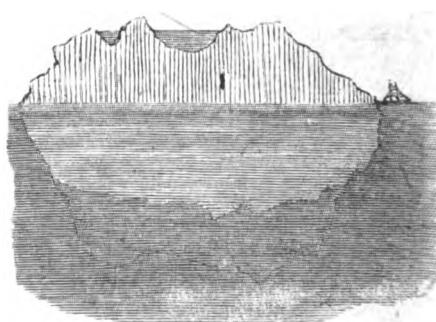
ICE HUMMOCKS.

tinues far below the freezing point. The usual form of icebergs is pyramidal, with high, nearly vertical, walls sloping down; but they frequently exhibit the most fantastic forms, particularly when they have been long exposed to the action of the waves and the sun. No wonder the early navigators who ventured out into the northern seas, brought back the descriptions that figure in the popular medieval accounts of St. Brendan's voyage.

A berg with small lakes contained in fissures and indentations made by the sun and sudden shocks, and supplied with water by rain and melted snow, is but one of the many features of this glacial wonder. The water is fresh and pure, and navigators in these regions depend upon it for drinking purposes,

anchoring their vessels at the base of the bergs for security against drifting floes.

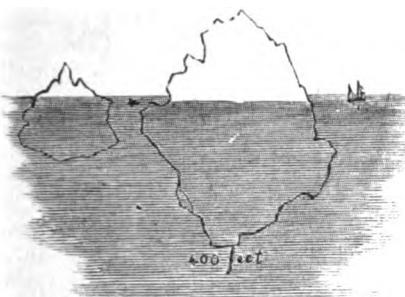
Estimates of the size of icebergs are necessarily rude, from their irregular shape, and the risk of venturing on



A BERG, WITH SMALL LAKES OF FRESH WATER.

them to take accurate measurement, even of the part above the water line. As only one-eighth of the mass is seen above the surface of the sea and seven-eighths is concealed, it follows that an iceberg three hundred feet above the surface must extend two thousand one hundred feet below, and possess a total height of two thousand four hundred feet. Masses of ice of such proportions well deserve the name of icebergs.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF ICE.



Dr. Hayes measured an iceberg in Baffin's Bay which was three hundred and fifty feet above the sea and three-fourths of a mile long. Its total height was two thousand eight hundred feet and its volume twenty-seven thousand million cubic feet. One can imagine with what startling sensations the crews of ships must regard such a monster moving toward them. If they are sometimes paralyzed with fear, there is some excuse for their insubordination. The great Humboldt Glacier, connecting Greenland and Washington Land, shows a solid glassy wall three hundred feet above the

sea, with an unknown depth beneath, while its curved face, bowed out by pressure from behind, extends sixty miles in length. Mysterious warm currents in the ocean sometimes strike these icebergs in a weak spot, and where the

berg is long

subjected to it a tunnel will be hollowed through, the water line being about the centre.

The marvelous shapes of some of the icebergs, as photographed by the artist Bradford, have attracted much attention, and it is well that photography was resorted to, as it would have been difficult to believe that the sketches had not been greatly exaggerated.

They show the water lines made by the action of the surface of the ocean, at different periods, for these masses of ice are constantly changing form and position. When they enter a warmer current, and the mass below the surface is melted away so as to disturb the equilibrium, or when by collision with other bergs enough is broken off below, the whole mass will turn over, and sway to and fro till it settles at last according to its centre of gravity.

The lines made while the sea was beating its base are now shown in other parts of the mass. So, too, when the top has been reduced in bulk, and the berg rises and show successive water lines.

Dumont d'Urville, who, after escaping innumerable dangers in his extensive voyages around the world, was destined to perish in a railway disaster at Versailles in 1842, gives an interesting account of the icebergs encountered by him in the Antarctic Circle. His vessel was sometimes completely sur-

rounded, and as there are often eddies around the ice there was danger of being drawn against them with crushing force.

He gives the following interesting account of the height of these ice cliffs:

"The walls of these blocks of ice far exceed our masts and rigging in height; they overhang our ships, the dimensions of which seem ridiculously curtailed. We seem to be traversing the narrow streets of some city of giants. At the foot of these immense monuments we sometimes perceive vast caverns hollowed by the waves, which wash in them with a crashing tumult. From the summit of these ice mountains, numerous brooks fed by the melting ice produced by the heat of a January sun, throw themselves in cascades into the icy sea."

The contrast presented by these mountains of ice to the slender ships filled the crew with terror, as they could only see two immense walls of ice, which sent back the orders of the officers in startling echoes.

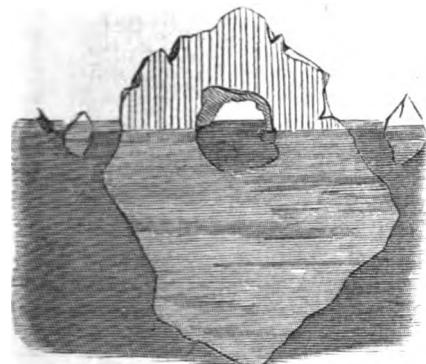
D'Urville saw one glacier in the Southern ocean thirteen miles long, with vertical walls one hundred feet high. Dr. Kane in his cruise in the Arctic seas counted two hundred and eighty in sight at one time, most of which exceeded two hundred and fifty feet in height, and some even three hundred feet.

By means of these icebergs a large quantity of water is returned to the ocean. If it were not for the movement of the glaciers vast accumulations of snow and ice would be piled mountains high in the Polar regions, but fortunately the frozen rivers flow steadily into the ocean and the icebergs as they float into warmer water melt away and they restore the equilibrium in Nature. Icebergs also perform an important part in varying the surface of the earth by transporting great quantities of boulders, gravel, and sand to distant points.

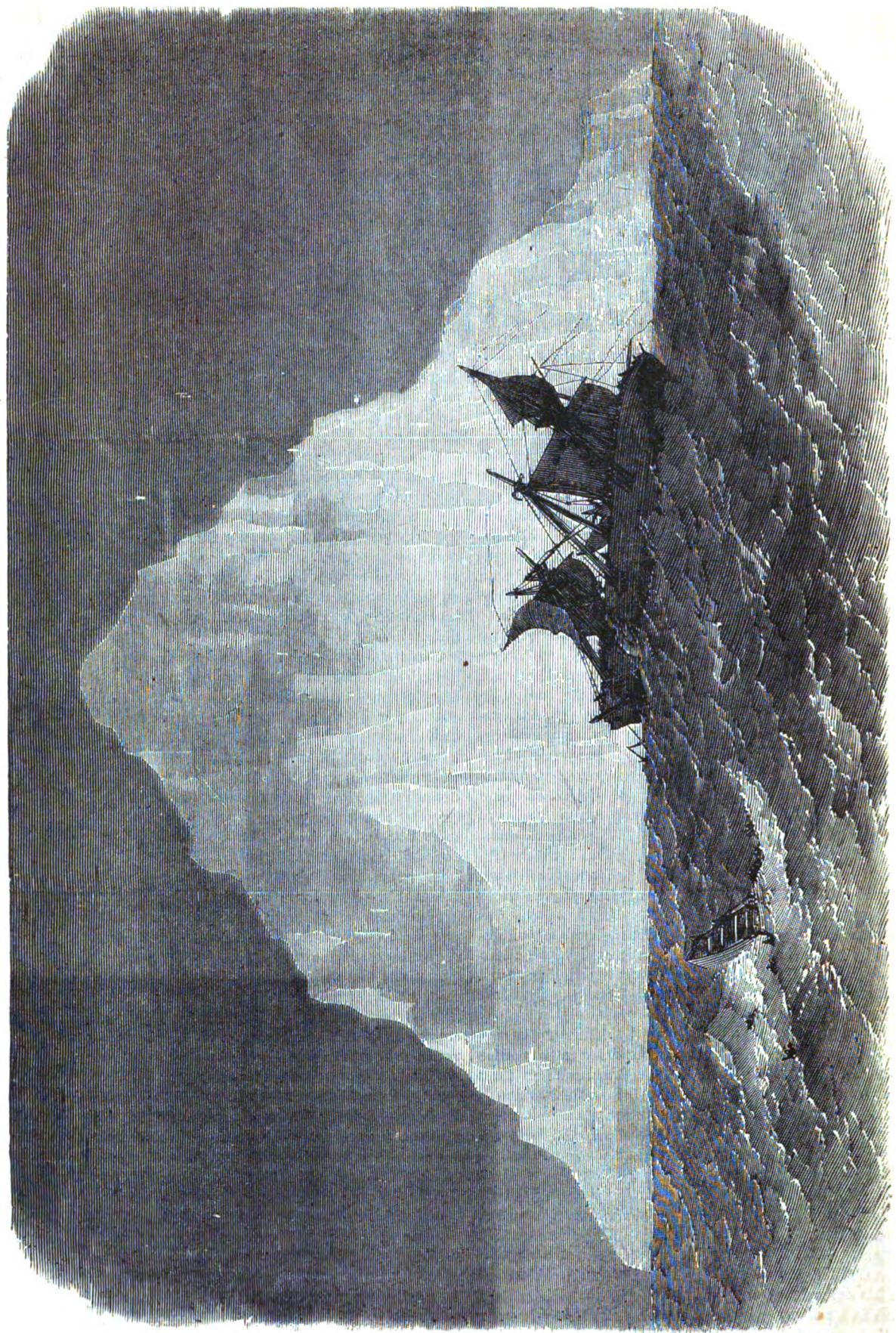
Captain Scoresby describes a large iceberg drifting along locked with earth and rocks, conjectured to be from 50,000 to 100,000 tons—and other observers speak of millions of tons of stone and other solid matter carried by the ice. Such bodies, weighing hundreds of millions of tons, moved on by a broad current of water, exert a power against obstacles of which we can form little idea. In their action upon the bottom of the sea, many geologists recognize a repetition of the phenomena accompanying the distribution of the drift formation and the production of its sands and gravels and rounded boulders.

Dr. Kane remarks of the display of power exhibited by the movement of these huge bodies as follows: "Nothing can be more imposing than the rotation of a berg. I have often watched one rocking its earth-stained sides in steadily deepening curves, as if to gather energy for some desperate gymnastic feat; and then turning itself slowly over in a monster somersault, and vibrating as its head rose into the new element, like a leviathan shaking the water from its crest. It was impossible not to have suggestions thrust upon me of their agency in modifying the geological disposition of the earth's surface."

Wherever the bergs are dissolved, it is evident that the "moraine" will fall to the bottom of the sea. "In this manner," says Lyell, "may submarine valleys, mountains, and platforms become strewed over with gravel, sand, mud, and scattered blocks of foreign rock, of a nature perfectly dissimilar from all in the vicinity, and which may have been transported across unfathomable abysses. If the bergs happen to melt in still water, so that the earthy and stony materials may fall tranquilly to the bottom, the deposit will probably be unstratified, like the terminal moraine of a glacier; but whenever the materials are under the influence of a current of water as they fall, they will be sorted and arranged according to their relative weight and size, and therefore more or less perfectly stratified. There can be little doubt



SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF ICE.



DESTRUCTION OF THE SHIP "INDIAN QUEEN" BY AN ICEBERG IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, APRIL 1ST., 1859.

that icebergs often break off the peaks and projecting points of submarine mountains, and must grate upon and polish their surface, furrowing or scratching them precisely the same way as the glaciers act on the solid rocks over which they are propelled." In addition to rocks and trees, sand and mud which are carried to distant points by icebergs, the same means of transportation has had an important influence in the distribution of animals on the globe. Polar bears are known to have

been frequently drifted on the ice from Greenland to Iceland. "Near the coast of Greenland," observes Captain Scoresby, "they have been seen on the ice in such quantities, that they were compared to flocks of sheep on a common; and bears are often found on field ice, above two hundred miles from the shore." "Wolves, in the Arctic regions, often venture upon the ice near the shore for the purpose of preying upon young seals, which they surprise when asleep. When these iceflocs get detached, the wolves are often carried out to sea, and though some may be drifted to islands or continents, the greater part of them perish, and have been often heard in this situation howling dreadfully, as they die of famine." Hence these ice-flocs are often scenes of active hunts and stirring adventures. The seals and walruses bask on them, offering inducements to the hardy Esquimaux or Labrador fishermen or the crews of arctic whalers, who run their frail boats or kayaks or canoes

around the tossing bergs and floes to surprise their prey. There are dangers not only of being crushed by the moving ice, or falling into the chasms that yawn suddenly as the ice parts, but of being attacked by the walruses, who, when harassed, often prove dangerous, and will sometimes attack a boat.

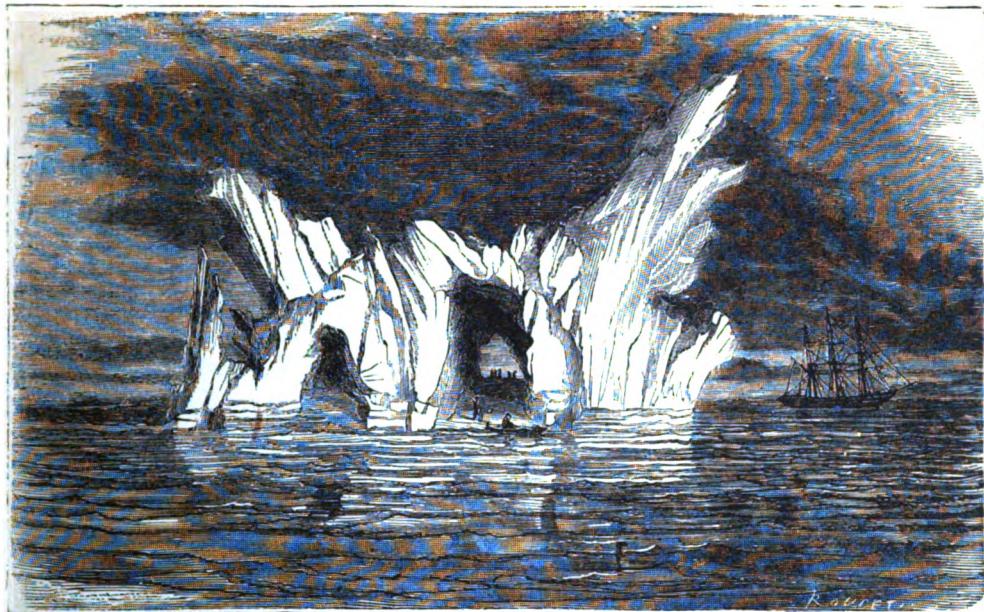
Martens tells us that after wounding a walrus, the whole herd surrounded his boat, some endeavoring to tear off the sides with their tusks, others raising themselves by the gunwale in their effort to reach the crew. The crew, ill prepared for the sudden attack, had great difficulty in beating them off with the spears and oars, the only means they had for defense.

In northern seas the icebergs, less affected by the heat, last for centuries, and have thus at times treasured up for science relics of the primeval world.

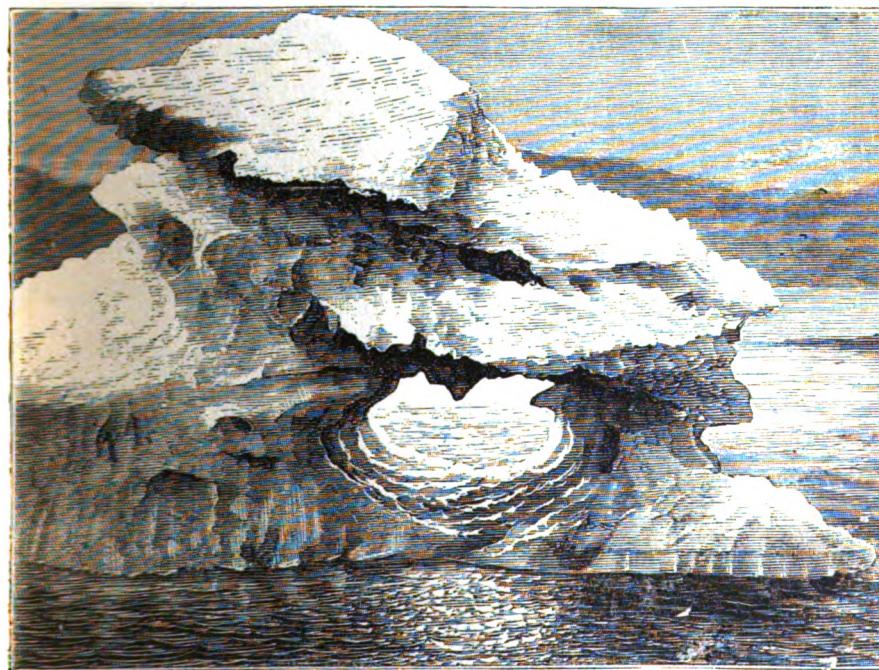
It is not a hundred years since Schumachoff, a Siberian, was rowing his boat in and out among the icebergs which had grounded at the mouth of the river Lena, where he discovered a mammoth imbedded in a huge block of ice, in which, no doubt, it had been frozen up unnumbered and forgotten ages ago.

The old hunter landed on the shore of this silent sea, which was strewn with the bones and tusks of extinct animals—wrecks of an ancient world, remains of monsters that had basked in the sunshine hundreds of years, no doubt, before the pointed Pyramids darkened the sands of Egypt—Schumachoff landed, but did not know what to make of it.

With a mingled feeling of curiosity and fear, he walked among the blocks of ice until he came to the foot of a rock; this he climbed, thinking he might get a better view of the frozen-up and gigantic mystery. He descended no wiser, for he only



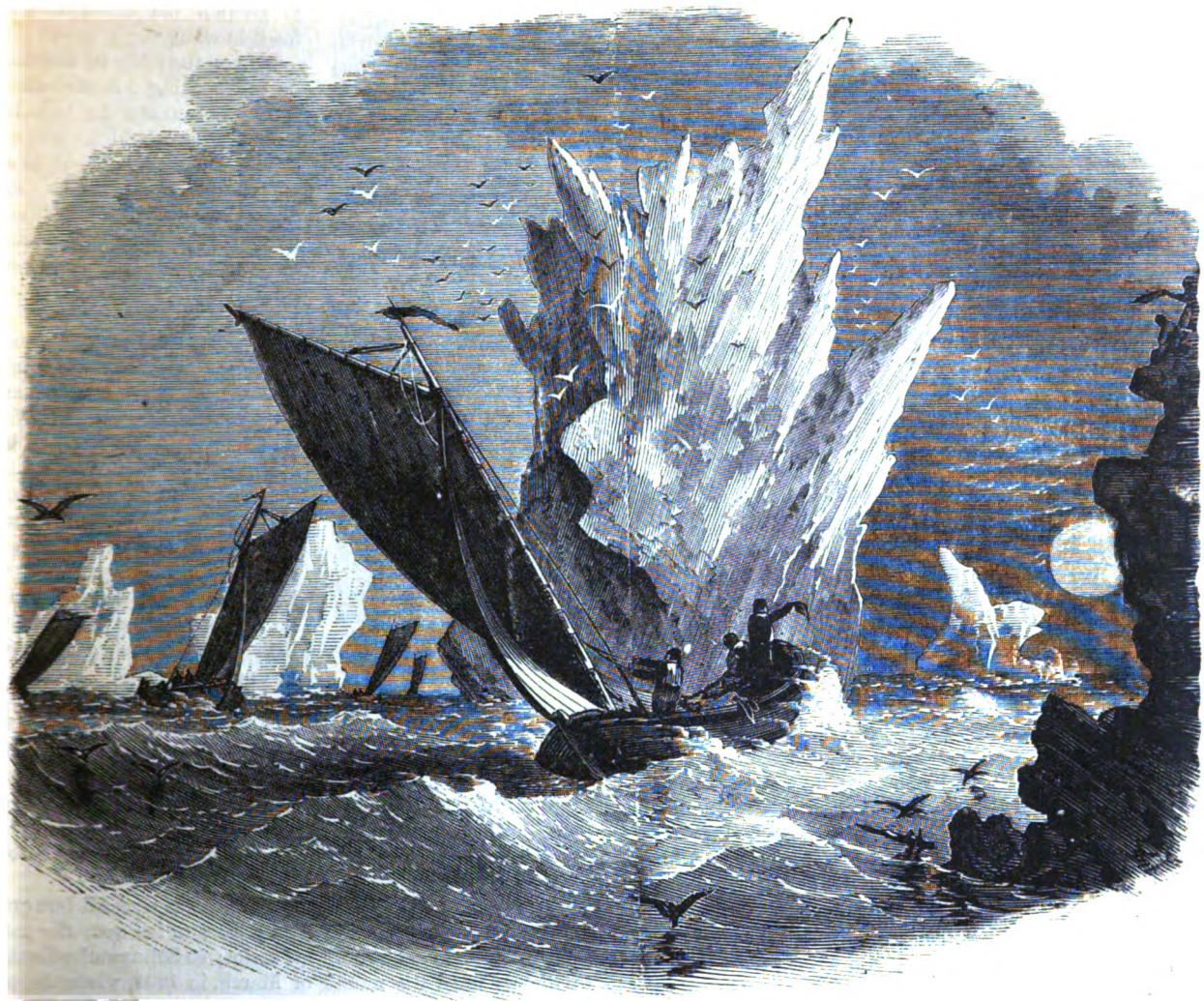
TUNNELED ICEBERG, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



BERG WITH THE TOP MELTED OFF, SHOWING EMERGENCE OF TUNNEL AND ANCIENT WATER LINES.



DESTRUCTION OF THE PACKET SHIP "JOHN RUTLEDGE" BY AN ICEBERG IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, FEBRUARY 20th, 1856.



AMONG THE ICEBERGS IN TRINITY BAY.

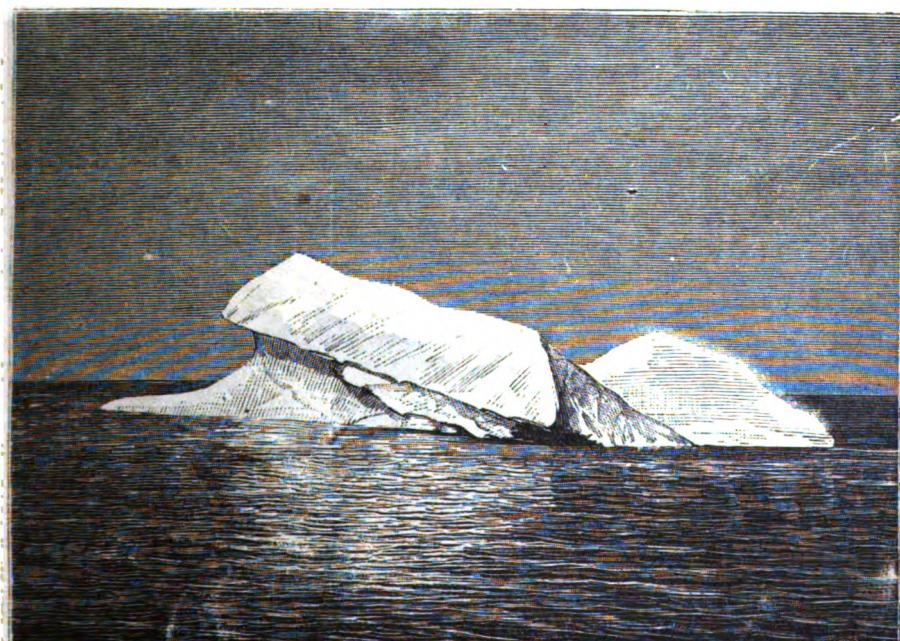
looked down upon the same huge object, which showed its bared back where the ice had melted away, and which looked like a vessel turned keel upward. He could not make out what it was—either when viewed from the front, sideways, or from the rock that overlooked this—the last of the gigantic elephants, whose tusks often measured fourteen feet in length, and whose heavy tramp had shaken the surface of the earth undated centuries ago—was imprisoned.

Old Schumachoff could neither make

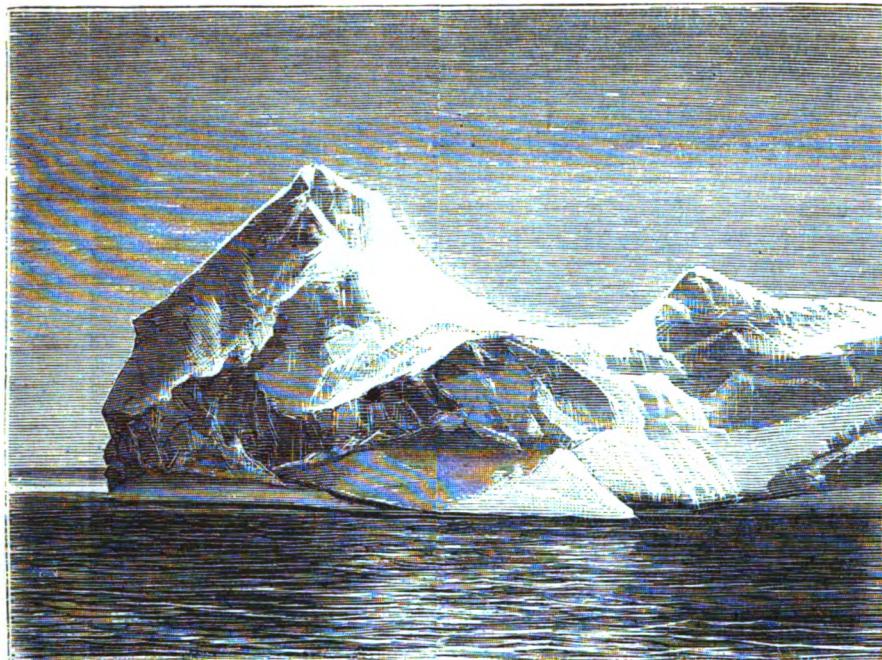
out the head nor tail of the huge dark mass imbedded in the ice; so, picking up a tusk here and there that had been washed on the beach from out the depths of the arctic seas,

in which the remains of thousands of mammoths and mastodons are buried, he jumped into his boat again, and rowed his way back along those silent and solitary shores to the borders of Lake On coul, where he had left his wife and family, and with them he spent the long Siberian Winter.

Spring came, and there were many hungry mouths to fill,



BROKEN BERG, SHOWING WATER LINES THROWN OUT LEVEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BRADFORD.



SHEETS OF SNOW DISSOLVING AND SLIDING DOWN A BERG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BRADFORD.

and but little to fill them with ; so the old hunter launched his boat once more, kissed and bade his family good-by, then pushed off again for the peninsula of Tamut, in the hope that during the long Winter months the stormy old sea might have tossed out of its depths and forever-hidden treasure-houses a few more of the bleached bones of the extinct monsters of the early world. Great was his surprise when he found the ice had partially melted from the huge block which had so much puzzled him, and now revealed the side and one of the giant tusks of a huge animal covered with hair ; such a monster as no mortal eye had ever looked upon for centuries before. He rowed back quicker than he came, and did not stop to hunt after any fossil tusks, so great was his alarm, to tell his friends the discovery he had made, and to ask their opinion of it.

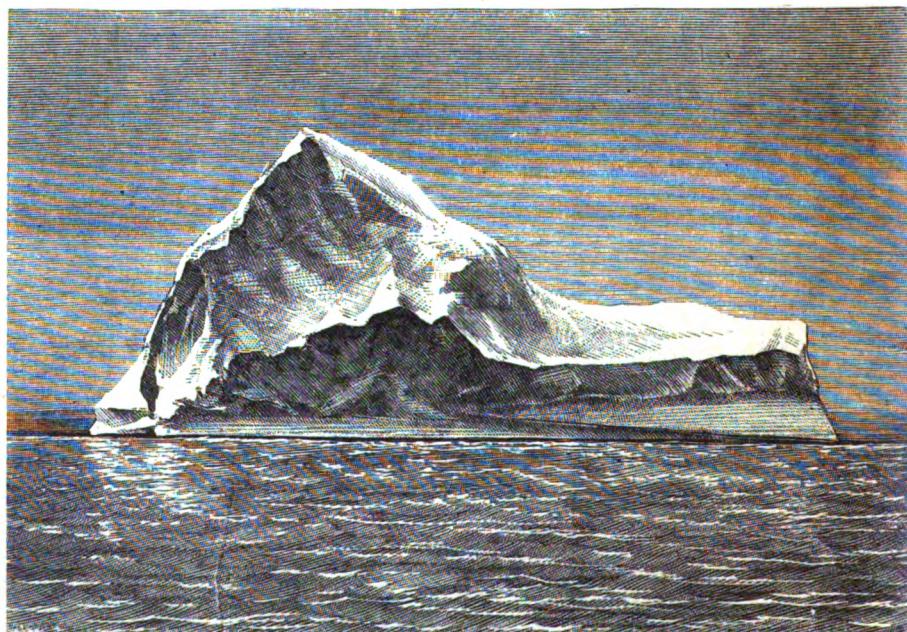
Great was the gossip, and many the guesses of the Tungusian hunters, who visited Schumachoff's hut on the border of the lake during the following Winter, and who received the news of his discovery with sorrow, while their reception of it filled him with grief.

They had heard, they said, old men talk of an older man who, some centuries ago, saw a similar monster imbedded in the ice on the same shore, though none of it was laid bare, like the one he had seen, and that the old man and his family had died speedily after he had seen it.

There was no doubt but that it was the same mammoth which Schumachoff had discovered, and which was now half denuded of its icy covering. These old men prognosticated only evil and future calamity to Schumachoff and his family. He grew so alarmed that he became ill, and was unable for many long months

part of its side. The fifth year he had better luck. The Summer was warmer, and the ice which lay under the mammoth, and had propped up his huge bulk through the long Winters and Summers of so many departed centuries, now melted and gave way. The chief support was gone, and down toppled this giant of the old world on his side, where he lay like a fallen Titan on the sand, brought down by his overwhelming weight.

The wish of the persevering hunter was now all but gratified, though there was too great a mass of ice over the mammoth's head to get at both his tusks ; so Schumachoff waited patiently until the month of March, in 1804, when he met with his reward, sawed off the enormous tusks of ivory, put them into his boat, rowed home with them, and, finally, found a purchaser in a merchant, named Bultunoff, who gave him goods of the value of fifty roubles for his hard-won treasure. Schumachoff did not die so soon as his brother



BERG SHOWING A NUMBER OF WATER LINES NEARLY PARALLEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BRADFORD.

to resume his occupation of fossil-hunting.

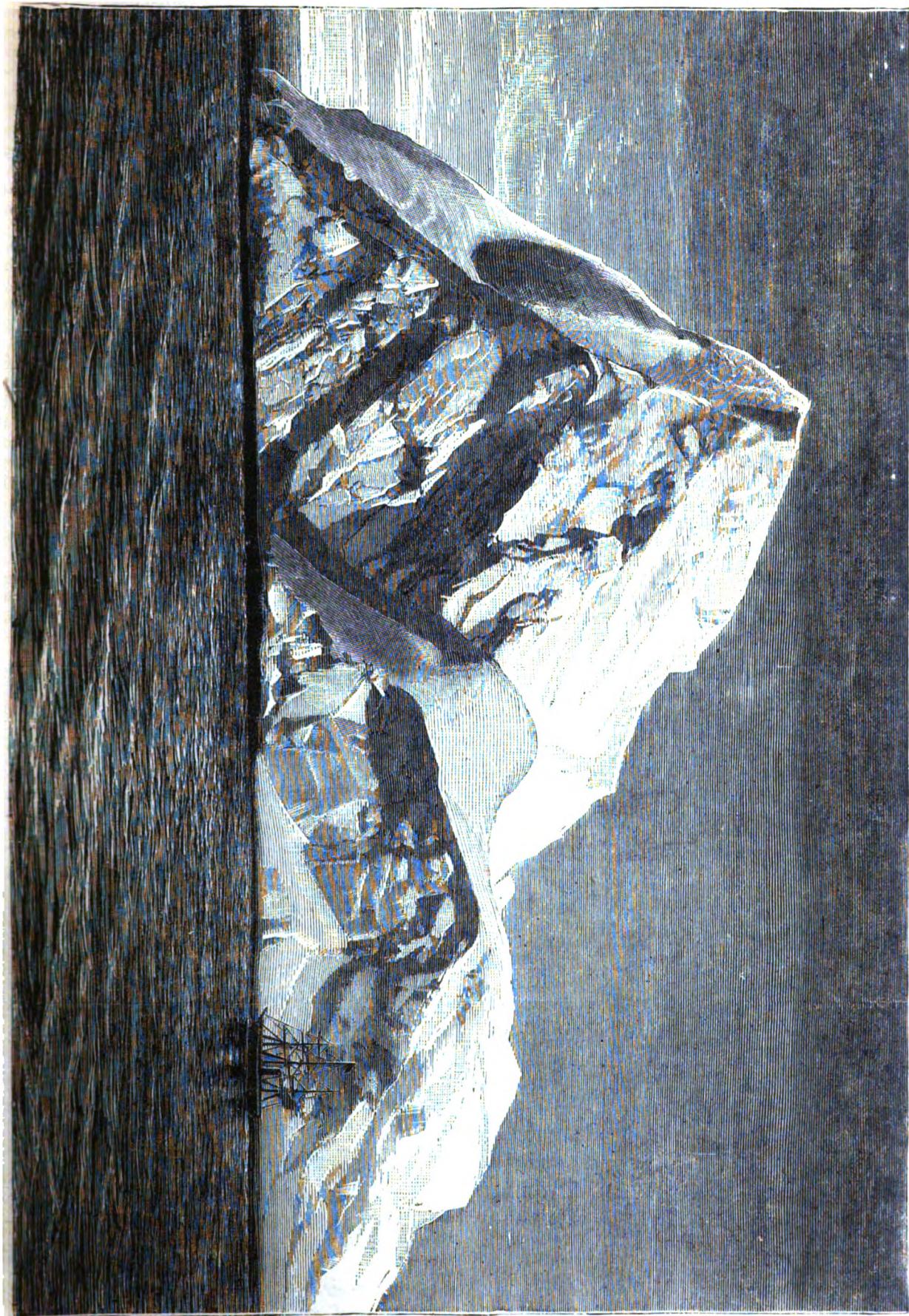
During the fever he fell into, he did nothing but rave about the huge monster he had discovered, and which he was afraid would break out of its icy house, swim across, and carry off both himself and family. The poor old hunter never dreamed that it had been dead and imprisoned there hundreds of years.

A cold, stormy Summer, which scarcely thawed an inch off the icy shroud of the mammoth, together with two Winters, had rolled away since the old hunter last looked upon his monster ; and four long years had now passed since Schumachoff first saw it, dark and indistinct, in its icy house ; so he rowed home again, seeing no more than he had before-time done—namely, a portion

of one of its huge tusks and a

part of its side. The fifth year he had better luck. The Summer was warmer, and the ice which lay under the mammoth, and had propped up his huge bulk through the long Winters and Summers of so many departed centuries, now melted and gave way. The chief support was gone, and down toppled this giant of the old world on his side, where he lay like a fallen Titan on the sand, brought down by his overwhelming weight.

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THE "PANTHER" ANCHORING BY THE SIDE OF A GIANTIC ICEBERG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. BRADFORD.

hunters had foretold; and, seeing that he had not only recovered from his illness, but that his family were all alive, and reveling in the profit he had made of the tusks of the monster, they also, in turn, went to visit it, and cut off enough flesh from the mammoth to feed their dogs upon during the Winter. But this giant was sadly

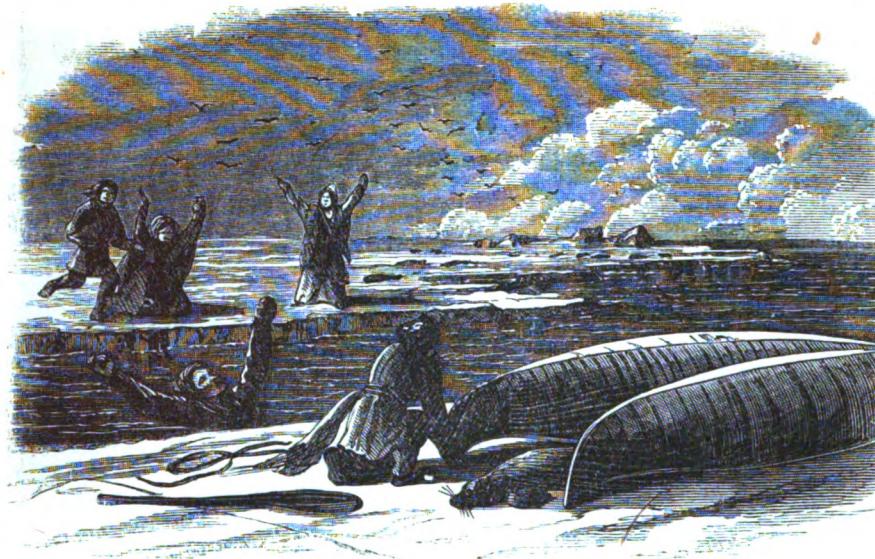
mutilated when they visited him. Only fancy feeding dogs upon the flesh of an animal, the years of whose existence that rolled away since it was first alive could not be numbered, and which had, probably, been rolling about in its icy prison years before the deluge!

In 1806, Mr. Adams, of Petersburg, attended by two Tungusians, visited the spot where the mammoth lay, like a huge ship on her broadside, and found the remains sadly torn and mangled. Not only the Jakusti had cut the monster up to feed their dogs during the two hard Winters that had elapsed since Schumachoff rowed off and sold his tusks,

parts of the skin. One of the ears was preserved, and was furnished with a tuft of hair; the lower lip had been gnawed; the upper one, with the proboscis, devoured. The brain was also there, but was dried up.

Schumachoff told Mr. Adams that, when he cut off the tusks, the mammoth was so fat, that its belly hung down below the joints of its knees. Although more than a quarter of the skin had been destroyed by the beasts that preyed upon it, yet when what remained was taken carefully off, it was so heavy that ten men found difficulty in carrying it.

This elephant—for the mammoth was an elephant—had



PERILOUS SEAL HUNTING ON THE ICE-FLOES.

but white bears, wolves, wolverines, and arctic foxes had been banqueting off him by scores, as the print of their numerous footsteps plainly testified.

The giant skeleton was still there, all but one foreleg, which it must have taken several bears to have dragged away, and the skeleton was held together by the cord-like ligaments and



WALRUSES ATTACKING A BOAT.

bristles on his skin nearly eighteen inches long, besides being covered with a thick coating of woolly and curly hair.

A portion of its skin, half an inch thick, is, at this hour, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London. The skeleton is in the museum of Petersburg, for the tusks were repurchased, and the gigantic bones are nearly perfect, though the fore-leg the bears carried off was never recovered.

In one of the late Arctic expeditions, a party of sailors detected on the other side of a precipice a fine white she-bear resting upon the ice with her cubs. Trusting to good luck to reach the spot afterward by a circuitous way and secure the prize, they deliberately fired upon the group, and, killing the cubs, wounded the mother so badly that she was unable to rise again upon her legs. They then proceeded to find a passage to the other side of the mountain of ice, but could not by any means reach the precipitous cliff to which the animals had previously



MAMMOTH FOUND IN AN ICEBERG.



WOUNDED BEAR WITH CUBS.

taken refuge. However, before giving up their attempt, they came to a bold eminence, which overthrew the spot, and beheld again the dangerous royal hosts of the frozen regions. Here they observed the piteous condition of the objects of their dread and cupidity; for the mother, hearing them, after finding that her cubs were cold and lifeless, raised her head, growling resentment at her murderers, and falling between her cubs, died, licking their wounds.

To return to the icebergs themselves. Though now formed only in the two Polar seas, there is scarcely any part of the world which at some time was not submerged, and where traces of the action of icebergs or of glaciers cannot be found. In parts now far removed from the icy regions there are marks plowed centuries ago by the passage of glaciers to the sea, or of icebergs dashing on the rocky coast lines of the primeval world. The topic is therefore one to which the attention of geologists has always been closely drawn, and from which they have been able to obtain much valuable information in reference to the origin of the present position of the rocks and drift of the globe.

HUMILITY is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust, the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

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THE CASSOWARY.

THE Cassowary (*Casuarius Emu*), is a bird of the ostrich family. It has a long bill, curving to the tip, the upper part overlapping the under. It is a stupid, glutinous bird, living on fruits, herbs, and occasionally on small animals. Its wings consist of five strong round shafts, without webs, but they are so imperfectly developed that it cannot fly. It

is, however, very fleet, and uses as a means of defense its powerful feet, the third toe on which is armed with a long claw. It lives in pairs in the forests of the Moluccas, New Guinea, and other islands of the Indian Archipelago, and is occasionally domesticated. The female lays three greenish spotted eggs on the bare ground, and sits on them at night for a month. In its internal structure, it resembles the ostrich more than common birds.



THE CASSOWARY AND ITS YOUNG.



CAST INTO THE LION'S DEN.—"ROSE GAVE UP TRYING TO REACH THE CARRIAGE, AND AS IT DISAPPEARED FROM HER VIEW, STOPPED, AND WRUNG HER HANDS."

CAST INTO THE LION'S DEN.

THE white roses, running over the bronze lions of the old mansion of Druid Wood, seemed the only fresh young life about the place. Of the inmates, Catharine Silver, the housekeeper, was old, the servants had proved their faithfulness by years, and their master was bedridden with the infirmities of age.

As for Constantina Limington, their mistress, she was neither old nor young.

But she was very handsome. She had piercing black eyes, features that seemed chiseled from marble, massive braids of dark hair, and a magnificent, stately figure. Her dress was always rich and sweeping, her manner dignified beyond a suspicion of weakness, her heart, so far in life, an undiscovered thing. She dwelt at Druid Wood, with her father and a companion—little Rose Went.

Rose was young, but she was never seen. Miss Limington neither rode, drove, nor walked, and Rose, also, appeared to be always housed. To be sure, the house was nearly as large as a cathedral, yet its interior was nearly as gloomy; for the windows were high and narrow, and the yew and willow trees pressed closely around them. It was only into the little oriel chamber which Rose occupied that the sun came freely.

But nearly all her time was spent in the west drawing-room. Miss Limington sat there, worked on a piece of marvelous embroidery which had been in the frame five years and was not done, listened to theological works read patiently by Rose, or maintained an unbroken silence for hours.

Rose used to wonder what Miss Limington thought of—how she felt.

There was not a pet of any kind about the house. There

were no pictures tender and fair, upon the walls, only the portraits of the cold, pale Limingtons. Nothing but the roses dared be fresh and beautiful, at Druid Wood.

As for Rose, it seemed to her that her heart was dying in her bosom day by day. Once, at twilight, after the roses bloomed, she stole out in the dark, put her face among them, and cried, agonizingly.

But what had a little orphan girl, taken into such a luxurious home, to cry for?

"Rat!—tat-tat-tat-tat!"

Was the massive brass knocker of Druid Wood mansion ever struck like that before?

Miss Limington looked up mutely from her embroidery-frame. Rose West started nervously, and turned as pale as ashes. A servant's footsteps went hurriedly down the hall.

A hearty, mellow voice asking for Miss Limington, a man's step, a man's bearded face, a hearty kiss—actually a happy laugh.

"Why, Connie, did you really never expect to see me again?"

He was all portmanteau and overcoat, bustle and cheer.

"Chilly country, this. Do have some fires, my dear cousin! How is your health? Where is my uncle? There's some baggage coming up in the train to-night—Canton shawl for you, Connie; set of Russian furs for my uncle; and other traps. Isn't it nearly your lunch hour? This air of yours keeps me half starved all the time!"

Open, bland, animated face, hair and mustache of pale gold, gray eyes that seemed gold also, a care free laugh, and a quick step.

"How pale you look! Why don't you have the sun in here, Connie? I should think you'd perish of cold."

Miss Limington murmured something about the trees.

"Have them cut down, all those old ewes—no use at all, and make the house very unhealthy. But I must see uncle Ralph!" starting out of his chair upon the hearth, where a servant had kindled a blazing fire. "Go up with me, Connie?"

They went away. Rose got up from the corner, where she had shrunk among the long window-curtains, and ran up to her own room.

Osband Limington had just returned from his travels—wanderings of four years. He found the race of his old uncle and guardian nearly run. Constantia was still her unalterable self. Druid Wood was denser, darker, gloomier, and less congenial to his tastes than ever.

"Who is Miss West, Constantia?" after dinner.

"My companion."

"Pretty, but distressingly pale. Where are the old carriage horses?"

"Dead."

"I'll have some more, and get you ladies out."

"I do not care for driving."

"Excellent custom! Get a riding-habit, and learn horsemanship, also. You don't object to dogs, do you, Connie?"

"Dogs!" said Miss Limington, faintly.

"Yes. Colonel Fay gave me a pair of fox-hounds; but they shall be kept tied up if they trouble you."

"You'd better keep them tied up, Osband."

"Very well. Let us go out on the lawn, and get some of those roses."

On the lower terrace, just beneath the cascade of vine and blossom, stood Rose West. The fresh air had brought a little color into her soft cheek, and brightened her eyes.

"You like them, also, Miss West? The only pleasant thing about the place," said Osband, indiscriminately. "Let us gather some, and have a little color and fragrance in those old drawing-rooms. I'm almost afraid they smell of mold. No; delicious! Just come down here, Connie, and hear the bees buzz!"

"No," said Miss Limington, from the great arch of the door above. "The stone of the terraces is damp."

She went away, sweeping back into the dark house.

But Osband and Rose gathered the flowers.

"How kind he was!" she said, in her heart. "Her eyes were blue as gentians," he thought.

MISS LIMINGTON had no desire to marry. She most earnestly wished also that her cousin might not marry.

She could hardly expect to have such a hope gratified. In fact, the wanderer of lands afar most ardently desired a wife and children. His restlessness made fair promises of ceasing. To be in a home—a domestic circle! And here, close at hand, was little Rose West—a face as sweet, a nature as tender, as he could find in many a day's journey.

And Osband had not a tinge of the Limington pride. He was like his lovely mother's family; and since Rose was fair and womanly, spoke with pure enunciation, and was truth itself, he did not care a straw that—she was a farmer's orphan.

So his kindness grew kinder, and his smile beckoned her on—sad little heart!—to the heaven of his love.

When a few weeks had passed, matters came to a crisis.

Osband was talking to Rose one morning, in the breakfast-room, when Miss Limington, who had been ill in her room for two days, spoke from the top of the oaken stair:

"Rose, I want you."

Rose sprang up, but Osband put her gently back in her seat.

"Stay where you are, darling."

Then, going out into the hall, he half ascended the stairs, and said:

"My dear cousin, I want Rose."

"You, Osband? What for?"

"For various reasons. And as I want her permanently, Connie, you may as well provide yourself immediately with another companion."

Constantia stared at him. When she was dead her face was hardly whiter than at that moment.

"Osband, you mean—"

"That I intend to marry her! Just that, my dear cousin!"

After a moment, Miss Limington turned and went, like one sleep-walking, back to her room.

Every one was locked out of the apartment for twenty-four hours. Then Miss Limington came down to dinner, bathed and perfumed, and apparently in her right mind. She introduced the subject herself.

"My little Rose is too young to think of marrying, my dear Osband. You are only fifteen, are you not, Rose?"

"I beg your pardon, I am eighteen!" said Rose, blushing.

"But that is very young. You will not be in a hurry, Osband."

"That depends upon what you call a hurry, Connie. I don't intend to be married to-day."

"And not this year?"

"Some time this Summer," said Osband, decidedly.

After this, Miss Limington went about brooding. She seemed but little unlike her old self, having always been silent, but all the time she was brooding.

THE white June roses had gone by. Later red ones tossed about the pillars of the old house in July. All was quiet. Osband and Rose were happy.

There was company to dine one day—some of Osband's friends from England. And one of the gentlemen, Lord Lennox, who was to remain several days, brought with him his valet.

Said valet was a lithe, affable young Italian, but there were no pretty housemaids at Druid Wood to have their heads turned by his black eyes and nice manners. Yet he made himself generally useful and popular—bestowed upon the old cook a receipt for fried cream, arranged the *épergne* of flowers and nectarines for the dinner-party, and listened modestly to the old gardener's stories, generally inflicted at most unseasonable hours—neglect of which gave the old man deep affront.

On the day of the dinner-party, Miss Limington, leaning from a window overlooking the garden, saw Giovanni and old Ascott standing in the walk below, engaged in deep conversation.

"Some folks don't believe it; but you are a sensible lad," she heard old Ascott say, "willing to hearken to what you are told. That lion escaped from a traveling show five years ago, and lies in that ravine now. A hidden place among the hills, but full of small game, and that creature'll probably live to a great age there, and never be-discovered. But I'm sartin he's there, because—"

Here Miss Limington lost the narrative.

"And what is this place—the lion's den—called?" asked Giovanni, who spoke with little accent.

"Robbers' Dark. Don't know anything about any robbers, but such pokerish places will get bad names. It is in the very heart of the old Valley Woods. Road isn't used that way. Used to be night-shade grove all along the banks of the brook—Still Brook, they call it, 'cause it don't make no noise."

The men strolled off. Miss Limington turned away from the window, crossed the room, and sat down in a chair. For an hour she did not stir.

By-and-by she rose, and looked at herself in the mirror. She was very pale, but her black eyes danced.

At dinner she was very pleasant. Lord Lennox pronounced her a fine woman—wondered if it were wise for Englishmen to marry Americans.

That evening, the old dressing-room lighted up, and full of flowers, Constantia said :

"My dear Osband, I wish you would teach me to drive."

"Why, Connie?"

"I am convinced that my habits are too inactive, my mode of life too secluded."

"Exactly. I will get a suitable horse for you to-morrow."

Four, six, eight driving lessons Miss Limington took. Then she said :

"Rose, I will take you to drive to-day."

Rose suspected no harm. How should she? She tied the blue ribbons of her hat under her dimpled chin, and sprang into the little basket-carriage beside Miss Limington.

The latter had somehow found which was the road to Robbers' Dark. It was a grass-grown way, tree-hung, damp and chilly even in August.

"Do you prefer this dark road?" asked Rose, shuddering.

"There are some rare ferns here."

In some parts it was hardly possible to force the carriage along. Poisonous weeds and rank vines covered the path.

"I am sure I never should find my way out," said Rose.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. What is that dark, rocky way?"

"It has a name I forget. Rose, I think I see the maidenhair fern. Will you get out and go between those trees? It grows right there, by a stone."

Rose sprang to the ground. She left her hat in the carriage, and one little gray glove. As she gathered the fern, Miss Limington gave Blanche a quick cut with the whip, and drove quickly away.

The dainty carriage tore along the dangerous path—Miss Limington did not mind the danger; a voice behind was calling to her. Her proud white face looked wild and furious. She lashed the frightened horse again. At length they dashed into the open road. Then Miss Limington pulled hard on the bit, but the horse would not stop; she had grown vicious—balked, kicked—finally precipitated the carriage against a tree.

Miss Limington was dashed upon a stump.

Meanwhile, Rose gave up trying to reach the carriage, and as it disappeared from her view, stopped and wrung her hands. Just then a snake raised its head near her feet. She screamed, and ran from it. After that she could not tell even in which way the road ran. She wandered about all day. At length the light began to fade.

Fortunately, she knew nothing about the lion. She tried to be courageous, say her prayers, poor child. Chilly and faint, she lay down upon the damp moss, with a rock for a pillow, and tried to sleep. Robbers' Dark was without a ray of light.

It was toward night when the inmates of Druid Wood became thoroughly alarmed. Osband and his guests set out to search. At length they came upon the wrecked carriage, from which the horse had freed herself by kicking. Not far from it lay Constantia Limington, dead. A fallen branch had pierced her temple.

Osband, with old Ascott, continued the search for Rose. Armed, by Ascott's direction, they treaded the wood.

At the edge of Robbers' Dark a huge, tawny animal leaped by in the shadows. The old man shouted.

"What was it?" asked Osband. "A dog? Ascott, here with your lantern! Thank God, here she is!"

A trembling little figure huddled among the dead leaves, wild-eyed, bewildered and breathless, yet alive.

"Rose, dearest, you are safe! Darling! darling!"

He lifted her in his arms, as if she had been a child, and bore her back to the warmth and light of life. Cheered, strengthened, at near daybreak she told her story.

"The horse took fright, I suppose, and ran away," she said.

They never knew the truth, and what did it matter? The victim was rescued out of the lion's den.

A NAMELESS HERO.

ALL our readers know that Holland is in many parts below the level of the sea, and that the latter is kept out by artificial embankments. The canals, which intersect the country in every direction, are closed by means of sluices—large oak gates placed at regular distances, which are opened, more or less, as water is wanted for the country, by men who live beside them for the purpose. Were these sluices not properly attended to, the canals might be over-filled, the country flooded, and the inhabitants ruined.

Many, many years ago a sluicer (as these guardians of the sluices are called), who lived at the ancient and famous town of Haarlem, sent his son, a boy of eight years old, to carry some cakes to an old blind man who lived about three miles off. The boy discharged his errand, received the blind man's blessing, and returned to go home.

The canals were quite full; for the Autumn rains had been very heavy. As the boy ran merrily along, the thought occurred to him that, as he had plenty of time to spare, he would go aside into the fields by the canal, and gather some forget-me-nots, which always grew in abundance there, and which his sister used to tie up in circular wreaths, and lay in a saucer of water, where they would blow for weeks together, and then take root.

He had collected a large bunch, when he began to find

that it was growing dark, and that he must hasten home, lest his mother should be frightened.

All was now still; as he went over the field on the homeward footpath, not a person was in sight. Suddenly, in the stillness, he heard a slight noise, as of water trickling on pebbles. He was close to one of the sluices, and he ran forward and looked at it carefully. Then he saw that there was a slight hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing.

He had been much with his father, and his experience thus gained taught him that the action of the water would soon enlarge the hole through which it was now only dripping, and that in a very short time there would be a great inundation and consequent ruin. He threw down his flowers, climbed along the sluice until he reached the hole, put his finger into it, and found, to his great joy, that he had succeeded in staying the flow of the water.

To his great joy, we say, for at the first moment his present success was the only thing that he thought of. But the second thought was not so pleasant. Night was now fast closing in; and it was now damp, and very cold.

He looked all around—not a creature was moving in the landscape, now growing dim. He shouted—again—once again. But perfect stillness followed. What shall he do? The child of eight years old resolved that he would stay there all night and do his faithful duty.

But already he was beginning to suffer severely from the cold, which was now increasing bitterly. The finger which he held in the little gap was benumbed, and the numbness extended itself first to his hand, then to his arm. The pain became almost intolerable, and still the boy moved not. He thought of his parents' distress—of his sister sleeping soundly—of his own vacant bed; and the tears ran down his poor little face. But if there was any faltering of purpose—any failure of courage, we know it not; there is no record of it.

All that we know is, that the day had broken, when his broken-hearted father, who had been seeking him all night, strayed near the spot, heard groans, and ran forward. There he found his child, seated on a beam, writhing with pain.

"Why, my boy—my dear boy! What in the name of folly are you doing there?"

"Keeping the water from running out, father."

Well, dear reader, you have heard of "great heroes," I dare say, who have won the title by destroying the lives of thousands of their fellow-creatures. But was not this a hero, too, seeing that he had that night saved the lives of thousands of his neighbors? He cannot be compared with those great men, it is true, for not even his name has been preserved, and no monument exists to him; but he was good, great, heroic, for all that.

BEAUTY OF MANNERS.—We imperatively require a perception of beauty and a homage to it in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and workyard; but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven and unrepresentable person.

Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigor, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains natural gifts. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite man. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat,



A NAMELESS HERO.—"THERE HE FOUND THE CHILD SEATED ON A BEAM, WRITHING WITH PAIN."—SEE PAGE 63.

puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius or a prodigious usefulness if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the part of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and to special gifts; but being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. Good sense, to sum up all, hates corners and sharp points of character; it hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; it hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties, whilst it values all particularities as in the very highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship.



THE ORIGIN OF THE PLOW.

A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWENDOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

IFE at the pretty little villa outside Marpeth had been delightful as the sweetest Summer idyl.

"If I never had another day's happiness in my whole life," said Lord Rylestone, one day, to his wife, "I should have no reason to complain, for I have had very many already."

The only drawback—if it could be called one—was that he did not like concealing from Margarita the whole truth about the will. More than once he sat down by her side determined to tell her all, and then he could not; he knew already that the fact of having stood in some vague way between him and fortune, the fear of being a burden to him, the dread that his love had cost him dear, had been almost too much for her. She was so keenly sensitive in all that concerned him; and he knew that, let him tell her when he would, she would make herself utterly wretched about the conditions of the will. So he resolved that she should not know; it might be that she would never know—and would not at least until time and toil had brought to him such prosperity that he could laugh as he told her.

"She shall be happy while she can—and I pray Heaven Vol. II., No. 1—5.

that may be forever," he said, gently—"and she shall never know the story of the will through me."

If in after years he blamed himself for his reticence, still he always remembered that he had kept silence for her sake, because he knew how sensitive she was, and because the knowledge of what he had sacrificed for love of her would have made her wretched beyond words. So they passed the pleasant Autumn and the Winter. With the springtide came a great change.

People could not at first understand matters. Lord Rylestone seemed to have disappeared, and Miss Cameron was living at Walton Court. The great world was much puzzled. It seemed as though there was a mystery. Miss Cameron herself cleared it up after her own fashion by saying one day in a crowded drawing-room that, as Lord Rylestone intended to go abroad, she had persuaded him to let Walton Court to her.

People smiled knowingly, and agreed that it looked suspicious—they decided that as Miss Cameron had a fine fortune most probably the affair would end in her becoming mistress of Walton Court altogether. Others said it was a sad thing for Lord Rylestone to go abroad—that traveling on the continent was a mania which ought to be repressed. But no one knew or guessed the truth.

Miss Cameron's anticipations proved to be well founded. Living at Walton brought her nearer to Lord Rylestone than anything else could have done. They had interest enough in common now. Something was constantly happening about which she had to consult him. Everything was submitted to him, and he could not help being struck by the great deference she paid to him. Every hint of his was acted upon at once—every wish, every desire, was carried out. He saw that she studied to please him, and he could not help feeling gratified. Moreover, her letters were so charming, so graceful—her language was so unaffected



and eloquent! Lord Rylestone had not one thought which could be construed as the faintest breach of the truth and loyalty that he owed his wife, but he delighted to read Miss Cameron's letters, and the beautiful loving young wife who watched him so incessantly knew that he did so.

Lord Rylestone was quick enough—few men had greater tact or keener instincts; but he failed to detect one thing—he did not see that Margarita was inclined to be jealous of the young heiress. It never occurred to him; had any one suggested such an idea, he would have laughed at it. His wife, Margarita—the girl whom he loved with his whole soul—jealous of one whom she had never seen! He could not have understood the intangible shadowy something that gradually assumed a dark shape to Margarita. He could grasp substances, not shadows—he could not fight the air.

In the Spring Miss Cameron went to London; it was not so much from her own wish as from the desire of Madame de Valmy and her charge's trustees. They represented to her that it was only right and fitting that she should take her place in the great world—that she must do as other heiresses did. Lord Rylestone's name was never mentioned. An elderly widow lady, a distant relative of the late lord's, Lady Carroll, wrote to her, and offered to introduce her into the best society if she went.

Adelaide felt no great desire to respond to the invitation, but Madame de Valmy knew exactly how to manage her.

"You have often expressed a wish to be able to serve Lord Rylestone," she said, earnestly; "now the way is open to you."

"How can I serve him?" she asked, eagerly.

"Make friends with the great ones of the land—the leading politicians, who are always open to the charm of a beautiful face. Exert all your influence in his favor, and then, when you hear of any vacancy under Government, ask for the appointment for him, as I sometime since advised you."

"I will," said Miss Cameron; and she kept her word.

They went to London—a pretty house had been taken for them in Mayfair—and then Adelaide began the great work of her life—to make friends for Allan's sake, to charm people by her wit and her beauty, her grace and elegance of manner, so that when she asked a favor for him it might be granted to her.

"The beautiful Miss Cameron" soon became one of the queens of fashion. Lady Carroll presented her at court, and then she became the rage; her bright blonde loveliness was the object of universal admiration, her queenly grace, her charm of conversation, a constant theme of discussion; wherever she appeared in public she was surrounded by admirers. She might have had any number of lovers but that she was cool, proud, and stately to all. Kind, gracious, and amusing enough so long as the bounds of mere social friendliness were not exceeded, to think of or to mention love was to lose her smiles forever.

Presently people began to notice that while she moved with such royal grace through brilliant crowds the friends she selected were all statesmen or statesmen's wives—members of either House or their wives. It was rumored that politics formed the one great interest of her life, whereas in fact she hardly knew the difference between a Whig and a Tory. The light of her lovely face was always turned upon the men who had power; she would have left the most interesting of conversationalists at any time to talk to a minister, however grave and old. It was only one high in office who seemed to have any charm for her.

People said she was ambitious; she passed on with a smile. They said she wanted court-patronage; she smiled again. What did it matter to her? All that people said was to her but as the humming of a bee to one whose ears are filled with the mighty roar of the ocean. She was true to the great aim of her life—working for him. She was true

to the vow she had made on that fair June night when she had walked under the light of the stars by the side of the man she loved.

She succeeded at last. A lucrative position became vacant; she brought all the charm of her beautiful face to bear upon a white-headed Secretary of State, and won the appointment for Lord Rylestone.

She remembered afterward with wonder all the trouble and anxiety she had had, all the suspense she had endured; and when from the lips of the great man himself she heard that her request would be granted, her face flushed, her heart beat quickly, and she clasped her hands in gratitude that had no words.

The great minister looked at her with a smile. He was old now, but he could remember the time when his heart had beaten and his pulse had thrilled like hers.

"How plainly she tells her secret!" he thought. "I shall never forget her gratitude, nor shall I forget her face."

"Lord Rylestone should thank you very much," he said aloud; "you have worked hard for him."

With swift alarm she raised her face to his.

"He must never thank me," she rejoined, "for he must never know. You must offer it to him, Sir John, as coming from yourself—he must know nothing of my agency."

"It shall be just as you wish, Miss Cameron," he said, "you have your own reasons. Then you wish me to write to Lord Rylestone and offer him this appointment?"

"Yes," she replied, "that is just what I want—as coming from yourself, without any mention of me."

"Exactly. I must not tell him that, in the height of the London season, when every hour is supposed to have its separate engagement, you have been content to wait weary days to find a chance of saying one word to me, and that word a petition for him—that you have given up balls, *fêtes*, and everything else to spend your time in waiting upon me?"

Her fair face burned with a crimson blush—her eyes shone with tears.

"No, Sir John, you must not tell him one word of that; it is a secret between you and myself."

"I shall remember. Miss Cameron, I should like to ask you a question."

"Don't," she said, with a charming gesture, raising one white jeweled hand—"questions are always difficult to answer."

"And this one perhaps would be more difficult than all? Well, I refrain; but I shall wait with some curiosity for news that time must bring me."

"Lord Rylestone will leave England at once, I suppose?" she said.

"In three weeks from now. He will be absent only two years; but, if he acquires himself well, he will rise—he will become distinguished."

"Heaven grant it!" she ejaculated, fervently.

Sir John was looking at her with a puzzled face.

"It is no business of mine, Miss Cameron," he said: "you have asked me a favor, and I have granted it. I ought not to display any curiosity, but I cannot help it. I thought Lord Rylestone had succeeded to quite a large fortune?"

"Did you?" she interrogated, evasively.

"He ought to have done so; the late lord was wealthy enough. An appointment that brings in only three thousand per annum is not much of a windfall for Lord Rylestone of Walton Court."

"I cannot explain it," she returned, hurriedly; "time reveals many mysteries—it may reveal this."

And then she left Sir John to his meditations.

"It is strange," he said to himself. "Miss Cameron is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen; and I know that

some of the best men in England are longing to lay titles and wealth at her feet. I cannot imagine her giving even one smile in vain; and yet it seems to me that she loves Lord Rylestone—and I hear no word of Lord Rylestone's loving her."

An hour afterward he wrote the letter telling Allan of the vacancy in Canada, and offering it to him. "It is not much in itself," wrote Sir John Freeling; "but it will, in all probability, lead to something better."

CHAPTER XV.



HAT letter came like a thunderbolt to the little villa at Marpeth. Lord Rylestone had not tired of his beautiful young wife, nor yet of his home—he was enchanted with both—but he had begun to experience many inconveniences. It was awkward to be seen once or twice during the week in London, and then have to evade all questions, to decline all invitations, to keep his marriage and his whereabouts a secret. It had been easy at first—people had not expected to see him; but now several months had elapsed since the late lord's death, and it was thought strange that he did not take his proper position.

"Lord Rylestone out visiting?" interrogated one of his friends.

"Yes," was the reply, "he is always out visiting; but the mystery of it is, no one ever seems to know where his visits are paid."

So that it had its drawbacks, this fairy-land life of his. It was not that the quiet home palled upon him or the loving young wife tired him—it was that he was in a false position; and the inconvenience of it preyed upon him more and more. He sat one May morning with Margarita, when a bundle of letters, forwarded from the club, was brought to him; amongst them was the one from Sir John Freeling. He read it with a flush on his handsome face, and a light as of new life in his eyes.

Margarita saw that he was pleased, and the next moment she was kneeling by his side, her soft hands clinging to him, her dark eyes raised to his face.

"There is something that pleases you, Allan," she cried; "something good has come for you at last."

With a startled glance he looked down at her.

"It is not all good, sweet; it has a bright and dark side. Read this, sweet."

He placed Sir John's letter in her hands, and then he reproached himself for being cruel—for startling her—for not remembering how sensitive and tender of heart she was. The beautiful color all died from her face, leaving her lips white and cold.

"It means going away, Allan," she cried—"It means leaving me!"

He lived many years afterward, and he saw many tragical scenes, but he never saw again on any human face such anguish as whitened hers then—he never heard in any voice such intensity of pain.

"I will not leave you, Margarita; do not look so frightened, love—I will never leave you!"

She drew a deep breath, her lips quivered.

"You must go—you must not refuse; he says it will lead to better things. It is the opening you have been looking for—you must go!"

And, as she uttered the words, all her strength seemed to leave her—her arms fell listlessly by her side, a long shudder, as though a cold wind had struck her, passed over her.

"My darling Margarita," said Lord Rylestone, "I would

not leave you for one week, not even to recover my lost fortune, unless you asked me to go."

"I am foolish to be so frightened," she continued; "but you need not fear for me, Allan. Still, I felt just now as though the bright sun had suddenly set, and left me in darkness—as though the earth had suddenly opened beneath my feet. Why need I be so frightened even if you should go away?"

She laid her head against his shoulder, so that he should not see the ghastly pallor of her face.

"I am reasonable now," she said, slowly; "tell me what the letter means, Allan."

"My dear child, what it means matters little, since it alarms you. I shall not even think of it."

"But you will tell me what it means?" she pleaded.

"It means that the Earl of Barton is going to Canada, and wants some one to go with him, as second in command to himself, do you see?"

"Yes, I understand," she replied, with the same strange gentleness.

"As Sir John says, it is not much—he little knows, Margarita, what three thousand per annum would be to us—it is not much, but it will lead to more. The Earl of Barton is a great man—I should say few statesmen in England surpass or even equal him; he has immense power—and you see, dear, if I gave him satisfaction in this, there is no knowing where it might end."

"It would be your stepping-stone to fortune," she said.

"Yes, you have aptly described it, dear."

She drew his face down to her own."

"Allan," she whispered, "if you go, could I not go with you?"

He thought for a few moments before he answered her, and then his words came very slowly.

"I am afraid not, dear. I remember just such another expedition some years ago. I was only a boy then, but I heard them say that Lord Riversham asked permission to take his wife, and was refused. You see, there is a great deal of traveling up and down the country; it would be almost impossible to secure suitable accommodation for ladies."

"Then, no ladies will be of the party?" she interrogated.

"No; I am sure the Countess of Barton will not go—she loves her London circle too well; and we should all be expected to follow our leader's example. But what any one else does has no interest for us, sweet. I will not leave you. I would not see that dear face grow white, and those bright eyes dim with fear, even to be made Governor-General of Canada. You believe me, Margarita?"

"I believe you," she replied.

"I shall write to-night and tell Sir John that I am compelled to decline."

She laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Wait, Allan, until to-night," she said. "I want you to think—I want to think myself. It is your stepping-stone to fortune—we must not be rash."

"It is not rash to remain with my beautiful wife," he said, laughingly.

"It might be rash to refuse three thousand a year," she rejoined, trying to smile. "Do not answer the letter until to-night, Allan. I am going now to—to tie up those falling roses; after tea we shall talk about it, and then decide."

He clasped her in his arms, and whispered loving, passionate words to her; he kissed the beautiful face; he told her, over and over again, that he loved her better than all the world besides; perish fortune, perish position, he wanted none of it—he wanted only her—the sweetest, dearest, truest, and most loving wife that man ever had; and she listened without speaking, but her arms tightened their clasp on him.

"You are very silent, Margarita," he said, presently.

"Am I? I must go to my roses, or they will be dead. See how many papers have come for you."

He did not notice how she hid her pale face from him—how she walked with uncertain steps from the room, and when she reached the door turned to look at him. Such a look it was, so full of passionate sorrow, of despairing anguish, that had he seen it he would rather have died than leave her. But he had already opened one of the newspapers, thinking to himself that he would never leave Margarita—never.

She went to her roses—the flowers which only that morning she had pitied because they must die. She raised the rich, drooping heads, and then let them fall with a passionate cry.

"Better to die—better to die!"

She passed on, leaving them to their fate. She wandered to the very end of the garden, where tall trees shaded the path so as to darken it, and there she stood still.

"I wanted to be alone," she said aloud—"alone with my sorrow. Oh, my love, my love, you must leave me, and I shall die!"

That was the burden of her tears. He must go. All her passionate love could not prevent her seeing that. Once he had sacrificed himself for her, now it was her turn to sacrifice herself for him.

She had stood between him and better fortune, inasmuch as he had married her, poor and obscure, when he might have married one who could have brought him wealth and noble connections; now she in her turn must sacrifice herself for him. She believed it to be her duty, as though an angel from heaven had stood forth and told her so.

She saw herself calm with the grandeur of a great sorrow, persuading him to go, telling him it was for the best, it was a stepping-stone to fortune—telling him he must be brave, and do without her for a few years. She raised her despairing face to the skies; her voice was hoarse with emotion.

"He is my own love, and my all, yet I must persuade him to go."

She tried to nerve herself by remembering how often before their marriage she had offered him his freedom because "it would be better for him"—how often since she had reproached herself for spoiling his prospects in marrying him—how she had longed that by some great sacrifice on her part she could bring him wealth and prosperity. Now the time was come; wealth, future greatness, future power, were sure to be his if she could but be brave enough to urge him to leave her.

"And I ought to do it," she said. "Oh, pitying Heaven, give me strength!"

CHAPTER XVI.

DURING the remainder of the day on which Sir John Freeling's letter offering the colonial diplomatic appointment reached Allan, Margarita tried to keep away from her husband. She made a hundred different pretexts for not sitting with him. She was busy in the garden—in her room. Lord Rylestone had never spent a day so completely alone since they had been married. She wanted to get over the first shock of her heart-break alone and in silence; for all that was best and most reasonable in her had decided that he must go.

Look at it how she would, there seemed to be no alternative. After all, it was an incongruous position for Lord Rylestone to be in—it could not last. He could not be expected to live always in the little villa, content to bury himself and his talents—to give up his life to one idea, and that simply love of her.

She remembered to have read that love was but one phase of a man's life, while it was the centre and soul of a woman's

existence. To man it was but one phase out of many; to woman it constituted all. And, though Margarita would most willingly, most cheerfully have lived her whole life at Marpath, content to be unknown, content to live without seeing or speaking to any one except her husband, she could not expect that he would be willing to do the same. Nor would it be reasonable. Heaven had given him many fair gifts; he must use them. She might clasp her arms round his neck, and beseech him to stay—and he would stay, she felt sure; but that would not be right. She was bound to do her best for him, and that best did not consist in trying to keep him there chained to her side, his talents wasted, his life blighted—that would be selfish love. No, she must bid him go, she must urge him to act, she must tell him that life held something grander and higher for him even than love, she must be what all good women should be, a guide and teacher.

Here was a chance for him of which any man might be proud—a chance for him to become famous in the annals of his country. The gauntlet of fame was thrown down to him; she must urge him to take it up. Life's grand challenge had been offered to him; he must not refuse it—he must respond to it at once.

The thought that ultimately decided her was this. He would go if he were not married—if he were alone in the world he would never dream of throwing away so grand an opportunity; why should he now? A wife should prove a spur to a man's energies, not a weight which dragged him down. So, as she sat unconscious of the warmth and fragrance of the fair morning, the certain conviction came to her that he must go.

At first the cloud of despair that hung over her was so dark that she could not see one ray of hope; but, as the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, as the birds broke into song and the soft cooing of the wood-pigeons reached her ears, almost insensibly there came to her a gleam of hope and comfort. He would return—in two or three years he would return—and then the result of the present sacrifice would be that he could acknowledge his marriage, and they could live in a style befitting his rank. Other husbands and wives had to part. Never a ship left the shore but that it took with it over the sea the heart's dear love of some man or woman. So she must be strong to bear as others bore; but, as she sat there, with the scent of the roses floating around her, she said to herself that she hated the girl who had stood between him and his inheritance.

"It is to her he owes her sorrow and disappointment—it is through her we have to part," she thought; and an angry pain darted through the loving, passionate heart. "It is through her I must lose my love," she said; "I shall not forget the name of Adelaide Cameron."

And then she rose from her seat and went back into the house. One would hardly have known her, so great was the change that had come over her. She looked as though a blight had fallen over her dark beauty—as though years of sorrow had suddenly descended upon her; the dark eyes had a shadow in them, the lips, so like scarlet flowers, were pale and drawn. Her husband called to her as she passed the window, but she made him some evasive reply.

"I must get accustomed to the idea that he is going," she thought, "before I venture to look upon his face again."

She re-entered the house and tried to interest herself in some domestic duties, and all the time she kept saying to herself, "He is going, he is going!" There was something pathetic in the trembling hands, the quivering lips, the face so full of passionate anguish.

Presently she went to her room to dress for dinner. She stood before the mirror with a dazed uncertain look. She was blind to her own rare beauty—to the white arms, the slender pink-tipped fingers, the wealth of dark hair, the

mouth like a rose. Almost unconsciously she put on an exquisite dress of rare white muslin with a dash of crimson, and fastened a crimson flower in the coils of her hair. The beauty of the straight supple figure was all lost upon her. She had but one thought, and that was that Allan must go.

"Margarita, cried Lord Rylestone, "what have you been doing all day? I have hardly seen or heard you."

"I have been here, dear," she replied, gently. "You know we agreed to discuss Sir John Freeling's letter in the evening, and I knew that you would want me then."

"I want you always," he said. "When you are away from me, it seems as though I were only half alive."

She smiled with quivering lips; but she had nerved herself to be brave, and brave she meant to be. He had sacrificed himself once for her; now it was her turn to sacrifice herself for him.

It was a very pretty scene, after dinner in the pretty villa—the room made gay with a few sweet-scented flowers, adorned with some fine pictures and rare statuettes, the table with its pretty arrangement of fruit and wine, blooming grapes and rich-hued Burgundy, being near to the window. Through the latter, which was open, came the scent of fragrant roses, and the breath of the Summer wind. Lord Rylestone reclined on a tempting-looking chair, and his beautiful young wife, with her white arms crossed, sat at his feet.

"We have to discuss Sir John Freeling's letter, darling," said her husband, looking at the graceful lines of her face and figure; "shall we dismiss it in two words?"

She raised her dark, beautiful face to his.

"No, it must not be dismissed, Allan. I have been thinking it all over. You must go."

He did not see how the slender hands tightened their clasp of each other, and the red lips trembled.

"Is that the resolution that my wise little wife has come to?" he asked, laughingly.

"Yes. You see, Allan, this kind of life could not go on for you; it might for me—I should be content and happy to live and die as I am. It is so different with you. You have the world to think of—you have a place to maintain in it—as a young man, a clever man, and a man with a grand old name. You have no right to bury yourself here. Your life is worth more than mine. If I buried myself here in obscurity, no one would miss me; if you do it, the world will clamor for you."

"It may do as it likes," he said, carelessly.

And then she turned to him, and, raising herself, laid her head on his breast.

"That is not quite all, dear. In the years to come you would never forgive yourself for not having gone, and you would never forgive me for not having urged you to go. At the end of ten years, should you find yourself still struggling as you are now, longing, dissatisfied, seeing others win the race for which you meant to run, you would not pardon yourself for your want of activity now; but, if at the end of ten years you should find yourself a man with a great name, a great position, all won by your own efforts, you would bless me for having urged you on."

He had grown quiet and thoughtful as she spoke, and when she had ceased he laid his hand on her head.

"I think you are right, Margarita," he said; "you are always right."

And then there was silence between them for some minutes. He was the first to break it.

"I must say, Margarita, that, for my own part, I should like to go; but it is leaving you, dear, that I feel."

"Never mind that," she responded. "We have been intensely happy during these last few months; we must live on the remembrance of that happiness until we meet again."

"Margarita," he said, "would you like me to make our marriage public before I go?"

She drew a long, deep breath as she listened. "Before I go!" Then he had accepted the sacrifice; and made no demur!

"I think not," she replied, slowly; "you are the person to be consulted, not I. I do not see that you would gain anything by announcing it; on the contrary, you would lose."

"How? I do not understand."

"If you leave me here as Mrs. Estcourt, I can remain where I am, in the pretty house I have grown to love so dearly, living quietly and at little expense; but, if you leave me as Lady Rylestone, I must go away from here—I must live according to my rank; and that would be a great drawback. Besides, I should not be so happy—I should have to run the gauntlet of the world's criticism and wonder and gossip all alone. Leave me here in peace, Allan."

"There is a great deal in what you say," he remarked—"a great deal of good sense, I mean. You would be happier here, in the home where we have lived, than you would be in London, or anywhere else. And when I return, dear, my position will be altered. I shall no longer be a poor man. I shall have taken my first steps on the road that leads to fortune. I shall be able then to take my sweet wife to a home worthy of her."

So, while the great flushes of crimson glory died in the western skies, they talked of the future, which was to be so tragical to them, of the pain of absence, of the happiness of meeting again—of how, in the after years, they would be thankful that they had had the courage to take this step.

"I am sure it is for the best," said Lord Rylestone; "the more I think of it, the surer I am. See what it is to have a brave wife, Margarita. If you had said 'Stay,' I should have stayed."

"I should always advise what is best for you," she returned.

"So I believe. Oh, Margarita, what happy thoughts I shall have to comfort me in my absence! Only think, if I went away, and had no one to love, how cold and dark and barren my life would be!"

She clasped her arms around his neck.

"You will not forget me, dear, while you are away; you will not learn to love me less!" she interrogated, pleadingly.

"When I forget you, Margarita, may Heaven forget me!" he said, solemnly; and, in the deepening twilight, he told her again and again how dearly and truly he loved her.

CHAPTER XVII.

ADAME DE VALMY and Miss Cameron sat alone in the drawing-room of their London mansion. The post had just come in, and it had brought a letter from Lord Rylestone to the young heiress. She read it, while the rose-flush deepened on her face and the light brightened in her eyes.

"That is good news," she said to madame. "Lord Rylestone has had an excellent appointment offered to him."

"I am glad to hear it," responded Madame, cordially. "What is it?"

"To accompany the Earl of Barton to Canada," replied Miss Cameron. "He seems in high spirits about it."

"I am very pleased," returned madame. She knew, just as though she had been told, through whose influence that offer had been made; but madame had more than an ordinary share of tact. Miss Cameron had not mentioned the

matter to her, so she would not appear to suspect anything of it.

"When does he go?" she asked.

"In three weeks' time he says that he shall be in London to make his arrangements, and then he will call upon us."

And, as Adelaide thought of the infinite pleasure that interview would give her, she smiled with such grace and sweetness that madame was struck by it.

"How can he be so blind, this Lord Rylestone?" thought madame. "How can he fail to see that she loves him as few men are loved?" Still, being the soul of discretion, and that discretion eminently French, she said nothing of what she thought.

But Adelaide was not quite so reticent. She had no thought whatever of letting her secret be even ever so dimly guessed at; but it was wonderful how many times each day his name was on her lips. It was easy to see that her mind and heart were full of him. Madame smiled at the transparency of her secret. Of the day that he would come, of what he would do, of what he would say, of how he would like Canada, she never seemed to tire of thinking or speaking.

If the old proverb that "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" was true, then indeed was Adelaide Cameron's heart full of the man who had put her so quietly out of his life, and had refused to enrich himself by marrying her.

Lord Rylestone had his faults, and, though he had a perfect right to please himself, still it was not quite right of him to keep his marriage a secret. He would have proclaimed it throughout the whole world, rather than have hidden it, if he had thought doing so would have prevented the least evil. He had not the faintest idea that Adelaide even liked him, in a very limited sense of the word. He was willing to befriend her and help her, ready to be of service to her, kindly compassionate because of her loneliness, sorry for her because he saw that she felt acute sorrow and displeasure concerning the late lord's will; but that she was disposed to like him, that she gave him the kindest thoughts, he never even dreamed.

If any one had told him that she loved him, he would have laughed the idea to scorn. If he had even gleaned from her letters or her manner that she was disposed to like him, he would have told her his secret directly—he would have confided his love-story and his marriage to her. As it was, he would just as soon have thought of confiding in the Empress of China.

Adelaide Cameron was nothing to him but the niece of the man from whom he had inherited his title and estate, the girl who had unwillingly deprived him of a noble fortune, who had, with himself, suffered untold annoyance from a capricious and unjust will. She was a girl who had a claim upon his compassion and his services, because through him she had suffered great humiliation. He could now see the one weak point of his life—the one way in which he had done wrong. When he had heard the will read, he ought at once to have said:

"I cannot comply with the condition as to marriage, for I am pledged to marry a lady whom I love."

If he had but said that at the time, all would have been plain sailing for him afterward. He could not imagine why he had not. It seemed so simple, so straightforward; but at the time it had not occurred to him, and now it was too late. Not having said it before, he could not say it now; he had been so bewildered at the time, so unhappy, so dazed by the sudden blow, that he had not been able to collect his senses.

Still there was no harm done; he was not responsible to any one for his actions; he was his own master; he had done that which had seemed best for Margarita's happiness and his own.

He was to go to London for a few days before he started for Canada, and then, as he told Miss Cameron, he would wait upon her. It was to be purely a business call; there were several documents to be read over, agreements and inventories to be signed, before she could become his tenant, and all this he proposed to do when he paid his visit. He was singularly free from vanity, or he would have guessed from Adelaide's letter how pleased she was at the notion of seeing him. She wrote to ask him to dine with them and spend a long evening, so that they might talk over all that was to be done at Walton while he was away.

The contents of that letter Lord Rylestone read aloud to his wife; and he did not see the shadow of pain that flitted over the beautiful dark face as he did so.

"Miss Cameron often writes to you, Allan," she observed.

"Yes; her letters are all about Walton. It is astonishing how fond she is of the place," he returned, carelessly; and then he continued, "You were saying to me the other day, Margarita, that you did not like letter-writing."

"Nor do I, except when the letters are to you," she confessed.

He laughed at her words.

"Some day, when you have time," he continued, "I should like you to look over Miss Cameron's letters; they are admirable—so well-written and so amusing. She seems to have the peculiar art of making an incident out of the smallest thing that occurs. You should read them."

The least wish that he expressed was as law to her.

"I will read them," she promised.

"And then you will know more about Walton than ever I could tell you," he continued. "I do not think there is a leafy nook, a venerable tree, a running rill, that is not mentioned in Miss Cameron's letters. You will learn every detail of the place by heart in reading them. I have not made any particular point of saving them, but I believe that you will find most of them on the letter-file."

"I will collect them," she said, calmly, "and read them when you are gone."

If any vague suspicion of jealousy had ever crossed her mind, it must have died in that moment when he asked her to read those letters. She smiled even at herself, but for all that the vague nameless fear of Adelaide Cameron remained.

When Lord Rylestone went to London as arranged, he had first to wait upon the Earl of Barton, and then to make a few business calls. Amongst other visits, he paid one to Mr. Beale.

"I saw our beautiful young heiress the other day," said the lawyer to him. "How greatly she is admired! Between ourselves, I am told that the Marquis of Hedington is quite épis. It would be a fine thing for her. He is a clever man."

"I should say that she could not do better," returned Lord Rylestone. "Miss Cameron is beautiful enough for wealth to be dispensed with; as she has both, she must be irresistible."

"I wish you had found her so, my lord," said the old man, with a courtly bow.

Lord Rylestone laughed.

"I am sure the Marquis of Hedington does not wish so," he said. "I am delighted to hear of her success. She deserves it all."

As he went on to Miss Cameron's residence he could not help thinking of what he had heard. It would be strange if, after all, she became the Marchioness of Hedington.

"I feel sure," he thought, "if the late lord had taken her to London for only one season, he would never have made that will. He would have seen that with her great loveliness she could have done far better than marry Lord Rylestone of Walton."

As he entered the house he never even guessed how its mistress had prepared to receive him, how restless she had been from the time that she had heard that he was coming until he came. He knew no more of that flutter of half-awakened hope and expectation than he did of the hopes of one whom he had never met. She had really known no rest; she had lain awake whole nights thinking what she should say to him, and how she should say it, wondering if he would be kinder to her, more interested in her, or if they would meet coldly as they had met before.

Alida, her maid, could not imagine "what had come to Miss Cameron." She had always been so easily pleased—nay, almost indifferent—about her toilet, but on this day, when a visitor was expected, nothing pleased her. At last, to the little *Parisienne's* intense relief, she decided upon a dress that suited her fair, queenly loveliness to perfection—a pale, soft, shining blue silk, with delicate lace at the throat and wrists. She had some pale blue flowers fastened in her hair; and Alida, who had a true *Parisienne's* eye for the beautiful, declared that she had never seen her lady look so well before. The delicate rose-bloom was heightened, the light in the violet eyes deepened. She smiled as she looked at her reflection in the mirror. Lord Rylestone surely could not fail to admire and like her.

Her heart beat quickly as she entered the room where he was. She had so longed to see him, she had counted the hours until he came; but now, when she saw him and could speak to him, her courage failed.

He held out his hand to her as she entered the room, thinking to himself what a superb marchioness she would make, smiling as the fair face grew crimson and the golden head was raised in stately grace.

"We shall never meet as strangers again," he said; "I am beginning to look upon you as part of Walton, now."

They were simple words, apparently with little meaning, but they seemed eloquent enough to her. Her eyes shone with the brightness of stars.

"You have altered since I saw you," said Lord Rylestone; "you have lost your old sad, depressed look. You must have found Brighton and its neighborhood very beneficial."

She smiled; how little he knew—how little he guessed!

"I am both happier and better than I was on the day I went to Brighton," she said—"but I want to talk of you, not of myself. You will spend the day with us, of course."

Yes, he would be only too happy to do; Mr. Beale was to meet him, and, with Miss Cameron's permission, they would read and sign all the necessary documents.

"Then I shall be really your tenant," she said. "How strange the circumstance seems!"

"It is very pleasant to me, remember," he returned. "I shall like to think that my home is in the hands of one who values it as you do."

"Do you like going to Canada?" she asked, with curious abruptness.

"For some reasons, but not for others. The peculiar position in which I am placed obliges me to do something, and I do not know that I could have a finer opening than this."

"It will lead to something better, then?" she interrogated.

"Yes; there is not the least doubt of it—that is my chief aim in going."

She saw that he had not the remotest idea that it was she who had befriended him. She raised her face to his.

"How came Sir John to offer the appointment to you?" she asked.

"I cannot tell, unless he has dealings with some good spirit, and that good spirit told him that I stood in urgent need of it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE hours of that day went all too quickly. Adelaide noted them as they vanished. Each time the silvery chimes of the ormolu clock sounded they brought fresh pain to her. This one day for which she had longed so intensely was passing quickly, and when it had come to a close he would be gone, and for years she would not see him.

Allan was very kind and considerate. She saw his face flush crimson when the question of rent for Walton was under consideration. She knew that the impulse was strong upon him to refuse it—to beg of her to make the place her home just so long as she would. And then, with a laugh that had some little tinge of bitterness in it, he remembered himself.

"I had forgotten that I am a poor man," he said.

Mr. Beal, with his quick business-like tact, managed to get over every difficulty, and the result was a very harmonious meeting. The lawyer decided on what terms Miss Cameron should take Walton, and by the time all was satisfactorily arranged it was the hour for dinner.

"My one beautiful day," thought Miss Cameron—"it is going so quickly. There are but four hours more, and then he will be gone."

Madame, who had been present at the whole interview, and who had watched keenly and listened attentively, drew her own conclusions.

"He is as far from loving her as ever," she said to herself. "He is her friend, but he will never be more; and she, poor, simple, foolish child, will never love him less."

The happy excitement of his presence was enough for Miss Cameron. She did not stay to analyse her own thoughts, to measure his words. She remembered only that he was in her presence, and that to-morrow he would be gone. She would make the most of her time while it lasted. She went down to dinner, looking very beautiful in a dress of superb white silk, trimmed with pale green leaves. She wore a suite of pearls, the late lord's gift, and altogether she looked delicately lovely.

Allan had been very kind to her. No word that could by the wildest imagination be construed into an attempt at flirtation had crossed his lips, but his kindness had given her fresh life, and seemed more to her than the love of any other.

When the dinner was over, and madame was playing chess with the lawyer, Adelaide went out on to the balcony, and Lord Rylestone followed her.

"My time is getting short," he said—"I must leave at nine."

She made no reply; she was looking over the stone balustrade, and he thought she was gazing on the scene below. It was a fair, soft, sweet evening scene; the trees of the park stood tall and dark in the fading sunlight; the roar of the great London world seemed stilled; the wind whispered soft and low, the flowers were breathing fragrance, the pretty mignonette and climbing plants half filled the balcony; and above all were the solemn, tremulous stars.

"When I am in Canada I will remember this pretty scene," said Lord Rylestone, "as one remembers a sweet strain of music, the words of a song, or the beauty of a picture."

As he spoke he looked at her. The golden hair gleamed; the proud, pale, beautiful face, with the green foliage as a background, was perfect; the white face and clear pearls all went toward making the sweetest picture he had ever seen.



Yet, when he spoke, he was thinking not so much of her as of the pretty evening scene.

"Shall you remember it?" she questioned, quietly. "Ah, Lord Rylestone, when you think of it, will you think of me?"

Her voice trembled with passionate emotion, but he did not notice it. He thought her words were simply the ordinary request that one friend would make to another.

"Think of you? Most certainly I shall, Miss Cameron; we have been fellow-sufferers, and, therefore, should be friends."

"I have few friends," she said; "and I like to think that in far-off Canada I shall have a stanch one."

"You will indeed. How sweet this mignonnette is! What is the botanical name for it? I remember—*Reseda odorata*. I shall always associate *Reseda* and you in my thoughts. A spray of mignonnette will bring this balcony and a pale starlight, the golden gleam of your hair, the memory of your face, all as clear and as vividly as I see them now."

"And, when you think of me, will you always remember that I am so sorry for the unconscious wrong I have done you—that I would willingly undergo almost anything to undo it?"

"I will not forget," he said.

And then over the trees in the park came the clear, full sound of a church clock striking nine. Each stroke, to Miss Cameron, seemed clearly and distinctly on the warm, fragrant air to carry with it the voice of inexorable doom.

"Nine o'clock," said Lord Rylestone. "I must go."

She could not turn round with a careless gesture and speak indifferent words, she could not smile, she could not hold out her hand; she was mute, dumb, dazed, with her passionate sorrow.

"I heard a little rumor to-day," he added, "and, if the circumstance alluded to will promote your happiness, Miss Cameron, I shall hope that it may take place."

But she did not hear him. A great wave of sorrow had overwhelmed her; the rush of many waters was in her ears. Slowly she came to the full recollection of where she was and what she was doing. Lord Rylestone was bidding her farewell—her one happy day was over, and he was going away for years.

She turned her pale, proud face toward him, and he was struck by the anguish in her eyes. Still he did not think it was for him; she could have but one source of annoyance—the will. So, impulsively enough, he held out his hand to her.

"Promise me," he said, "that you will think no more of that horrible will."

"I will try," she said, faintly.

"Everything is for the best," he said; "we are bound to believe that, and a most comforting doctrine it is. I have something to thank the will for; it has enabled me to prove the noble disinterestedness of a noble woman."

The words he spoke referred to his wife, but Adelaide imagined that he was speaking of herself.

"I have not time to tell you all my story now," he continued—"I wish I had—but you shall hear it when I return. I cannot say that it has been all evil to me."

The words thrilled her with a strange, passionate delight. He must be referring to her—it must be of her he was thinking. And then another clock struck the hour, and Lord Rylestone turned to enter the room.

"Stay one moment," she said, gently. "I do not wish to go in; I will say good-by to you here."

Out under the pale-eyed stars, amid the odor of the flowers, beneath the falling dew—out where the pulses of the night throbbed so languidly and so softly, she would say adieu.

"Let me bid you good-by here," she said; "and then in your picture of the balcony you will always see me."

For the first time he thought there was something unusual in her voice and manner—what it was never occurred to him. He took the white hand she held out to him. With a little passionate cry from her heart there went up an earnest prayer to Heaven that she might have strength to guard her secret even in this most trying hour.

"Good-by," he said—"in old-fashioned parlance, I pray Heaven to have you in its keeping."

He never forgot the dumb anguish in the eyes raised to his.

"Good-by," she said, simply; "and I pray Heaven to send you back safely."

Then she turned away, and the next moment he was gone. She leaned over the stone balustrade and tried to watch the light dying on the trees, but for many long minutes she was quite unconscious of all around her. She never even afterward thought it strange that Mr. Beale should have left without wishing her good-night. She never knew that he had gone out on to the balcony for that purpose, and that, seeing the white face with its passion of despair, he had turned back silently and departed without a word.

Madame de Valmy had kindness mingled with her tact. She knew how the time was passing after the gentlemen were gone. She respected the silent sorrow of the proud young heart. Presently she went to the curtain that divided the balcony from the room.

"I am very tired, Adelaide," she said; "will you excuse me if I say good-night?"

"Good-night," replied a voice so hoarse and low that madame hardly recognized it.

She went to her room, and, as the thought of the sorrow and desolation in that lone soul, madame thanked Heaven she was no longer young enough to love and to suffer.

CHAPTER XIX.

O misgiving pursued Lord Rylestone as he went from London back to his own home. Anything unusual that he had perceived in the manner of Miss Cameron he attributed to her over-sensitiveness on the subject of the will. He felt some little surprise at finding her so warm of heart, and he smiled to himself as he remembered his preconceived notion of her.

"It is not often," he thought, "that those queenly blonde beauties are so tender of heart. One looks for affection and warmth of disposition in a dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty like Margarita."

His time now was short; in four days he would sail from England's shores, leaving behind him as true a heart as ever beat. The pathetic memory of those four last days never left him—the sad, sweet face of his wife, with its dark eyes so full of repressed sorrow, the quivering of the beautiful lips, the sad smile that ended in a sigh, the attempts to be gay, the manner in which she would begin to sing some careless snatch of song, as though to show that she did not feel so very unhappy, and the piteous way in which the burst of song died away, leaving blank sorrow behind it.

There were times when her courage altogether gave way—when she would go and sit quietly at his feet; and he knew, from the expression of her face, that her heart was sick with despair. But through it all her courage never failed her, never yielded. She would speak brave words to him when her face was white with her own passion of sorrow.



"IF A BODY MEET A BODY COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE;
IF A BODY KISS A BODY, NEED A BODY CRY?"

They sat together one evening, the last but one before his departure. They were watching the stars, and the faint light that seemed in some strange way to linger between heaven and earth.

"After all, Allan," she said, with a deep sigh, "we are not the only husband and wife who have had to part; and yet, when the love is true, as ours is, when the marriage is one of real affection, as ours is, it is like dividing a living soul. I do not believe there is another sorrow like it."

"Nor do I," he returned.

Her face was raised so that the pale starlight fell on it, and he marveled at its loveliness.

"All the time I am away, Margarita," he said, "you must try to think of pleasant things—think of our happy reunion, and how glorious it will be when I show the world what a beautiful, loving wife I have had the happiness of finding. Do you know, sweet, that last night I dreamed I was at Walton, and that my wife was giving a grand *réve* there? I fancied that I was looking for a white camelia to fasten in your hair."

"You dreamed you were there with your wife? Did you see in your dream the face of her who you fancied was your wife?"

She asked the question in quick, hurried fashion, waiting with wide-parted lips for the answer.

"Whose face should I see except yours? Why, Margarita, you startle me! What a strange question!"

"Is it strange? I think your going away has developed a tendency to 'strangeness' in me, Allan. I have curious fancies. I never thought that I should be strong enough to bear any great sorrow, and I do not think so now."

He looked anxiously at her.

"You must drive strange fancies away, Margarita; they make great havoc in an active brain like yours."

She did not seem to understand him; but she drew his face down to hers, and pointed to the pale gleaming stars.

"Allan, tell me, do you think that, if anything should happen to part us—some great sorrow, some great mistake, or death—we should meet there, beyond the stars, and be happy for evermore?"

"Certainly I believe it, sweet."

"If I were parted from you—if I died first—should I wait there, beyond the stars, for you?"

"Yes, there is no doubt of it," he replied.

"I can fancy myself dying with my hand in yours, just as it is now, and going away, to wait for you; but, Allan, what if, after I had gone away, you loved some one else? Then you would never come to me."

He touched her hands, and found they burned with hidden fever; he laid his hand tenderly on the white, broad brow.

"You are overwrought, Margarita," he said, with grave gentleness. "I cannot tell what passes in the other world, nor whether human love will influence us there; I know not whether amid a crowd of bright spirits you will seem brighter to me because you have been my dearly loved wife on earth—I cannot tell. I hope so. But all the love I can give you in time and in eternity is yours."

"I have a great store of jealousy lying dormant," she observed. "I believe that, if I were to die, and in the years to come you, forgetting me, married again, I could not rest in my grave, Allan. I am quite sure I could not. I must have all the jealousy of a Spaniard. The thought that some day you might sit and look into other eyes, as you are looking now into mine—that some day you might clasp another hand as you are holding mine—I could not for a moment entertain."

"Then why speak of it, darling?" he asked, with calm gravity that contrasted strongly with her passionate excitement. "Why think of such things? They are perfectly

useless; they only make you miserable, and they make me very unhappy."

With a little cry of remorse she caught his hand, and kissed it again and again.

"You are right," she said; "it is very foolish—the dead sleep well. But I have not been myself, I believe, since it was settled that you should go away. These strange fancies turn my brain. I find in myself capabilities of hatred, of jealousy, of sorrow, that frighten me. I have two selves—the bright, happy, laughing self that you loved first, and a second self all fire and passion."

"If you talk in that way, Margarita," said Lord Rylestone, gravely, "I will not think of going away at all. Why, my darling, to win a kingdom I would not leave you, if you take my departure so sorely to heart as this!"

She passed her hand over her brow, as though she would fain chase away the shadow.

"I always talk nonsense in the starlight," she said, with a strange little laugh. "We will talk about your coming home. I am frightened at myself to-night—I feel like a man who looks down into the mouth of a yawning gulf and thinks he may fall in. We will talk about that happy day when you shall come back. I wonder how the sun will rise that day, Allan. I have always loved its light, but it will be brighter than ever to me then. Let me hold both your hands while you tell me all about it."

But he drew her closer to him, and she sat with her head on his breast and her face raised to his while she listened to all he said about the future home-coming.

"It is a great thing to have a home like this," he said. "My heart would not grow as warm at the thought of going back to Walton as it does at the idea of coming back here. I shall have the picture of our pretty house, buried in its green foliage as it is, with me wherever I may go. I shall see this window with its frame of roses and passion-flowers, and your fair face, Margarita, fairer than any flowers that ever bloomed, waiting for me here."

He talked to her until she had in some measure forgotten her dark fancies, and then it was time for rest.

The day of parting came at last, and to Lord Rylestone it was almost a relief. The suspense for both of them was terrible, and, for his wife's sake, he saw that the sooner it was ended the better. She was growing white and wan, with great dark circles round her eyes as of one who wept and watched incessantly. When any color came to her face, it was a burning hectic flush. For her sake the parting were better over.

He wondered how he was to leave her. He dreaded the last clinging caress of the dear arms, the last kiss from the tender lips. But that such a thing would have seemed unmanly, he would have given up his purpose rather than endure her sorrow.

How should he leave her? He thought he would conceal the hour of his departure from her and leave her while she slept; that would surely be the most merciful course and cause her least suffering. She might wish that she could have spoken her last words to him, but it would be more merciful by far to avoid a final leave-taking.

He tried it. He was to sail on the 15th of June, and he must be in London on the evening of the 14th to meet the Earl of Barton. He did not tell Margarita the precise hour of his departure, although she had questioned him several times about it. Every preparation that love could suggest had been made for him; she had worked almost night and day that he might have everything complete and perfect—there was nothing forgotten. She rose very early on the morning of the 14th to finish his packing—she would not allow any strange hand to touch it; and then, when it was all ended, she lay down upon the couch in her dressing-room to rest.

He had guessed that she would do this, and intended to go away while she rested. The carriage was taken round to the back of the house, and quite silently his packages were carried out one after the other. Then he tried to go. Hot tears blinded his eyes. He was a strong man, but he looked around the rooms wherein he had been so happy, and gave vent to a sob which he could not control.

He could not go without looking at her once again—without taking with him a memory of her beautiful face as he had seen it last; so he stole gently into her dressing-room.

Margarita lay on the little couch, and by the carelessness of her attitude, the listless fall of her white arms, he knew that she was exhausted. Her dark head lay on a pillow of crimson velvet, and by contrast the face looked doubly white; there was no vestige of color except in her lips, that trembled in her sleep. But what touched him most was the fact that she held in her hands an old glove of his own which he had thrown away, as though she could not sleep without having something near her that had belonged to him.

He was looking at her for the last time for so long—his beautiful wife whom he had loved so tenderly. He pictured to himself the despair in the dark eyes when she should awake and find him gone. He drew nearer to her, wondering if he had been selfish in his love—if it would have been kinder and wiser to remain single until he had in some measure attained his position. And then, being near her, he must touch her. He knelt down by her side, and, if ever an ardent, earnest prayer rose from any man's heart, one went from his to Heaven; he prayed that she might be well and happy during his absence, and that he might be spared to meet her again.

Not intending to awake her, he bent down to kiss the sweet white face. He started, for the dark, sad eyes were looking into his own, the pale face grew crimson.

"Allan," she said, quietly, "you are going—and you meant to go away without telling me."

"I thought it would be more merciful to you," he gently explained.

"It would have killed me to wake up and find you gone. You are going, Allan?"

"Yes, my darling, my sweet wife; you must be brave now—it is time for us to part."

"And you were kneeling by my side praying, dear?" she continued. "Ah, well! Say good-by to me now."

He kissed her lips, sobbing, despite his self-control, as bitterly as a child. He spoke no word except "Good-by, my love, good-by;" and then the dark eyes closed, and he knew that a merciful oblivion had come to her for a while.

He did not dare to linger—it was far better so, he said to himself; waking could bring him only misery. He turned away, leaving her dead for a time to her sorrow.

He looked around when he stood in the pretty grounds, bidding a long, silent adieu to the home where he had been so happy; and then, raising his hat from his head, he stood for one minute under the trees.

"I pray Heaven," he said aloud, "that I may find all as well when I return as I leave it now, and my wife's sweet face watching for me where last evening we sat and talked together."

CHAPTER XX.

LADY RYLESTONE awoke from her stupor to the keen anguish of the knowledge that her husband was gone. The pain of her sorrow was at first intolerable to her. She went up to her room and carefully closed the door, that she might give full vent to her grief alone. There was no human eye to see her as she flung herself on the ground, unable to

stand while that terrible pain rent her heart, while she sobbed aloud, and called to him who could no longer hear her voice, "My love! my love!"

She had been one of the most devoted wives; but now, as she lay there, with great waves of anguish rolling over her, she remembered a hundred things that she might have done for Allan, a hundred kind words that she might have said and had not said.

It was, as she had previously expressed herself to him, as though her soul had been cut in twain. While she lived, Margarita never forgot the agony of that hour. Presently the reaction came. Her vitality, her physical activity, were too great to allow her to remain long in that trance of sorrow. She had to bear the pain of his absence, and it must be borne. The dreary time would come to an end, and she must live through it. She knew that the only thing which could bring her relief was resignation.

She thought of many ways in which she could make the time pass until he came back; and then she smiled sadly to think how soon she had begun to reckon on that. He had not left English shores yet. When he came back he would wish her to live very differently. She said to herself that the best thing she could do would be to read the best books of all kinds—novels, travels, biographies, histories—so that she might fit herself to take the position he desired her to occupy, and to do full justice to it. She would spend her time in reading—she would get together such a store of knowledge and information as should delight her husband, and make her useful to him.

Lord Rylestone had hardly reached London when his unhappy young wife had begun to think what she could do to please him on his return. "His return." She said the words over to herself as she went to the open window to let the cool air play upon her heated face and burning eyes. "His return"—a cold shudder came over her as she repeated the words, and it was not the scent-laden Summer air that caused it. "His return"—a cold, sudden fear that had no name and could not be told in words came over her—a presentiment, the cold chill of sudden dread.

An idea for which she had no foundation came to her; it was that on his return she would not be there—on his return all would be altered between them. She tried to reason herself out of it. She closed the window, and she said to herself that the day was chilly, although the sun was shining so bright and warm. Anything so terrible as that foreboding of evil she had never passed through before.

That day seemed to her ages long. The sunlight lingered on the flowers as though it would never go away; night seemed as though it would never fall from the skies; the hours seemed to have taken to themselves leaden wings.

"What shall I do," she thought, "if every day prove as long as this?"

For some days she remained in her dressing-room; she could not bear to leave it. She could not just yet go into the rooms where she had been accustomed to see her husband; she waited until the keen edge of her sorrow had worn away.

One morning, after she had dreamed all night that he was home again, she awoke with the resolution that she would go downstairs and resume her every-day life—that she would take up her duties, bear her sorrows bravely, and do her best. She went first into the little room he had called his study—her mind was so full of him, her thoughts were so entirely with him, that she would not have been in the least surprised to see him in his favorite chair. But the chair was empty, the table was covered with a confused mass of letters and papers, the pens were rusty. She commenced at once to restore the room to order. She put each book in its place; she pleased herself in making various novel arrangements.

"When he comes back it will be all ready for him," she said; and the good ship in which he had sailed was not then very far from land.

As she was arranging some papers, she found a set of verses written in her husband's hand, and apparently of his own composition. They were addressed to his home, "Walton," and, as she read them for the first time, she seemed to understand the passionate love and sorrow that he had felt for the place. She read words the sweet pathos of which charmed her; she understood then how keen and bitter his disappointment had been. She sat down to think with the verses in her hand. They were not, perhaps, of any great poetical merit, but they proved to her how deeply he had grieved over Walton, and with what keenness he had felt the privation, the pain of not living there.

How trying it must have been for him, brought up to enjoy a vast fortune, and trained in habits of luxury and expense, to be suddenly deprived of all! Either he ought never to have been allowed to think the money would be his, or he ought to have had it. And then she thought, with something like passionate hatred, of the beautiful, golden-haired heiress who had come between her husband and his wealth, who had taken that which ought to have been his.

She hated her—this fair-faced girl who had deprived him of his fortune, through whom he had been driven into exile and compelled to work.

"If it were not for her, he would be here with me now," she said to herself; and, when she remembered that, the expression of her face was not good to see.

"I spoke the truth," she went on, half bitterly, "when I said that I was frightened at myself. I have greater capabilities for good—and for evil too—than I thought I had."

Presently there came an idea to her, on which the remainder of her life turned. Her husband had loved Walton so dearly—she would like to love all that he had loved, to care for all that he had cared for. She would like to see Walton, the home where he ought even now to be staying.

Her face suddenly flushed crimson red. Why should she not go to Walton—she who had so deep an interest in it? Why should she not go?

The idea was so novel and so bewildering to her that she was at first almost unable to grasp it. Why should she not go? No one need ever know; and, if she saw it but once, she could picture it afterward in her dreams. But perhaps she had better not even entertain such an idea—Lord Rylestone might not like it; so she busied herself in other matters. Still the idea was always there; if she could but see Walton—if she could but know what this home of his was like!

She had said once of herself that she had terrible tenacity of purpose, and it was true. From the first moment the idea of visiting Walton took possession of her until it had become a reality, she had no respite from it. Why should she not see Walton? Her husband even need never know; she could go as a stranger, without raising the least suspicion as to her identity. There was no one to forbid it, to say her nay.

For the first time she realized how perfectly independent marriage had made her. She had been accustomed to her mother's control, and then to be under the surveillance of Lady Davenant. It came to her with all the charm of a novel surprise, that she could go where she liked, and do as she liked, without the least interference from any one. It would be easy enough to go to Walton; she had but to take the train to the nearest station, and then make her way across the grounds. If she could only see the exterior, she would be satisfied; she would know then what her husband had loved and what he had lost.

"I will go," she said to herself at last. "I will see for myself what Walton is like."

If she had thought it probable that Lord Rylestone would be displeased, she would not, however great the temptation, have given way to it. But why should he be angry? She need not tell him that she had been foolish enough to make a pilgrimage to his home. It was a shrine to her because he had lived there.

So she made her resolve, and on the 15th of July, a date that she never forgot, she set out for Walton. But, before going, she remembered what her husband had said—if she wanted to know Walton, she should read Miss Cameron's letters. She went directly to the place where he had told her they were—the letter-file on his table; she collected all she found bearing Miss Cameron's name, and took them to her room to read. They were not very numerous, and it would give her a pleasant half hour's occupation.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISS CAMERON's letters were just what her husband had described them—eloquent, elegant epistles, evidently the production of a gifted and noble mind. Margarita smiled sometimes as she read, and again the tears would fill her eyes. Evidently the writer loved Walton. She spoke of it with enthusiasm and affection. She seemed, as Allan had said, to know every flower, every tree, every running stream. She wrote of the servants, the horses in the stables, the dogs in the kennel, the deer in the park, the cattle browsing in the thymy fields and clover-meadows. Margarita's face grew crimson as she read.

"One would think Walton was her own!" she said.

There was seldom the name of another person—there was no gossip about mutual friends; and, although so much of Miss Cameron's character was revealed, there was little mention of herself. Once or twice the name of Madame de Valmy occurred. But Margarita was quicker than Lord Rylestone. The subtle essence of those letters, which had escaped him, was perceptible to her. She did not recognize enough of it to call it love, but it was there.

The reading of those letters decided her—she would go. Presently she came across a sentence which puzzled her.

"I cannot tell how thankful I am that no one knows the secret of the will."

If Lord Rylestone had been wise he would have destroyed the letter that contained those words. The one thing above all others that he was anxious to keep from his wife was the knowledge of the conditions of the will. She was already so morbidly sensitive—fearing that she had been an obstacle in his path—that he dreaded lest she should ever know the truth. He knew perfectly well that, if ever time should reveal it, she would never be happy again. His keeping the letter with that one particular phrase in it was an oversight for which afterward he never pardoned himself.

"The secret of the will!" She repeated the words over and over again to herself. What secret could it be? Something evidently that associated the young heiress with her husband, something which they shared in common, and no one else knew. A fiery dart of jealousy seemed to strike her. Why had Allan never told her of this secret? Why had he never told her there was something extraordinary in the will? She did not doubt him—she loved him too well for that—but she was sorely puzzled. What secret could it be? She had never heard Allan allude to any.

Then she remembered how strange it was that she had always had some kind of suspicion about Miss Cameron and the money. Lord Rylestone had avoided the subject; whenever she wished to discuss it, he had evaded it; and yet her quick perceptions had told her that there was something not quite right, and that she did not know.

"The secret of the will!" This was the will which had deprived Lord Rylestone of the money, and had given it to

Miss Cameron. There was no secret in that. What, therefore, could the secret be? Carefully, one by one, she re-read the letters but there was no other allusion to them, no word which could explain the mysterious phrase, no hint as to what the secret was—there was no mention of money.

"The secret of the will! I shall lose my reason," she said to herself, "if I ponder this much longer. What can it be? Was the will forged, invalid or what? If I live for no other purpose, if I do nothing else, I will find out this secret. Has any injustice been done to Lord Rylestone? No, it cannot be that; were such the case, Miss Cameron would not allude to it in such open terms."

"The secret of the will!" Look which way she would, think as she would, act as she would, the words were always before her; they seemed to burn her like a brand. What was it, this secret that another woman shared with her husband, and from which she was purposely shut out? She, in her sick, angry jealousy, longed to wrest the secret from them. What right had any one to share knowledge with her husband from which she was shut out?

"I will live to discover it," she said; and it was strange that toward her husband she had not the least shadow of an angry thought, while toward Miss Cameron, who shared the secret with him, she felt something that was like fiercest hatred.

Why had Allan never revealed this secret to her? Why had she been excluded from his confidence—this same confidence which apparently he had given so freely to Adelaide Cameron?

"I will go to Walton," said she, "and there, perhaps, I may hear the secret of the will."

A fever of unrest took possession of her. There were no more plans of reading, of study, of fitting herself to take a part in Allan's world. The "secret" haunted her. By day and by night she thought only of one thing—what that secret was, and how to find it out. The beautiful, restless face grew thin and worn with the constant strain of thought. There was to be no more peace for her until she knew all.

Once or twice she tried to argue herself into a better state of mind—to make herself believe that, after all, this secret might be no important secret—that it might mean simply where the document was kept, or some trifling circumstance connected with it. If it had been of vital importance, surely Allan, her husband, who loved her so dearly, would have told her. He had so frankly confided everything else. He had told her exactly the sum of his debts, and what he had to pay them with—what he hoped to receive from his appointment, and what he was to receive from Walton. There had never been the least shadow of restraint. Then, why should he have kept this secret from her?

If she could but know! Why should Miss Cameron be pleased that it was unknown to any one else? Did it concern her, or did it concern Lord Rylestone? She must find out. She was not curious; gossip and rumor had little charm for her; curiosity was not a weakness of hers. It was not mere curiosity that possessed her now like a fever—that made her eager to discover that which had been hidden from her. It was love, jealousy, and sensitive pride. So, on the 15th of July Lady Rylestone left the pretty little villa at Marpeth for the most fatal journey she could have undertaken.

She told her servants that she would be absent only a day, or at the most a night and two days; and then she started alone. She had discovered the name of the nearest town; it was Lutdale. There were many changes of line between Marpeth and Lutdale; it was a cross-route. She left home quite early in the morning, but it was noon before she quitted Lutdale station.

Lest anything in her toilet might attract attention she

had dressed herself as simply and plainly as possible, and the beauty of her face was hidden by a black-lace veil.

She left the station and walked through the streets of the town, and then of a well-dressed respectable woman she inquired the road to Walton Court.

"It is a long walk," was the reply. "People generally ride there from here. It is over six miles."

"I do not mind. I shall like the walk," was the reply; and the woman who had been questioned was struck by the rich clear musical voice.

"If you prefer to walk, the way lies straight enough," she said. "You must go along the Lutdale Road for nearly two miles, and then you will come to the park gates. It is a long way even then."

"I do not mind the distance, and I thank you for your kindness," replied Margarita, turning away.

It was a glorious afternoon. The sunshine seemed to be like a smile from heaven upon the earth. The flowers were at their fairest, and the air seemed full of their perfumed breath. The day was not too hot, for a refreshing breeze was blowing. Nature never looked gayer than on this day when Lady Rylestone went, in silent watchfulness, unknown and unknowing, to look at her husband's home.

Late in the afternoon she reached the park gates, but found them shut, and guarded by a lodge-keeper.

"I wonder if the universal golden key will open them," she said, and when the keeper came out she tried it, and found it successful. She was admitted into the park; and the man bowed as she passed through the gate. That was her only welcome to her husband's home.

CHAPTER XXII.


ALTON COURT was a stately English home where art and nature seemed to have done their best—where trees and flowers were seen in their highest perfection. The vast park, the grand ancestral trees—some of them the growth of centuries—the hills covered with verdure, the bosky dells, the sunny glades, the treasures of flower and fern, all filled Margarita with wonder. Under the trees she saw picturesque herds of antlered deer. They eyed her timidly as she drew near, and then fleeted away. The scene delighted her. Presently beyond the trees she saw the tall gray towers of the Court. Her heart beat quickly, her eyes filled with tears.

"It is my husband's home," she said to herself. "It all belongs to him."

Soon she came to a second lodge, at the entrance to the vast pleasure-grounds. She saw terrace after terrace all bright with the colors of a thousand flowers; she saw the gleam of fountains, the spray of which rose high in the sunlit air; she saw the green lawns with their sweeping cedars and silvery birches. With wistful eyes she looked through the iron gates, thinking how fair it all was, and how difficult it must have been for him to leave it. As she stood there the woman from the lodge came out, and, seeing a stranger, she made a deep curtsey. Despite the plain dress and the thick black veil she discerned a lady.

"Would you like to see the grounds?" she asked, respectfully; and Lady Rylestone answered "Yes."

"They are shown sometimes to strangers, and the house too, when the family are away."

"Are the family absent now?" asked Lady Rylestone.

"Yes; and the housekeeper had a party of strangers yesterday to see the place. It is considered one of the finest in England."

Margarita gave the woman a coin that made her eyes beam with delight.

"I should like to see the place," she said, gently. "I think I will go through. But will they consider it strange to see a lady alone?"

"No, ladies and gentlemen, too, sometimes come alone; though, as a rule, they come in parties."

"I was at Lutdale, and hearing of the beauty of the Court, I thought I should like to see it," said Lady Rylestone, evasively.

"Many a one does that," observed the woman, as she brought out the keys, and opened the huge gates; and then Margarita passed, as it were, into the inner circle of her home.

The air seemed almost faint with the perfume of rare flowers. She saw rare birds flitting amongst the trees; she heard the ripple of the fountains, and the cooing of the white ring-doves. How fair and serene it all was! How he must have loved his home!

The Court itself was a magnificent building of gray stone; the tall towers and turrets lent additional grandeur to it. The large windows had light graceful iron balconies before them, and the balconies were filled with scarlet flowers. On the terrace immediately in front Margarita saw peacocks spreading out their gorgeous feathers in the sun. The whole scene spoke of the wealth and grandeur of centuries. Then, at some distance, she saw the beautiful conservatories, vineeries, and hothouses, which formed one of the chief attractions of the Court. As she looked round on the magnificent grounds and superb gardens, she avowed to herself that a thousand a year would indeed go but a little way toward keeping up so vast an establishment.

She went up the broad flight of marble steps which led to the entrance-hall; and then she thought to herself that that was hardly the way in which she should visit her home. A half-misgiving that perhaps after all she was not doing quite right came over her, but it was too late now to recede. She had come to see the Court, and she must see it.

She rang the bell, and, as it echoed in the silent house, she fancied that it had the sound of a knell.

The door was opened, and she asked permission to see the place. The footman who opened the door, like the woman at the lodge, had the quick sense to discern a lady despite the plain attire. He asked Margarita to wait until the housekeeper came; and in a few minutes stately Mrs. Grame, in her black-silk dress, made her appearance.

"I should very much like to see the Court," said Margarita. "I was told that strangers were allowed to go over it at times."

Mrs. Grame looked doubtful.

"We do show the place," she replied, slowly, "but it is generally to some one who is either visiting or known in the neighborhood."

"I am a total stranger," said Lady Rylestone. "I was passing through Lutdale, and hearing of the Court, I thought I should like to see it."

Still the housekeeper's face did not relax, so Margarita added quickly:

"If you prefer not to show it, I am sorry to have caused you any trouble." She turned to move away as she spoke, but then the stern face of the faithful retainer relaxed.

"Stay, madame," she requested; "I shall have great pleasure, I am sure. You will like to see the stateroom, the picture-gallery, and the ball-room."

"I should like to see all that I may," said Margarita.

"I will attend you directly," returned Mrs. Grame; and once more Lady Rylestone was left alone in her husband's home.

The entrance-hall was superb; it was hung round with armor and trophies of the chase. Again, as she sat there, a

certain conviction came home to Margarita that Lord Rylestone would not be pleased if he knew what she was doing, and that, if she could not enter his home as its mistress and queen, she ought not to have entered it in that fashion.

She had not time for longer meditations, Mrs. Grame returned, and then the business of showing the place began. Margarita had presence of mind enough for one thing—she resolutely kept down her veil, and, as far as she could, spoke in a tone so low that her voice, she fancied, could not afterwards be recognised.

For it had suddenly dawned upon her that she was doing a very unwise thing; if ever the day should come when her husband brought her home as his wife, it would be a terrible circumstance if she should be recognized as the strange lady who had visited the place alone. It would put her at once in a false position, and, if it came to Allan's knowledge, would cause him, she felt sure, the keenest annoyance.

Still she must persevere now. She must find out, if she could, the secret of the will. There might be a few words said—she might hear of some little incident that would throw some light upon it.

"If you admire pictures," said the stately Mrs. Grame, "you will be pleased with the gallery here," and then she ran through a list of Murillos, Raphaels, Canalettis, Giorgiones, and Greuzes, until Margarita could have smiled.

Lady Rylestone went through her task, looking at each one, making admiring comments in that low, restrained voice of hers, wondering all the time how, without exciting suspicion she was to begin to speak of what lay so near her heart.

"You understand pictures, madame," said Mrs. Grame. "Many come here, and they know no more of the real value of pictures than I do of Greek; but you understand them."

"These are very beautiful," declared Lady Rylestone, evasively.

"The late lord added considerably to the gallery. He was a great lover of pictures, my late master."

Here was an opening at last. Margarita was quick enough to avail herself of it.

"You lived here, then, in the late lord's time?" she said, inquiringly.

Mrs. Grame smiled with calm superiority.

"I lived here twenty years before my late master died," she announced.

The black-lace veil was thick, and it was drawn over the beautiful face so as to hide it; but even through it the housekeeper saw a sudden gleam of brightness—the eyes brightened, the whole face seemed to light up. Lady Rylestone turned aside; it would never do to show her eager desire to this woman. She made some remark about a Correggio that hung near her, and Mrs. Grame, who began to think that she had found an appreciative listener, remarked that it was the late lord's favorite picture. Lady Rylestone, still speaking in a low, repressed voice, said:

"I remember reading of the late lord's death. He was not married, I think?"

Mrs. Grame smiled again, with an air of superior knowledge.

"No, madame. I think my master liked pictures better than human beings. He used to pass whole hours here."

"Then of course he left no direct heir to succeed him?" Lady Rylestone said, in a low voice.

"No, no direct heir; but the present lord was much attached to him."

Margarita gave an impatient sigh. Here she stood, in the heart of her husband's home, with a faithful old servant, who must know the secrets of the family, by her side; and yet how could she ask about, how could she find out, the secret of the will? How could she learn even ever so little of that which she longed to know?

"The present lord is young, is he not?" she inquired.

"Yes, he is young, and very handsome. There is not a handsomer man in England than Lord Rylestone."

Lady Rylestone knew it well. Who had studied the contour of the noble head, the comeliness of the noble face, as she had done? There came before her a vision of how often she had kissed the handsome face. She tried to recall her wandering thoughts, for the housekeeper was saying:

"In the western drawing-room there is a superb portrait of the present lord. You would like to see it perhaps?"

She stammered that she should—that she admired good portraits. And then the housekeeper, liking her companion better every moment, said:

"Lord Rylestone does not live here—he has gone abroad."

She did not notice how the lady's lips grew white and trembled.

"Gone abroad!" repeated Margarita. "That is strange."

"Every one goes abroad now-a-days," said Mrs. Grame; and Lady Rylestone hastened to rejoin:

"Yes—but why should any one who owns a place like this care to leave it?"

Mrs. Grame shook her head slowly.

"This is what I do not understand," she said. "I should not go away. His lordship has never lived at the place since it was his own."

"I understand the family are expected soon," observed Lady Rylestone. "Whom do people mean when they say 'the family'?"

"I should imagine they mean Miss Cameron and Madame de Valmy," Mrs. Grame replied. "They have been told that Miss Cameron is to reside here for the next three years at least."

Lady Rylestone drew her breath with a deep, gasping sigh.

"Miss Cameron?" she repeated. "Pray do not think me curious, but who is she?"

Worthy Mrs. Grame, who, having a spare afternoon, was not indisposed to gossip, did not notice the almost painful suspense with which her listener awaited her answer. "I shall soon be on the track of the secret," Margarita said to herself, "if I can but make this woman speak out."

"Miss Cameron is a niece of the late lord's," said the housekeeper, slowly.

"And his heiress too," added Lady Rylestone, quickly. She spoke without thinking, and then would have given the world to have the words unsaid.

"His heiress!" repeated Mrs. Grame, with bland superiority. "Oh, no—nothing of the kind! My lord is the heir—the heir-at-law, you know."

"I fancied that I had heard something about a niece being heiress," said Lady Rylestone.

"I have never heard anything of the kind," returned the housekeeper, decidedly. "Of course Miss Cameron has had a fortune left her; but I have never heard that she was the late lord's heiress."

"Such strange things happen," said Lady Rylestone. "You were here when the late lord died?"

"Oh, yes, I was here," replied Mrs. Grame.

Margarita's impatience was becoming greater than she could control; she longed to clasp her hands and cry out, "Tell me—for pity's sake, tell me all you know—tell me the secret of the will!" She could hardly control herself; she clasped her hands together, and her slender figure swayed to and fro.

"Was there," she asked, trying to speak calmly, "anything strange then about the late lord's will?"

There fell over them a dead silence. In reality it lasted only half a minute, yet it seemed to have lasted an hour—a rush of sound filled Lady Rylestone's ears, her heart beat,

her hands trembled. The housekeeper's voice sounded as though it came from afar off.

"Strange about the will?" she repeated. "Not that I ever heard of. I do not think so." She looked eagerly into Lady Rylestone's face. "I do not think there could have been," she said, "or we must have heard of it."

Then the secret had indeed been well kept—even the confidential servants who lived in the house knew nothing of it. Through one of the crimson-stained windows came a great sunbeam, and it left a dazzling light on the richly carpeted floor. Margarita was looking at it, and it seemed to dazzle her eyes; yet even in the midst of that burning light she fancied that she traced the words, "The secret of the will." Was she, even in the heart of his home, as far from knowing it as ever?

She grew anxious, for she could see Mrs. Grame's eyes fixed anxiously on her face. She tried to speak lightly.

"One hears of so many peculiar wills," she said; "I heard of one, but it may not have been Lord Rylestone's."

"It was not, most certainly; I have never heard a word about the will. All the old servants received very handsome legacies and annuities; but there was nothing in the late lord's will different from the general run of wills."

Lady Rylestone bowed; she could not speak, for she was sick and faint with her baffled hope.

"I must have heard of some one else's," she murmured.

Then they went through suite after suite of magnificent rooms. In each there were pictures and statues of marvelous beauty, and flowers of richest fragrance. They went through broad corridors, where the floor was covered with rich crimson cloth, and white statues gleamed amongst rare hangings. The whole place was a marvel of luxury and magnificence. Then they came to the western drawing-room, so called because it looked on to the broad western terrace, where the flowers caught the last rays of the setting sun; and there lady Rylestone saw the portrait of her husband.

She stood silent, gazing at it; her whole heart had gone out to it. It was almost like seeing him again—the noble head with its clustering hair, the handsome face, the kindly eyes, and the lips that wore sometimes a smile as sweet as that of a child. With hot blinding tears she could have stretched out her hands to it; she could have called to it with passionate cries. But she dared not make a sign; she was looking into the pictured face of her husband, of the man she loved best on earth, and her own must not change. "My love," she murmured to herself, "if you could but speak to me!" And then she heard the housekeeper's business-like tones behind her.

"That is the present Lord Rylestone," she said. "It is considered a very fine picture."

There came no reply from her listener, and good Mrs. Grame fancied she was absorbed in admiration.

"My lord is not married," she continued, "although he is so handsome, and so eagerly sought after. Some people say he will be like Lord Bernard, and never marry."

"Why do they say that?" Margarita asked, rousing herself.

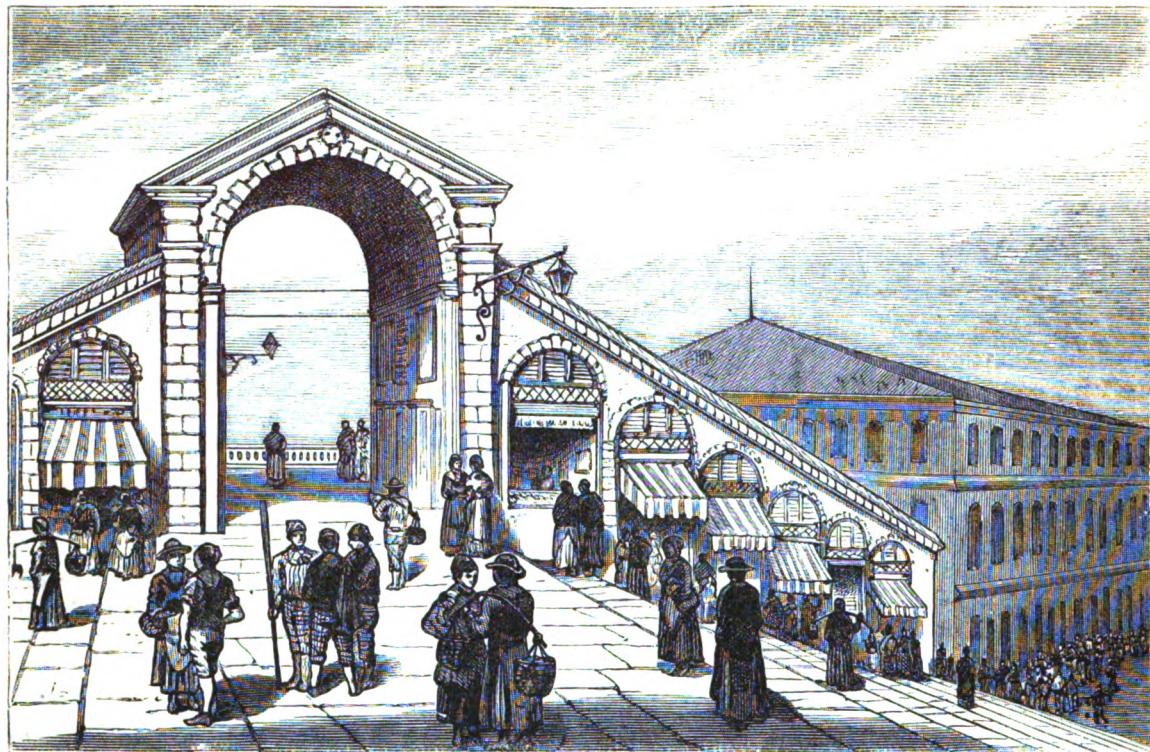
"I do not know—I should think it is because his name has never been mentioned in connection with that of any lady."

Margarita's face flushed; it was praise enough to hear such words, even from a dependent's lips; it proved that he was noble, faithful, and true.

"I hope, though," continued Mrs. Grame, "that my lord will marry. I should not like to see the place fall into strange hands. He is very much loved amongst us. There could be no happier day for us than the one on which my lord should bring his wife home."

(To be continued.)

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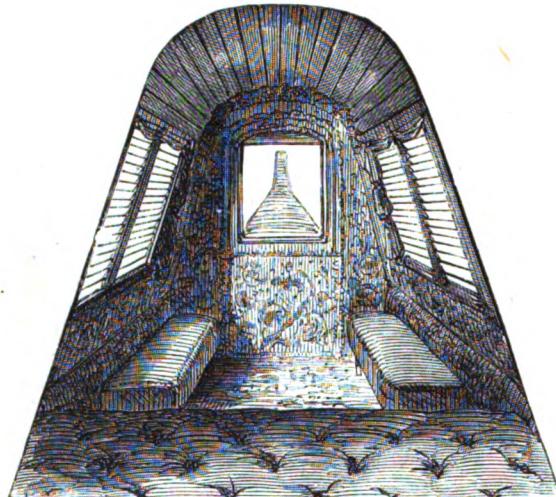


THE RIALTO, VENICE.

VENICE: ITS PAST AND PRESENT.

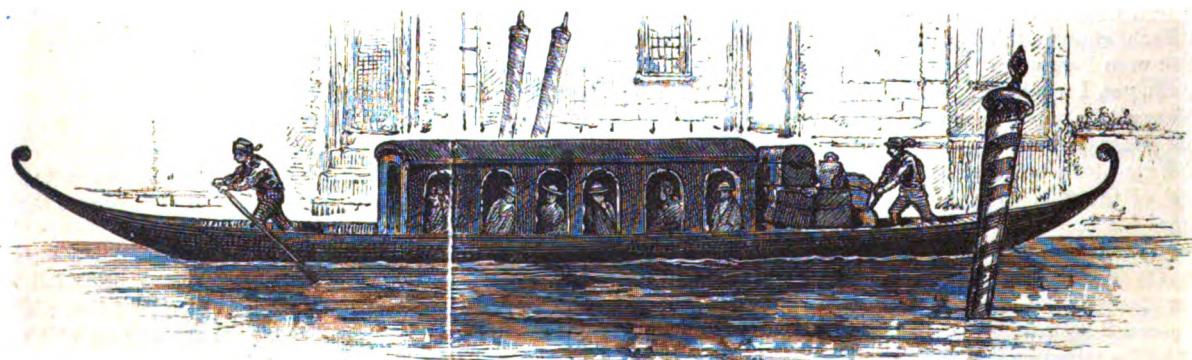
VENETIAN HISTORY.

ATTILA, King of the Huns, and called by his subjects and others the "Scourge of God," succeeded his uncle Roas in 434 A. D., as chief of countless hordes of barbarians scattered over the north of Asia and Europe. In the earlier portion of his reign, he devastated the countries between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, forcing those of the inhabitants not destroyed to follow him. Opposed by Theodosius, he compelled the latter, in three bloody engagements, to ac-



INTERIOR OF A VENETIAN GONDOLA.

knowledge his prowess. Constantinople owed its safety solely to its fortifications and to the ignorance of the enemy of the art of besieging. But Thrace, Macedonia, and Greece were overrun; seventy cities were desolated by the devastating Huns; and Theodosius was compelled to cede a portion of the territory south of the Danube, and to pay tribute to the conqueror, after treacherously attempting to murder him. In 452, Attila made an incursion into Italy, devastating Aquileia, Milan, Padua, and other cities, and driving the terrified inhabitants into the Alps, the Appenines, and finally into the lagoons of the Adriatic Sea, on the islands of



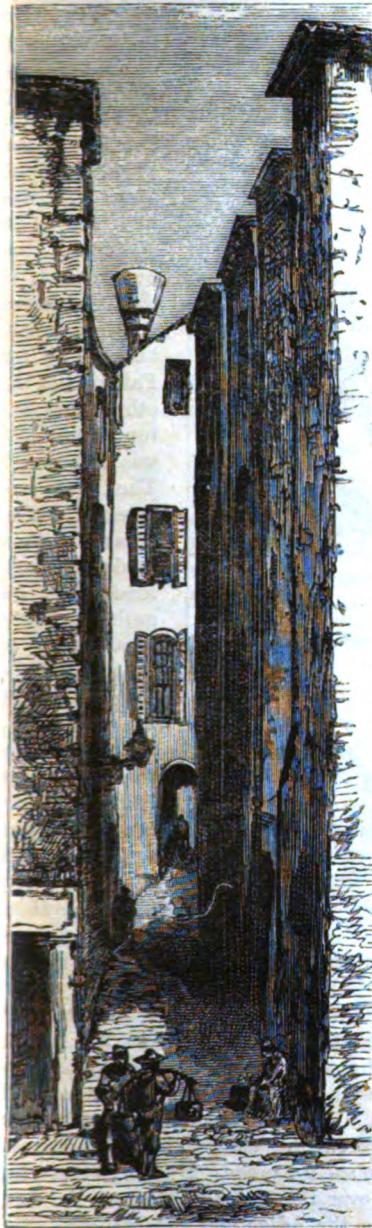
A VENETIAN OMNIBUS.

which the fleeing multitude founded the city of Venice.

At first, this precarious situation was designed merely as a temporary place of refuge; and the inhabitants sustained themselves by fishing and by slight commerce in the rivers contiguous. Each of the islands constituted a republic of itself, governed by a tribune. For some years, the central point was at Malamocco, upon the shore of an island in the open Adriatic. But the largest of the islands in the lagoon, the Rialto, soon proved the most attractive site, and gradually drew to itself the larger number of the inhabitants of the remaining islands. Meanwhile, jealousies between these pigmy states were constant and bitter, threatening the

through their having surrendered supreme power to their elected rulers. The next doge was assassinated; and for five years after 730, the republican form of government experienced a restoration; at the end of that time, however, a new doge was elected.

At about this time the Venetians selected the island of Rialto (Rivo Alto—deep stream), upon which was erected the city of Venice as it now stands in part to-day. In 829, having selected for their patron saint, St. Mark the Evangelist, the Venetians brought his bones from Alexandria, and his lion assumed a place upon their arms. In 997, the small Greek states of Istria and Dalmatia, unable to defend themselves against the Sclavic pirates,



welfare of the whole community; and in 697, a convention was held, in which all the different sections were united under a chief known as a "Doge," a word which comes from the Latin *Dux*, a duke or leader. The republic at that time consisted practically of a rambling series of settlements, the original islands furnishing a small portion of the area of the present city, and being in no wise connected, save by a similarity of land—socially; and by the fishermen's boats actually. The houses were built on piles, and there was nothing about the situation to offer any suggestions of permanency.

But the doge elected in 687 was invested with supreme jurisdiction over the welfare of the entire colony. He was empowered to appoint his own ministers; and to make war and peace. At first, these doges experienced rather serious difficulties. Three had been elected in succession, when the people rose in arms, and demanded the return of their liberties lost

VIEWS IN SOME VENETIAN STREETS. FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

formed an alliance with Venice, received judges from the doge, and fought under the banners of the republic. From that time the doge took the name of the Duke of Venice and Dalmatia. The commerce of the republic now began to grow in extent, and the state in power. Soon the Venetians began to war with the Normans and with other countries, and being successful, they received from the Greek emperor many new and valuable privileges. In 1099, the Venetians sent a fleet of two hundred vessels to aid the first Crusade. They assisted in the capture of Tyre, Acre, Sidon, and Ascalon, and so long as the Christians held Palestine, they obtained important privileges in many of the cities.

In the middle of the twelfth century war broke out between Venice and the Greek emperor; and the fleet of the republic, by this time grown to an extensive size and considerable power, took Lesbos, Chios, and Samos, and attacked Euboea, but raised the siege of the latter city, owing to a pestilence in the Venetian ranks. Previously Venice had joined the league of Lombardy against Frederick Barbarossa, but withdrew shortly; and in 1177 was chosen by the Pope and the emperor as the locality for holding a congress. From this period dates the origin of the annually recognized custom of wedding the Adriatic. The Pope took a ring from his

finger and presented it to the Doge Ziani, with these words: "Take this as a pledge of authority over the sea, and marry her every year, you and your successors forever, in order that all may know she is under your jurisdiction and that I place her under your dominion as a wife under that of a husband."

In 1198 the republic loaned vessels to the French Crusaders. Finding themselves unable to pay, the latter offered their services to the republic; and under the almost blind old doge, Eurico Dandolo, recaptured the revolted city of Zara, and undertook an expedition which ended in the storming of Constantinople in April, 1204. For their share

in this exploit, the Venetians, whose conquests were limited to the Morea and Candia, received one-half of the spoils and nearly one-half of the beaten empire. The doge now assumed the title of "Despot of Roumania," which was held until the middle of the fourteenth century. Immediately after this a war broke out between Venice and Genoa, lasting a number of years, and concluding in 1238, through the interposition of the Pope. For more than a century Venice was at war, with varying success, sometimes with Genoa, sometimes with other cities or countries. In 1354 Marino Faliero was summoned from Rome and elected doge.

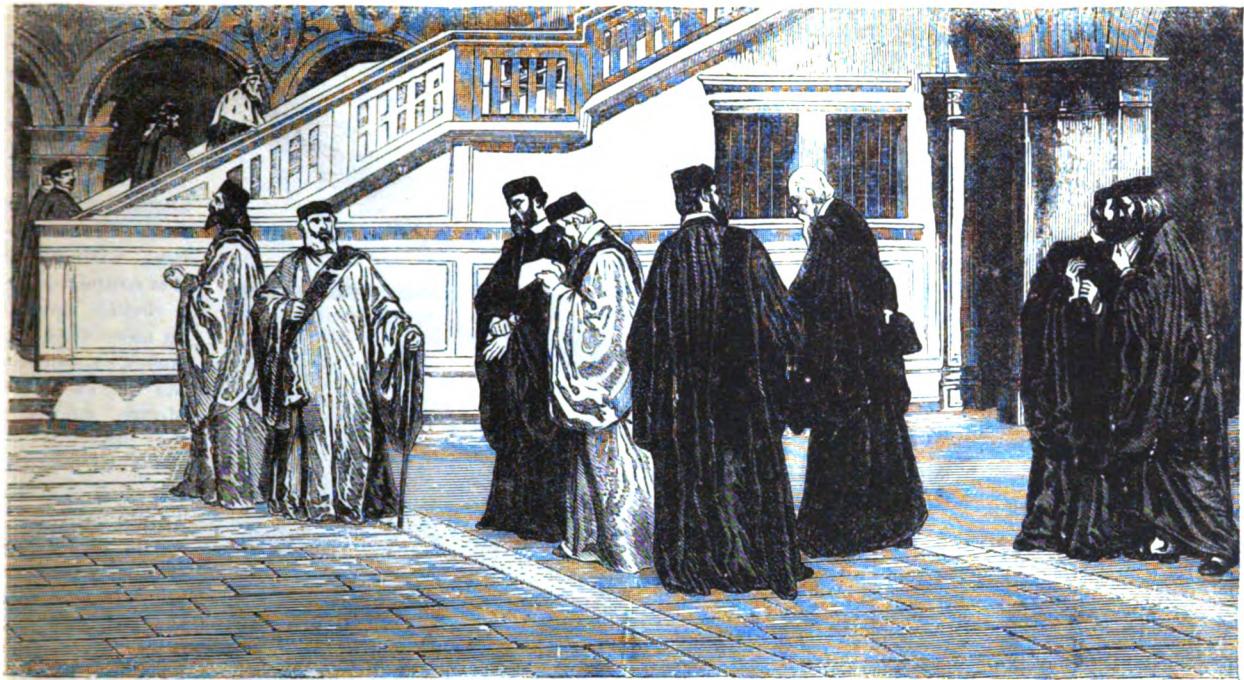
Through a personal difficulty with a young nobleman of the city of Venice, and on account of the fact that the Senate refused to consider the affairs of a matter of state, Faliero engaged in a conspiracy to exterminate the whole body of the nobility, the latter being at this time hated by the populace. April 15th, 1355, was the day set apart for the execution of this murderous act; but, unfortunately for Faliero and the other conspirators, the plot was discovered. The doge was arrested, and on examination made a full confession of his guilt, and was condemned to death. In the council hall of the palace, where the portraits of the doges of Venice are still preserved, a black drapery covers the space which should have

THE MARRIAGE OF THE ADRIATIC.

been occupied by the portrait of Faliero, with the inscription, "Spazio di Marino Faliero de capitato."

A fourth war with the Genoese was commenced in 1377. In its beginning the Venetians were successful. But fortune changed, and during the next two years the Genoese obtained so great advantages that Venice was threatened with annihilation as a nation. But, with her usual good fortune, she succeeded in conquering or eluding her enemies, and Genoa was compelled to sue for peace. By 1420 Venice had established her power over the larger portion of Northern Italy, from the Alps to the Adige and the Mincio. This was the period of her greatest prosperity. No city in Europe





THE COUNCIL OF TEN ENTERING THE PALACE.

could at this period compare with her in wealth, luxury, and refinement. Her annual exports were valued at ten million ducats, of which four millions were profit. She possessed 300 sea-going and 3,000 smaller vessels, besides a fleet of 47 galleys; 36,000 men were employed by her on the sea alone. She counted 4,000 nobles, with incomes averaging 3,000 ducats.

In 1489 Catherine Cornaro, widow of James II., the last King of Cyprus, gave that island to the Venetians—another illustration of the favor and good fortune which seemed to await Venice in every direction. At this time her argosies traversed every arm of the ocean. Intimate intercourse was kept up with every European country, as well as with Syria, Egypt, and even India; and among the imported articles of Venetian merchandise were the iron of Staffordshire, the tin of Cornwall and Devon, and the wool of Sussex. But the warlike policy which for many years had been so fortunate to Venice, now became fatal. The fifteenth century, in this respect, witnessed one succession of disasters; and the whole of the sixteenth was employed by the Venetians in re-

pairing these. Her wealth by this time was destroyed, her population reduced by one-half, and her power irremediably shaken.

In 1618, a conspiracy occurred, headed by the Spanish ambassador, through which it was designed to destroy the republic by means of the many adventurers and mercenaries employed in her service. On Ascension day it was intended to massacre the doge and senators, and give the city up to sack and fire. But before the appointed day the plot was discovered; and the bodies of the conspirators hanging in the square of St. Mark struck terror to those who were still living and who had been engaged in the plot. The Spanish ambassador was escorted out of the city, while no explanation was made, nor any reasons given, for the executions.

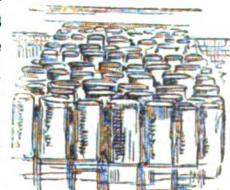
But Venice was now in her decline. Her former spirit had fled, a large portion of her nobility were reduced to poverty, and the state finances were exhausted. But even in spite of these changes of fortune, and though the vast commercial activity which, springing up among the western nations of Europe upon the discovery of America, clearly

showed that her naval superiority had forever disappeared, Venice might still have maintained a respectable mediocrity but for the character of her government, which was conducted by an exclusive oligarchy, in whose hands alone all power and freedom were vested. The government of the Council of Ten had become a reign of terror. The nobles showed vigor only in the pursuit of pleasure. All the ancient virtue, valor, and hardihood had died out of the State. Napoleon forced Venice to break the neutrality which it meant to maintain, in 1796; destroyed its government, and ceded its provinces to Austria by the treaty of *Campo Formio*. In 1806, the city of Venice, and the territory of Venetia were annexed to the kingdom of Italy by the treaty of *Presburg*. In 1814, it was transferred to Austria, forming, with Lombardy, what was called the

THE MODE OF ARRANGING
SPILES ON WHICH BUILD-
INGS ARE ERECTED.



SQUARE OF ST. MARK AT VENICE.



Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. In 1866, the state and territory were ceded to, and incorporated with, the Kingdom of Italy, under which government it still remains.

The Council of Ten was established in 1310. Its power was absolute, while that of the doges, who were elected for life, was narrowly watched by it. That of the people was naught. In the middle of the fifteenth century the terrible Council of Three was created, and became the dreaded instrument of the justice and vengeance of the Council of Ten. Only nobles were appointed to offices, and provinces and cities were equally governed with an iron hand. In the hall of Busola, in the Ducal Palace, the lion's mouth, with gaping jaws, invited and received secret accusations from all sides.

Cruelty, superstition, and fanaticism had grown up slowly but surely to be a power. Recent years have brought a somewhat improved situation, but the glory of Venice went out in a foul atmosphere of reeking dungeons, and to the sad music made by the death-wails of the victims of infamous tyranny at the hands of the Council of Ten.

VENICE: ITS ARCHITECTURE AND ITS PEOPLE.

Venice, the grand city raised by a colony of fishermen from a settlement perched like a sea-fowl on a muddy shoal to be a capital of the first rank, is not inaptly called "The Queen of

the Sea." Just there the waters of the Adriatic, finding their way by numerous streams through a long, narrow belt of land, form a lagoon about four miles from the coast, scattered over which are the seventy-two or more little islands



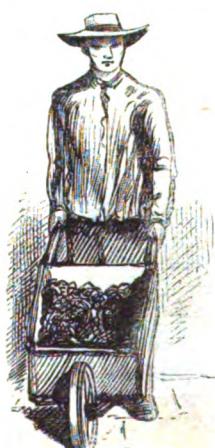
A LITTLE WATER-CARRIER OF VENICE.

the north. Formerly the chief of the entrances into the lagoon was the *Porto di Lido*, through which all the great merchantmen of the republic passed direct into the city, and which is still frequented by small vessels and by the Trieste steamers. Two other important passages are the *Porto di Chioggia*, and the *Porto di Brondolo*. The *Porto di Tre Porti* is navigable only for small vessels, and that of San Erasmo is now practically useless, being choked up with sand. The three deep channels are commanded by forts on both banks, whose batteries cross each other's fire. In its northern portion the lagoon is broken up into impassable marshes.

Viewed from a distance, the city appears actually to float in the water; the tide from the Adriatic rising three feet over the lagoon, and leaving part of it nearly dry by the ebb. The city is divided into two unequal portions by a canal broader than the others, named the *Canalazzo*, or



MODE OF PUTTING UP BUTTER AT VENICE.



THE ONLY VEHICLE IN VENICE.



MAIZE SELLER.

upon which the city is built.

This lagoon is from twenty-five to thirty miles in length, and about five miles broad. The city itself is about two miles from the mainland, with which it is connected by a viaduct erected on more than 200 arches, supporting the railway to Mestre, where is the junction of the Venice-Milan and the Venice-Trieste railroads.

The city was originally built on piles driven into the sea, and is a little more than two miles in length by one and a half broad, and about six miles in circuit. It is connected with the open sea by six channels through the *Littorale*, as the spit of land already mentioned is called. The deepest of these channels is termed the *Porto di Malamocco*, and lies between an island of the same name on the south, and that of *Lido* on

Grand Canal, which runs through it in the form of an S reversed, and is spanned by the celebrated Rialto.

Another, and still broader canal, called the *Canal di San Marco*, divides the city proper from the long island and suburb of *La Giudecca*, and also from the neighboring island of *San Giorgio*.

One obtains a fair idea of the manner in which this small city is

cut up, when it is remembered that there are 146 smaller canals traversing it in every direction, and crossed by 360 bridges. Of these, the Rialto, which is the most magnificent in Venice, consists of a single arch 90 ft. in span, and 24 ft. high. It was built in 1590, of marble, and cost \$500,000. Two ranges of shops divide its upper surface into three narrow parallel streets. The bridge being 72 ft. in width, the middle one of these streets is 21 ft. wide.

Another bridge, quite as celebrated as the Rialto, is the *Ponte dei Sospiri*, or "Bridge of Sighs," referred to in Byron's "Childe Harold."



A VENETIAN FRUIT-SELLER GOING HIS ROUNDS.

"two red columns." Concerning this, however, Ruskin says, in his "Stones of Venice," "The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday—a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage-dream, which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrows deserved sympathy, ever crossed the "Bridge of Sighs," which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice. No great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto, under which the traveler now passes with breathless interest."

The Rialto canal varies in breadth from 100 ft. to 180 ft.,



AFTERNOON IN THE FISH MARKET, VENICE.

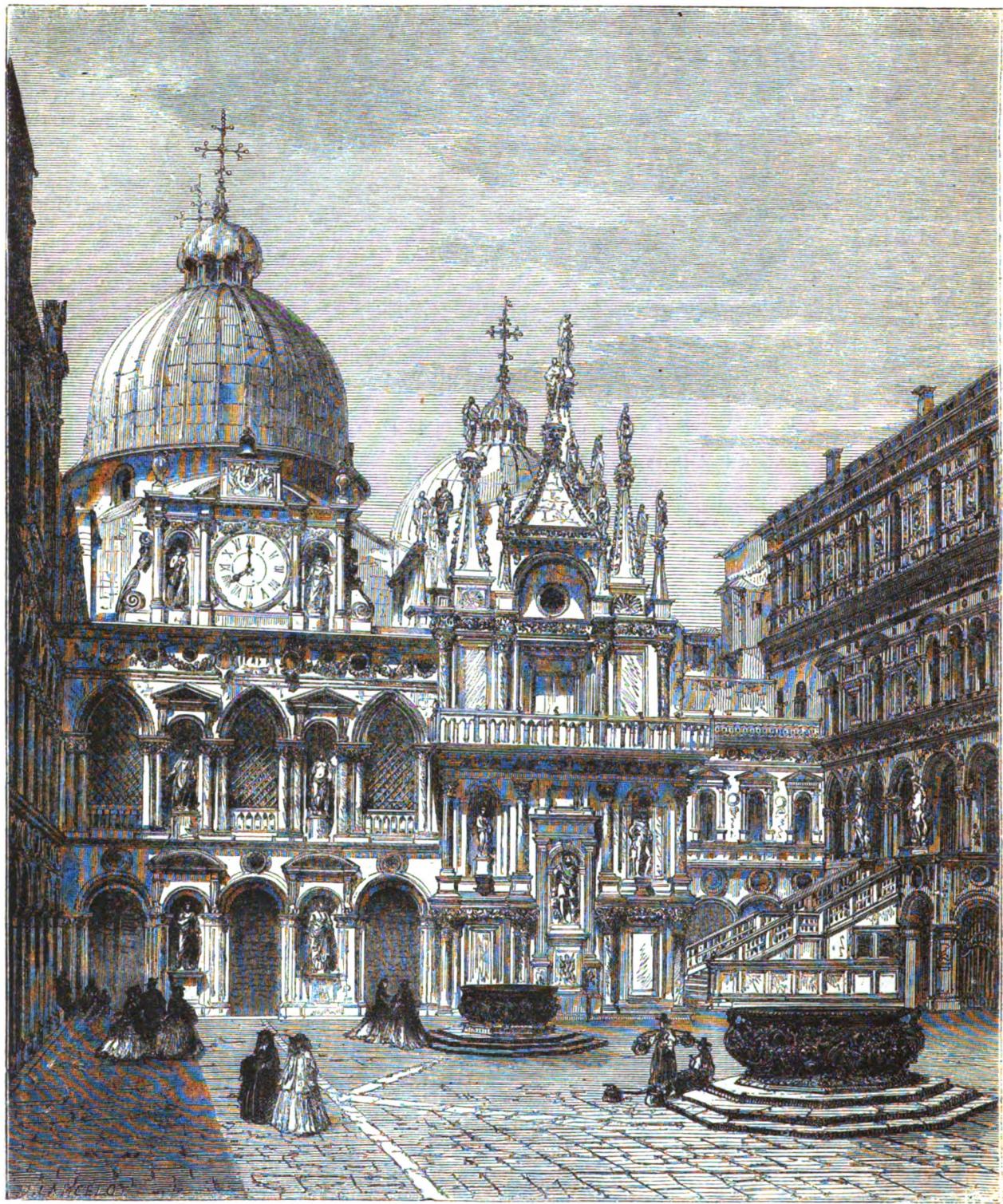
This bridge connects the Ducal Palace with the city prison, stretching across the canal called the *Rio Palazzo*, and forming a covered gallery. It was built in the sixteenth century, by Antonio dePonte, and across it prisoners were taken from their cells to the palace to hear the sentence of death passed upon them, and then were conducted to the scene of death, between the

and is lined on both sides by magnificent buildings, many of them rising out of the water.

In fact, the peculiarity that this city of marble palaces seems to rise, vision-like, from the unsubstantial sea, is sufficient to render its aspect at all times more or less fas-

breaks into new fantasies of rich tessellation," the city is indeed marvelously beautiful.

Some of the marble palaces are used as government offices, others are occupied by foreign consuls and strangers as residences. Several of them possess valuable collections of



THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

cinating; but in Summer or Autumn, the seasons of the highest tides, when the Grand Place of St. Mark's is partially flooded, and when the image of each palace is doubled by reflection in that "green pavement which every breeze

paintings and sculpture. The larger mansions have nearly all a land and a water entrance. They are square in form, and are provided with a courtyard in the centre. The land-door communicates with an inner lane, seldom more than

four feet wide, paved with smooth flags of marble slabs. These lanes are the streets of Venice ; and those, who have imagined that the only thoroughfares in this city of the sea are canals, will be surprised to learn that there are 2,194 such streets, short, crooked, but penetrating every part of the city, so that, in fact, there is no building that cannot be reached by land. A large proportion of these lanes are mere alley-ways between houses four and five stories in height, and the widest does not exceed 25 ft. in breadth. They never run more than 1,500 ft. in a straight line, terminate abruptly, and turn in all sorts of angles, even circles.

Along one and sometimes both sides, are gutter stones cut through to pass the surface water, which runs into conduits below. Great care is taken of them; and they are so well looked after, that there are few places in Venice where the air is not pure.

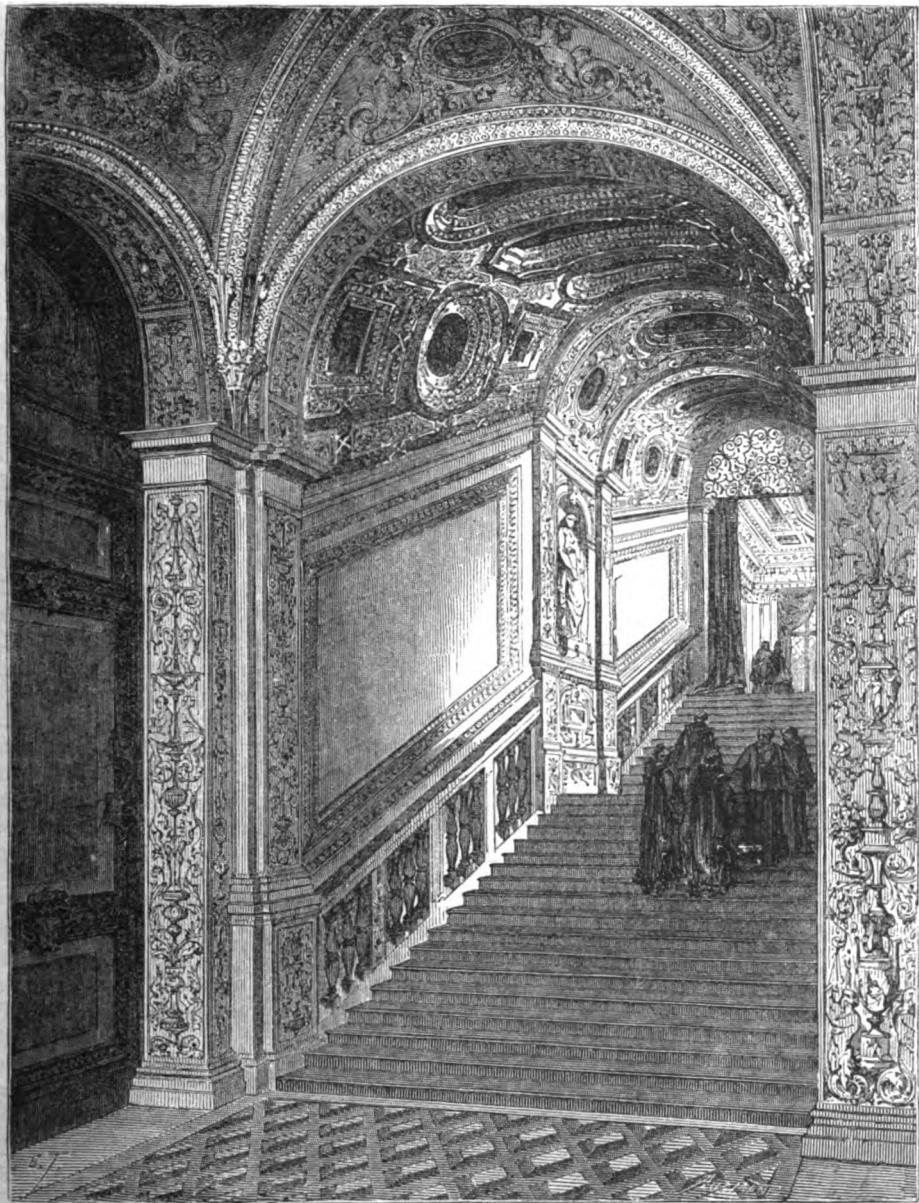
The narrowness and gloom of the streets are relieved, however, by the beautiful and frequently recurring squares. Of these there are 294 scattered throughout the city, the *Piazza* being the chief. This is 576 ft. long, and varies between 185 and 269 in width, surrounded on all sides by elegant buildings, and bordered by arcades with handsome shops and caf . It is the centre of the activity of the

city, and the great resort of loungers and foreigners. The east side of this square is occupied by St. Mark's Church. Here are the fountains to which water is conveyed to supply the city.

The first church of this name was built in 813, but was destroyed in 976. It was rebuilt in 1071, but not consecrated before the close of the eleventh century. The edifice is Byzantine, with Gothic additions of the fourteenth, and Renaissance alterations of the seventeenth centuries. It became the Cathedral and seat of the Patriarch in 1807. The plan of St.

Mark's is a Greek cross with the addition of porches. When it was building, every vessel returning from the East was obliged to bring pillars and marbles for its construction. The principal front of the edifice is 120 ft. in width, and has 500 of these columns of various shapes and colors. The centre of the building is covered with a dome 90 ft. high, encircled by four lower ones of 80 ft. over the transept. Above the doorway are the four famous bronze horses, which Marina Zeno brought from the Hippodrome of Constantinople, when that city was taken by the Crusaders in 1205, which were carried away by Napoleon in 1797 to Paris,

and which were restored to Venice in 1815. The interior is decorated in the richest manner, the walls and columns being of precious marbles, and the floor of tessellated Mosaic work. The carved work, which is very profuse, is of the most exquisite description; and the building is perfect as an example of the delicately colored architecture of the East. The material of the structure is brick, incrusted with richly-colored marbles. The Cathedral covers ground 215 by 265 ft. in dimensions. Five portals, of which the centre is the largest, give admission to the vestibule, which traverses the entire front of the church and a portion of the two ends.



STAIRCASE OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

The ceiling is covered with Mosaics representing Scriptural events. Of these there 40,000 superficial feet. The place is badly lighted and much defaced by time. The façade is remarkably beautiful in design, having two rows of columns, carved of antique serpentine and porphyry. Several tables of ancient sculptors are inscribed in the exterior walls; and five large antiques fill the recesses over the doorways. The five doors are of bronze, heavily carved, and are among the art wonders of the world. The Treasury of St. Mark's is located in the basement, and occupies two or

three departments. It contains, among a large number of relics, a crystal vase said to contain the blood of the Saviour, a silver column with a fragment of the *true cross*,

is a lozenge of reddish marble inserted into the pavement. This marks the spot where Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Barbarossa were reconciled, July 23d, 1177.

Among the Mosaics of this vestibule is one of St. Mark in pontifical robes, executed from a design by Titian.

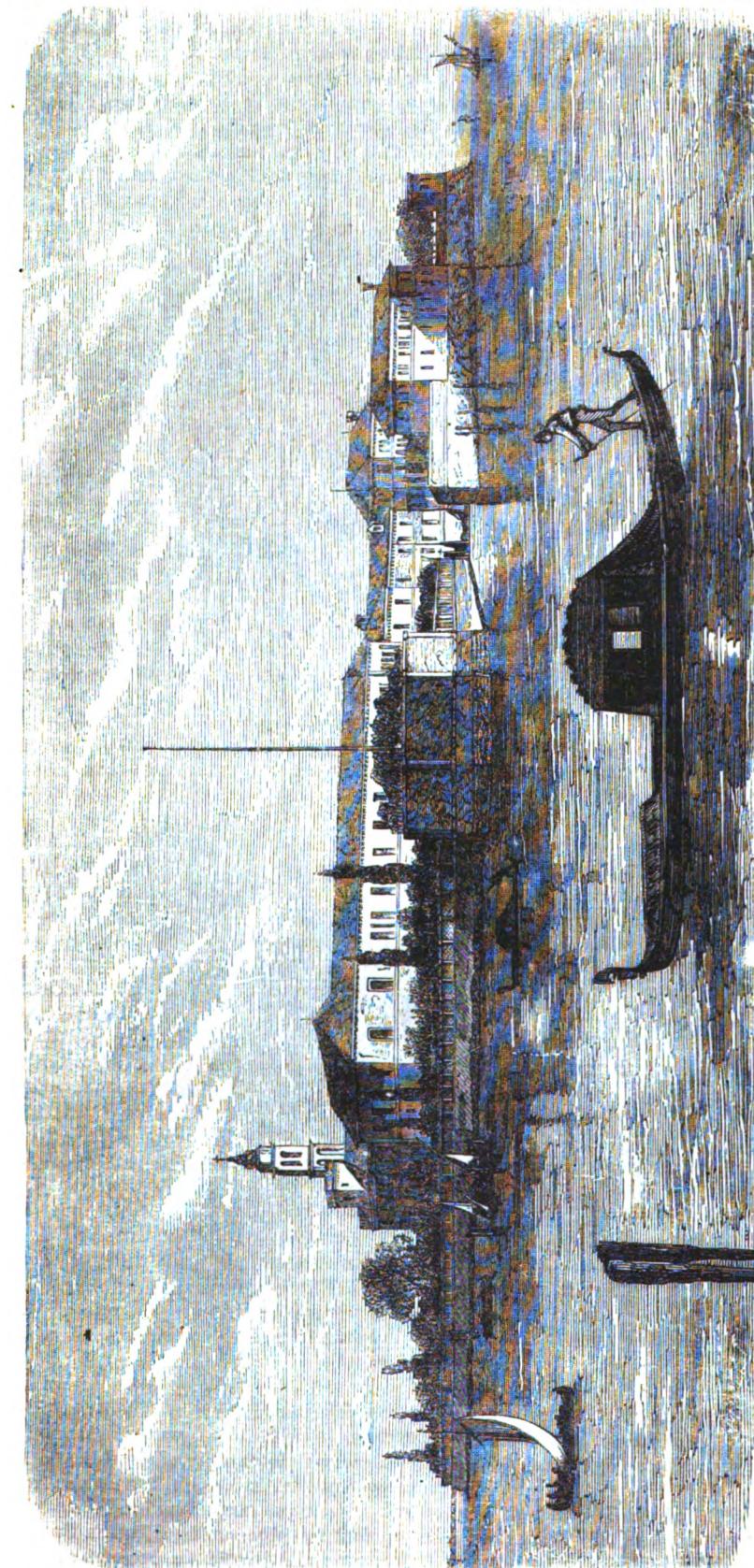
The last doge of Venice buried in St. Mark's was Andrea Dandolo, a friend of Petrarch, and the first historian of Venice, who died in 1354. He lies in the chapel of St. John the Baptist.

The high altar of the Cathedral is surrounded by eight bronze statues. There are two altar-pieces, the outer one covering the famous *Palo D'Oro*, made in 976 at Constantinople by order of the Doge Pietro Orseolo, repaired by Faliero in 1105, by Pietro Zani in 1209, and by Andrea Dandolo in 1340. The material is silver-gilt, encircled with gems and enamels. The *Palo* is arranged in three panels folding horizontally. The scenes represented are of the usual scriptural character.

At the south of the Piazzetta, which leads from the Piazza, are the two famous red granite columns of Venice, one of which is surmounted by a figure of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the republic until St. Mark supplanted him; the other by the Lion of St. Mark.

On the east side stands the *Palazzo Ducale*, or Doge's Palace. It is on a line with the cathedral, but set back a few feet. Its front is 245 ft. in length. The front facing the harbor is 234 ft. long. These are the principal façades. The third structure, forming the third side of the court, fronts a branch canal, which runs parallel with the Piazzetta, and passes between it and the public prison. This last contains the celebrated historical apartments of the palace. It is 387 ft. long and 83 ft. wide. It was erected in the fifteenth century. The first palace reared on the site of the present one was built in 813 and was destroyed during a sedition outbreak. In 970 it was replaced by another erected by the Doge Pietro Orseolo. This was destroyed by fire, and another was begun by Marino Faliero. During all this time the architecture of the palace, though it was frequently enlarged and redecorated, retained throughout the character of a Byzantine structure until the year 1301, when its architectural character began to change; and from that time until 1423 all the rebuilding and enlarging were executed in Gothic style.

Indeed, after 1423 there are no buildings in Venetian architecture, properly so-called, and the alterations made in



ABBEY OF THE ARMENIANS, AT THE ISLAND OF ST. LAZARUS, NEAR VENICE.

an agate cup with a portion of the skull of St. John, and several glass vases containing hands and various bones of saints. Near the outer entrance of the church and vestibule

the Ducal Palace after that time, as well as the palaces subsequently built which took their style of architecture from the Doge's Palace, were in Renaissance; and like almost all

the architecture now to be seen in Venice is "of immeasurably inferior spirit in the workmanship" to that native style which flourished with the republic and decayed with it.

In 1574 and 1577 fires reduced the Ducal Palace to a shell, destroying all the principal apartments and paintings by Bellino, Carpaccio, Pordenone and Titian, representing the triumphs of the republic and other stirring historical events too numerous to mention here.

The present palace is built in the form of an irregular square in the Gothic style; but in many of its repairs and alterations the Italian style has been introduced. It has two entrances—one on the *Molo* front, about the centre, under the balcony, and entering the court from the right side; another, the *Porto Della Carta*, which opens on St. Mark's Square, and enters the court from the west side. Opposite it, in the court, is the famous Giant's Staircase, which derives its name from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, wrought by Lansovino, and which stand at the head of it. Upon this landing the doge received his beretta of office. A flight of thirty marble steps, interrupted by a landing midway the ascent, leads to the second story. The steps are inlaid in front with different colored marbles, and are sufficiently broad to appropriate three arches of the arcade. The balustrade of Carrara marble is inlaid with panels of variegated marble. Leading from the second to the third story, on the same side as the Giant's Staircase, is the *Scala D'Oro*, so-called because none save those enrolled in the "Golden Book" could use it. It is a superb marble structure, with

an arched ceiling, decorated in sunken panels in gilt, stucco, and fresco; it was completed in 1377. After ascending two flights, a large door on the left hand gives admission to a suite of rooms occupying that side of the palace. The first is an ante-chamber, now used as a storehouse for books. From it you enter the *Sala Del Maggiore Consiglio*. This truly



SCENE ON THE GRAND CANAL DURING THE CARNIVAL AT VENICE.

magnificent apartment, 175 ft. 6 in. in length by 84 ft. 6 in. in width, and 51 ft. 8 in. in height, was commenced in 1310 and completed in 1334. It was afterward painted by Titian, Ballini, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese. It was laid waste by the fire of 1577, and all the works of art destroyed. It is now the library, the books from the old building in the Piazzetta having been transferred hither.

The

decorations of this hall remain unaltered, and the noble paintings on the wall are among the earliest specimens of oil painting on canvas—a material first employed by the Venetian school. Titian, Tintoretto, Palma, Paolo Veronese figure there in their works.

Connecting with this hall by a corridor, is the *Sala del Scrutinio*, which occupies the rest of the passage toward the palace. Here the doges were chosen by the 42 electors. The Senate Hall, 148 ft. square, and 35 ft. high, has its walls and ceilings covered with most magnificent frescoes. It opens into the ante-room of the Doge's Chapel, from which you enter the audience hall, where he received foreign ambassadors. Frescoes by Tintoretto cover the walls of this hall.

Another department is the *Sala Delle Quattro Porte*, so called from four doors designed by Palladio. It is 78 ft. long by 28 ft. wide. The four doors enter respectively the halls of the Council of Three, the Council of Ten, of the Senate and the Audience Hall of the Doge. In the hall of the Council of Ten is the long oval table surrounded by the chairs once occupied by the Council.

On the two lower stories of the palace are the *Pozzi*, or cells, alluded to in "Childe Harold," while the celebrated *Sotto Piombi*, in one of which Silvio Pellico was confined, are at the top of the building. Pellico was one of the last prisoners confined in these cells. He is noted as a poet and tragedian, and for having translated the "Manfred" of Byron, with whom he had become acquainted. Having become connected with the secret society of the *Carbonari*, then the dread of the Italian government, he was apprehended in 1820, and, in the beginning of the following year was carried to Venice and imprisoned. In 1822 he was conveyed to the subterranean dungeons of the Spielberg. In August, 1830, he was set at liberty. He published an account of his imprisonment during ten years, under the title of "Le Mie



A VENETIAN OIL CARRIER.



VENETIAN LADY READING IN HER BALCONY.

Prigioni." From the Ducal Palace, on its eastern side, as has been already mentioned, extends the famous Bridge of Sighs to the public prison. The prison was erected in 1589, and the bridge in 1591. A single arch supports the structure, which connects the second stories of the two buildings. It is simply a corridor divided by a partition into two compartments, by which the political and criminal convicts were conducted to imprisonment apart from one another. Externally it has no particular architectural merit. The prison, however, is a fine building. The dungeons in it for political and criminal prisoners awaiting executions are quite near the Bridge

of Sighs. Of these there are two tiers, one above the other, ten cells in each row. Criminals were kept in the upper tier. The cells are arranged in blocks of five, side by side. A narrow hall passes around three sides, the dungeons being entered from a low arch opening from the two halls opposite each other. The visitor, after passing these, finds himself in a room inclosed by massive stone walls, 12 ft. long by 8 ft. wide, and 8 ft. high, with an arched ceiling. The floors are of cement, hardened into stone, and the rooms are

bare of all furniture save a stone pillow set in the floor. At the side of each door is a small round opening in the wall for the introduction of food. The only light comes through this

SECTION OF PRISON IN THE BASEMENT OF THE DOGE'S PALACE.

opening, and from a small window at the end of the hall. In this short hall the condemned prisoners were executed at midnight—those who were imprisoned for political offences, by beheading; the criminals by strangulation.

On the left, and in front of the Bridge of Sighs, is the water portal of the palace, a double doorway, which, barred by bronze doors, gives admission to a broad hall which passes through to the palace court. It was at this gate that the doge embarked in the *Bucentaur*, when he went forth in state to attend the annual ceremony of wedding with the ring the Adriatic.

Opposite the palace, on the other side of the Piazzetta, is the old Library of St. Mark. This is one of the most beautiful structures in Europe. It was commenced by Sansovino in 1536, is two stories high, and surrounded by a small balustrade. In 1812 it contained 15,000 volumes, which were transferred to the

movement of the clock machinery, these doors are opened on certain holidays, and four figures, representing three kings, preceded by an angel blowing a trumpet, pass around the balcony from one door to the other, each figure bowing to the Virgin as it passes. Above the Madonna is the winged lion of St. Mark; and on the summit of the tower are two bronze figures on either side of the elevated bell. They are colossal in size, skillfully modeled, and strike the hour on the bell in alternate strokes. During the last century, one of these bronzemmen committed murder by crushing with a hammer the

A RAILROAD GATE.

head of a workman engaged in repairing something on the bell.

The Campanile is not the least conspicuous ornament of the Piazzetta, 323 ft. in height, and 45 ft. square; it was erected in the twelfth century, and has on its summit an angel which serves as a weathercock, and is said to be 30 ft. in height. Within the tower is an enclosed square, leaving a space of about five feet between the outer and inner walls. The ascent is by inclined planes, constructed in this space, and passing around the tower ten times. Napoleon is said to have ridden his horse up the ascent from the base to the summit of the tower. The clock tower was the work of Piétro Lambardo, an architect.

The clock was made by one Giovanni Paolo Rinaldo and his son. The two famous red

columns, before alluded to, stand in the façade near the *quai*. They are of red granite, and were brought from Greece in 1120. One of the finest views in Venice is

Ducal Palace. This library was formed from a nucleus afforded by the donations of the manuscripts of Petrarch and others, and afterward increased by the addition of rare and valuable works.

Near the angle of the library, and within the square stands the *Campanile* or bell-tower. This is a handsome structure, built in 1490 in the Renaissance style. Over an open passageway running through the centre is a clock whose dial indicates the hours from 1 to 24, with the moon's phases and the signs of the zodiac. In the second story is an unoccupied room, with a niche containing a bronze statue of the Virgin and Child, having a door on either side. By a

movement of the clock machinery, these doors are opened on certain holidays, and four figures, representing three kings, preceded by an angel blowing a trumpet, pass around the balcony from one door to the other, each figure bowing to the Virgin as it passes. Above the Madonna is the winged lion of St. Mark; and on the summit of the tower are two bronze figures on either side of the elevated bell. They are colossal in size, skillfully modeled, and strike the hour on the bell in alternate strokes. During the last century, one of these bronzemmen committed murder by crushing with a hammer the

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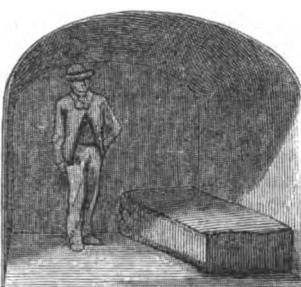
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THE WATER GATE OF THE PRISON UNDER THE DOGE'S PALACE.



AN EXECUTION IN A CORRIDOR OF THE PRISON.



DUNGEON IN THE BRIDGE OF SIGHES.



of these columns, across the harbor to the island of St. George and down to the entrance of the Grand Canal. In front of the Cathedral are the three pedestals of bronze modeled in 1505, and covered with *bas relieves* of great merit, in which the standard-poles which once bore the banners of the conquered kingdoms of Cyprus, Candia and Morea are planted. They are now decorated with the Italian colors.

Returning to the subject of the streets of Venice, it will be observed that these cross the branch canals by means of 387 bridges, mostly of stone, consisting of a single arch with a roadway. The streets are thronged during the day. No horses, carriages or vehicles of any kind, however, are seen. Small burdens are



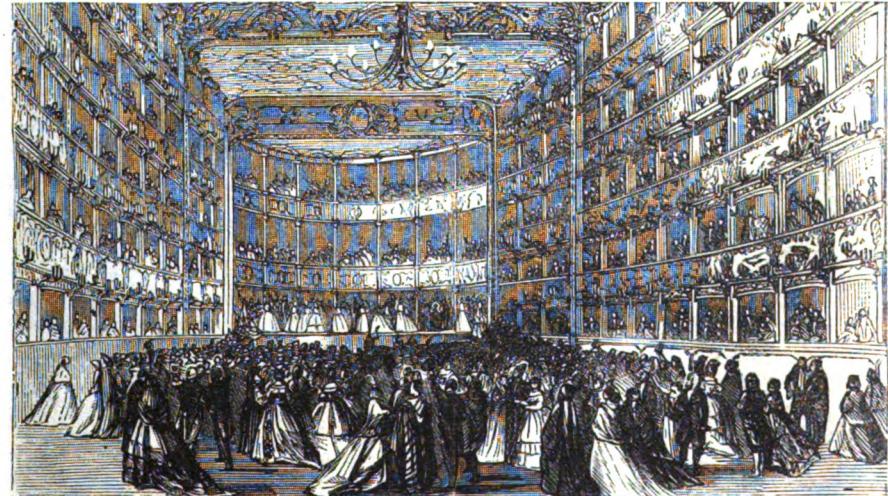
INAUGURATION OF THE "FOLLY WEEK" OR CARNIVAL AT VENICE.



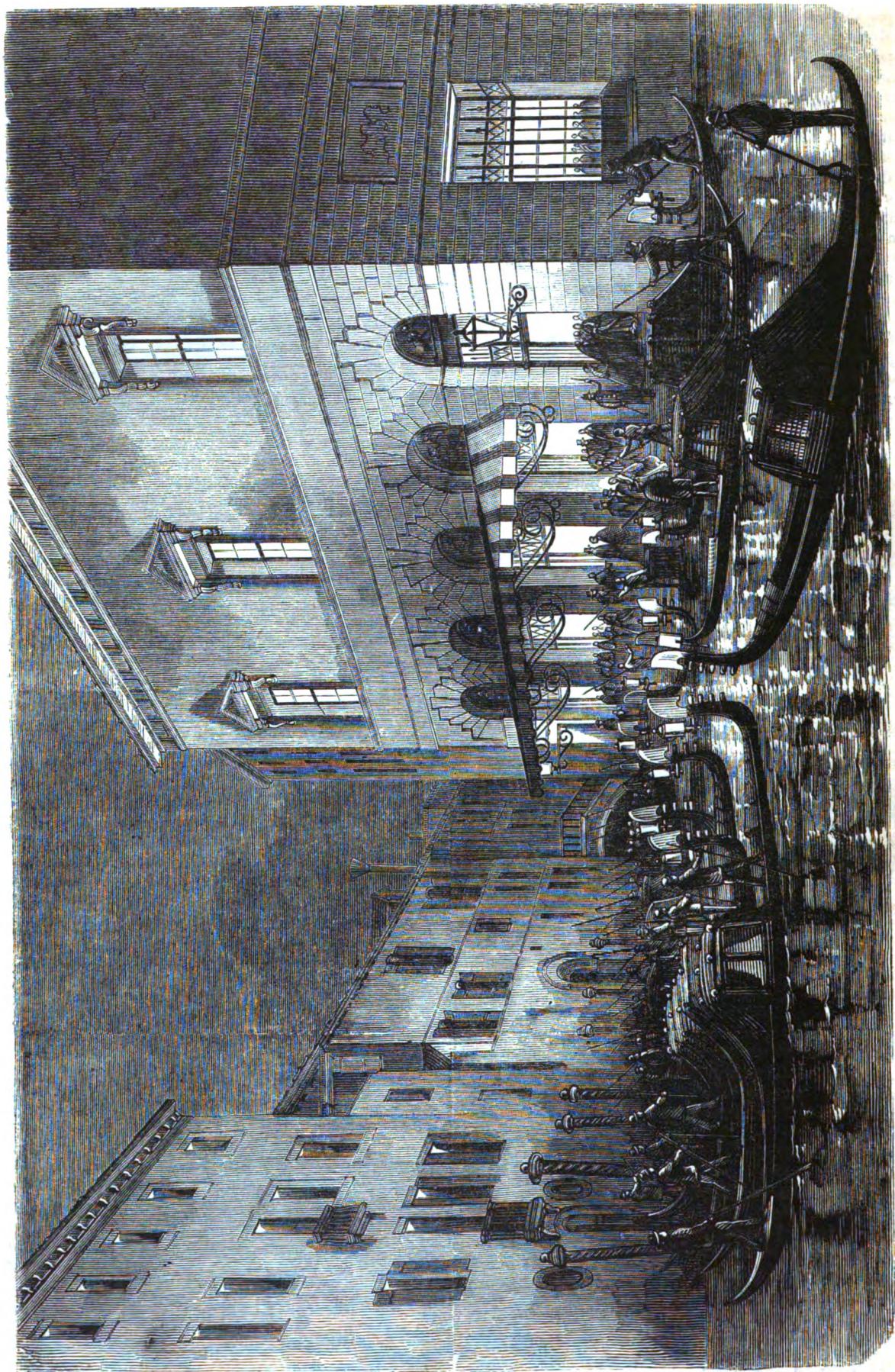
THE BAL-MASQUE, AT THE CLOSE OF THE CARNIVAL, IN THE PLACE ST. MARK.

carried by porters. Larger ones are transported by means of the gondolas. The residences, factories, etc., on the canals are connected with the streets as well as with the water. The mean level of the streets throughout the city is from three to four feet above high tide.

Until a comparatively recent period, cisterns were the exclusive reliance of the Venetians for water. These were filled from small tanks carried in gondolas; and at a certain hour in the day, they were opened for the use of the citizens, being served by girls who carried pails suspended from a yoke on the shoulders—something like the milkmaids of olden time in England and elsewhere.



BAL-MASQUE AT THE THEATRE DURING THE CARNIVAL.



RETURNING FROM THE FENICE THEATRE, VENICE.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Venetian life is the gondolas. There are more than 4,000 of these, and all of them painted black—this peculiarity dating as far back as the fifteenth century, when, on account of the extravagant competition in painting and decoration of these vehicles, an edict was issued commanding that black should thereafter be the only pigment used for the purpose. The traveler by the gondola finds himself gliding between houses five stories high, rising out of the water, having windows opening on the canal, and doors from which flights of stone steps lead to its edge. The branch canals are from ten to thirty feet in width.

They are short and crooked, and all alike are swept by the daily tide, which keeps the water pure and clear.

These canals undoubtedly circumscribed the original islands of the lagoon as well as indicated their position by occupying the channels between them; the remainder of the water area in use having been recovered by erecting walls of masonry upon piles, and filling in between with earth brought from the mainland or the neighboring islands. These walls are usually blocks of granite laid in courses, and form the immediate foundation of the buildings which rise above them.

Venice is longest from east to west, and the grand canal runs through the main part of the city in this direction. This canal finds its narrowest part at the Rialto, and expands again beyond it. It is two miles long, and lined on both sides with palaces and other stately edifices. Among these are many of the most remarkable buildings in Venice.

The *Palazzo Rezzonico*, erected in the seventeenth century, has a front of 100 ft. on the canal, and extends back nearly 500 ft. It possesses accommodations on a scale nearly as extensive as the Palace of the Doges.

The Rialto was the only bridge over the Grand Canal until 1854, when the first of two iron suspension bridges was erected. Stores or shops for the sale of merchandise on the Rialto are supplied with goods from the *quai* on either side of the bridge—these being brought by gondolas or barges. At the west end of the bridge was the principal market of the city, fronting which is the Church of San Giacomo di Rialto, said to be the oldest church, and one of the oldest buildings, in Venice; it was founded in 421.

Opposite is the broken column of granite with the kneeling figure on it, called the Hunchback of the Rialto, from which the laws of the republic were proclaimed.

The island of the Rialto is connected by the bridge with the eastern and newer part of the city.

The markets of Venice exhibit an abundance of fruit and vegetables of every variety, brought in daily from the mainland, and sold at remarkably low prices. Here are also found fish, wheat, and rice-flour, corn-meal, meat, and poultry, all abundant and of good quality. Polenta—corn-meal boiled into pudding—is the chief food of the poor, and occupies the same position in Venice that maccaroni does in Naples. Of course, too, the markets and the Rialto furnish a good locality for idlers and strollers, and



PALAZZO FERRO, VENICE.

these are seen constantly moving or lounging about in large numbers.

The stores of Venice are small, those making the greatest display being the jewelry shops, which are very numerous. The chief occupation of the jewelers is the manufacture of Venetian Mosaics. The display of fabrics, such as cloths, cottons, silks, etc., is small, though of silk manufactured goods, laces, gloves, and Venetian glass there is a good display. In photography the Venetians are especially successful and expert.

Formerly Venice was the centre of the best class of printing; the famous family of Aldus having flourished in this city between 1490 and 1597. The works which issued from the press of this remarkable family were recommended by their intrinsic value, as well as by their handsome exterior, and have ever been highly prized by the learned and by book collectors. Many are first editions of the Greek and Roman classics, others corrected texts of modern classic writers, as Petrarch, Boccaccio, etc., carefully collated. All of them are distinguished for the remarkable correctness of the typography.

Aldus, the father, had the finest collection of Greek and Latin type of his time. It is to him that we owe the types known to-day as "italics," which were used for the first time in an edition of ancient and modern classics, commencing with "Virgil," in 1501. The business of this house was continued from father to son for 100 years, during which time it printed 908 different works. The distinguishing mark of the house is an anchor, entwined by the motto, "Sudavit et Alsit."

So great was the demand for books from this office, that about 1502 the printers of Lyons and Florence began the system of issuing counterfeit "Aldines," which, for a time, had a large and profitable sale.

In Venice was published the first book printed in Italy; and from this city is said to have been also issued the first newspaper of modern Europe, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and which took its name from the coin *gazzetta*, for which it was sold. Here, also, appeared the first bill of exchange, and here was established the first bank of deposit and discount.

The manufactures of Venice consist of woolens, serges, canvas, ropes, velvets, silk stockings, jewelry and glassware. In the latter manufacture nearly 5,000 persons are employed. It is carried on extensively on the island of Murano. The exports of Venice are grain, raw silk, paper, fruit, cheese, oil and wine. The imports are olive oil, cotton, dye-stuffs, etc.

Trade is carried on in vessels of small tonnage; and until within a few years had greatly declined, while a considerable contraband trade existed.

The great *quai* of Venice, the *Riva dei Schiavoni*, commences at the water-front of the Ducal Palace, and extends eastward for about half a mile. It is constructed of granite, and runs back to a line of warehouses, a distance of 70 to 80 ft., where it is widest, diminishing to 20 ft. at its farther end. It is paved with heavy flags, and was the chief mart of Venice in its palmy days.

From here, where the harbor of the Adriatic commences, the merchantships started on their voyages, and here they cast anchor on their return. From the upper end of the *quai*, a short canal leads into three inclosed harbors to which the dockyards are attached. These dockyards, famous during the palmiest days



GATES OF THE ARSENAL, VENICE.

of the republic, are still kept in most excellent repair.

The most vivid impression of Venetian out-door life may be obtained in the *Piazzetta* and *Piazza* of St. Mark. In the arcades about these are numerous cafés, which, at night, are illuminated brilliantly. Like everything else in Venice, these are more Oriental than Italian, and here Turks, Moors, Greeks, and Armenians are seen lounging about, forming a truly Eastern and barbaric picture.

A prominent feature of the *Place* is the pigeons of St. Mark, which haunt the buildings in the neighborhood; and on Sundays at noon they are fed at the expense of the government. As the hour approaches, flock after flock of hungry birds come wheeling in to obtain their expected meal. The *Place* is crowded with curious eye-witnesses of this interesting scene.

Venice has 90 churches, none of which, except the Cathedral, is distinguished by any particular degree of ornamentation, although some possess fine Mosaics. The principal feature of the richness of their interiors is precious marbles and statuary. Those of the Barefooted friars—*Santa Maria Nazaretti*, and of the Jesuits—*Santa Maria del Rosario*, are much smaller than a New York church of average size, and have plainer exteriors. Inside they are a mass of extravagant decoration.

One of the most interesting buildings in the city is the Arsenal. This is nearly two miles in circuit, with a dock-yard which was not surpassed in its time. Walls and towers battlemented surround the basins, which are enclosed by its buildings. It is erected on several small islands, and contains four basins or wet docks, and a number of dry docks, and workshops for the building of vessels.

A ropewalk built in the early part of the last century is, with the exception of that in Toulon, the largest in Europe.

In its palmy days, Venice employed no less than 16,000 persons about its arsenals. Here also, there is the great standard of the Turkish admiral, made of crimson silk, captured at the battle of Lepanto. A few fragments of the galleys which were engaged in that fight are also preserved. A full suit of armor is likewise shown, which was presented to the republic by Henry IV. of France, when he desired to be enrolled among the Patricians of Venice; but the sword which formed a part of the gift, and was the one worn by the king at the Battle of Ivry has disappeared. In the model-room are miniature representations of all sorts of craft. One of these represents the *Bencentaur*, and was made from drawings, from recollection, after the original was destroyed. A bit of the mast of the original, however, is preserved. The arsenal was built in the beginning of the twelfth century, but was not completed until early in the fourteenth. Many of its valuable contents were destroyed wantonly by the French.

But in whatever direction one's thoughts may range in considering the subject of "beautiful Venice," the mind always returns to the gondolas, which seem, indeed, to be inseparable from our conception or memory of the city. The gondola moves through the water with a noiseless and gliding motion, like that of a swan; the smaller kind have one, the larger two oarsmen. The largest are from 25 ft. to 30 ft. long, all being sharply curved both at stem and stern. The centre is occupied by a sort of small cabin or tent, large enough to accommodate from two to four persons. It is covered by an awning which may be removed, and is provided with blinds or curtains with which to conceal those within. Everything about the gondola is black. The oarsmen stand erect and propel the boat by pushing the oar from them instead of drawing it toward them. From the narrowness of the canals, and the number of gondolas that navigate them, these oarsmen are obliged to keep a sharp lookout constantly. The upright stem against which the oar plays, and which is placed in the stern, has two or three rowlocks one above the other—an arrangement intended to accommodate the various statures of different gondoliers, and to meet the necessity of using a longer or shorter oar, according as the changing character of the navigation demands. When there are two rowers, the stronger one takes the stern oar and the other the bow.

Passengers on the *quais* and bridges are constantly hailed by the boatmen, anxious for a fare. Private gondolas are

commonly seen anchored to painted poles planted for that purpose in the canals close by the water-door of the owner's house. Such gondolas are commonly decked with armorial bearings to distinguish them.

On the Grand Canal, near the Rialto, is the Palace Mocenigo, where Byron resided in 1818, and where he wrote the first Cantos of "Don Juan." Its water façade is spotted irregularly with casements, and some of the anchorage-poles before its portico still bear the English coronet carved in them by the poet's orders.

At the bend of the canal below this stands the Palace Balbi, which was erected in 1582. It is built in the Renaissance style, and was the favorite place of residence of Napoleon Buonaparte while in Venice.

Still farther down stand the two Giustiniani palaces, now united in one. These are of the same style of architecture as the Balbi, and were executed in the fifteenth century. Several of the finest statues in the Vatican formerly belonged to the Giustiniani Gallery. The family is one of the few of the ancient Venetian blood still existing in the city—to which, as early as 828, it gave a doge, the first of a number of these officials of the same race.

The Palace Pesaro is regarded as the finest in Venice, that of the doge excepted. Built in the sixteenth century, in the Renaissance style, it took thirty years to erect, and cost 500,000 ducats. The Pesaro family settled in Venice in 1235, furnished one doge, and several generals to the republic, but is now extinct. The Pesaro is on the left side of the Grand Canal, about one-third of a mile beyond the Rialto, and has a branch canal on either side. It fronts on the canal 100 ft. and runs back 500 ft. The basement to the floor of the first story is of granite—the rest is of marble. Each story has an arcade along its entire front, of a magnificent design, and surrounded with entablatures and sculptures. In the interior finish, decoration, size, etc., this superb palace is little, if any, inferior to the royal residences. Its steps project some distance into the water, and terminate in a broad platform of unusual length.

A short distance further down the canal, on the same side, is the Fondaco dei Turchi, built in the Byzanto-Italian style of the eleventh century. On the ground floor are columns of Oriental marble, ornamented with gold and silver. It is constructed of white marble striped with gray, has a frontage of nearly 200 ft. on the Grand Canal, and is arcaded in the central part of the first and second stories. This building was greatly admired by Tasso, Petrarch, and Ariosto, and was eulogized by Byron. In 1621 it became the headquarters of the Turkish and other Eastern merchants who were established in Venice.

One great advantage possessed by the architecture of Vienna, that of durability, arises from the early Venetians understanding the preparation of cement and concrete impervious to water. White and red marble were broken into small fragments, imbedded in cement on an under floor previously prepared and made substantially level. After the cement had hardened it was ground down to a smooth, even, and polished surface by rubbing with stone and dry sand. Such a floor effectually excluded dampness from beneath, and was the ordinary Venetian floor in all houses of the better class. As a further precaution against the evil effects of the damp, no one slept on the ground floor, that portion of the house being devoted to culinary purposes.

The material of which the principal buildings in Venice are constructed is either marble or light-colored stone, or brick covered with mastic. No wooden houses are seen. The prevailing color in the buildings being white, gives the city a very cheerful appearance.

The *Lido* is a long, low island, lying southeast of Venice. To this locality Byron was in the habit of going for the purpose of indulging in horseback riding on the sand—a mode

of exercise of which he was passionately fond. He had a stable put up on the island, where he kept his horses. A portion of the Lido was, and still is, used as a burial place for the Jews; and old tombs are found there in large numbers.

A short distance from the city is the Armenian Convent, occupying an island of its own. Here Byron studied the Armenian language.

In the Church of *Santa Maria dei Frari* is the tomb of Titian, as also that of the unfortunate Doge Foscari. Titian was the head of the Venetian school of painting, and, as is well known, one of the greatest painters that ever lived. At the age of ten his predilection for drawing induced his father to send him to Venice, that he might learn to be a painter. Here he studied under Sebastiano Zuccati and the two Bellinis; but the painter who exercised the greatest influence on his style was Giorgione.

Titian died in 1576, having attained the extreme age of ninety-nine years. He is best studied, perhaps, at Venice, although splendid specimens of his work are to be seen in the chief European galleries. The number of his works is upward of 600.

Paul Veronese is buried in the Church of St. Sebastian—and turning from his tomb, the visitor can inspect some of the best of his productions. The surname of Veronese was Cagliari; but he is best known

by the name given to him from the place of his birth—Verona. He settled in Venice, and acquired there both wealth and reputation. Those of his works in the Church of St. Sebastian are reckoned the most important of his early period, or before he visited Rome, when he first became acquainted with the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo. On his return from Rome, he received the honor of knighthood from the Doge of Venice. He died on the 19th of April, 1588.

In the Church of San Giovanni, Titian's great picture of the "Martyrdom of St. Peter" is still hanging; and there

was buried the Doge Andrea Vendramin. The Church of the Jesuits is notable for containing a pulpit of Verd Antique and Carrara marble, so wrought as to produce the effect of drapery; and also an altar resting on twisted columns of Verd Antique.

The Venetians of to-day have laid aside the peculiarities of dress which characterized them in the days of their independence and splendor. Only the gondolas, the story-tellers, polichinelli and conjurers with the decaying glory of the ancient palaces, mark the old city as it once was. Even the distinctive Venetian dialect, formerly so much cherished, has died out.

"La Fenice," one of the largest theatres in the world, is in Venice. It was built in 1791, was burned in December, 1836, and restored in May, 1837. There are also a number of other theatres in the city.

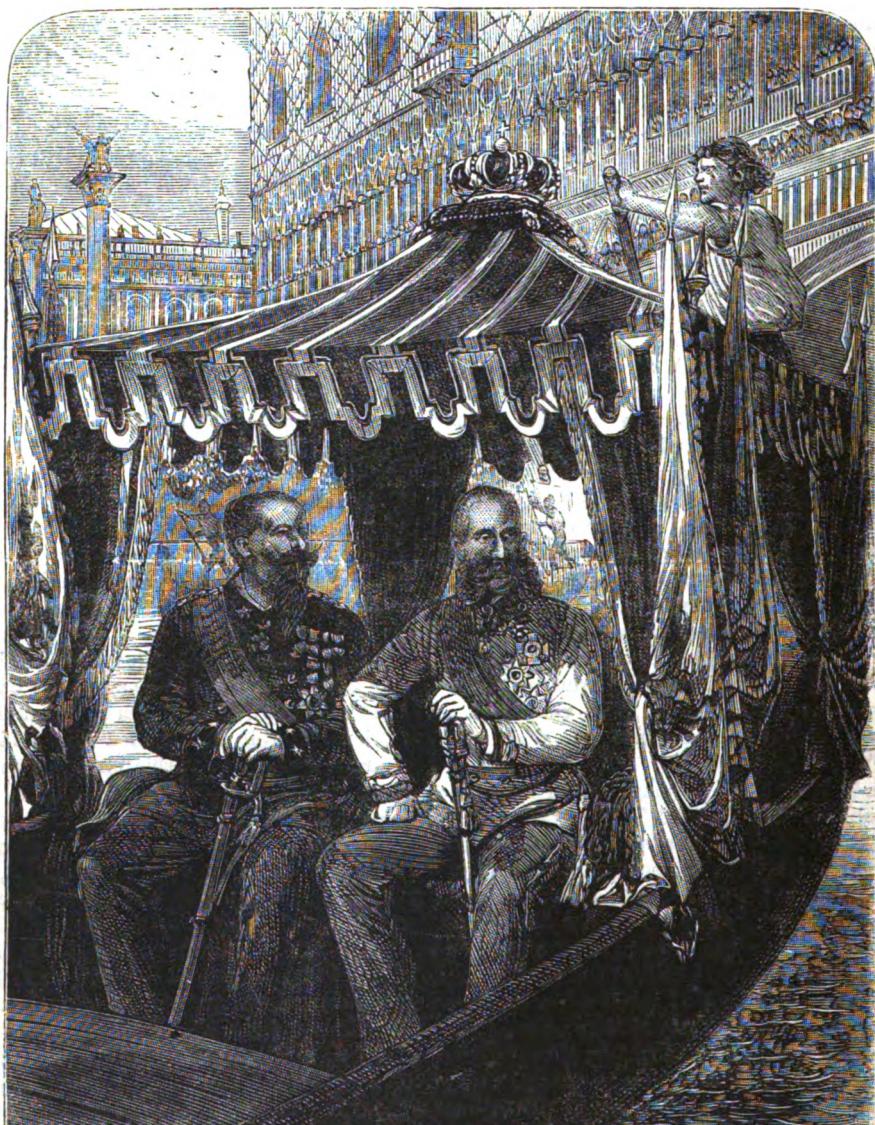
The islands scattered about Venice and the lagoon are numerous, and, as suburbs, deserve passing notice. Murano is the most considerable of these, with a population of 5,000. Here are the principal glass manufactures. Borano & Nazordo are smaller, and are entirely devoted to gardens, most of the vegetables consumed in Venice being raised upon them.

Torcello was the parent island of the Venetian cities. It is now, however, decayed, and of little importance. Malamocco is

immediately opposite Venice. Asholi Island, closing out the lagoon from the Adriatic, has upon it the Castello di San Andrea—a pentagonal fort mounting forty guns.

The palace Minetti is noteworthy for a novel circular staircase constructed on the exterior of the building at one of the corners, and which connects with every story. The palace of Bianco Capello keeps alive the memory of a remarkable woman.

Bianca Capello was a Venetian lady of rank who married a person of inferior position, and retired to Florence, where she became attached to Francis, son of the grand duke,



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, VENICE'S OLD RULER, AND THE KING OF ITALY, HER PRESENT RULER, IN A GONDOLA AT VENICE.

Cosmo di Medici, for whom she deserted her husband. On the death of the latter, Bianca artfully prevailed upon her lover to marry her, and was reinstated in her former position as a true daughter of Venice—although this was not effected without a special embassy to the Venetian States. Bianca and her husband died suddenly, within a few days of each other, in October, 1587, as was supposed, from poison.

The Fine Art Academia is located in the ancient convent of *La Carità*, and is worthy of note. It was formed in 1807,

stands on the right bank of the Grand Canal, and is chiefly memorable on account of its having been restored by *Mademoiselle Taglioni*, the celebrated dancer.

In 1857, there died in Paris, of heart disease, the illustrious Italian patriot and political leader, Daniel Manin, elected during the revolution of 1848 to the Presidency of the Venetian Republic. From 1831, he had been a recognized leader of the liberal opinion in Venice, and was twice imprisoned on account of his political views. On the pro-



THE ROMANCE OF BUNDELL'S RUINS.—“‘HELEN,’ HE SAID, ‘TELL ME ALL, POOR TORTURED LOVE, TELL ME ALL !’”—SEE PAGE 98.

by Napoleon, and consists of several schools, and has the finest collection of pictures of the Venetian school, including works by Titian, Tintoretto, Bonifacio, Giovanni Bellini, Paolo Veronese, and many other masters. Specimens of the works of these artists are also to be found in many of the palaces and churches of the city. Perhaps the best hotel in Venice is the *Albergo dell' Europa*. The *Ca'd'Oro*, a building of the fifteenth century in the Oriental style,

mulgation, in 1848, of the news that Paris, Naples and Tuscany were in revolution, Manin was released in triumph by the populace, and was invested with supreme power. On the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, Manin laid down his authority, but afterward resumed it, and was the animating spirit of the entire population of Venice during the heroic defense of the city for four months against the besieging Austrian army. On the 24th of August, Venice

capitulated and Manin quitted the city. He returned to Paris, where he taught his native language, declining all offers of aid. His death was received by the Venetians with every evidence of sincere regret, and a grand funeral procession of illuminated gondolas and barges swept through the Grand Canal in honor of the event. A monument, surmounted by a statue, having at its base two winged lions was erected in Venice to the memory of Daniel Manin.

The ceremonies of the carnival, though less attractive than formerly—Venice having been superseded in this respect by Rome—are still conducted with a considerable degree of vivacity by the Venetians. Masqueraders throng the public squares and float through the canals in torch-lighted gondolas. Masquerade balls occur in the different palaces, and the city is quite given over to folly and enjoyment. During recent years, important events in Venice have been the visits of the Empress Eugenie, the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, and Garibaldi. On these occasions the city displayed liberal hospitality; and the serenade and illumination on the Grand Canal, and the illumination of the Ducal Palace, in honor of the Empress Eugenie were occasions of great interest.

The Venetians are fond of giving fêtes, a feature of which is frequently a regatta of gondolas held on the Grand Canal, whose banks, and the porches of whose palaces and public buildings, bridges, etc., are thronged with citizens at such a time.

A *Bal Masqu'e* at the theatre in Venice also calls out thousands of the better classes, who throng the boxes, and gaze with real enjoyment at the varied and attractive scenes beneath.

No more splendid occasion can be mentioned among recent celebrations in Europe, than that of the visit of the Emperor of Austria to the King of Italy at Venice. The political situation was peculiar—the Austrian potentate visiting as a guest the city over which he had at one time ruled as a sovereign—and the scene of Francis Joseph and Victor Emmanuel sailing through the Grand Canal in the State Barge of the King of Italy must have been in the highest degree interesting.

THE ROMANCE OF RUNDELL'S RUINS.



ENE D'HYMBERCOURT was a young gentleman of French parentage and Canadian birth, who, finding himself at the age of twenty-six master of his own actions, and of a very considerable fortune bequeathed him by his father, resolved to thoroughly explore the country of his birth, select a wife from among her daughters—acknowledged the fairest in the world—and with her to return once more to France where his father had, in his last days, repurchased the family estate, sold in the emigration. Determined to see everything under its most individual aspect, the young

man commenced his explorations upon horseback, and having ridden through those parts of Canada with which he was not already acquainted entered the States by way of Lake Champlain, and at Plattsburg branched off to visit the Chateaugay Woods and Adirondac Mountains, expecting to spend a few weeks in hunting and fishing before proceeding further South.

Those who are acquainted with the mode of travel in that region will easily understand that our hero soon found him-

self obliged to abandon his horse and luggage, and content himself with his own feet and the pack carried upon the back of the sturdy guide, whose services he secured at the point where he made the change.

"One must take things as they come. It is what I am here for," remarked the young Frenchman, gayly, as he limped along, footsore and weary, at the end of the second day's march, and shifted his rifle from one lame shoulder to the other.

"Going to camp right ahead here," suggested Peters, the guide, guessing at the meaning of the words he had not heard, and a few moments later the blind path ended in a little clear space upon the bank of a considerable sheet of water.

"You might light a fire to keep of the flies, and I'll go catch a mess o' fish, and after dark we'll like enough sight a deer," said Peters, throwing down his pack and straightening his muscles.

"As you say, my friend, but first I will drink and rest myself beside the lake, for, shame to say, I have not your delightful energy and endurance, and must confess myself very tired."

"Thought you was getting tuckered. You city chaps need an awful sight o' toughening," responded Peters, indulgently; and dragging his canoe from the hollow log, where he had hidden it upon his last visit to the lake, he launched and paddled it out upon the water without more ado, leaving René to stretch himself in weary satisfaction upon the smooth and fragrant bed of pine-needles provided for him by the care of indulgent mother-nature.

The trout, the deer, and the sylvan hut erected by Peters all proved so attractive that René decided that it would be a waste of opportunities to leave them after but one night's enjoyment, and the second night found him in the same trina.

"Going to start this morning, cap'n?" inquired Peters, on the morning of the third day.

"Well, no, my brave fellow; I think we will stay yet one little day more," replied his employer, lazily. "The partridges are abundant, and I wish to make a few more botanical researches. I found a curious fern."

"All right, cap'n! if you're going to stay right around here, I'd like to strike off to Moore Pond, and see if there's any prospect of sport, or if we'd better keep right ahead for Sequasset. I can go and come by four o'clock arternoon, and I don't suppose you need me to help pick ferns or shoot pa'tridges, do you?"

"Not in the least, *mon garçon*; and for once I will not only shoot, but cook, my own dinner in the glorious independence of the primitive men."

"All right," replied Peters, gruffly; for the worthy fellow, like most of his compeers, always considered language or allusions out of his own vernacular as more or less insulting, and to be resented accordingly.

Left alone, René shouldered his fowling-piece, strapped his specimen-book at his back, saw that his compass was safe, and struck out into the woods with a sense of perfect freedom and self-responsibility quite new and delightful. Both partridges and ferns proved abundant and fine, and when the sun and René's watch declared it noon he found himself so far from camp that, instead of returning, he made a fire of dry twigs and branches, cooked a brace of his birds, and dined abundantly and luxuriously, although lacking the bread and salt which he had hitherto considered utterly indispensable to even a hunter's meal. Resolving to explore the country a little farther before returning to camp he trudged out his fire, left the fragments of his feast for the woodland beggars who sat watching him from various coverts, and strode blithely on toward a high hill in the distance, which he had resolved to explore.

"What a savage country! Perhaps no man has placed foot in it until to-day! I feel myself a Jaques' Cartier, a Champlain, a Christopher Columbus!" exclaimed the young man, pausing and wiping his heated brow as he neared the goal; but the next few steps refuted this romantic surmise, for the thick wood suddenly opened into a half grown-up clearing, in the midst of which stood a log-cabin of more than the usual size and pretension, originally of great solidity and strength, but now falling to decay and ruin, and showing by its boarded windows, crumbling clay chimney, and grass-grown doorways that it was no longer the abode of man.

Leaning upon his gun, René stood still without emerging from the shadow of the woods, and stared in much surprise at this unexpected proof that not one man, but several, must have already explored the wilderness he had just decided to be so virgin, and was already falling into a somewhat romantic reverie upon the subject of its former occupants, when he was inexpressibly startled by seeing the shutter of one of the upper windows opened, noiselessly, and the pale, beautiful face of a young woman appear in the opening, look slowly and despairingly about her for a few moments, and then gradually disappear as if it had melted into the black background of the chamber.

The next moment the sound of sharp whistling blows was heard, falling in rapid reiteration upon naked flesh, and accompanied by the moaning sobs of a woman's voice attempting to stifle its pain.

René hesitated no longer, but, shouting wildly, he dashed forward to the rescue with all the ardor of a young man who hears a woman in distress, and cares not to inquire who she may be, or what the origin of her unhappiness if he can but become her champion. But as René paused before the closely shut and barred door and listened for some sound to guide his movements, he was struck by the deathlike stillness that all at once had replaced the sounds that had alarmed him. The blows, the sobs, the moans had fallen into a silence so profound that René distinctly heard the thick throbbing of his own heart, and the melancholy cry of the heron in the distant marshes. He called aloud:

"Who is here? Who is suffering? Speak, and I will rescue you! Cry out once more if you cannot speak!"

But still the deathlike silence continued, and a vague unreasoning sense of fear struck like a chill through the fever of the young man's blood. He made the circuit of the cabin, trying every window; but these, as well as the solitary door seemed as thoroughly secured as if they had been prepared to stand a siege, and not the least sign was visible that human occupant had passed in or out, for months at least, if not years.

Thoroughly puzzled, René stood staring about him for several moments, when the sound of a rifle in the neighboring forest followed by a cheerful halloo in Peters' voice aroused him from his bewilderment, and determined him to wait for the hunter's help and counsel before making any further attempt to invade the premises. Glancing up at the window in the gable end of the house as he hurried away he perceived that the shutter was as closely fastened as those of the other windows, and looked as unlikely to have been opened.

"Am I dreaming? Am I the victim of a delusion?" murmured the young man, hastening toward the forest, and discharging his piece as a signal.

It was immediately answered, and in a few moments the two men met: Peters calm, smiling, and indifferent; his employer full of excitement, wrath, and perplexity. In a very few words he told his story, described the apparition of the pale, fair face, the blows, the cries, the utter stillness, and the impossibility of effecting a peaceable entrance.

"But," added he, excitedly; "we will find a way to force those shutters, that door! We will penetrate this mystery, my friend; we will rescue this unhappy woman from her tyrant; we will judge and punish him, and save her. Come, Peters, come!"

"Well. I guess not, cap'n," returned the hunter, resting his rifle upon the ground, and leaning heavily upon it, while his bronzed, hard face turned visibly pale, as he anxiously gazed in the direction of the clearing, now completely hidden by the trees. "I reckon we couldn't do much good there, not if we was to knock in every door and window of the old shanty. There ain't no one in it, nor haint been this six year, and them as is there understands their own biz' better nor we could learn it to 'em. If that woman is a-catchin' it, it's from her master, and she's earned all she gets. I don't feel no call to interfere, and what's more we couldn't do it if we set out to."

"But what do you mean, Peters? Explain!" demanded René, impatiently; but the hunter only shook his head.

"I ain't no skeerier than my mates, cap'n, but I'd rather not talk about them things just here," said he. "After we've got back to camp and had some supper I'll tell you all about it, if you say so; but I'm amazin' sorry you ever see the place. That was one reason I didn't want to take you to Moore Pond along of me, 'cause the trail lays so close to Rundell's—"

"What do you call it?" demanded René, quickly.

"Well, Rundell's Ruins we that know the place mostly calls the place when we speak about it at all," replied the man, reluctantly. "But we ain't over-fond of talking about it, any way, and don't calculate to go nigh it oftener than is convenient. You wouldn't catch a Chateaugay man sleeping in that shanty—not if the worst storm that ever blowed was in the woods. But let's be getting along, mister. I tell you there ain't no human being in that ere ruin, and you couldn't do no good if you was inside. Come along!"



THE ROMANCE OF RUNDELL'S RUINS.—"HE WAS INEXPRESSIBLY STARTLED BY SEEING THE SHUTTER OF ONE OF THE UPPER WINDOWS OPENED, NOISELESSLY, AND THE PALE, BEAUTIFUL FACE OF A YOUNG WOMAN APPEAR IN THE OPENING."



SOUTHERN SCENES.—OPPOSUM HUNTING IN MARYLAND.—SEE PAGE 104.

Half-convinced and yet reluctant, René obeyed, and the two men rapidly made their way back to camp, when Peters at once occupied himself in making a fire and preparing supper, while D'Hymbécourt sat idly gazing out upon the lake, gorgeous beneath the sunset sky, and recalling the scenes he had just passed through, the guide's mysterious hints, and the anguished, despairing expression of the pale, beautiful face that for one moment had found itself in the open casement of the ruin, and then disappeared so absolutely that he began to doubt that he had really seen it. Supper over and pipes lighted, his impatience at length found vent, and he exclaimed :

"Now, Peters, I can wait no longer. Tell me all about Rundell's Ruins, and the meaning of your assertion that it was no human being whose face I saw, and whose cries I heard, but who refused to reply to my call or accept my protection."

Peters shook the ashes from his pipe, gravely refilled it, plucked a brand from the fire to light it, and drew two or three long whiffs of satisfaction before he replied; then he said :

"After all, cap'n, there ain't so much to tell. It's more what it kind o' puts into a feller's head that makes the place so skeery—reg'lar right down cursed you might call it. 'Twas a feller named Rundell that put up the shanty, and when he'd got all fixed he went down York way somewhere and fetched up a woman and a lot of truck for the house. Harsome that gal was as a picter. Well, I s'pose you seen her this arternoon, so I needn't say no more about that.

"Rundell he set by her the worst kind—reg'lar foolish over her he was—and neglected his hunting and trapping to fix up the shanty, and make a flower-gardening and all that, so's he got to be a sort of bye-word, and 'soft as Jim Rundell' meant that a feller was pretty bad in that sort o' fashion. Neighbors ain't very thick in these parts, as I s'pose you've noticed; but once in five or ten mile you'll generally find a shanty, and we hunters tramp round consid'able; so one and another would look in at Rundell's pretty often; and at last the word got round that they wasn't altogether so loving as they had been, and one feller had heard high words, though he didn't turn in to the shanty, and another had met a stranger lurking round there, while he knew that Jim was off to the upper lakes to set his traps.

"The woman, too—Nell her name was—she grew hard and fierce, and different from what the other women in the woods fancied, somehow, and they left off going to see her, as they had done along at first, and got to saying 'Rundell's' in a sort of a sneerin' way that maybe you've noticed women put on when they mean more than they want to speak right out.

"But one day I was tramping the woods—I was quite a young feller then, for this was six or eight year ago—and I met Jim a-hurrying along with his rifle on his shoulder and his pup at his heels, and I stopped to give him the time o' day and hev a little chat; but he didn't seem to be sociable a bit. He says, says he :

"Ned Peters, excuse me, but I'm rather in a hurry, and must be a-going. The fact is my woman and me we had some purty hard words just afore I left home yes'day morn-

ing, and maybe I was a little too hard on her; any ways I couldn't stand it to go clean up to Saranac, as I set out to, without kind o' easing it off a little, and I want to go home, and say my say, and be off ag'in 'fore sundown, and I'm consid'able in a hurry; so good-day."

"Soft as Jim Rundell," says I to myself, as I watched him streakin' it toward his clearing, with Turk at his heels; and then I went about my own affairs.

"Next day, just about the same time, I was in the woods again; and, thinks I, I'll look in at Rundell's,

and see what Nell has to say about her man coming home so kind of unexpected; and so I made for the clearing. But, Lord ! cap'n, I hadn't got a-nigh it when I heerd Turk a-howlin' the worst kind; and I thought how cur'ous it was if Jim had gone to Saranac and left the pup to home; and then I reckoned it was some of his nonsense, and he'd staid at home all day to finish courtin' Nell after their fallin' out; and I reckoned I'd rough him pooty smart for such baby-work. But—poor Jim! Makes me feel kind o' streaked even now, cap'n; for I was fond o' that feller, I was—main fond of him, and— Well, I went up to the shanty, and the door was shet, and the winders, too, and Turk was inside. And in I went; and downstairs there wasn't nobody, and still the dog kept up his howling, and I foller'd it up into the loft; and there was Jim—poor feller!—lying cold and dead, and the poor, faithful pup a-settin' by him and licking his hand, and no one else a-nigh."



SOUTHERN SCENES.—SHOOTING TURTLES ON THE SOUTH RIVER, MARYLAND.—SEE PAGE 100.

"Dead! What killed him?" asked D'Hymercourt, breathlessly, as Peters gloomily paused.

"Pison," replied the guide, briefly. "I went for a doctor, and he came twelve miles to see him; and he said there was iodium enough in his stomach to have killed half a dozen. There was a mug beside the bed, with some stuff in it all fixed-up with sugar, and rum, and spice, and that stuff in with it. She'd pizened him, the jade! and then cut and run—and not alone neither, I'll bet my hat; for I heerd afterward of them that had seen a man and woman riding horseback not fur from here, and in the worst kind of hurry, too. That was Nell and the stranger that hung round while Jim was away—you bet your life on that, cap'n; but no one ever see her again—that is, not alive—but I reckon she's follyed after her man afore this, else how could she be seen any other way?"

"Then you think it was the spirit of this wretched woman that I saw?" asked René, breathlessly.

"Dunno, cap'n; but what I do know is, that so many queer sights and queer sounds has been heerd round that shanty sence that day that we woods-folk fight mighty shy of it, and I'd rather go five mile round than cross that clearin'. I heerd it once myself, you see."

"Heard what?"

"What you did, cap'n. Jest about a year ago, I was nigher than I thought, and I heerd a woman crying, and I was skeered; and yet not so skeered but what I went up to the shanty and knocked in a board that I'd nailed over the winder myself, and looked in. But there wa'n't no one there, and I knowed there couldn't be; so I fixed-up the winder as well as I could, and left. That's the last time ever you catch this child near Bundell's Rains. And so, stranger, I b'lieve I'll turn in, for we've got to be up bright and early to-morrow to reach Sequasset before night."

"Turn in, then, my friend. I will stay up a little," replied René; and while the woodman slept, and the fire smouldered down, and the wolf and the congoon howled in the depths of the untracked forest beyond the lake, he sat, his head upon his hand, musing upon the story he had heard, and recalling again and again the wild, despairing beauty of the face he had seen.

The healthy fatigues and excitements of his forest life soon, however, diverted the mind of the young man from a train of thought that, in other circumstances, might have become morbid; and, when six months had passed, and he foun'l himself enjoying all the gayeties of the gayest city in the United States, René d'Hymercourt had as nearly forgotten his adventure in the woods as it is possible to forget what has once deeply interested us.

The Grand Opera was at the Academy, and René was its most constant devotee. No night was too stormy, no other engagement sufficiently attractive, no opera too uninteresting, to prevent his attendance; and, like most other young men, he learned to improve the moments between the acts in surveying the brilliant array of beauty and the magnificent toiletts that crowded the boxes, or more quietly ornamented the parquette of the handsome theatre.

It was the night of "Les Huguenots," and the green curtain had just fall'n upon the closing scene of the first act, when René, who was standing up to *longer* the seats behind him, started, turned deadly pale, and suffered his hand and glass to drop nervelessly at his side.

A lady had entered one of the proscenium boxes, seated herself in the shadow of the curtain, and then leaned forward and looked from her box, as from a window, at the parquette below, her large, sad eyes roaming over the sea of unfamiliar faces with as little interest as if they had been the leaves of the lonely Chatcaugay woods.

"The same—the very same!" exclaimed René, aloud, and immediately conscious of the indiscretion, he looked sharply

about him and met the smiling eyes of his next neighbor—a man of youthful middle age, with the indefinable stamp of society and good breeding unmistakably imprinted upon his good-humored face.

"You have seen Mrs. Courtenay elsewhere, sir?" said he at once; and René eagerly replied:

"I have seen her—it must be her that I saw—but I did not know her name. Do, if you please, tell me something of her."

"With pleasure, so far as it is in my power; but I fancy no one knows more of this lady than that she arrived in New York a little more than two years ago, bringing letters to some of our best people from their friends in Paris and London, that she settled herself in elegant apartments at the Brevoort House, keeps her *coupe* and three servants, spends a great deal of money very quietly and elegantly, and has succeeded in being very much the fashion without ever figuring as heroine of the mildest scandal. She honors me with her acquaintance, and I should be most happy, had I the pleasure of yours, to present you, if you are as interested in her as you appear."

René immediately pulled out his card-case, inquiring at the same time:

"Do you know Mr. Blank, or Mrs. Grundy?"

"Both of them."

"I shall do myself the honor of presenting a letter from one or the other at your hotel in the morning, and if you will be so very kind—"

"Most happy, M. d'Hymercourt."

And the gentleman presented in turn his own card, upon which René read the name,

"JOHN STUYTEVANT,
Fifth Avenue Hotel."

The curtain rose, the gentlemen seated themselves, and "Les Huguenots" went on to its tragic ending; but the graceful form, half revealed by the curtain, never again bent forward, and the pale, beautiful face was not again visible.

As the orchestra crashed its final strains, René stood outside the door of Mrs. Courtenay's box, but found himself preceded by a respectable-looking footman, who, with a shawl upon his arm, evidently waited for his mistress. The box-door opened, the man stepped in, and presently reappeared, followed by a lady closely wrapped and veiled, who passed so quickly before the eager expectant that a faint whiff of otter of roses was the most decisive proof of her vicinity that he obtained.

The next day, however, proved more propitious, and the matter of the introductory letters having been easily arranged, René, with a beating heart, followed his new acquaintance into Mrs. Courtenay's drawing-room, just at that charming time of the day when the first shadows of evening soften all defects, harmonize all differences, and rouse the spirit which has refused to exhaust itself in a combat with the harsh realities of mid-day to renewed brilliancy and enjoyment.

Mrs. Courtenay was just bidding good-by to some friends, pretty women themselves, but as René said to himself, "O how pale, how insipid, how commonplace beside this magnificent woman!" whose ample robes of black velvet defined her fully rounded, yet supple, figure to perfection, while the sombre tint threw out the pure and delicate coloring of her face in the most artistic manner, and her skillful coiffure seemed a regal crown most fittingly bestowed.

As her guests departed, she turned and gracefully extended a hand—white as ivory, smooth and soft as satin, and yet of a firm and decisive grasp that always surprised those who encountered it—to Stuytevant, bowed courteously to D'Hymercourt, and rested upon his face for an instant the clear scrutiny of the gray eyes that, in the Chatcaugay woods,

had seemed to him of the most unfathomable darkness. From that evening the acquaintance went on with the most astonishing rapidity, and six weeks from the day of his presentation René d'Humbercourt laid his name, his fortune, his love, at the feet of the woman he passionately adored, but of whom he knew nothing more than he had learned of his friend Stuytevant in the first moment of recognizing her.

Precisely this was the answer that she made to him, softening thus the explicit refusal with which she met his plea.

"But you shall tell me of yourself, Helen—if I may use that name aloud, as I have for weeks used it in my mind—you shall tell me all your story; and, be it what it may, it can make no change in my love, nor in my passionate desire to call you wife."

"Never, never, my poor René! I can never reveal my secret to mortal man. I can never be wife and hold it; so—good-by, René."

She extended her hand. He took it, held it firmly between his own, and, looking into her tear-dimmed eyes, said, softly:

"To no man but me, Helen; but I already know it."

"You—know—it!" gasped Mrs. Courtenay, a deadly pallor settling around her lips, and her eyes dilating with horror.

"Last September, Helen, I was hunting in the Chateau-gay woods—"

A low cry burst from the white lips; but, unheeding it, D'Humbercourt went on:

"It was late in the afternoon of the 22d day of the month that I came suddenly upon a lonely ruin in the heart of the forest. I stood motionless and voiceless, looking toward it, when a window opened and a face appeared—a pale, unhappy face, Helen; but a face that mirrored itself in my heart, and has never faded from its depths. A man—Peters by name, my guide and hunter—told me the story of the house. He called the woman who lived there by the name of Nell, not Helen; but, when I saw her again at the Academy of Music, six weeks ago, I knew her, I loved her; I ask her to become my wife, either telling me her story, or leaving it to die out of my memory and our mutual lives—killed by the happiness that I vow to bestow upon her."

Mrs. Courtenay's face was hidden in her hands, and, as her lover tried to uncover it, she rose abruptly and left the room. A few moments later, her maid brought him a sealed note. It contained these words:

"Since you know so much, I will tell you all; but not yet, not here. Meet me at that ruined hut, the 22d day of next September, and you shall hear my story; and if you will it, we will speak again of your generous devotion. But, until then, make no attempt to see me again, if you value my regard."

René hastily wrote, in reply:

"I respect your wishes, and most gratefully accept your appointment for the 22d of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon—the hour at which I last year found myself at Rundell's Ruins."

He gave the note, with some money, to the maid, saying, significantly:

"I hope your mistress will often think of me this Summer, Adèle."

"I shall speak of you so often that she cannot forget you, monsieur. Thanks—you are most generous."

And, with this slender security for the fulfillment of his hopes, the young man was fain to depart.

The Summer passed as Summers, and Winters too, do pass—although, to our impatient hearts, time seemed to stand immovable—and the appointed day found René d'Humbercourt wearily traversing the woods in search of Rundell's Ruins; for he had carefully avoided meeting his

former guide—Peters—and the half-breed, whom he had taken from a distant point, was not likely to have ever heard of the ruined shanty, even if he had not been sent that morning upon a distant errand. Four o'clock, however, had barely passed when the young man joyfully emerged into the clearing, and at the first glance perceived that the shattered window was again unclosed, and the same pale, lovely face that he had seen in it a year before again presented itself, gazing eagerly toward the woods.

René stepped forward, and the face disappeared; but this time the young man confidently crossed the open space, and laid his hand upon the latch of the heavy door. At the same instant it was opened from within, and a man of more than middle-age, severe and keen of face, and dressed in the robes of an ecclesiastic of the Romish Church, stood before him.

René started back.

"Mrs. Courtenay?" stammered he.

"You will find her above stairs. I am her spiritual director, and visit her here."

And the priest, with a grave salutation, stood aside and allowed the young man to pass.

Bewildered, yet certain of an explanation, since Helen had fulfilled her promise and awaited him, René bounded up the rude stairs, and found himself in the chamber, or rather loft, which extended over all the lower rooms. One end was partitioned off into a sleeping-room, and at the door of this stood Mrs. Courtenay, her magnificent beauty strongly contrasting with her surroundings.

"Come in. You see that I have kept my promise," said she, sadly, and refusing, with a gesture, the hand D'Humbercourt eagerly extended.

"Not yet," said she, and led the way into the small chamber, once evidently the abode of a woman of fine and luxurious tastes, and still furnished with the crumbling remains of such articles as one could never have expected to find in such a place.

"Look around you, René," began Mrs. Courtenay, abruptly. "This was my marriage chamber, this adornment was the offering of a man who loved me even more than you can do, and that is the bed where he died, slain by my hand. Do you come to hear more?"

"Helen! Tell me all, poor tortured love, tell me all!"

"Let us make the story as brief as it is shameful, then," replied the unhappy woman, wringing her hands, and never looking toward her lover. "I was an orphan in an asylum, and Mark Courtenay saw me, and determined to make me his. He educated me carefully, and while still at the school where he had placed me, I accidentally saw James Rundell, and was fascinated by a rugged beauty, strength and courage that to me seemed the embodiment of all my romantic dreams of corsairs, bandits, and wild, free foresters. Carried away by a girl's romantic folly, I allowed him to carry me away one night, and became his wife next morning. He had already built this cabin, and he now expended all the savings of his life in furnishing at least one room in such a manner as to him seemed proper to my needs. He brought me here, and for a little while I was happy, for he loved me—dear Lord, how that man loved me and laid his life at my feet; but I wakened day by day from my fool's dream, and a great horror grew upon me as I saw to what I had bound myself. I to whom intellect, refinement, luxury were such daily needs that I had never thought of their value until I found myself cut off from them forever, as it seemed. The Courtenay arrived. He had patiently tracked me out, hidden himself from my husband's observation, and came upon me in his absence. All the temptations that such a nature as his knows how to offer, and such an one as mine knows not how to resist. I listened, wavered, yielded, and at last appointed a night when I would leave my home and place

myself under his protection, with a full knowledge at last of what his intentions toward me were.

"That very night James came home remorseful for the harsh words he had used as we parted the day before, and eager to proffer his love and receive mine, as in the first days of our marriage. I was weary of the struggle, weary of life, reckless of consequences, and resolved, at all risks, to fly from the life that had become to me a revolting slavery. I prepared a draught, meaning that it should send him into a deep and protracted slumber, during which I resolved to escape with Courtenay, who was waiting for me in the woods. That was what I intended—that, only, as God is my witness—but, ignorant of the strength of the drug, I gave him too much; he drank it, called me to him, and kissed me fondly, then slept. I did not wait for his wakening, and by morning I was far away. Months after I knew what I had done; knew myself a murderer, a lost woman; and I would have added my own death to his, but that I was afraid of meeting him before our Judge.

"Mr. Courtenay married me; he was very kind to me,

I had already imagined worse features than it possesses, already pardoned more serious faults than you can charge yourself with. You were very young; you were sorely tempted; you have repented bitterly, and punished yourself severely. I believe in the impossibility of the recurrence of anything similar, and, darling, I love you! I love you! I love you!"

He caught her in his arms, and she allowed herself the luxury of resting upon the noble and confiding heart, whose love had found itself strong enough to conquer all obstacles, forgive all offences. Presently, she said:

"Come! Father Ignacia must know our decision."

"And make you my wife," added the lover, and together they went downstairs and told their story to the priest, who heard it through, shook his head, and said, dryly:

"You had far better choose the Sacred Heart, my daughter; but since you and your betrothed insist, and he, knowing all, accepts you as an honored and trusted wife, I will fulfill my duty, and unite you to him in holy matrimony."

This is the beginning of the history, the sequel is to be



THE PROROROC OF TSIEN-TSANG RIVER, CHINA.—SEE PAGE 106.

and when he died—for I did not kill him—René, I was sincerely sorry—nothing more, for all emotion seemed to have died out of me, except a cruel, gnawing remorse, for the deed done him. I was attracted to the Roman faith, became a convert, and found comfort in all the most rigid observances of its severities.

"Father Ignacia, whom you saw below, is my confessor and director, and it was he who, for the last four years, has ordered me to visit this place on the anniversary of my crime, to spend twenty-four hours fasting in this chamber, and to perform penance of other nature."

"The blows I heard, accompanied by sobs?"

"They were self-inflicted, and not half so cruel as the inward scourging they represented. I have made this vigil four times, and Father Ignacia says that it is sufficient. He advises me to retire to a convent, and if—when—if we say good-by to-day, René, I shall do it."

"Helen, we will never say good-by, until death shall part us. Your story has not surprised—has not shocked me, for

found in a château of Southern France, the Château d'Hymbercourt, where lives René, his wife, Helen, and three of the loveliest children in all the province.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

OPPOSUM HUNTING.

THE opossum is one of the most singular and inexplicable little animals existing. In the length of body it is from twelve to fifteen inches, and the tail is about as much more. The tail looks like that of a huge rat, and is destitute of hair. The hair of the body is gray, white and brown, and this mixture gives it generally a blue tinge. The ears are thin and crumpled, and look very much like two little bits of a blue kid glove, and are also bare of hair. The feet are naked and long, and have a peculiar hand-like appearance. The eyes are very prominent, and as there are no eyelids worth mentioning, they have the appearance of two black beads

stuck on the face. The eyes are not very powerful by daylight, and even bright moonlight nights seem too much for them, as very often the animals are perceived and killed before they seem to know that any one is near them. The jaws are long, and furnished with formidable looking teeth, but they lack the power to use the latter strongly.

The opossum's greatest peculiarity is its pouch, and this has attracted general attention. The pouch is under the belly; in it the young are carried before they are completely developed, and afterward they retreat to it when threatened with danger.

If the animal is put in a critical situation, he will resort to stratagem rather than force to elude his pursuers, and if he finds escape impossible, he will feign death, hoping thereby to escape the threatened danger. If the hunter, knowing the cunning of the animal, should administer several deadly blows, and think that he has really destroyed him, he will watch his opportunity, and, unexpectedly recovering his breath, effect his escape. So well known is this trick, that it has given rise to the common saying, when any one is doing anything deceptive, that he is "playing 'possum."

Take an opossum in good health, corner him up until escape is impossible, then give him a gentle tap on the body that would hardly crush a mosquito, and he will straighten out and be, according to all indication, perfectly dead. In this situation you may thump him, cut his flesh, and half skin him—not a muscle will he move, his eyes are glazed and covered with dust, for he has no eyelids to close over them. You may even worry him with a dog, and satisfy yourself that he is really defunct; then leave him quiet a moment, and he will draw a thin film from his eyes, and, if not interfered with, be among the missing.

A favorite simile with many of the uneducated backwoods preachers is the tenacity with which the opossum can suspend himself by his tail. We once heard a preacher comparing a true Christian to a 'possum up a tall sapling, in a

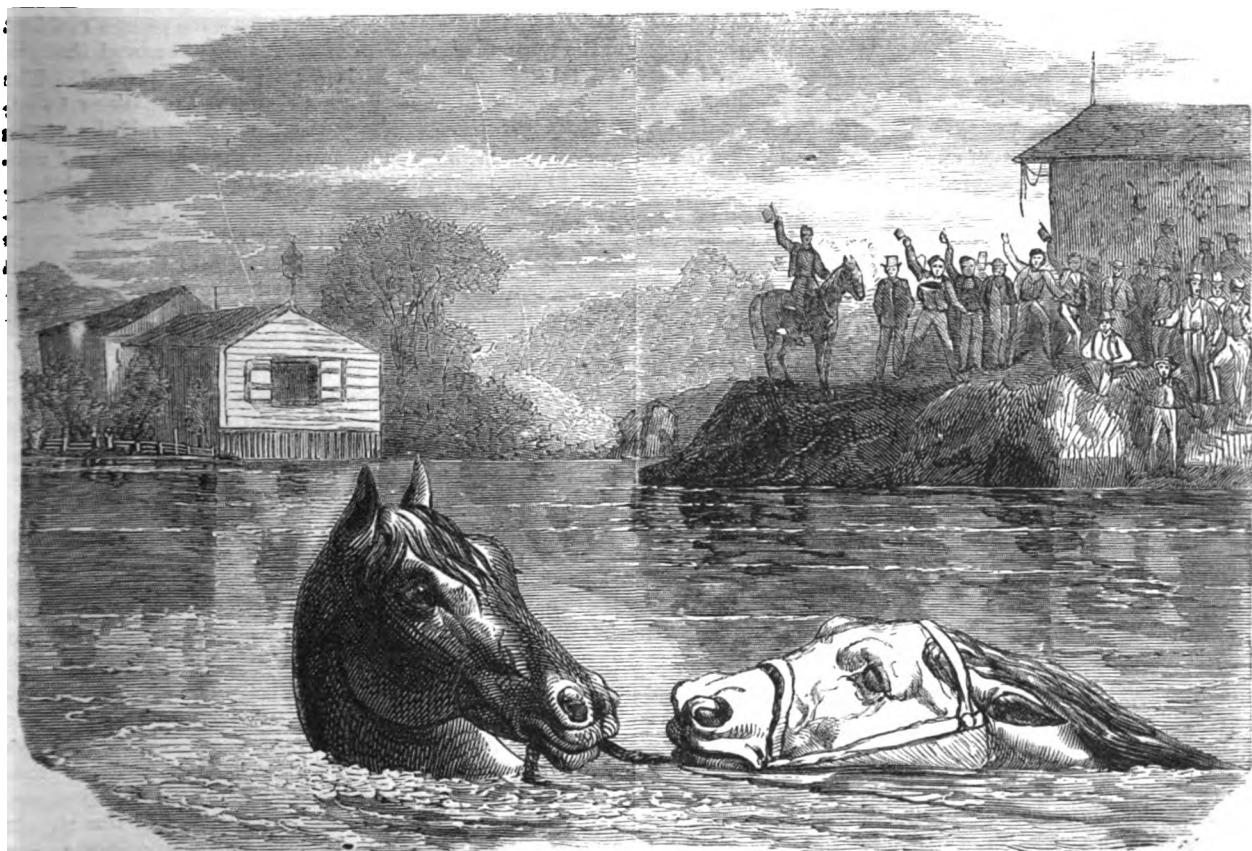
strong wind. Said he, "My brethren, that's your situation exactly. The world, the flesh, and the devil compose the wind, that is trying to blow you off the gospel tree. But don't let go of it; hold on as a 'possum would in a hurricane. If the fore legs of your passions get loose, hold on by your hind legs of conscientiousness; and

if they let go, hold on eternally by your tail, which is the promise that the saints shall persevere unto the end."

The opossum is seldom hunted scientifically, and only boys and negroes hunt him for the sake of his carcass. By the darkies it is highly valued; they look upon it as the very choicest meat; and when "'possum fat and 'tater" can be procured, they pass by venison and wild turkey with scorn. Never is a Southern negro happier than when he shoulders his ax at night, and whistles up the curs who call him master to have a 'possum-hunt. Fine nights, when the moon shines, are generally chosen. The dogs try round the corn fields, and rarely go far before they find the trail of some unlucky 'possum, who is presently forced to climb a tree. A torch is



CALLING THE CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 106.



REASON IN THE HORSE.—SEE PAGE 106.

then lit, by the light of which the beast is discovered, and the ax plied. Blow after blow falls on the devoted tree, which, whether a century old, or merely a sapling, soon falls, and with it the game. The dogs, who have kept their eyes upon the animal, seize it as it touches the ground, where, finding escape hopeless, it simulates death, and this, between the cunning negroes and their eager dogs, is soon converted into a reality.

Our illustration is almost classical, and scarcely wants description. Its own story is written in every line of the pencil, and is suggestive of that good old melody, "Possum fat and hominy and eberyting dat's nice."

TURTLE-SHOOTING ON THE SOUTH RIVER—MARYLAND.

The shores of the Chesapeake Bay are the favorite haunt of nearly every species of water-fowl, the waters teem with fish in great variety, while oysters and other shell-fish are nowhere more plentiful or of finer quality; giving to this region the character of a veritable sportsman's paradise.

The kind of sport we illustrate can hardly be deemed an appropriate employment for either the fowler or the angler, yet nevertheless, it is occasionally indulged in, and it is certainly productive of a great deal of amusement—to the hunters.

The numerous streams emptying into the bay from its western shore are populous with mud-turtles, who have seemingly adopted the State motto "*Crescite et Multiplicamini*," and they do "increase and multiply" to a surprising extent. We have often repaired to the South River, a stream entering the bay a short distance below the old city of Annapolis, and waged war upon the mud-turtles with great success. We used to reach our hunting ground at an early hour in the morning, and stepping into a dug-out drop gently down the stream until the game was in sight. Presently several "shell-backs" would be discovered sunning themselves upon a convenient log, and then the fun would begin. We never attempted to shoot them with anything but rifle-ball, for the largest common shot would have glanced harmlessly off their shells, unless fired from a moderate height in nearly a perpendicular direction. If a ball struck one of them and wounded it severely, it most likely would tumble from its perch upon its back, and struggling and attempting to turn itself over we would paddle the canoe up to it, and haul it in; but if not mortally wounded, and it managed to keep right side up, before the canoe could reach it, it would dive to the bottom and might be seen, for the water was very clear, paddling along at great speed, to some place of safety. When there are several upon the same log, two or three may often be shot, one after another, before the rest take the alarm and scuttle away; provided the marksman can keep hidden and remain perfectly quiet. We have captured nearly a score in a single morning, comprising all sizes, and many colors; and to avoid the imputation of being wantonly cruel, we took them home with us and invariably had some dressed; but, though with a strong desire to do so, we never relished them much.

REASON IN THE HORSE.

In Indianapolis, Indiana, recently, a blind horse wandered into the river near the National Road Bridge, and getting beyond his depth, swam around in a circle in his efforts to find his way out. His distress attracted the attention of a horse near by on the bank, who instantly went to his assistance. He first went to the water's edge and attempted to direct the blind horse by neighing, but finding this proceeding ineffectual, he boldly took to the water and swam out to his relief. After swimming around with him for nearly a quarter of an hour, he finally got the blind horse to under-

stand his good intentions and in what direction the land lay, and the two horses came to shore side by side, amid the cheers of upward of one hundred persons who were interested spectators of the scene.

CALLING THE CHILDREN

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

CALLING them "Freddy," and "John," and "Paul,"
As only a mother her children can call;
Musical cadences all through her speech,
That a love so tender alone can teach.
Something so loving, and lingering too,
In the "John," and "Freddy," and "Paul, come do."
As bidding them to her for dinner or rest,
Each one is gathered in turn to her breast.

Then looking them over, as divers do pearls,
Smoothing one's cheeks and another one's curls,
Taking the brown, soiled hands in her own,
A whip out of this palm, from that one a stone.
Drawing from pockets of corpulent girth,
With outward remonstrance, with inward mirth,
Potatoes for popguns—a bottle of flies—
Twine, balls and whistles, and two dirt pies.

Redeemed from the soil of the street, and anew
Clothed in fresh aprons, and trowsers too;
Tangles brushed out of the silken floss,
That rings and ripples in golden gloss;
Striving with eager and innocent heed
For mother's approving "Well done, indeed!"
Mother, and Freddy, and Paul, and John,
Make the sweetest picture to look upon.

THE PROROROCA.

THE prororoca, or *bore*, in the river Tsien-Tsang, has been picturesquely described in a paper read before the Asiatic Society by Dr. McGowan, who was for some years a resident in the town of Hang-Chan, and frequently observed it.

All traffic in the town is for the time suspended. The hawkers cease to recommend their wares, the porters to unload their ships, which they abandon in the middle of the current. A moment suffices to give the appearance of solitude to the most laborious of the laborious cities of Asia. The centre of the river swarms with boats of every kind. Soon the flood announces its approach, by the appearance of a white line stretching from one bank to the other. Its roar, which the Chinese compare to thunder, deafens the cries of the boatmen. It advances with a prodigious velocity, with the speed of a fast railway train, and at not less than thirty-five miles an hour. In appearance it resembles a massive wall of gleaming alabaster, or rather a foaming cataract, four to five miles in length, and thirty feet in height, moving in one immense mass. Soon it reaches the advanced squadron of the fleet, which silently awaits its coming, with their bows turned toward the wave that threatens to overwhelm them. Every ship is carried safely and uninjured over the ridge of the undulating mass. The spectacle is full of strange interest when the flood has swept under half the flotilla, for some are then seen reposing on a perfectly tranquil surface, while by their side, in the midst of a frightful tumult, others are wildly staggering to and fro. The striking scene lasts but for a moment. The flood flows onward, diminishing in force and swiftness, and finally ceases to be perceptible at a distance, according to the Chinese, of about eighty miles. The interrupted traffic is gradually resumed, the ships are moored anew to the shore, women and children busy themselves collecting the objects lost in the *mèlee*, the streets are wet with spray, and the great canal is filled with ooze and mud.

PAUL AND RUTH.



"ONLY an unsophisticated little country girl!" said the gentleman.

Ruth heard it and blushed, and as she walked on, tears of vexation came into her eyes.

It was quite true, and that was the sting of it. She was as much out of place among these traveled, society people, as the buttercups which glorified the meadows about the old farmhouse where she was born would have been if transplanted to a conservatory.

Yet I would not by any means have you think that my little Ruth was an uncultured girl. She could not chatter French like Miss Van Deusen; but she knew the grammar of the language perfectly, and she knew its classics by heart. She had read all the good books in the village library, and was no mean critic of their worth. She could sing, too, in a sweet, fresh voice, and accompany herself with taste upon the old-fashioned piano.

But, bless me! what are all these accomplishments compared with the young ladies who have been abroad and studied philosophy in Germany, and music in Italy, and the art of flirting everywhere!

Nobody could have found any fault with Ruth's manners—they were perfectly ladylike and natural. But the habit of society does give one an air, an *aplomb*, a nameless ease, that is as wonderful as it is charming to those innocent souls who have it not.

And then Ruth's toilets—I'm ashamed to own how simple they were; how destitute of ruffles, and frills, and fringes; that there was no 'estooning about her skirts, and not an atom of hump upon her back; that the heels of her boots were not an inch and a half high, and consequently she absolutely could not acquire the crippled gait which is at once so fascinating and indescribable.

All this was as much, nay, more, the fault of Miss Crowninshield, as of Ruth; for Ruth, though she had a sensible little head, had also a girl's horror of oddity, and I dare say she would have made herself look as much like a guy—I mean a fashionabl lady—as any of them, if she could have had her way. But her aunt being an old maid, was full of notions, and she had nipped Ruth's fashionable fancies in the bud.

"You're going as God made you, and as a modest girl should, or you don't go with me," said that lady.

And so Ruth went as God made her, with the addition of a few white muslin frocks, cut high in the neck, and some simple ribbon sashes to match. And the people did not laugh at her to her face, because she was Miss Crowninshield's niece, and Miss C. was the owner of half a million. But they left her severely alone, and Ruth walked, and sat, and read by herself, while the other girls had cavaliers. And Ruth drove with her aunt in the mornings, and though Miss Crowninshield was a great talker, was not highly entertained. It's such a wide slip from twenty to sixty, you know.

You might fancy that Miss Crowninshield's half a million would have made a difference with Ruth's status. And so it might, only Miss C.'s views were perfectly well understood.

"No" she said, when somebody hinted that Ruth was her heiress. "I'm not going to make my relations glad when I die. Let the young folks begin low down, as their fathers and mothers did. When I'm done with it, my property goes in 'lump where it will do some good."

And so people sighed, and looked at Ruth, and said,

"Poor thing!" and let her alone. And Paul Anthony, passing her on the wide beach, lifted his hat, smiled, and added:

"Very pretty, but only an unsophisticated little country girl."

And Ruth cried, as I have said, because it was true, and oh, more than all, because he said it. For Paul had been kind to her, two or three times. Once, when Miss Van Deusen snubbed him, he came in and sat beside Ruth a whole evening, and Ruth talked so charmingly that Paul forgot his ill-temper, and vowed to himself that he would talk to the poor little thing some other time, if he didn't forget it. And so he did when other pastime was wanting, and I think he found it amusing. I know Ruth did, and Miss Crowninshield, with her keen eyes seeing everything, felt bound to utter a note of warning.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Ruth. You're not a beauty, and young men like Paul Anthony don't marry passably pretty girls with no fortune."

"As if," said Ruth, her sapphire eyes kindling, "beauty was the only thing that counted! As if intelligence, and goodness, and all the rest, went for nothing!"

"Oh!" breathed out Miss Crowninshield, in mock meekness. "I beg your pardon, I'm sure, my dear. I'm only an old woman, and of course you know the world better than I do, and I'm altogether wrong."

Then Ruth, who was a tender-hearted little body, cried so sincerely, that Miss Crowninshield was touched, and a real reconciliation was effected.

"She might have fancied a better man," muttered the old lady; "but if the fellow has sense enough to like her, I'll—"

The rest remained unuttered, for Miss Crowninshield was a singularly cautious old lady; but she kept those keen eyes of hers wide open. And what did she see?

That Paul Anthony really did show some interest in Ruth. That when there was nothing lively going on, he would sit by her for hours, and generously suffer her to amuse him.

"For his own pastime," said Miss Crowninshield, grimly.

But Ruth's eyes would shine, and the red would flicker in and out of her white cheek, and the sweet smile come and go.

"Little goose!" growled the old lady.

I dare not swear that Paul Anthony was insensible to Ruth's charms of mind and person. I should like to believe that there was really some genuine feeling at the bottom, particularly after what happened about this time—an affair in which Ruth behaved like a heroine, and became for the time quite a lion.

Ruth always walked early; and one day when the hotel people were hardly astir, she went out as usual for her "constitutional."

The sea was of that palest azure which one sees in perfection only in the early morning. Afar off—for it was the New Hampshire coast—one saw the Isle of Shoals lying on the bosom of the waves; by-and-by, when the sun went higher, to fade out of sight as by some enchantment. A few sails were flitting across the horizon, and presently, as Ruth looked, she saw one grow nearer and nearer, and presently she recognized the man at the tiller.

It was Paul Anthony, who prided himself upon his seamanship, and really, for a curled darling, could manage a boat extremely well. But his skill was perhaps at fault this morning, for as the little vessel gracefully floated before Ruth's eyes, with that fascinating grace which is indeed the very poetry of motion, an awful change marred the picture. A flaw of wind caught the sail, and before Ruth's white lips could emit a cry, the boat was upset, and its freight struggling in the water.

With the swiftness of the wind, Ruth turned and ran toward the hot 1, which was at least a mile away. Before she had gone many rods she met two lads, and breathlessly told her errand, and bade them fly for help. Then, quite weak and trembling, she ran back to the beach, and there, to her infinite delight, she saw the men swimming strongly toward the shore.

Paul Anthony was only a little behind the sailor, and both were making a manful fight for their lives.

Would they win? At first Ruth believed there was no doubt of that. But, oh, how slowly the distance lessened! And—or in her terror she fancied it—they were growing weaker, swimming more feebly. She wished now she had run for help herself. Would no one ever come?

She heard the sailor shout encouragingly to his companion. She, too, cried aloud; with sobs and tears she ran up and down the shore in a transport of distress.

Not so much as a rowboat was anywhere in sight! If one had been at hand, quite unskilled as she was, she would have taken it, and tried to reach them.

It was not because it was Paul Anthony. Something higher and wider than individual sympathy moved her.

Ah, sweet heaven! would these men die before her eyes? Then, as she almost despaired, hope revived again.

How the next five minutes passed, Ruth never knew. But she knew that the sailor struggled through the surf, that she waded out among the surf-wet rocks, and caught his hand, that he tottered forward, and, just above the water's edge, dropped helpless at her feet.

And Paul!

Dimly, one may suppose, he saw his companion safe. With a great effort he cried out something in congratulation,

toiled on a few paces further, found footing once on the sand, then slipped, and fell under the shallow water.

They say one reason quickly in dire extremity. No help was near. Before any could come, Ruth knew it would be too late. There was just one chance whereby Paul Anthony's life might be saved. Ruth resolved to accept that chance.

She slipped off her light, strong woollen shawl. With her steady fingers she tore it into three long strips, which she tied strongly together. Then, with one end looped around

a jutting rock, and the other fastened round her waist, she was ready for her work—for her risk.

Was there risk? She said to herself that there was none, that the water was not above her head, that she could draw herself back by the shawl when she desired. But, ah! it was fearful, that first plunge in the beating waves—that blind groping after the helpless form that lay prone on the bottom. And when she had reached it, she cried aloud in her passionate distress—distress, never despair. For shall not weak muscles obey the strong heart, the mighty will? It was a clear triumph of mind over matter.

When she had drawn him partly upon the rocks, and

knelt there, having cheated the sea of its prey, Ruth knew, in spite of her swimming senses, that it was only the occasion that had lifted her to its level.

"Great God! how did you do it?"

She looked up, and the dripping sailor stood over her, white and amazed. And then Ruth fainted.

This story made a sensation, you may be sure. Ruth was the target for all eyes. A few admired, many wondered at her, and a few more seemed to think it almost unwomanly to have saved a life.



WHICH WILL YOU HAVE, CRUST OR CRUMB?



PAUL AND RUTH.—“WHEN SHE HAD DRAWN HIM PARTLY UPON THE ROCKS, HAVING CHEATED THE SEA OF ITS PRY, RUTH KNEW, IN SPITE OF HER SWIMMING SENSES, THAT IT WAS ONLY THIS OCCASION THAT HAD LIFTED HER TO ITS LEVEL.”—SEE PAGE 107.

But what did Paul Anthony think? He had ample time for reflection during his convalescence. And later, also, when abroad again, he sat by Ruth's side, and watched her slight hands employed about some dainty work, and remembered what noble service they had done. And Ruth's innocent heart was full of that exquisite happiness that comes but once.

A week or two drifted by. They were sitting on the veranda one afternoon. Ruth's heart was trembling. Surely no man had a right to bend so near her, with such a face, unless he were a lover.

Miss Van Deusen put aside the muslin curtain behind which she had been watching the tableau, and looked out.

"Paul, I want you!"

He rose, colored as he met her eyes, and went to her.

"Paul!"

"Don't be cross, Carrie. One must be amused, and it's a very nice little girl."

"Very nice; only there's something she ought to know."

And without another word, she rose and swept past him in her voluminous draperies, out upon the veranda, and up to the seat Paul had just left.

"I have been wanting so much to tell you, my dear Miss Ruth," she said, in a low, caressing tone, "how grateful I am to you for what you did for Paul. You were a little heroine."

Ruth's cheeks kindled, and then went quite white.

"If it hadn't been for you," said Miss Van Deusen, in a whisper, "I should have lost my lover. Nobody knows but ourselves—and now you—that Paul and I are engaged."

Ruth looked up very calmly, but I am not sure that she saw anything.

"One doesn't like to be labelled 'taken' at a watering-place," laughed the lady.

And Ruth laughed a little, too, and there was a little more talk, and then Miss Van Deusen went back to her lover. Ruth sat still, and sorted bright wools, and made a pretty picture in the afternoon sunlight. And Paul watched her, and thought:

"She doesn't care much, after all."

Ruth went to tea that night, and, though she did not eat much, that was only the fault of the late dinner.

"I shall be glad to get back to our simple country ways again."

Miss Crowninshield smiled with a scorful look.

"Ruth, don't you go to telling lies."

"Lies! What are you looking at, aunt?"

The old lady took down her glass.

"It is Jack Bedford. What is he here for?"

"Who is Jack Bedford, and why shouldn't he come here?"

"He is nobody whom you'll care for," said Miss Crowninshield, quite unaware of the sore heart beside her. "Jack is my lawyer's clerk. He will be taken into the firm some day, but at present he works like a slave, and just supports himself. Ah, he sees me!"

The old lady nodded and smiled brightly, and when, as they went back to the drawing-room, Mr. Bedford joined them, it was easy to see that he was a prime favorite.

"What brought you to this Vanity Fair? I thought you were more sensible. Came to see the world? So did Ruth. This is my niece, Mr. Bedford. She came to see the world, also. She will tell you how she likes it."

Looking at Ruth, then, for the first time, something in her eyes touched her aunt. Her voice softened, and presently she sent her away to her room.

Late that night, as Ruth was lying wide awake, and God knew how wretched, Miss Crowninshield came in.

"Is this true, my dear, that I hear downstairs about Paul Anthony's engagement?"

"Quite true, aunt. Miss Van Deusen told me about it herself."

Miss Crowninshield sat down on the foot of the bed.

"That young man has made the greatest mistake of his life," she said, solemnly.

"Oh, no, aunt! Miss Van Deusen is—"

And here the voice faltered, the strong heart gave way, and Ruth sobbed out her sorrow in her aunt's arms.

Miss Crowninshield was wonderfully kind and considerate. She never even told the girl that one day she would be cured of this sorrow that seemed now unendurable. Where would have been the use? But she planned walks, and drives, and sails, and Jack Bedford was always of the party. This was, of course, pure benevolence on Miss Crowninshield's part. People began to say that the old lady was tempted to do a little match-making, and that it was a shame to inveigle a poor lawyer, like Jack Bedford, into a marriage with a penniless girl.

Fortunately, the parties criticised were not aware of the criticism. Ruth was trying with all her might to keep up. Her woman's pride was fighting a mighty battle with her woman's love.

She was not quite a wall-flower now. It was found that she could say piquant things. By-and-by they were sometimes a little bitter. Poor girl! she was drifting along very much in the dark, very much at the mercy of her own unduly sensitive temperament. Perhaps, in these troubled days, she was over-kind to Jack Bedford—love was so far from her heart—and Jack's genuine manliness was such a foil to the vapidity about her.

He found her one day on the rocks, where she had been surrounded by a little court of admirers. One by one they had dropped off.

"I have been watching till audience should be possible," he said, playfully.

"La Reine est morte, vive la Reine!"

Her voice had a sharp inflection, and she pointed to Miss Van Deusen, around whom the idlers were gathering.

Jack looked at her curiously, and she colored under his eyes.

"What is it, Mr. Bedford?"

"I was wondering whether this vein of—bitterness—shall I call it?—I beg your pardon—was merely a fashion of speech, or the outcome of a sad experience."

She changed countenance so instantly, so painfully, that he went to her side at once.

"Forgive me! I would not hurt you for the world. What have I done?"

She was struggling for composure, and rose, eager to leave.

"Pray—pray don't go yet. Have I offended you? Pity me, Ruth, if I have—because I love you!"

"Love me!"

Never, I fancy, was love's plea so strangely received. She looked at him, cold and incredulous.

"Is there anything strange in that—anything strange that in these three weeks I have found out that you are the woman in the world whom I can love?"

A shade of scorn crossed her face.

"There must be some mistake. I am a poor girl, Mr. Bedford, quite dependent upon my aunt's charity. And I have no expectations."

He grew pale.

"Do you know that you insult my honor? You accuse me of being a fortune-hunter," he said, in a low, excited tone.

In his wounded feelings, in his anger and aggrieved pride, she began to understand him—to guess that here indeed she had lost all that her soul most eagerly coveted.

"I love you, Ruth!" he repeated. "Can't you say anything kind to me?"

"It is too late—too late!" she whispered. "I have nothing to give you."

"What!" he said, shocked and bewildered, seeing her sobbing and trembling. "I did not know—I had no right to speak. Do you mean—"

He stopped short, realising what he had lost.

"Oh, Ruth! I could hate the fortunate man who has won you!"

"Nobody has cared to win me!" she cried, with a sudden impulse, a great tide of shame crimsoning her face. "I have been duped, deceived, and so I cannot return an honest man's love."

She broke from him at these words, and hurried away.

That night Jack Bedford held a long conference with Miss Crowninshield, and was enlightened about many things.

"It is all Paul Anthony," said that lady. "Ruth is an unsophisticated little country girl, and took for sober earnest what was only pastime to him. I did not know it had gone so far; but after the engagement I saw notes of his that no honorable man should write unless his intentions were serious. But what is a broken heart at twenty? Ruth will come out of this, and if you love her still—"

"Love her still! Poor, innocent dove!"

"I am sure you may hope to succeed, and I am free to say, Jack Bedford, I hope you will. Ruth has qualities which would make her an invaluable wife to a clever, ambitious young man, and though she isn't my heiress—"

"Miss Crowninshield, I—"

"Hear me out, young man! Though I intend to leave my money to an institution, still I would undertake the *trousseau*, and perhaps make her a little present on her wedding-day, that should go toward the tour. There, there! Don't protest. I know you, Jack Bedford."

Knowing Jack Bedford, Miss Crowninshield was not at all surprised when, nearly a year afterward, when Winter had come and gone, and the sweet season of love had come round again, he came to her and asked whether, in her opinion, he might go to Ruth now.

"I should think so," said the old lady, promptly. "She ought to have found out his worthlessness, and your merit, by this time. If she hasn't, tell her not to call me aunt any more."

So Jack went down to the pretty country town where Ruth lived, and stood under the drooping red roses over her door, and looked into her sweet face, and thought how she was all a part of the perfect June picture, and caught the happy surprise in her eyes.

"Say you are glad to see me!" he exclaimed, clasping her hands. "Ruth, say that you wanted me as much as I wanted you!"

Ruth did not say all this, but she breathed out, "Oh, Jack!" and he was satisfied.

The wooing sped—I shall not linger to describe it—and the wedding-day came and went. And then the question of the trip was undecided.

"I wish we could take a run over to England," said Jack. "The continental tour is, of course, an impossibility, but we might see Chatsworth, and Blenheim, and Kenilworth. I wonder if we could afford it?"

"I wish we could!" said Ruth, looking at him with tender admiration, and thinking how bravely he had earned the vacation he courted. "There is aunt Crowninshield's wedding-present."

Jack laughed. Had not the grim old lady all along given him to understand that, beside Ruth's pretty wardrobe, and the generous store of *lingerie*, her gift would be only a trifle?

"Get it, dear, and let us see how far it will help us out."

Ruth went to her desk, and brought out the envelope, unopened until now. Jack broke the seal. A slip of paper

fell out. They picked it up, looked at it, and then at each other.

It was a check for one hundred thousand dollars!

"I made a confounded mistake," said Paul Anthony, meeting them in Paris next year.

And everybody said the same, for Miss Van Deusen's property turned out to have been vastly exaggerated, and everybody knew her temper was not the sweetest in the world.

SPORTING IN SOUTHEAST AFRICA.

AFTER getting over the Drakenberg (says an American just returned), we "trekked" for Thaba Bosigo, the mountain residence of Moshesh. Upon arriving there I had to wait two days before he would give me an interview. He, however, made the "indunas" see that I had a hospitable reception in the interval. He had for the use of visitors a well-fitted European-shaped house, and in this he wished me to take up my quarters.

After getting thoroughly rested, and impatient of waiting any longer without seeing the chief, I sent in a message demanding an interview. It was graciously granted, and I was forthwith requested to attend at his immense kraal. His curiosity was quite as great as my own, and to gratify both, I accordingly went at once.

Upon our greeting each other, Moshesh adopted the European style of shaking hands—the first instance I had seen of a Kaffir doing this. For some reason they usually much object to it. He was exceedingly courteous, and begged of me to partake of refreshment, which he had prepared after the European fashion.

He had a powerful body-guard, over which he exercised the most absolute power. He is regarded by them as a merciful chief, and is deservedly much beloved.

He asked me to join his people in hunting, and was anxious to know whether I had plenty of ammunition and a good gun, as for the sport he intended to give me these things were absolutely necessary.

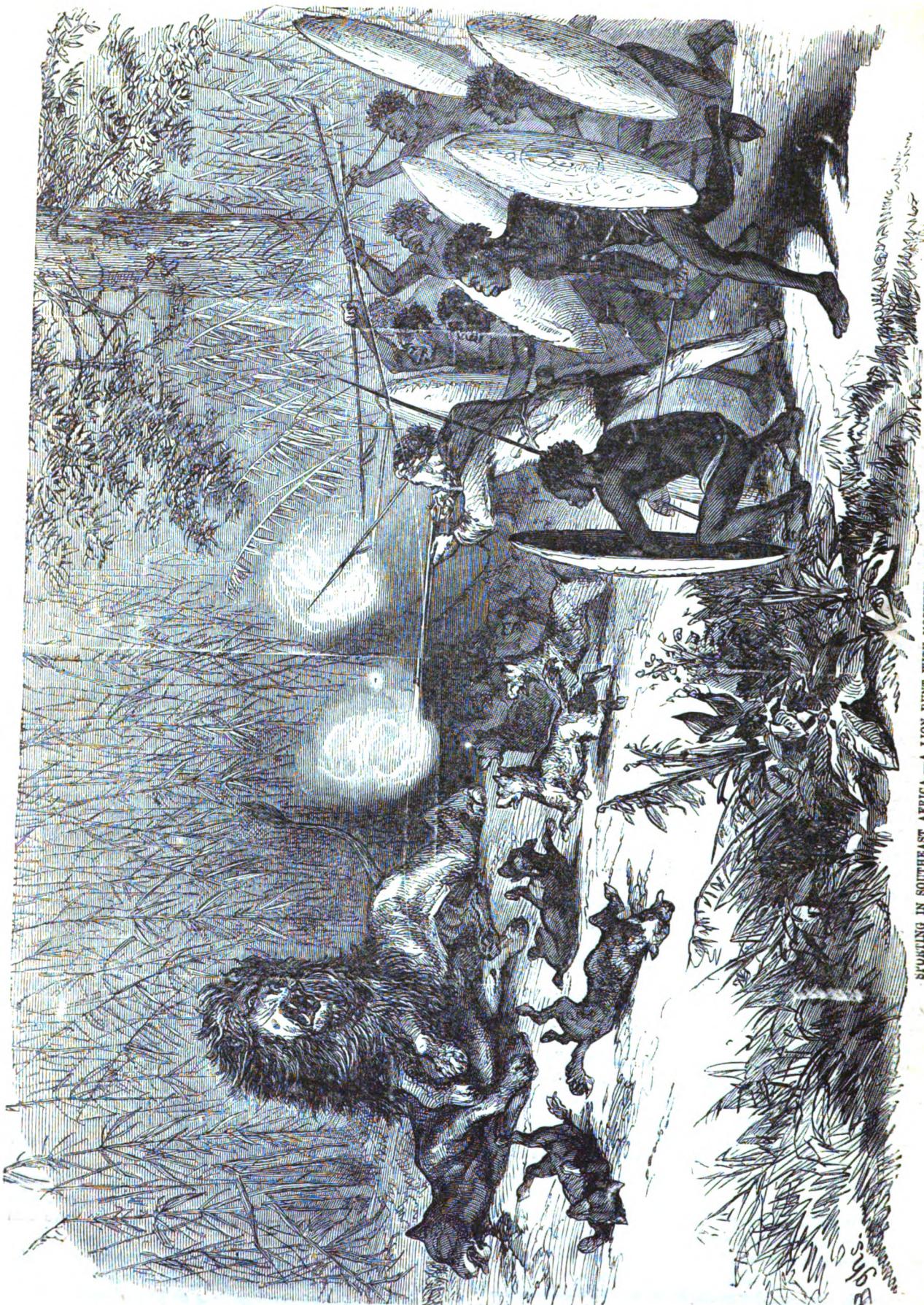
The kraals which surrounded his own were lined with the skins of lions, leopards, zebras, and other animals. All his "indunas" seemed very intelligent and well-to-do-men. I had three trusty Kaffirs, splendid, muscular fellows, the best hunting men in the neighborhood, and the finest I had yet seen—men who seemed entirely made for the severe work of attacking the larger kinds of game.

I never met such athletic and dangerous-looking fellows, but their good-natured dispositions and friendly intentions made me feel quite at ease. Occasionally, to please them, I used to allow them to fire off my gun, and they generally brought down whatever they fired at, so inherent in their nature is every capability for sport.

Moshesh, being desirous of showing me really fine sport, determined on sending me on a two days' "trek" further into the interior, where I could get some good lion-hunting. Early one morning we started, with about two hundred men and dogs. The old chief accompanied me for a distance of about twelve miles, in order to see me fairly upon the road. Before returning, he gave orders to some of his men to see that I had proper attention, and the "hottest corners."

I was much struck by the enormous herds of game we saw upon these plains or "veldts," which extended as far as the eye could reach without a tree being visible. The whole plain appeared to be moving, so thickly was it covered with antelopes, zebras, quaggas, buffaloes, guns, and here and there a small herd of giraffes.

After a "trek" of about thirty miles, we encamped. The Kaffirs gathered together dry dung, the only fuel obtainable. We then lit about forty fires in a circle, and soon had our kettle boiling. We made some Kaffir tea from a plant which



HUNTING IN SOUTHEAST AFRICA.—A LION HUNT WITH MOSHES, A KAFFIR CHIEF.—SEE PAGE III.

is a bitter kind of mint. I was not able to get a wink of sleep all that night, for between eleven and twelve o'clock the lions and hyenas began to make most hideous noise, melancholy and doleful to a degree that was quite depressing. Our fires were surrounded by these animals at a very short distance, and they kept us company until daybreak, when they disappeared.

The largest lion I ever saw—a most splendid beast—was close to us all night. He appeared so hungry that he would have made very small bones of any one who should have fallen in his way, and a magnificent lioness was with him. After he had been there roaring for some time another lion appeared. Then ensued the hottest combat I ever witnessed; it was so terrible that there could scarcely be said to be any enjoyment in the spectacle, for we were in imminent danger of our lives should either of them in their fury spring over the fires.

The two brutes fought for the lioness, and the activity of the smaller of the two was something awful. It leapt upon the back of the big one, and both rolled over together, the fore-quarter of the big lion one mass of blood. We decided upon firing assagais at them, keeping three guns in reserve in case of necessity. The pricks of the assagais made them more fierce, and for a few seconds they seemed positively riveted together. We then discharged a volley of musketry at random, which did not seem to take effect. They still fought on, blood running from them as water from a pump.

We loaded again and fired, this time with more precision, for we shot the small one dead. The other stood over his dead foe, defiantly lashing his tail backward and forward for a considerable time, until at last, being apparently tired of that amusement, and growing weaker from his wounds, he crawled off.

We did not touch the dead one till the morning, as it was not considered prudent to venture outside. At daybreak, however, we skinned the lion with great care, and then went in search of something for our own consumption. We were not long before we succeeded in bringing down a fine gnu to our assagais. The skin was taken off him in a surprisingly short time, and a fine rump-steak was cooked for myself, while my companions preferred having it, "not to put too fine a point on it," rather more under-done.

The lion we had wounded the night before was the next thing to look after. He went toward a large tract of high grass and weeds, and there in the moist earth his footsteps

were visible. We now kept a good lookout in case of a surprise, although it is needless to tell you that a Kaffir always does that. Several hours elapsed before we came upon his trail.

A peculiar "hee hee" from the foremost Kaffir told us that his majesty was in view, resting at some distance off. In another minute all was confusion. Two splendid shots were selected from our warriors in case he should spring upon us.

I did not join in this attack, anxious to watch the performance from the background. I gave up my gun to a fine old Kaffir, who begged permission to have a shot. Before we had proceeded much further, a large lioness made her appearance; she stood for a few seconds contemplating her

enemies. She was about to retire to the high reeds, but a shower of assagais rendered her furious, and the savage growl caused by pain and anger induced her wounded lord to join her. It does not often fall to the lot of the most fortunate hunter to witness so majestic a sight as this. Even the natives themselves seemed impressed, and a general expression of admiration burst from them.

The lion appeared to be severely injured by the struggle of the previous night; the lioness was bleeding profusely from her fresh wounds, but they appeared quite prepared to fight.

The attachment of the lion and the lioness for each other is wonderful; and when the lioness is in cub she is more disposed to fight than the male. The Kaffirs began to be impatient for the attack, so two active men, who were apparently well versed in these matters, urged the dogs on to drive them out; it was, however, a good hour before the fight commenced, in consequence of the great ex-

tent of grass and high reeds. At last we saw the reeds begin to move, and with a fearful roar which made the very ground tremble, and would have caused the boldest heart an uncomfortable spasm or two, the lion sprang into the midst of the dogs. Several were straightway disabled, but the rest stuck to him like leeches.

All was hubbub and confusion; the dogs barked furiously, and the Kaffirs, with a wild yell, showered a volley of assagais, and I let fly from my rifle two bullets, which took effect; he was badly but not mortally wounded. The lioness now came up, and made at us with indomitable fury. Luckily we had time to reload, and every Kaffir was ordered to take good aim, and fire simultaneously. A bullet succeeded in finding her heart, and she rolled over and died without a struggle.



FINETTE CENDRON.—"GOOD-DAY, GODMOTHER. I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME BUTTER, MILK, FLOUR AND EGGS, TO MAKE A CAKE WITH AFTER OUR FASHION."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

The male could not understand this, and the poor beast made an effort to get up to her, but he had lost so much blood, and the pain had rendered him so nearly *hors de combat*, that he was scarcely able to crawl. His roar was still terrible, but grew weaker and weaker.

The Kafirs, with their wonted cruelty, liked to listen to his dying groans, and to see him thus tortured; but I insisted on having him quickly dispatched. They obeyed my orders, and he died like the king of beasts as he is, faithful and bold to the last.

FINETTE CENDRON.

A FAIRY TALE.



HERE was a king and a queen who had managed their affairs very badly. They were driven out of their kingdom; they sold their crowns to support themselves, then their wardrobes, their linen, their lace, and all their furniture, piece by piece.

When they had disposed of nearly everything, the king said to the queen:

"We are out of our country, and have no longer any property. We must do something to get a living for ourselves and our poor children. Consider a little what we can do, for up to this time I have known no trade but a king's, which is a very agreeable one."

The queen had much good sense; she asked for eight days to think the matter over. At the end of that time, she said to the king:

"Sire, we must not make ourselves unhappy. You have only to make nets, with which you may catch both fowl and fish. As the lines wear out, I will spin to make new ones. With respect to our three daughters, they are downright idle girls, who still think themselves fine ladies, and would fain live in that style without work. We must take them to such a distance—such a distance that they can never find their way back again; for it will be impossible for us to keep them as fine as they would like to be."

The king began to weep when he found he must separate himself from his children. He was a kind father; but the queen was mistress. He said to her:

"Get up early to-morrow morning, and take your three daughters wherever you think fit."

While they were thus plotting together, the Princess Finette, who was the youngest daughter, listened at the key-hole, and when she discovered the design of her father and mother, she set off as fast as she could for a great grotto, at a considerable distance from where they lived, and which was the abode of the fairy Merluche, who was her godmother.

Finette had taken with her two pounds of fresh butter, some eggs, some milk, and some flour, to make a nice cake for her godmother, in order that she might be well received by her.

She commenced her journey gayly enough; but the further she went the more weary she grew. The soles of her shoes were worn completely through, and her pretty little feet became so sore that it was sad to see them. She was quite exhausted; she sat down on the grass and cried.

A beautiful Spanish horse came by, saddled and bridled. There were more diamonds on his housings than would purchase three cities, and when he saw the princess he stopped, and began to graze quietly beside her. Bending his knees he appeared to pay homage to her; upon which, taking him by the bridle, "Gentle Hobby," said she, "wouldst thou

kindly bear me to my fairy godmother's? Thou wouldst do me great service, for I am so weary that I feel ready to die; but if thou wilt assist me on this occasion I will give thee good oats and good hay, and a litter of fresh straw to lie upon."

The horse bent himself almost to the ground, and young Finette jumping upon him, he galloped off with her as lightly as a bird.

He stopped at the entrance of the grotto, as if he had known where he was to go to; and, in fact, he knew well enough, for it was Merluche herself who, having foreseen her goddaughter's visit, had sent the fine horse for her.

As soon as Finette entered the grotto, she made three profound courtesies to her godmother, and took the hem of her gown and kissed it, and then said to her:

"Good-day, godmother. How do you do? I have brought you some butter, milk, flour, and eggs to make a cake with after our country fashion."

"You are welcome, Finette," said the fairy; "come hither, that I may embrace you."

She kissed her twice, at which Finette was greatly delighted, for Madame Merluche was not one of those fairies you might find by the dozen.

"Come, goddaughter," said she, "you shall be my little lady's-maid. Take down my hair and comb it."

The princess took her hair down, and combed it as cleverly as possible.

"I know well enough," said Merluche, "what brought you hither. You overheard the king and queen consulting how they might lose you, and you would avoid this misfortune. Here, you have only to take this skein of thread; it will never break. Fasten one end of it to the door of your house and keep the other end in your hand; when the queen leaves you, you will easily find your way back by following the thread."

The princess thanked her godmother, who gave her a bag full of fine dresses, all of gold and silver. She embraced her, placed her again on the pretty horse, and in two or three minutes he carried Finette to the door of their majesties' cottage.

"My little friend," said Finette to the horse, "you are very handsome and clever. Your speed is as great as the sun's. I thank you for your service. Return to the place you came from."

She entered her house softly, and hiding her bag under her bolster, went to bed without appearing to know anything that had taken place. At break of day the king woke his wife.

"Come, come, madame," said he, "make ready for your journey."

She got up directly, took her thick shoes, a short petticoat, a white jacket, and a stick. She summoned her eldest daughter, who was named Fleur d'Amour; her second, who was named Belle-de-Nuit, and her third, named Fine-Oreille, whom they familiarly called Finette.

"I have been thinking all last night," said the queen, "that we ought to go and see my sister. She will entertain us capitally. We may feast and laugh as much as we like there."

Fleur d'Amour, who was in despair at living in a desert, said to her mother:

"Let us go, madame, wherever you please, provided I may walk somewhere; I don't care."

The two others said as much. They took leave of the king and set off all four together. They went so far—so far that Fine-Oreille was much afraid that her thread would not be long enough, for they had gone nearly a thousand leagues. She walked always behind the others, drawing the thread cleverly through the thickets.

When the queen imagined that her daughters could not

find the way back, she entered a thick wood, and said to them :

"Sleep, my little lambs ; I will be like the shepherdess, who watches over her flock for fear the wolf should devour them."

They laid themselves down on the grass and went to sleep. The queen left them there, believing she should never see them again. Finette had shut her eyes, but not gone to sleep.

"If I were an ill-natured girl," said she to herself, "I should go home directly and leave my sisters to die here, for they beat me and scratch me till the blood comes. But, notwithstanding all their malice, I will not abandon them."

She aroused them, and told them the whole story. They began to cry, and begged to take them with her, promising that they would give her beautiful dolls, a child's set of silver plate, and all their other toys and sweetmeats.

"I am quite sure you will do no such thing," said Finette ; "but I will behave as a good sister should, for all that."

And so saying she rose, and followed the clue with the two princesses, so that they reached home almost as soon as the queen. Whilst they were at the door, they heard the king say :

"It gives me the heartache to see you come back alone."

"Pahaw!" said the queen, "our daughters were too great an incumbrance to us."

"But," said the king, "if you had brought back my Finette, I might have consoled myself for the loss of the others, for they loved nothing and nobody."

At that moment they knocked at the door—rap, rap.

"Who is there?" said the king.

"Your three daughters," they replied. "Fleur d'Amour, Belle-de-Nuit, and Fine-Oreille."

The queen began to tremble.

"Don't open the door," she exclaimed ; "it must be their ghosts, for it is impossible they could find their way back alive."

The king, who was as great a coward as his wife, called out :

"It is false ; you are not my daughters."

But Fine-Oreille, who was a shrewd girl, said to him :

"Papa, I will stoop down, and do you look at me through the hole made for the cat to come through, and if I am not Finette, I consent to be whipped."

The king looked as she told him to do, and as soon as he recognized her, he opened the door.

The queen pretended to be delighted to see them again, and said that she had forgotten something, and had come to fetch it ; but that most assuredly she should return to them. They pretended to believe her, and went to a snug little hay-loft in which they always slept.

"Now, sisters," said Finette, "you promised me a doll ; give it me."

"Thou mayst wait for it long enough, little rogue," said they. "Thou art the cause of the king's caring so little for us ;" and thereupon, snatching up their distaffs, they beat her as if she had been so much mortar. When they had beaten her as much as they chose, they let her go to bed, but as she was covered with wounds and bruises, she could not sleep, and she heard the queen say to the king, "I will take them in another direction, much further, and I am confident they will never return."

When Finette heard this plot, she rose very softly to go and see her godmother again. She went into the henyard and took two hens and a cock, and wrung their necks, also two little rabbits that the queen was fattening upon cabbages, to make a feast of on the next occasion. She put them all into a basket and set off ; but she had not gone a league groping her way, and quaking with fear, when the

Spanish horse came up at a gallop, snorting and neighing. She thought it was all over with her ; that some soldiers were about to seize her. When she saw the beautiful horse alone, she jumped upon him, delighted to travel so comfortably, and arrived almost immediately at her godmother's.

After the usual ceremonies, she presented her with the hens, the cock, and the rabbits, and begged the assistance of her good advice, the queen having sworn she would lead them to the end of the world.

Merluche told her goddaughter not to afflict herself, and gave her a sack full of ashes.

"Carry this sack before you," said she, "and shake it as you go along. You will walk on the ashes, and when you wish to return you will have only to follow your foot-marks ; but do not bring your sisters back with you. They are too malicious, and if you do bring them back I will never see you again."

Finette took leave of her, taking away by her order thirty or forty millions of diamonds in a little box, which she put in her pocket. The horse was ready in waiting, and carried her home as before.

At daybreak the queen called the princesses. They came to her, and she said to them :

"The king is not very well ; I dreamed last night that I ought to go and gather for him some flowers and herbs in a certain country where they grow in great perfection. They will completely renovate him, therefore let us go there directly."

Fleur d'Amour and Belle-de-Nuit, who never thought their mother intended to lose them again, were much grieved at these tidings. Go, however, they must ; and so far did they go that never before had any one made so long a journey. Finette, who never said a word, kept behind, and shook her sack of ashes with such wonderful skill that neither the wind nor the rain affected them.

The queen, being perfectly persuaded that they could not find their way back again, and observing one evening that her three daughters were fast asleep, took the opportunity of leaving them and returned home. As soon as it was light, and Finette found her mother was gone, she awoke her sisters.

"We are alone," said she ; "the queen has left us."

Fleur d'Amour and Belle-de-Nuit began to cry ; they tore their hair, and beat their own faces with their fists, exclaiming :

"Alas ! what shall become of us !"

Finette was the best-hearted girl in the world. She had compassion again on her sisters.

"See now to what I expose myself," said she to them ; "for when my godmother furnished me with means to return, she forbade me to show you the way, and told me that if I disobeyed her she would never see me more."

Belle-de-Nuit threw herself on Finette's neck, Fleur d'Amour did the same, kissing her so affectionately that it required nothing more to bring them all three back together to the king and the queen.

Their majesties were greatly surprised at the return of the princesses. They talked about it all night long, and the youngest, who was not called Fine-Oreille for nothing, heard them concoct a new plot, and arrange that the next morning the queen should again take them on a journey. She ran to wake her sisters.

"Alas !" said she to them, "we are lost ! The queen is determined to lead us into some wilderness, and leave us there. For your sakes I have offended my godmother ; I dare not go to her for advice as I used to do."

They were in sad trouble, and said one to another, "What shall we do, sister ; what shall we do ?"

At length Belle-de-Nuit said to the two others :

"Why should we worry ourselves ? Old Merluche has

not got all the wit in the world—some other folks may have a little. We have only to take plenty of peas with us and drop them all along the road as we go, and we shall be sure to trace our way back."

Fleur d'Amour thought the idea admirable; they loaded themselves with peas, filling all their pockets; but Fine-Orcille, instead of peas, her fine clothes, and diamonds, and as soon as the queen called them they were ready to go.

Their cruel mother had told them that she was going to take them to a court where there were three handsome princes waiting to marry them. The queen walked first, so the daughters dropped their peas unperceived, making sure that they could find their way home again.

During the darkness of the night the queen stole away, leaving her daughters, as she thought, to perish.

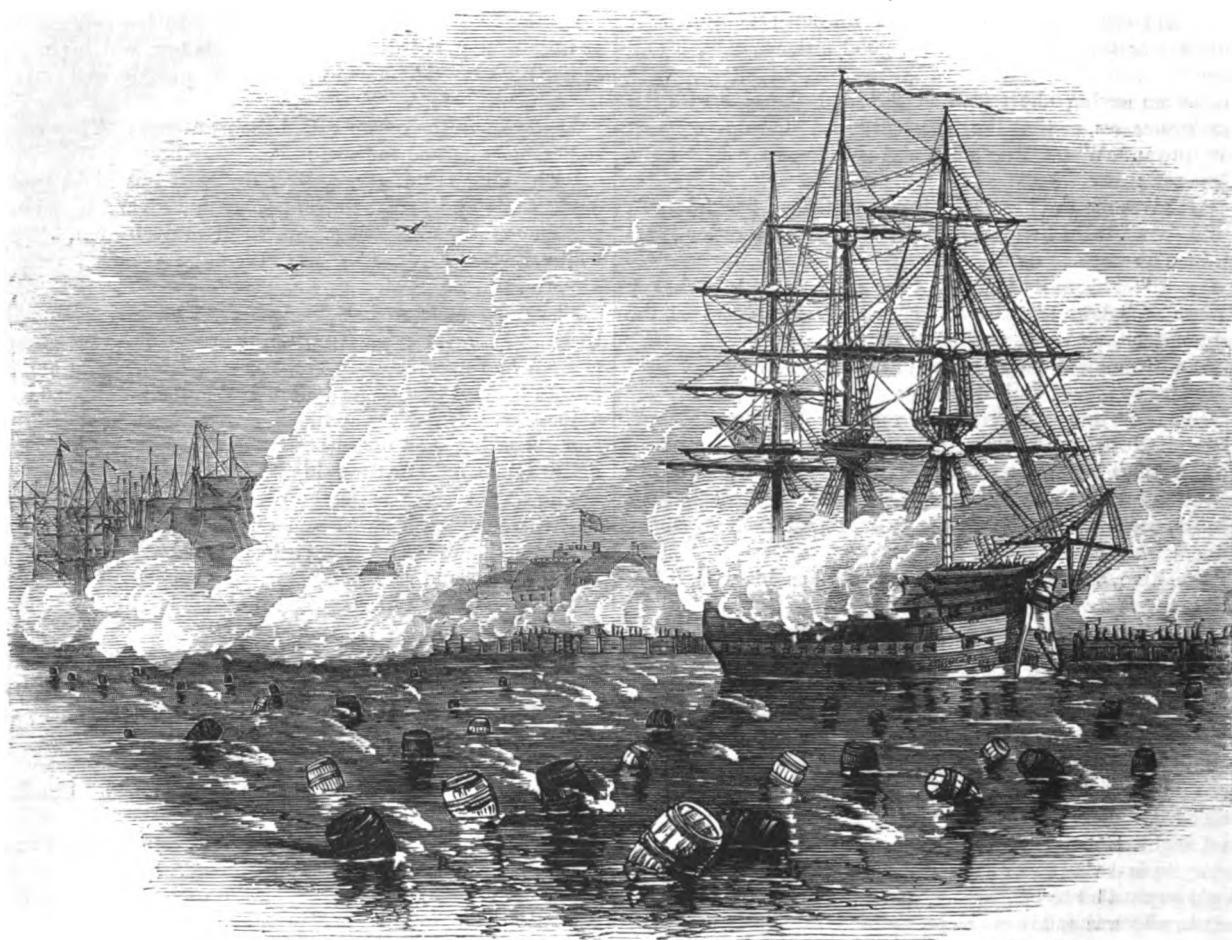
and saw that at the distance of about a mile there was a magnificent castle.

Their delight was unbounded, and hastily descending the tree, they walked toward the stately palace. When they reached it, they knocked at the gate, which was opened by one of the most hideous ogresses ever seen.

She was as black as jet, and she had but one eye, which was in the middle of her forehead. She was at least fifteen feet high.

Their hearts sank within them, and the two elder sisters prepared to run away, but she soon caught them in her hands, and dragged them into the court-yard.

She then told them that the castle belonged to a terrible ogre, and that she was his wife. She also said that he lived upon young women, and that he thought no more of eating



HUMORS OF THE REVOLUTION.—THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.—SEE PAGE 118.

When they awoke in the morning, what was their anguish to find that the pigeons had eaten up all the peas, leaving no trace of their way back!

In their despair, they sat down, and wept bitterly. But hunger soon compelled them to roam about to find food, and for several days they lived upon berries and roots, almost famished to death.

One morning a parroquet flew into the lap of Finette, and dropped an acorn into her lap, saying :

"If you set this in the earth immediately, it will be a great tree to-morrow. You must then climb up, and you will see a way of escape."

So Finette did as the bird had told her, and, sure enough, next morning, when they awoke, they found one of the tallest trees they had ever seen. So they all climbed up to the top,

half a dozen for dinner than a man would think of eating half a dozen eggs; but she told them that if they would do as she bade them she would hide them, and keep them till they were plumper, then, as a great favor, she would eat them herself, and that she would kill them very tenderly. So she locked them up in a chamber on the north side of the castle. True to her word, she brought them a very bounteous repast, and left them to repose for the night. The next morning they talked over their terrible condition, and opening the window, thought how they might escape, but it was at least one hundred feet from the ground, and an attempt to get down would involve certain destruction.

While they were sitting in the most disconsolate condition possible, the little parroquet flew into the room, and dropped an acorn into the lap of Finette, telling her that if she would

drop it out of the window on the ground beneath, the little bird would scratch a hole and cover it with mold. "It will grow up in the night to the height of this window, and then you and your sisters must escape down it, before the ogre and his wife are up; and if you walk for two miles you will come to the palace of a great king, who has three sons, all young and handsome, and all unmarried."

As soon as it was dawn, they found the tree was several feet above the window. So they descended in perfect safety, while the ogre and his wife were fast asleep.

When they got out of the wood which surrounded the ogre's castle, they beheld the king's palace full in sight.

They were welcomed by the good king and queen, who introduced the three princesses to their sons—the three princes.

Finette then told the royal group.

When Finette had finished her story, it was discovered that the king, in whose palace they were so generously received, was the very same who had conquered her father and dispossessed him of his kingdom.

The eldest son, who was heir to the throne, fell so desperately in love with Finette, that he offered her his hand, and persuaded his father to restore the kingdom he had wrested from the de-throned monarch.

An embassy was sent to where the exiled parents were, inviting them to be present at the triple marriages, and an army was sent against the ogre, who was killed in the battle, and the castle was razed to the ground.

It is impossible to describe the magnificence of the wedding, and the joy of the old king and queen on being restored to their family and kingdom.

AN ANIMATED SCARECROW.

On my first visit to the Sandwich Islands—which was many years ago, before they became, as now, Americanized—the most ludicrous incongruities were observed in the costumes of the people. The Hawaiian, in his transition state, was exceedingly proud of anything in the way of a civilized garment; and, if he possessed but one article in that line, made the most of it, and wore it on all occasions. Thus, a young fellow would sport a pair of sailor's canvas trousers, offset by a native *maro*; and an old man would march complacently up to us, a savage at all points, save that his

head was surmounted by an old stove-pipe hat. A scarlet jacket, which had seen service in the British army, graced the person of a tawny chief; while the naked legs of another peeped out below the skirts of a dilapidated pea-jacket, buttoned up and down the whole length of his body, at the imminent peril of sweltering the wearer in that tropical temperature.

"Seeing these Kanakas in such rags," said old Captain Folger, "reminds me of a funny accident that happened to me when I was a youngster before the mast. I thought it anything but a joke just at the time; but I never think of it since without laughing at the remembrance.

"I belonged to the brig *Speedy*, lying at Newberne, North Carolina, waiting for our cargo of tar and other naval stores; and had permission to go ashore one morning, with leave for all day to go where I pleased. I soon saw all that was to be seen about the town, for the place was not much to look at. I strolled further on, viewing the Carolina pine forests, the negroes working at the tar-kilns and turpentine stills, and now and then came to a clearing under cultivation.

"One of these was near the bank of a little stream—a branch of the Neuse, I suppose, though I did not trace its windings. The day was exceedingly hot and sultry, and finding a spot, sheltered from observation, where I could enjoy a fresh-water bath, I determined to indulge in that unaccustomed luxury while I could. So, stripping off my clothes, I left

them in a heap under a tree, and, wading out where the water was deep enough for a comfortable swim, I abandoned myself, for the time, to the pleasures of that healthy exercise.

"When, after floating nearly motionless for some minutes on my back, I dropped my feet to the bottom and stood erect. I caught sight of a fellow, with my clothes gathered into a bunch under his arm, darting away into the pine forest.

"I hallooed at him, you may be sure, and started forward in pursuit. But a moment's thought satisfied me how useless was any exertion on my part. Before I could even wade out to the bank he had disappeared among the pines, turning to salute me with a mocking laugh by way of parting shot. He was no negro, as I at first supposed, but one of the 'poor whites,' as they are called; fellows who pick up a living—it is hard for us Northerners to see how—anyway except by labor. Nobody ought to work, they think, but niggers.



AN ANIMATED SCARECROW.—"OUR EYES MET, FOR I HAD SUDDENLY WHEELED, WITH AN ABOUT-FACE MOVEMENT, AND STOOD CONFRONTING HIM. THE WHITES OF HIS EYES EXPANDED IN AN AGONY OF TERROR."

"Here was a fix for a poor sailor, some miles away from his vessel, without a rag of covering or a cent of money to buy any! To reach the wharf where I had landed, I must pass, for a considerable distance, directly through the streets of the town.

"I thought all this over, as I sat there, in a state of nature, under the tree where I had left my clothes. To go in pursuit of the thief was sheer nonsense; he was already well beyond my reach, and was, no doubt, familiar with the woods in that neighborhood, while I was 'naked and a stranger.' I could not deny that I had been 'taken in'—in one sense at least.

"I saw nothing for it but to remain snug where I was until nightfall, and then make a push into town under cover of the darkness. It was warm enough without clothing, and would be for some hours to come—at least, until after sunset. So I mustered all my philosophy, determined to make the best of it, and skulked into the pine woods, but continued to hover near the skirts of the clearing, reconnoitering, from behind trees, like a wild man of the woods.

"There was one small farmhouse in sight, but it was nearly a mile distant, and I could not think of approaching it by daylight in my present plight. Away to the left, hidden from view of its occupants by an intervening rise of ground, lay a field of tall, waving corn, nearly ripe, and a human figure was visible, apparently at work in the middle of the field. I hesitated whether or not to apply to this man, state my case truly, and throw myself upon his sympathy. Perhaps I might borrow at least a pair of trowsers or a shirt; a single garment would be something towards putting me in light marching order.

"But observing, after a while, that the workman in the cornfield remained always in the same spot, it occurred to me that he was no more nor less than a scarecrow! Here was a discovery that might be important. If so, I might strip it of its rags, and cover myself with them. Glancing all round, to make sure that no one was observing me, I started upon a run, taking a bee-line toward the cornpatch.

"The scarecrow appeared to welcome me, as I approached, with open arms, and to rejoice at the chance of shedding its dilapidated garments. It was nothing but a cruciform arrangement of sticks, with a hat and coat—and such a coat! It was a long-bodied outsider or sartout, which had been made for a man a head and a half taller than I was at that time. Much to my disappointment, there were no other garments, the figure being stuffed into shape with straw.

"But it was Hobson's choice with me—that or none—and I had no time to lose; so I went to work pulling out the stuffing, satisfied of the necessity of working carefully to avoid tearing the rotten fabric in pieces in getting it off. Saving a few small rents here and there, I succeeded in the delicate undertaking, and shaking and beating the masses of moldy, rotten straw out of its interior folds, I arrayed myself like the old chief Kea-na-nua, there, and topped my head with the ancient straw hat, which, as you may suppose, was well ventilated.

"I uprooted the standard of the cross, and threw it down between the rows of corn. I had hardly done so, when I saw a negro with a hoe on his shoulder, coming over the hill from the direction of the little farmhouse. My first impulse was to run for it; but I thought this would raise a hue and cry at once, and draw the attention of every one at the house or roundabout. It would be much better if I could steal away unobserved, which, perhaps, I might do by waiting my time when the darkey was busy at work in another part of the field.

"I dashed the old hat down over my brows, and, planting myself right in the scarecrow's old tracks, struck an attitude,

with my arms stretched out, as if I were measuring off tow-line by the fathom. It was likely that this negro knew the man of straw well; perhaps had dressed and stuffed it himself. I remember wondering, even at that moment, where he got that long sartout, and thinking, perhaps, that some New England deacon might have been tempted, while on a visit here, to take a fresh-water bath, and been served out the same as I had.

"He came slouching slowly along, singing a sweet refrain, and I stood rigid and immovable as a soldier at parade-rest, hoping he would pass on and begin work at a distant part of the field. But I was destined to disappointment; for he stopped within twenty yards of me, and stood, leaning on his hoe, as if he were in no hurry to begin his labor.

"I felt that a crisis must soon come, for I should not be able to hold out long without some change of attitude. It is by no means a pleasant amusement to rear yourself in the position of a crucifix, and remain so for an indefinite period of time. Besides, I was suffering the most irritating torture from the minute pieces of broken straw which adhered to the inner surface of the sartout; bits of muscle and tissue of my predecessor.

"The situation, painful as it was, became so ludicrous that I was near bursting with internal laughter. I choked it back as long as possible, gathering my energies at the same time, to be prepared to run away in the smoke of the explosion.

"Cuffee, without looking round at me, sauntered on a few steps, and looking down the vista between the rows of corn, his astonished eyes fell upon the rude emblem of Christian faith, which he at once recognized as the skeleton of his scarecrow.

"'Golly!' said he; 'where de clothes?'

"And turning suddenly, our eyes met; for I had as suddenly wheel'd, with an about-face movement, and stood confronting him.

"His appearance, as the whites of his eyes expanded in an agony of terror, was the match needed to fire the mine. My pent up merriment burst forth into a roar, as I dropped my aching arms, and took a step toward the negro. He did not stay to ask what I was laughing at, but fled up the rise of the hill as fast as his shanks would carry him.

"It was useless to remain where I was, so I hurried away in the opposite direction, making good progress, notwithstanding that my naked feet and ankles sunk into the soft soil at every step, while the skirts of my only garment swept about my legs, and left a wake behind me, as they dragged along the ground.

"I gained my old position among the pines, and watched, from a safe distance, the astonishment and perplexity of the half-dozen blacks and one white man, probably the proprietor of the farm, who hurried down into the corn-patch, piloted by the original hero of the strange adventure. After he had gone through the rehearsal of it, they followed my tracks as far as the edge of the plowed land, and pointed toward the forest where I was hiding; but the master ordered them back to their work, evidently thinking the lost property not worth the time spent in pursuit.

"I kept close until nightfall, and then took up my course for town. My strange garb attracted the notice of passers in the streets, who turned to stare through the darkness. But I darted on, paying no heed to them, and luckily found the brig's boat at the water-side, just pushing off.

"'Hello! Who are you?' growled the mate, as I jumped in and squatted by the side of the stern sheets.

"I was unable to speak to him, for my laughter found full vent, now that I had reached a haven of safety. I rose to my feet and stood erect before him like a black ghost, all buttoned down before, after the manner of Old Grimes in the nursery tale. But he had recognized my laugh before I

lifted the dilapidated straw hat from my brows, and responded to it so heartily, that he could no more ask questions than I could answer them.

"I made several voyages in the *Speedy* after that, and I never heard the last of my scarecrow adventure while I belonged to her.

"I saw the negro a few days afterward in the same field, and found, from his talk, that he believed his man of straw had shaken out his skeleton and run away, under the influence of some sort of Vashloo, or Fetish. I did not enlighten him on that subject; nor did I ever see or hear of my lost suit of clothes.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

ONE of the most amusing events in American History was that known as the Battle of the Kegs. It occurred during the British occupation of Philadelphia. Information had reached the British authorities that torpedoes in the shape of kegs would be sent down the Delaware to blow up the British fleet. A rise in the tide happened to carry off a cooper's stock, and the whole English army and navy took alarm. Francis Hopkinson, one of the wits of the day, thus described the scene that followed:

Gallants attend and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First cursed his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischief's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town;
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Now in a fright, Howe starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then esp'y'd,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity,
Without a boat, are all afloat
And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir:
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir."

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be
And British courage doubted."

The royal band, now ready stand
All ranged in dread array, sir;
With stomach stout to see i' out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since war's begin, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded:
The distant wood, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from every quarter;
"Why, sure," thought they, "the devil's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir;
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, s'r,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

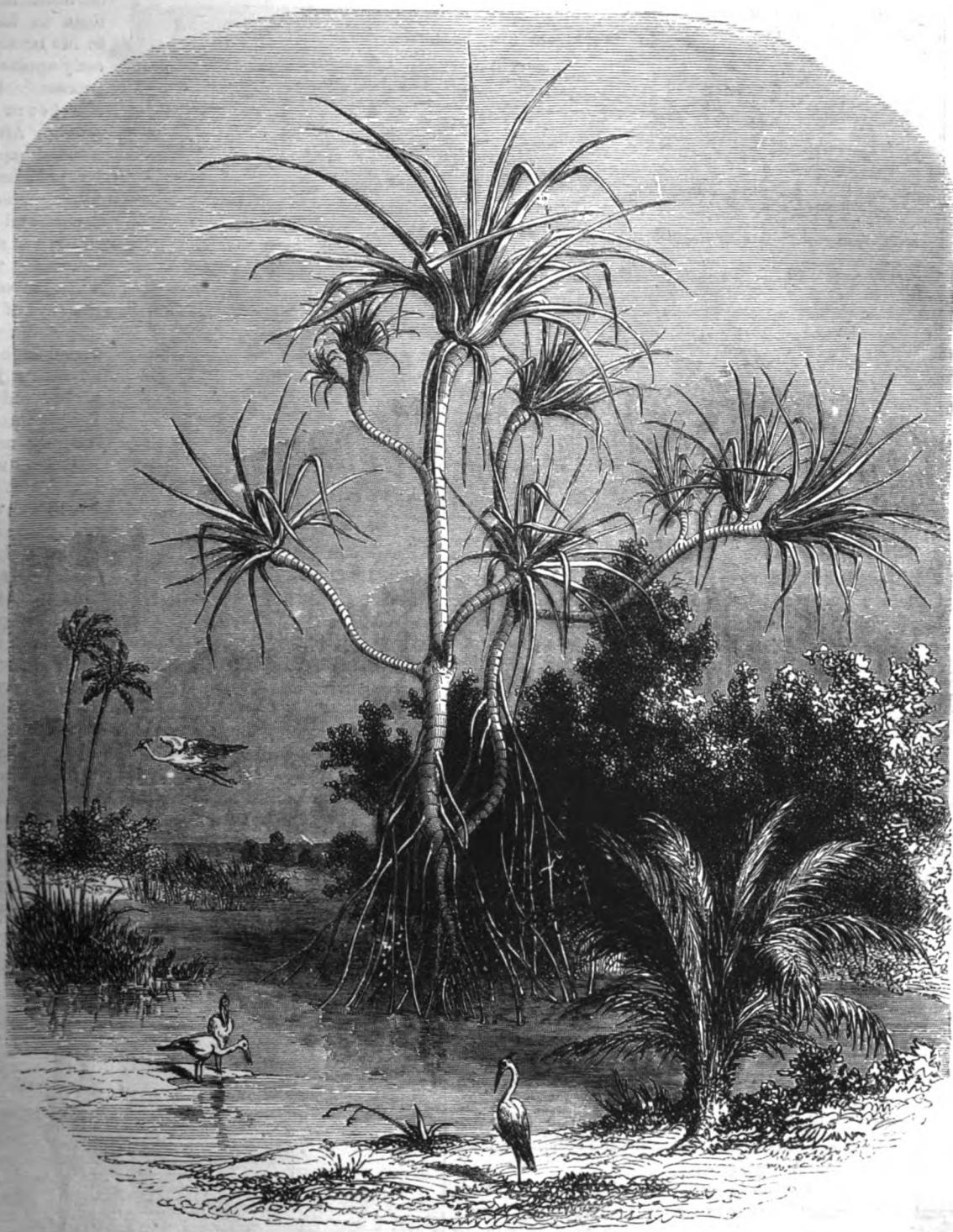
CANUTE AND HIS COURTIERS.

WHEN at the height of his power, and when all things seemed to bend to his lordly will (so goes the story), Canute, disgusted one day with the extravagant flatteries of his courtiers, determined to read them a practical lesson. He caused his throne to be placed on the verge of the sands on the sea-shore as the tide was rolling in with its resistless might; and, seating himself, he addressed the ocean, and said: "Ocean: the land on which I sit is mine, and thou art a part of my dominion, therefore rise not—obey my commands, nor presume to wet the edge of my robe." He sat for some time as if expecting obedience, but the sea rolled on in its immutable course; succeeding waves broke nearer and nearer to his feet, till at length the skirts of his garment and his legs were bathed by the water. Then, turning to his courtiers and captains, Canute said: "Confess ye now how frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king compared to that Great Power who rules the elements, and can say unto the ocean, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further.'" The chroniclers conclude the apologue by adding, that he immediately took off his crown, and, depositing it in the cathedral of Winchester, never wore it again.

The lesson of the great Danish king is not without its application even among us. Politicians flatter the people with adulation as gross as that of Canute's courtiers, but



CANUTE AND HIS COURTIERS.—“TO REBUKE THEM, HE SAID, ‘CONFESS YE HOW VAIN IS THE POWER OF AN EARTHLY KING.’”—SEE PAGE 119.



A PANDANUS OR SCREW PALM TREE AT PRINCE'S ISLAND, COAST OF AFRICA.

when these servants of the people assume their delegated power, they throw off the mask, and, forgetting that they are mere servants, act the tyrant. Canute was not dethroned by his flatterers, while with us the people, who are nominally sovereign, are gradually losing all their liberties as individuals; and the only remedy is not to listen to flattering politicians.

A PANDANUS AT PRINCE'S ISLAND.

AFTER passing Sahara, with its bleak deserts of sandy weariness, the eye of the voyager, as he coasts along, is

roused by the gorgeous vegetable life of Senegambia. Fernando Po is one of four islands off this coast, and on another is the splendid tree shown in our illustration. The soil, of decaying lava, is clothed with a luxuriant growth of wonderful plants, and all the splendid trees of the tropics.

A stream, gushing from the rocky summits of the isles, comes leaping down from rock to rock in a silvery sheet that fills with genial moisture a narrow ravine warmed by the rays of the sun, direct and reflected. Where the ravine opens, and a little lake receives the calmed waters, the pandanus rises in a mode peculiar to this family. It is small, and increases gradually in size by a succession of rings, each



PROFESSOR CHARLES'S EXPERIMENT.

of which sends out a root that descends through the water, and anchors the tree below. As these radiate on all sides, these white roots, some of them four or five feet in diameter, support the tree. Above these the tree, like some monstrosity, shoots up, dividing, at about thirty feet from the surface of the water, into five or six stout branches, each bearing, at the extremity of its bare arm, a tuft of leaves, as do the smaller shoots it puts out.

The effect of this strange tree in its solitary field of water is extremely curious. It seems all of air and water, not of earth.

THE HISTORY OF THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY.

In the year 1777 the celebrated Swedish chemist, Scheele, observed that chloride of silver was more sensitive to the blue and violet rays of the sun than to the red, and in 1780 Professor Charles, of Paris, entertained his pupils by catching the image of his assistant on a screen covered by paper previously dipped in chloride of silver. The bright parts of the figure appeared in black on the paper, in the form of a silhouette, and remained visible long enough to admit of being passed around the class, but very soon the picture turned perfectly black, to the equal astonishment of the students. These were the earliest experiments looking toward the great art of photography.

Wedgwood, the great industrial benefactor of England, repeated Professor Charles's experiment, substituting nitrate for chloride of silver, and he invented a method of copying transparencies in this way. Sir Humphrey Davy became interested in the subject, and devoted much time to the search for some agent for fixing the image after it had been thus obtained ; but he was entirely unsuccessful.

In 1815, Nicéphore Niépce, an ex-officer of the French army, and a man of fortune, being much interested in some specimens of lithography which Senefelder had just invented, conceived the notion that something similar might perhaps be made by the action of light on sensitive salts. He soon arrived at the thought of using an objective, and was successful in producing impressions on plates by the action of light, which he etched by acids, in the same way as is pursued in lithography. Exactly what agents he employed for obtaining the pictures is not positively known, as

he does not name them in his letters to his brother. He early applied to the process, however, the term heliography. After many years of experiment, he abandoned the usual chemical agents, and adopted, in 1826, a variety of bitumen, which, when submitted to the rays of the sun, reproduced any image formed in the focus of a lens ; the parts acted upon by light became insoluble in essence of lavender, while the parts not touched by light were soluble. The operation of the light on the

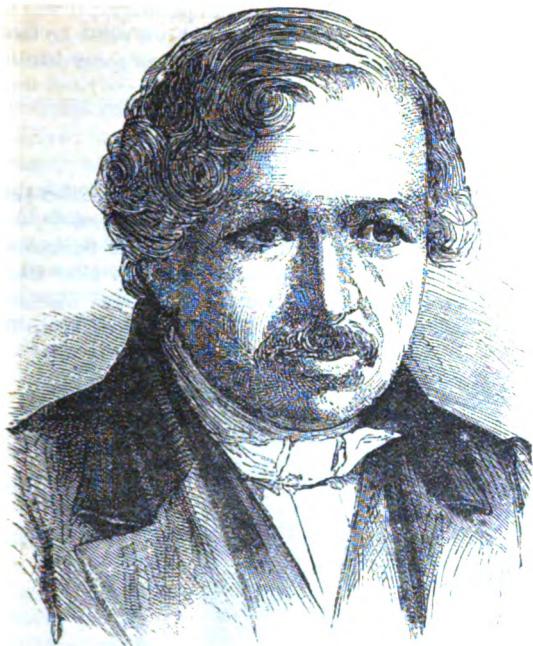
bitumen was very slow, often requiring an exposure of ten hours to produce a picture. The process was, therefore, regarded as very imperfect. The idea of employing a developer does not appear to have entered into his mind. It is to Daguerre that we owe this suggestion, and to him must be conceded the chief glory of having created the art of photography.

While Niépce was thus engaged at his country home, an unknown person in the city of Paris had been more successful. One day toward the close of the year 1825, a stranger, poorly clad, and evidently in ill-health, entered the shop of Charles Chavalier, the celebrated optician of Paris, and asked the price of a camera which had just been finished. The answer was returned in an off-hand manner, but appeared to affect the stranger so unfavorably that Chavalier had the curiosity to ask for what purpose he wished such a valuable instrument. The stranger replied that, with such an objec-



JOSEPH NICÉPHORE NIÉPCE.

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LOUIS DAGUERRE.

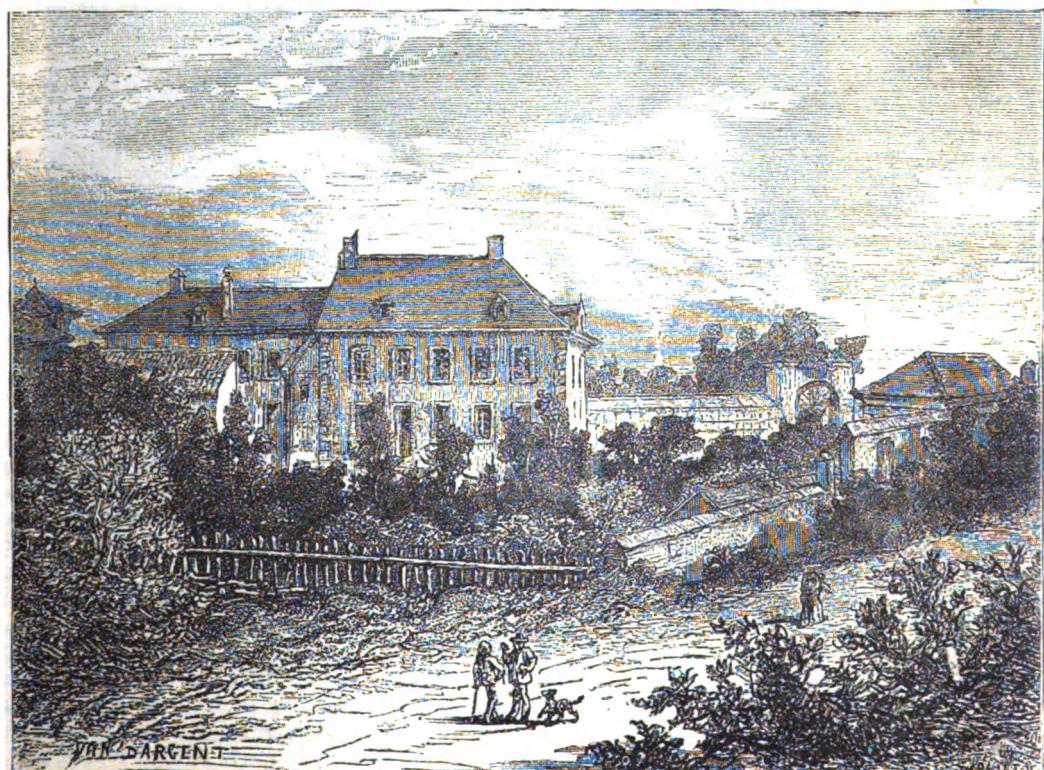
tive, he could take pictures of natural objects, and then exhibited what we now call a positive print of a view he had taken from his window. Great was the astonishment of Chavalier at the sight of this extraordinary production. He asked how it had been produced, and the unknown inventor drew a bottle of liquid from his pocket, by the use of which he stated that he had obtained the result here shown with a very imperfect apparatus. He left the print and the bottle with Chavalier, and was never afterward heard from, nor could the faintest clue to his identity be obtained.

Chavalier was unable to obtain a like result, as he performed all the operations in the light, and of course destroyed the proofs as fast as they were made. He sent the remaining contents of the bottle to a painter who was known to be engaged in some experiments in this direction. This painter was none other than Daguerre.

Daguerre was a singular man. Born near Paris in 1787 his early education was neglected, and he was left to follow the bent of his own genius. He became a scene-painter in the

theatres, and being passionately fond of dancing, often volunteered to take part in the terpsichorean performances of the ballet. But he was too much of a genius to be contented with this sort of life for any length of time. In association with the artist Bouton he invented the diorama, which proved a great success. While studying the proper methods of illumination for his diorama he made constant use of a camera obscura and was perpetually delighted with the exquisite pictures which there presented themselves, and which no artist could imitate, and he frequently exclaimed, "Is it not possible to fix these fugitive pictures on a plate?" He had attended Professor Charles's lectures and had seen his silhouettes produced by chloride of silver, and the idea took full possession of him that by some similar process the pictures of the camera could be reproduced in permanent form. He learned from Chavalier what Niépce had done, and after considerable correspondence came to a partnership understanding with the latter, by the terms of which he was to learn all that Niépce had accomplished and was in turn to communicate the results of his own experiments to Niépce. The two now worked together. The first discovery by Daguerre was the sensitiveness of iodide of silver to the action of light. He had by accident left a silver spoon on a paper saturated with iodine, and the next day discovered a perfect image of the spoon on the paper. He immediately substituted iodide of silver for the bitumen. A plate of silver was put into a box with a few crystals of iodine and was thus rendered sensitive in the dark and served to receive the image of the camera obscura. It was in 1831 that this important discovery was made; it was at once communicated to Niépce who put very little faith in it, and who unfortunately was not spared long enough to learn the brilliant results destined to grow out of it, as he died suddenly in 1833 before the announcement of Daguerre's success. After the death of Niépce, Daguerre continued his experiments with great ardor, taking the son of Niépce into partnership with him.

For a long time he was unable to fix the impressions



THE HOUSE IN WHICH NICÉPHORE NIÉPCE INVENTED HELIOGRAPHY.

obtained on the silver plates, and it is said that accident again came to his aid in this matter. Some of the silver plates were left in a closet on a shelf near an open bottle of mercury; the fumes of the mercury attacked the plate and fixed the picture. Here was then the complete discovery of what is now known as the daguerreotype.

As a patent upon the process would have been worthless, owing to the ease with which it could be infringed, Daguerre sought to sell the secret to the government, and through the powerful influence of Arago, who was greatly impressed with the importance of the discovery, was successful in his negotiations, and obtained a grant of an annuity of 6,000 francs to himself, and 4,000 francs to the son of his old friend Niépce. The purchase having been completed, there was no longer any reason for further secrecy in the matter, and a time was appointed for a public explanation by Arago of the process at a meeting of the Academy of Science. This celebrated event took place on the 10th of August, 1839. The members of the Academies of Science and of Fine Arts were gathered in full force. The seats reserved to the public were filled by the most distinguished men of letters, science, and art of Paris. All were on the *qui vive* to learn the wonderful story of how an almost instantaneous picture of natural objects could be obtained in a permanent form far more accurate than any artist could paint. A camera was put upon the table,

and all the agents and apparatus required in the process, and were exhibited, and a full and unreserved disclosure was made by Arago of the whole invention. The multitude dispersed full of enthusiasm for what had been done, and the next day there was a great demand for cameras with which to repeat the experiments. It did not take long for the news of the discovery to travel to all parts of the world, and the daguerreotype became famous everywhere. In New York, Professor John W. Draper repeated the experiments, and added to them the application of the art to the taking of microscopic pictures, and also of the image of a part of the solar spectrum. For a number of years the daguerreotype became the most popular method of obtaining portraits that had been invented. Daguerre died on the

10th of July, 1851, at a time when the photograph was about to supersede his original invention, but not until he had obtained a full recognition of the value of his great discovery.

MAGIC AND ALCHEMY.

FAR off to the realms of the fairies—to the Moorish palaces of Spain, or the tales of the Princess Scheherezade, are we carried by the mention of that long-sought talisman, the Philosopher's Stone. One moment here, the next the magician waves his wand, the earth opens, and discloses a palace of such rare magnificence as is only possible to fairy-

land; and with undoubting faith we rub our eyes for a clearer vision, and discover that it is but a dream.

Let us look at the reality. Hollow-eyed men, in gloomy caverns of dimly-lighted attics, standing with fever-scorched faces before the crucible that will surely some day reward all their study and patience. But in the meanwhile poverty, dreadful, actual, is their portion. Can you fancy the beginning, when the young man, full of hope and strong in health, sat down to peer curiously into the old books with their quaint hieroglyphics? Fancy the increased brightness of his eyes, the greater elasticity of his step, when he became assured that the meaning of those symbols was revealed to him, and he had

but to study and persevere, and the world would be at his command. And for all the years, when everything and every one, no matter how dear, were sacrificed to this passion, and there was no apparent reward, shall we say that they were utterly lost? Some Greek writers in the fourth and fifth centuries speak of alchemy, and it is the general supposition that travelers in Egypt carried back to their native land a slight and little understood knowledge of that science. To what use they put it is uncertain. Of chemistry, as we understand the term, they appear to have had but slight knowledge. In the East, alchemy and kindred mystic studies were in high repute, and the Moors have left in Spain many volumes on the occult sciences, as well as those more important works which tell of their intellectual



THE UNKNOWN INVENTOR OF SUN-PICTURES EXHIBITING HIS PRINTS TO CHARLES CHAVALIER, DECEMBER, 1825.

activity at a time when Western Europe was still groping in darkness. Alhamar, the founder of the Alhambra, in Spain, was supposed to have obtained the means for its erection through alchemy, yet was universally beloved and respected, which would not have been the case had the Moors regarded it as allied to the "black art," & necromancy is so often erroneously styled.

But when we speak of necromancy we are carried very far back in the world's history, to the time of Moses, when it was commanded that all persons who used the diviner's art should be driven out of the camp of the Israelites. We even find these words: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

In the reign of Diocletian the books of the necromancers were burned, and themselves treated with great severity. And so it has continued, the persecution for witchcraft in our own country being of comparatively recent date. Astrology, a kindred science, has, though working in secret, been more respected than necromancy; indeed, it was a common occurrence to seek an astrologer to cast the horoscope of children of distinguished birth. In these days, though the enlightened profess to disbelieve in all signs and wonders, yet fortunetellers still flourish who pretend to an ability to foretell the future of a person by studying the planet under whose influence he was born.

Clairvoyance, or second sight, is faithfully believed in some parts of Scotland; and

who shall say how many believers in it can be found in England? We touch on dangerous ground when we speak of it; with Spiritualism, of which it appears a faithful ally, the ranks of the converted are yearly increasing. That much jugglery is practised by mediums, we cannot doubt from the evidence against them; but that "mind-reading," prevoyance by dreams, and other seeming miraculous powers, which the Spiritualists claim as wisdom transmitted from the world of spirits, have anything supernatural about them, remains to be proved. It is safer, and more in accordance with reason, to set them down as unknown powers of the mind that await but scientific investigation to shine forth in their true colors.

Now, all these powers of which we have been speaking—

necromancy, astrology, clairvoyance—have been and are only valued for the benefits which may accrue to us in this present life. The stars were studied for a fortunate destiny; clairvoyance, that we may understand the doings and intentions of our lovers and neighbors, and prepare ourselves accordingly. As of old, the magician's wand was raised to bring the good or evil genii, that the favored might be rewarded and his enemies punished. And in the days when all incomprehensible power was referred to the Evil One, the saints and the blessed Virgin were supplicated, and offerings laid before their shrines, that evil might be averted and good things given to the supplicant.

In all ages has man desired to possess the secret of a power that should raise him beyond his fellow-men in this world; so it is not wonderful that the Philosopher's Stone should have been greatly sought after. It is an old, old belief, and told in the stories of many lands. We have it in Aladdin's Lamp, and who shall say that our great mechanical genius as a nation is not looking forward to some wonderful lamp of power? The alchemists supposed the general principles of metals to be chiefly two substances, which they called mercury and sulphur; they apprehended also that the principles of which they imagined gold to be composed were contained separately in other bodies. They endeavored, therefore, to collect these principles, and by con-



DAGUERRE DISCOVERING THE ACTION OF LIGHT ON THE IODIDE OF SILVER.

joining them it was expected that gold would be produced. The Philosopher's Stone was a product of a higher order. By projecting it on a quantity of any of the inferior metals in fusion, they would be changed into fine gold; and, if it was laid on a plate of silver, copper, or iron, and moderately heated, it would sink into the metal, and change into gold all the parts to which it was applied. Then, if this was properly heated with pure gold, the gold would be changed into a substance of the same nature and virtue as itself, and be thus susceptible of perpetual multiplication. By continuing this process, the power of the "elixir" would become more and more exalted, and its power of transmutation greatly increased.

Nothing can be said with certainty about this doctrine of

the transmutation of metals; and however illusive the search after the Philosopher's Stone, it is undoubted that the delusions of one age have been useful to another, inasmuch as they were the parent, in reality, of experimental science. Modern chemistry, indeed, places metals in the class of elements, and denies the possibility of changing inferior metals into gold—affirming, consequently, the Philosopher's Stone to be a myth.

THE "MANICURE."

In France, particularly in all the large cities, the women in nearly all classes take particular pains with their hands, so much so that they go regularly to what is called a *manicure*—that is, a person who makes the care of the hands a specialty. In Paris this profession is most lucrative, and there are at least six hundred men and women engaged in it. For the benefit of those who may be curious enough to know something of this novel, yet not new, calling, I give a brief description of how they manage their affairs. Ten years ago I was at the French institution of Madame Michel, at school, and while there quite shocked my teacher by asking her to trim my nails. "Why, mademoiselle," said she, "you should have a *manicure*." I was so abashed at the mistake I made in asking her to do such a thing that I naively answered, "Will not my knife do as well?" "Oh, no," said she, "we will have a manicure here in the morning; your nails require shaping." I supposed the manicure was a steel instrument used for paring the nails, so I retired with ungratified curiosity till the morrow, when at an early hour the steward informed me of the manicure's arrival. Supposing it to be, according to the French diction, masculine gender, I said, "Bring it up." "Oh, excuse me, mademoiselle, he never

comes to the sleeping apartment; he always waits in the reception room." I came down, and there stood the instrument to shape my irregular nails—a tall, lean, dark-skinned individual, with flowing jet locks, beard and imperial. To say I was surprised is too weak an assertion; I was struck dumb with astonishment. My teacher had gone through with her usual paring, and bade me be seated. The operation was then proceeded with. First a sharp, French-shaped instrument cut the nails, sloped them on the sides with a point in the centre; then a tiny pair of pincers was used to pull off all the pieces of dry skin around the nails, commonly called by us "hang nails"; then a steel file was used to raise the skin up and push it back so as to show the "half-moon" on the nail, which is considered a part of its beauty; then a liquid was poured over it to bathe it; then

dried, and a red pomade, spread thin, rubbed off with a fine yellow powder, which caused them to shine. It took about half an hour, and cost the munificent sum of sixty cents. There are women in Paris who obtain as high as ten francs a visit.



DAGUERRE'S HOUSE, MARAIS, DU TEMPLE STREET, PARIS.

than the last. The mud bed occupied half the space. Three yards by one was my measurement of the rest. A water jar and a reed pipe were all the signs of habitation. There were no boxes or cupboards in which other goods or chattels might be hidden. A family of three, laborers on the lands of others, lived here. I have seen pigs better housed in England.

THE happiness of life consists, like the day, not in single flashes (of light), but in one continuous mild serenity. The most beautiful period of the heart's existence is in this calm equable light, even although it be only moonshine or twilight. Now the mind alone can obtain for us this heavenly cheerfulness and peace.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

METALLIC OSMIUM.—The French chemist Deville has succeeded in preparing some pure metallic osmium. All of the gold pens in America are tipped with a native alloy of iridium and osmium. One of these metals—the iridium—has been known for some time, but the other—osmium—could not be made on account of the intense heat required. By an ingenious application of charcoal and gas, Deville has contrived to make some of the metal, and to determine its properties. It has a bluish-white color, is harder than glass, and possesses the highest specific gravity known—namely 21.47. In combination with oxygen it forms one of the most violent poison chemists have been able to prepare.

METALLURGICAL PRODUCTION OF GERMANY.—At present Germany stands third on the list of iron producing countries. Her production is about one-fourth of that of Great Britain, and about equal with that of the United States. In the production of lead she maintains the same rank; Great Britain being herein again greatly her superior. Spain taking, perhaps, a good second place. As regards zinc, Germany rivals Belgium, which country may with certainty be stated to produce the greatest quantity of this metal. During 1874, 44,211 workmen were employed in the various mines, smelting works, and salt pits of Germany.

DANGEROUS COSMETICS.—A creole family of eight persons recently arrived in Paris in search of medical treatment for an epidemic which had attacked them in their native country. On examining into the case the physician learned that all of the members of the family were in the habit of using freely a cosmetic powder which was prepared in the Colonies. Some of this powder was sent to M. Chavalier for analysis and was shown 20 per cent eruscite, a most dangerous substance. The cause of the so-called epidemic was thus speedily found and the further use of the cosmetic interdicted.

BIG BLAST.—A blast of 1,000 kegs of powder was recently fired off in the Blue Tent Consolidated Diggings, in Nevada County, which raised and loosened up, ready for washing, about 200,000 cubic yards of dirt. The bank was over 200 ft. in height over the part where the powder was exploded. A tunnel was run 120 ft., from which horizontal drifts were run 101 ft. one way and 59 ft. the other. The explosion raised the entire mass bodily to a height of 4 ft. It cost to do the work, and buy the powder, \$1,243.07. The execution was wonderful, and the blast was a perfect success.

HYDRATE OF CHORAL FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—Dr. Obet has tried chorals as a remedy for sea-sickness with great success. He administers it in syrup in doses of one and a half grammes (about twenty-two grains), at the commencement of the voyage, and thus secures for the passenger what is very difficult to attain at sea, namely, a sweet sleep of six or eight hours. Fortified by this rest, the nausea is more easily overcome and strengthening food retained on the stomach, and in the course of two or three days there is generally no longer any further need of the remedy.

EDISON'S ELECTRIC PEN.—The electric pen of Edison consists of a pointed style connected with a galvanic battery which when held in the hand and properly directed will make 5,000 points every minute on paper. On passing an inked roller over the writing thus produced a fac-simile is printed and an indefinite number of copies can be made in this way. The instrument was recently exhibited at the *conversazione* of the Royal Society, London, where it attracted the notice of a large assemblage of scientific men.

MEXICAN ALABASTER.—Large deposits of very fine alabaster have been discovered in Mexico, which resembles the very finest onyx of Algiers. It is extensively used in France for tables, clocks, mantels, and other ornamental purposes. It was supposed to be chiefly composed of gypsum, but recent analysis made by Damour show it to be a carbonate and not a sulphate. It is a carbonate of lime, magnesia, iron, and manganese. Fine specimens of this stone are on exhibition in Philadelphia.

UNDER the editorship of Mr. R. Brough Smyth, there has been published a Descriptive Catalogue of Rocks, Minerals, and Fossils, illustrative of the Geology, Mineralogy, and Mining Resources in Victoria, Australia, intended for exhibition at the Philadelphia International Exhibition. The list contains altogether eight hundred and eighty specimens.

We regret to hear of the death, at the age of sixty years, of Dr. Letheby, the well-known analyst, for many years Medical Officer of Health for the City of London, and Lecturer on Chemistry at the London Hospital. Dr. Letheby was a Fellow of the Linnean and Chemical Societies.

M. FRIEDEL, an able mineralogist, has been appointed Professor to the Museum of Natural History of Paris, to fill the place vacated by the retirement of M. Delafosse. It is to M. Delafosse that is due the admirable arrangement of the Gallery of Mineralogy in the Museum.

At the last meeting of the Geographical Society, in London, Captain Anderson, R. E., read a paper on "The North American Boundary from the Lake of Woods to the Rocky Mountains." Captain Anderson was chief astronomer of the North American Boundary Commission.

FEARS are entertained that the extraordinary dryness which has recently prevailed in Algeria will lead to a famine. It is stated that no rain has fallen this summer during the usual wet season.

INTELLIGENCE from Kasan announces that the German Exploring Expedition to Western Siberia has arrived there.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A MAN must feel very cheap when he is knocked down for nothing in an auction room.

MATTER OF FACT.—A newspaper declares that the fearful amount of corruption now unearthed in the United States is the work of the last ten years. Of course it is: corruption is decadent matter.

NAME THIS SHIP.—Russia, it seems, has a man-of-war which rejoices in the name of *Krjas pas Harky*. We don't know if anyone has pronounced the vessel a success, but should be inclined ourselves to consider it an "utter" failure, if we mentioned it at all.

BANNISTER met a theatrical friend who asked him when he would come and dine with him. "What will you give me for dinner?" said Bannister. "Why," replied the other, "you shall have eggs and bacon." "Then," said Bannister, "I had rather come on a *Fry-day*."

COLONEL WILSON is a fine-looking man, isn't he?" said a friend of ours, the other day. "Yes," replied another; "I was taken for him once." "You! why, you are as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that. I was taken for him—I indorsed his bill, and was taken for him by the sheriff."

IN ENGLAND, a reverend gentleman of the Established (Episcopal) Church has been summoned for assaulting a man of inferior quality cloth. Defendant's chief justification was that prosecutor annoyed him by calling after him, "You clergyman!" The term seems by this to be one of opprobrium—even among clergymen!

It is stated that a Fort Plains young lady received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Dear —, I send by the boy a bucket of flowers. They is like my luv for u. The night shades menes keep dark. The dog fenil means that I am your slave. Rosis red and posis pail, my love for you shall never fail."

It is reported that an Onondaga minister, who preaches to an agricultural community, finds it difficult to collect his pay. One farmer said at the end of the year: "I have subscribed \$40 for preaching; I will give you a cow and call it square. She's rather a poor cow, just like your preaching." The parson drove home the cow.

A Danbury woman, trading at a grocery the other day, got to telling the grocer of a large swelling which had appeared on her boy's neck, and said she wished to know of something to reduce that swelling. The grocer, having been four times through bankruptcy, absently observed: "Put a mortgage on it. That will reduce it, I imagine."

A SCHOLAR in a country school was asked: "How do you pronounce 'Mary milks the cow'?" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?" "Because" added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?"

THERE is a lady who keeps a hotel along the line of the Central Railroad who understands catering better than she does the meaning of words. The other day her son came running in saying there was a load of immigrants at the depot. The old lady said: "Here, quick; take this basket and get a peck of 'em. We want some fresh vegetables awful bad."

ON a wet, miserable, foggy London day in Autumn, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor destitute widow woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I. It's a miserable day. Good-bye, good-bye!"

IT is a great year in America for the old men. Grandfathers who have been neglected and made to feel that they were in the way, and wished they were dead; who have long been thrust away in the kitchen, and left to mumble to themselves in the chimney-corner, are astonished by being brushed up of an evening and brought into the parlor, where they are shown off to the company as centennial reliques.

THERE was some years ago a trial for murder in Ireland, where the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case, and directed the jury to a verdict of not guilty. A well-known lawyer, who desired, however, to do something for the fee he had received for the defence, claimed the privilege of addressing the Court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B.," said the judge; "but to prevent accident, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

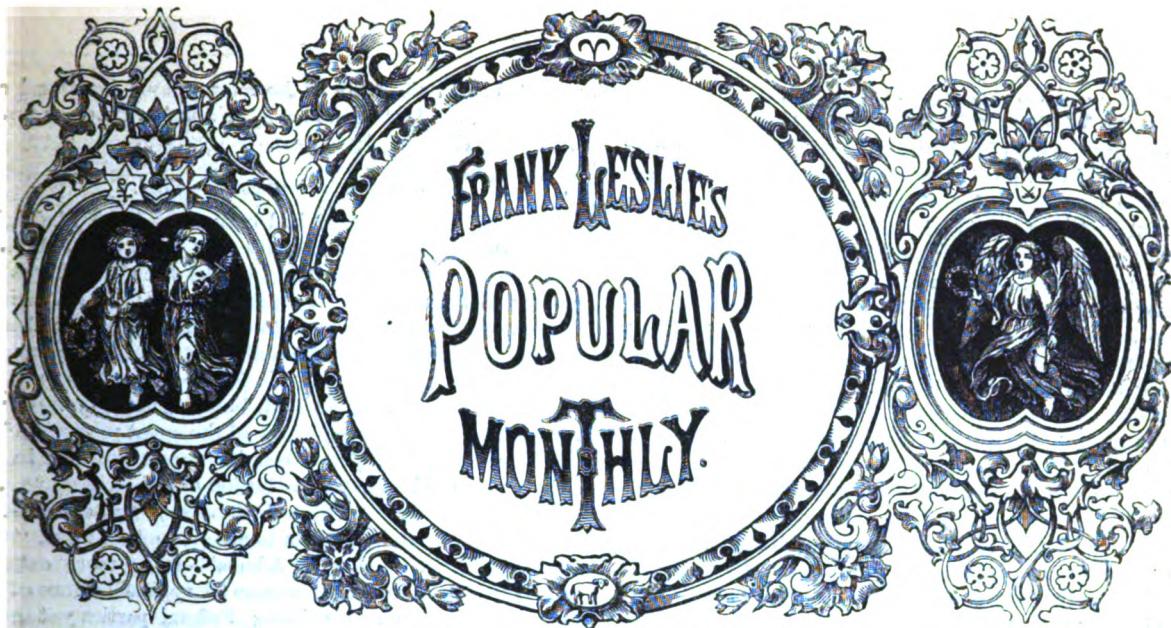
WATTS UP?—A distinguished physician protests against the indiscriminate slaughter of dogs as a preventative of hydrophobia. He claims that dogs don't deserve destruction simply because they bite. He has evidently been studying Dr. Watts, and therefore knows exactly Watts right and proper. As he himself, or somebody else, said at the time, or subsequently, if not before, "That's Watts the matter!"

A LONDON newspaper says that "much scandal has been occasioned by a paragraph regarding the Rev. J. Bardsley, Rector of Stepney, which had appeared in the *Times*, stating that on the preceding day the reverend gentleman was present at the laying of the first stone of a Jewish synagogue in his neighborhood, and that in order the more fully to manifest his sympathy he had caused the bells of the parish church to be rung in honor of the occasion! It turns out that Mr. Bardsley did actually witness the laying of the aforesaid stone, for the site of the synagogue is close to his house; it is also true that the parish bells rang right merrily, as they always do on Easter Monday."





THE ITALIAN FISHER GIRL.

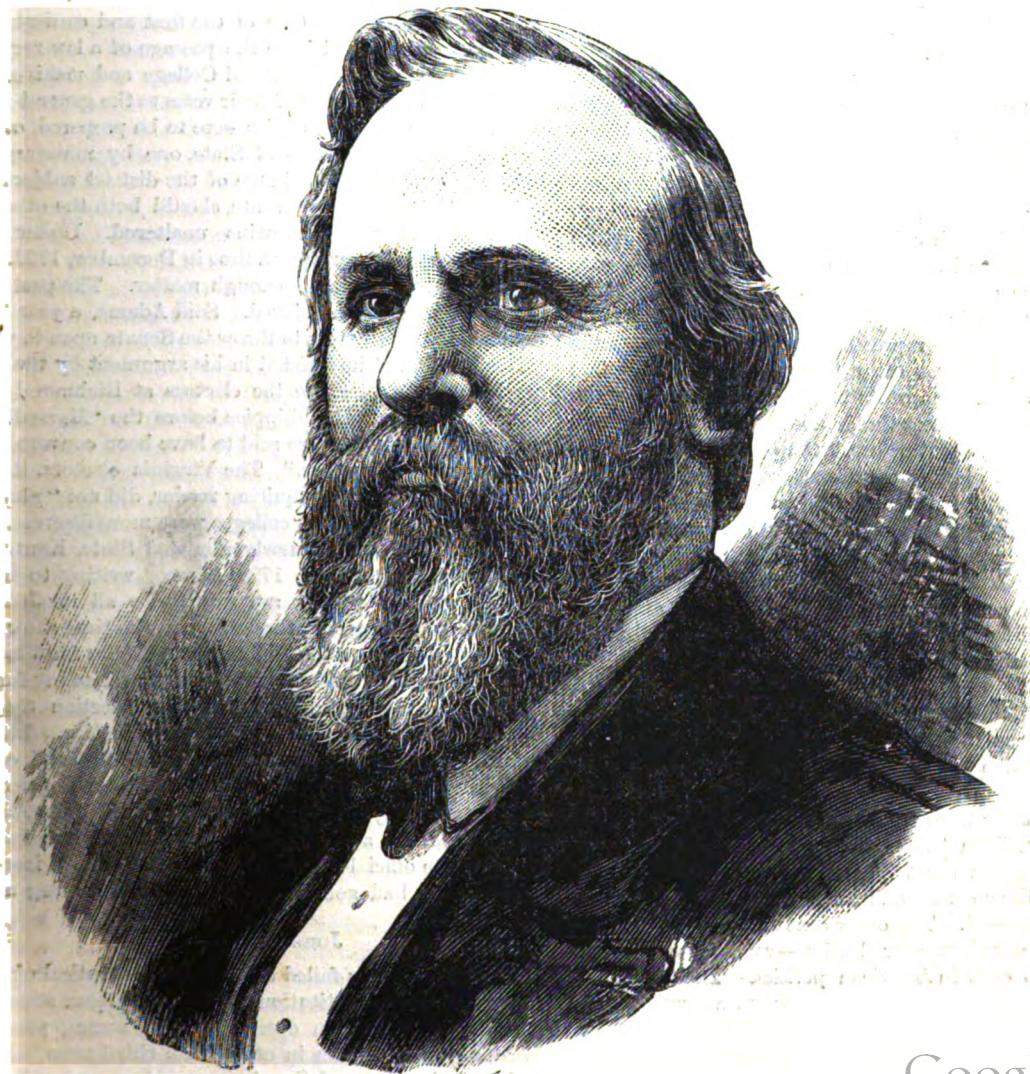


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PRESIDENT-MAKING IN THE UNITED STATES.



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RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, OF OHIO, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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PRESIDENT MAKING.

PRESIDENT-MAKING has been tried under a good many constitutions and in a good many countries, part preceding the American example and part imitating it. Successful and peaceful President-making is, however, purely an American practice. No one has yet been able to imitate it. The Constitution adopted September 17th, 1787, first made President-making possible.

The Constitution adopted, it remained an experiment with which few were satisfied. When the business of President-making began, men were still in doubt whether an united confederation would remain for him to preside over when it was completed. The Legislature of New York met to elect electors, and fell to criticizing the Constitution instead, and passed a proposition to initiate proceedings for a convention to amend the Constitution in certain points, President-making one of them. Tinkering was to begin before the machine was well a-going. George Clinton, Governor, disagreed with the Legislature. The Legislature adjourned. The victory which the *Federalist* had won at the polls was endangered in the Assembly. Careless of the office, and careful of the national life, Washington watched with intense solicitude the dawning struggle. The practical good sense of the race saved the new compact. The Legislature reassembled and chose electors. Virginia from the first sent her choice to the people—the hand of Jefferson was in this thing. Massachusetts bade her people elect three men from each Congressional district, and out of the thirty the Legislature chose ten. For every such remove from the people, Hamilton and other “high-flying Feds,” as Burr called them eight years later, were devoutly grateful. There was no doubt this time as to the choice of the people or of the Electoral College. The danger lay in the inertia of the great machine. Hamilton’s cumbrous device has periled the Government since; at the outset it ran the risk of smothering it. As matters stood, neither North Carolina nor Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations chose the ten electors to which they were entitled. The electors were chosen at last, and met, each State in its capital, to vote—sitting solemnly with closed doors. No representative body, acting for the general alliance, had yet sat with open doors. The first House did so, and Adams wrote to his wife of the resolution, “This measure, by making the debates public, will establish the National Government or break the confederation.” The votes of each State college were sent to the seat of government—New York; but there was no one at Federal Hall to receive them till Congress met. The House announced to the Senate its readiness to meet it and count the electoral votes. Senator Langdon was elected president, “solely for the purpose of counting the votes for President and Vice-President,” and by this singular action it happened that the officer third in the succession in our “Federal monarchy,” as it was more than once called in the last century, the heir presumptive to the Presidential throne, the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, was the first of the executive officers of the new Federation to be elected to take his seat and to discharge his duty. The votes were counted—each ballot had two names—69 for George Washington, of Virginia. Next to Washington, John Adams, just returned from England, the first citizen of a great State, was the most prominent figure before the country, and he received the next largest number of votes—34. Ten other candidates were voted for, with no particular chance for election—votes for a “favorite son” were cast early in American politics. The first President-making was over. With the choice of a President and Vice-President came a ceremony—since left to that active electoral college, the national nominating convention—a deputation was sent to Mount Vernon and Braintree, bearing the formal announcement of the result. Washington

mounted and rode North to the most unique inaugural any American President was to have. From the Potomac northward he made a royal progress.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—1792.

The seat of government had been moved to Philadelphia before the close of Washington’s first term. The Federal machine was running smoothly by the time that it was necessary to begin another President-making. The intricate foreign questions which were to convulse the country before the close of his second term and blacken his own personal repute with a large body of his fellow-citizens, had not yet roused party spirit. It existed, but it centred on men who represented the diverging wings of the great party which in the Revolution had proscribed its opponents, and in the adoption of the Federal Constitution ended all dispute as to existing questions. “Those Federalists,” wrote Randolph to Washington imploring him to accept another term, “who espouse Clinton in place of Adams”—to no more extreme point had the political differences of typical leaders of the future Republican and existing Federal parties yet gone. It is typical of the condition of public sentiment that when Washington signified his intention to accept another term, or rather failed to declare his intention to refuse it, a canvass at once began for the second place on the ticket. Jefferson was Secretary of State, fresh from his mission to France. Without a caucus, without a nomination, it is fair to say, without any desire on his part he drifted into the position of a candidate. One of the first and earliest acts of the first Congress had been the passage of a law regulating the assemblage of the Electoral College and making provision for the transmission of their votes to the general government. Three separate copies were to be prepared, one sent by mail to the Secretary of State, one by messenger, one lodged with the Federal judge of the district subject to the order of the Secretary of State, should both the others miscarry. The law still remains unaltered. Under it the electors now met for the first time in December, 1792. Their choice had been a simple enough matter. The past rule of secrecy began to be relaxed. Said Adams, a year later, of Senator Taylor’s motion to throw the Senate open to visitors: “But he will not be assisted in his argument by the late example of Virginia, where the electors at Richmond opened their doors and made philippics before the ‘Marseillois,’ by which means six votes are said to have been converted either by reasoning or by fear.” The Virginia electors, it may be unnecessary to tell the inquiring reader, did not “plump” for Adams. Other electoral colleges were more discreet. With the sealed vote of the newly-admitted State, Kentucky, in his hands, January 9th, 1793, Adams, writing to his wife, could only say: “They are said to be all for Jefferson.” Other similar phrases in the letters of the time show that in this contest between the different candidates for Vice-President, the electoral colleges were voting and acting for themselves. By the beginning of another election they were working in the harness of a regular nomination. The votes were all received at last, January 14th, 1793, and counted, and rising in his place John Adams declared the election of George Washington as the President, and John Adams as Vice-President; and with characteristic religious feeling he followed the official announcement with a studied invocation. The country had gone through President-making a second time in safety.

JOHN ADAMS—1796.

Two experiments failed to satisfy the sceptical of the stability of popular institutions in this supreme strain. The Presidential campaign opened with a strong pressure on Washington to remain in office for a third term. Bitter as had been the abuse of the *Aurora*, and sweeping the odium which had been aroused by the publication of Jay’s treaty,

he was still the unquestioned choice of the people. Men dreaded the change as they dreaded revolution—what that was and might be France had just shown. Hamilton told Washington that he should consider the head of every Federalist in danger, his own included, if a Republican was elected. A sanguine and probable candidate like Adams could write: "In my opinion, there is no more danger than there would be in changing a member of the Senate"; but men less interested expressed themselves differently, and the weight of popular opinion was on their side. Wisely Washington delayed his decision to a day which made a prolonged canvass impossible, but in this new business of a contested Presidential election the country found that a vast deal of passion could be concentrated into the fewest months. The issues of a coming century budded and blossomed. The Northern States had begun the abolition of slavery, and the Virginian resolutions were already sketched in the speeches of Madison and Henry at the Virginia hustings. Hamilton's bank and its national currency was sharply contrasted with the coinage of the new nation, and the parties divided on the line of hard money, soft money, and the bank. At his last speech before Congress, a few months later, Washington was to throw the weight of his great influence in favor of protection, and the new question, favored at the South and opposed at the North, reversed the future geography of politics in this campaign. Foremost of all stood the foreign relations of a weak nation. Sixteen years later the rights of American seamen were to be settled by war. Their wrongs formed the Republican cry in this campaign: "Three hundred American vessels seized, and one thousand American sailors impressed," stood at the head of Republican papers, and formed the burden of Republican speeches. Over Jay's treaty fierce war was waged. In it, said Tammany Hall, "was written the first and last act of American ingratitude and pusillanimity." It had taken all Washington's personal influence to procure its adoption; it took all the influence of the Administration and the waning strength of a great party to carry Adams through the Electoral College with this treaty as one plank of his platform, and resistance to French aggression the other. He took the field without a nomination, and with no formal declaration of principles. Overtures toward a formal candidacy by Jefferson were made by some members of Congress, but he failed to respond favorably. The first germ of future platforms appeared in an "inspired" editorial in a Richmond journal, which explained his principles and policy. Extreme charges ever rife. For the last time men believed American politicians in danger of subverting the very foundations of the Government. Feeling ran high in all grades of society, and a friendship of years between Washington and Jefferson was snapped in a correspondence which grew out of the canvass. The free lives of leading men gave a tolerably wide margin for campaign literature. Hamilton's love-letters were printed; a scandal was set on foot as to the Federal candidate; Jefferson's infidelity was the favorite theme of his detractors, and the patriarchal relations of a great slaveholder to his negroes came in for their share of illumination. The stream of American political life unquestionably grows shallower as we ascend it, but it grows no purer. Outside of party platforms and popular imagination our politics have no golden age. One State Legislature after another chose its Electors. The sleepy ceremony of two elections suddenly grew to be of intense interest. Massachusetts passed a law giving its Electors power to fill its vacancies in their body. John Q. Adams, the Republican Governor who signed the bill, reflected that the more Federal Electors died the less Federal votes there would be, and walked to the Secretary of State's office to erase his signature. Erased, a subtle point was raised, not yet decided. A Federal Legislature in Pennsylvania, in making arrangements

for the election, had directed the returns to be counted by Governor Mifflin in fourteen days. The time was up long before the votes on the Cumberland could be in; without them the Federal College was elected. Mifflin shoved the law aside and waited for the mountain districts, and Pennsylvania cast its votes for Jefferson and Burr. In accordance with the law, the Electors met in December and voted in each State capital. It is a striking comment on the freedom which the Presidential Electors still had, that a well informed sheet in New York, Greenleaf's *New York Journal and Patriotic Register*, two days after the votes were cast, and weeks after the popular and legislative action, could say: "The day before yesterday the *dye* was cast. . . Jefferson and Adams are fairly on the ground, but which, or whether either of them, will come out first at the stake is problematical in the opinion of many. Pinckney and Burr are candidates for Vice-President, and should there not be a uniformity in voting for these gentlemen, the chair, mayhap, will fall to the lot of one of them." Editor Greenleaf knew very much more than he cared to tell his readers. Hamilton had begun an intrigue to elect Charles Cotesworth Pinckney instead of Adams. Under the section he had drawn, each Elector voted for two candidates, without indicating which was to be President or Vice-President. As the Federal Party had secured a majority of the College, it was only necessary for the complimentary vote to make its appearance in American politics to leave Adams with a smaller number of votes than Pinckney; but Pinckney was unable to secure all the votes of his own State—half of them went to Jefferson, as the whole were four years later. The New England States became alarmed, cast one of their two votes solid for Adams, and scattered in the second. The delicate manoeuvre failed, and the unexpected result was the election of Jefferson to the Vice-Presidency. John Adams received 71 votes; Jefferson, 68; Pinckney, 59; and Burr, 30—the rest were the scattering votes of New England. No President has had a narrower escape in the College. No man till the ballots were opened had given Adams the three votes—one each from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina—which elected him, as no man had reckoned upon Jefferson's surprising strength.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—1800.

Close upon the heels of its narrow escape in 1796, the Federal party rallied. Jay's treaty proved unexpectedly successful, and he laid down the Federal ermine to assume the State Executive. The victory in the State was followed by Burr's crushing defeat in the city. Washington reorganized the Federal opposition in Virginia, and rode ten miles to cast his vote for one of its Congressional candidates. In a single session of Congress the party lost all it had gained. The tide set the other way. The solid front of New England was broken. A Federal Senator was elected by but a single vote in Vermont. Henry, the opposition candidate for Governor, was elected in Maryland. Governor McKean began the spoils system in Pennsylvania, put a leader in the whisky rebellion on the bench, and demoralized the politics of a great State past recovery. Gerry had been elected Governor of Massachusetts, and was to give politics a new word—gerrymandering. Thunderstruck at the defection, Adams rallied all the forces of his administration and remodeled his Cabinet. "Purse-pride works in Boston," wrote Fisher Ames in disgust, and returned with the "Essex Junta" from the vain effort to give the Federal party political flexibility. More than "purse-pride" was at Adams's back. Campaign organizations were formed. In Philadelphia 5,000 young men sent him an address, and put on the "black cockade" of the Revolution. Sixteen years later a "black cockaded Federalist" was the forlorn remnant of a defeated party. The tri-colored cockade—a foreign invention, born of the

Bourbon banner and the arms of Paris, had superseded it. The cockade which Hancock wore and Washington affected, was forgotten. Federalism was borne along on the tide of patriotism. "Hail Columbia," the campaign song of the period, has become our national air. Another campaign song, "Adams and Liberty," had a no less popular birth, if a less auspicious future. Still the South stood firm. In the Spring of 1800 Burr saw that success in New York meant a Republican President. He organized his party. He drew the first full tally list of voters in municipal politics. Every man was docketed. Tammany has never forgotten the lesson, and never been without such a list. He ran himself in Orange. He headed his ticket with Horatio Gates. Meade might as well have been run in Philadelphia at the close of the war, or "Little Mac" in New York. It was Hamilton's ambition to manipulate legislatures and the electoral colleges, after the people chose them. He longed to be a minister, the business of a "whip" was not to his taste. The Federal ticket was a list of nobodies. More than this, Burr set on foot the project of an election by the people for Electors. It was defeated by the Federal Legislature, and made a popular cry. So did a hundred acts of the Administration. To spread them, Burr used the press as it had never been used before. A letter from Adams, attacking Pinckney, was printed by a Democratic paper. Hamilton attempted a confidential pamphlet, attacking Adams and praising Pinckney, had the satisfaction of seeing it doled out piecemeal in Burr's organ, and flung broadcast through the city the week before election. It is a pleasing illustration of politics in the days of the Fathers, that the public explained Burr's newspaper enterprise by believing that he and Hamilton were at the feet of the same mistress. The Federal party was routed before it came to the polls.

It lost the city by 490 majority. Republicans took courage; their Congressmen met, and nine Senators and thirty-seven Representatives nominated Jefferson unanimously, and after some debate, in return for a brilliant victory, named Burr, Vice-President. The election was no longer in doubt. Adams and Pinckney were nominated by a Federal caucus of Congressmen, but nothing short of an accident in the Electoral College could elect them. The Electors at last met, for the first time as they have always met since, without choice or volition in the important business of President-making. When Jefferson opened their votes he found 73 for himself, 73 for Burr, and 64 for Adams. There was no choice, and the election went to the House. Of its 106 members the Federalists had an overwhelming majority: of its 16 States, the Republicans controlled 8, the Federalists 6, and 2 divided. If they could not elect their own candidate the Federal leaders determined to defeat Jefferson, and voted for Burr. At the second or third ballot, his friends were to bring over New York and Tennessee, and elect him. They failed. The balloting went on for a week. Sick men were

brought to the chamber on litters. Thirty-five ballots were taken. Overtures were made to Jefferson for some pledge to Federal officeholders, some promise to protect the infant navy. He refused. The Federal rank and file voting for an opposition candidate, grew restless. Only two weeks were left of Adams's term. It was proposed to ballot till March 4th, and meanwhile pass a law devolving the duties of President on the President *pro tem.* of the Senate. Jefferson at once threatened Congress with the march of troops from Virginia and Pennsylvania. Had Congress been sitting at Philadelphia instead of amid the clay wastes of the District, the body would have been mobbed. Burr at last wrote, declining the candidature. The deadlock was broken by Bayard, and Jefferson was elected.

THOMAS JEFFERSON—1804.

An immediate amendment to the Constitution was passed, under which each elector cast a designated vote for President and another for Vice-President. For his second term, Jefferson was unanimously nominated by a Congressional caucus, and George Clinton, after a short contest, was named for the Vice-Presidency.

Their opponents, Charles C. Pinckney, of South Carolina, and Rufus King, of New York, received only the electoral votes of Connecticut and Delaware, with two from Maryland—14 in all; while the vote for Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton was 162. For years to come, Connecticut remained the last stronghold of Federalism. Most of the nominations, says Lyman Beecher in his autobiography, were made by the ministers.

JAMES MADISON—1808.

A third term for Jefferson was among the possibilities of the canvass of 1808. The Legislatures of Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Georgia, the Senate of New York, and the House



WILLIAM A. WHEELER, OF NEW YORK, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

of Delegates in Virginia all presented addresses or passed resolutions asking him to run again. Confidence in Jefferson had something to do with this; even more, it was an expression of State distrust in the action of the Congressional caucus. In the interregnum which followed its death and preceded the National Convention, the State Legislatures took the business of making nominations in their own hands. Three candidates sought the succession—James Madison, Secretary of State; James Monroe, late Minister to France; and George Clinton, Vice-President. Jefferson fought out his intrigue in Congress, and in a caucus of ninety-four Republican Congressmen he got eleven votes and Madison the rest, not the least of his helpers being his graceful wife. George Clinton's game was played elsewhere. He had the Administration support and the Vice-Presidency with it. The "Tenisites" and the "Burrites" bitterly opposed him at home and were known as Martling men. Clinton saw his chance in a divergence from the Administration which would make New York secure to him and give political capital for a Federal com-

bination. His opposition to the embargo was published in the *Albany Gazette* the Winter before the election in an "interview," the first appearance of that commencement-tool in politics. Madison saw his danger and set one of his clerks to abusing George Clinton's relatives in the Administration organ, the *Washington Monitor*—altogether of a piece with Administration organ ways ever since. Madison too, denied that he had had anything to do with setting the organ tune, another peculiarity since imitated. At home Clinton was attacked on the Island and supported in the State. His friends gained the Legislature. By that time the rout of the Federalists was so complete that Clinton's plan was hopeless. In the Electoral College Madison received 122 for President and 3 for Vice-President; George Clinton 113 for Vice-President and 6 for President; John Langdon of New Hampshire receiving 9 for Vice-President, and James Monroe 3 for the same office. The Federalists voted solidly 48 for C. C. Pinckney as President and Rufus King for Vice-President.

**JAMES MADISON—
1812.**

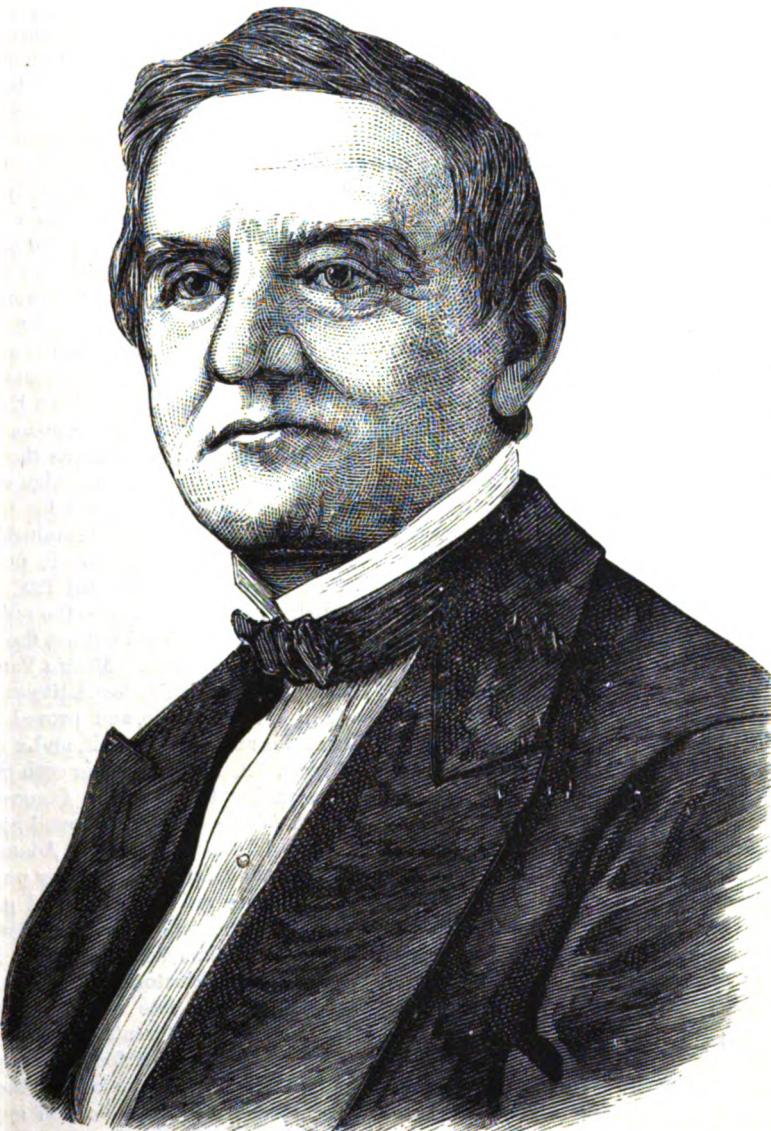
In 1812 De Witt Clinton repeated his uncle's manœuvre. The country was at war, and Congress was in no mood to make needless changes. Madison was renominated unanimously as President, and dropping George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry was made the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, John Langdon, of New Hampshire, declining. The Federal party had carried a number of State elections in 1810-11, and offered fair opportunities for a combination. De Witt Clinton was Mayor of New York—an office with about twice its present salary and a dozen times the patronage of to-day; he resigned, and got the Republican members of the Legislature to nominate him as Lieutenant-Governor. There was some hesitation, but Gideon Granger Postmaster-General, wrote to Albany about the matter and the Administration party yielded as usual to the Administration postmaster. Much to everybody's surprise, De Witt Clinton ran behind his ticket in the City, and was beaten. The regular organiza-

tion had treated him as the regular organization has treated other men since. Mr. Clinton went into the canvass under serious hindrances. The indictment had made its appearance in American politics. Two of his friends, Thomas and Southwick, Speaker and Senator, had been indicted for bribery in procuring the charter of the Bank of America. The bribery was a business transaction, since repeated, an Assemblyman received some stock and \$1,000 was offered for his prospective profits. Both the men were acquitted. Everybody appears to have believed them guilty. They remained in politics and were useful men for some time to come. In the Legislature twenty Republicans declined to vote for the caucus candidate.

Somewhat to the surprise of the State, however, the Federalists voted for Clinton. A year later, Rufus King, twice the Federal candidate for Vice-President, was elected Senator by Clinton's friends, and Clinton made Mayor. It was the chairman of the Clinton campaign committee who had said, in response to overtures for a compromise with the Bucktails, brought by General King of the "Province of Maine," "bargains between politicians are inconsistent with the purity and dignity of Republicans." The Federalists made common cause with Clinton all over the country but to no effect. The vote in the Electoral College was almost sectional, Madison receiving 128 votes and Clinton 89; but the latter did not obtain a single vote from the States south of the Potomac. At this time Elbridge Gerry was chosen Vice-President, his opponent being Jared Ingersoll.

JAMES MONROE—1816.

The next Presidential canvass extended over nearly two years. It appeared likely that Governor Tompkins of New York was to break the line of Virginia Presidents. The "farmer's boy" was popular throughout the State. At thirty he had gone on the Supreme Bench of his State; his election as Governor in 1807 had united party factions; at a critical hour of the war he had saved Madison by carrying the State against the Federalists. Federal patronage flowed



SAMUEL J. TILDEN, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

through his hands, and in the war Federal commissions, Federal supplies, and Federal moneys—the last to his political destruction. He was universally regarded as the Administration candidate. More than a year before the election Albany transparencies bore "Tompkins and Crawford." In that year blunders came thick and fast. For one thing he had to choose between Tammany Hall and Clinton, and chose wrongly. In any event he could not have chosen both. Under a *nom de plume*, Clinton said of Tammany Hall, it is "the combined spawn of Federalism and Jacobinism, and generated in the venomous passions of disappointment and revenge," and Tammany Hall, in its first organ, set up in 1814, said not unlike things of Clinton. The inevitable minority in New York politics, headed by Spencer and Armstrong, began to support W. H. Crawford, of Georgia. The Martling-Bucktail-Tammany Hall faction still favored Tompkins. The Administration grew lukewarm. The Richmond *Enquirer* had kindly words for the rural Democrats in New York, and attacked Tompkins as the representative of corrupt politics in New York City. The strongest opposition was felt to the Congressional nomination, and when it was held but 119 Congressmen were present and 19 absent. The New York delegation had come to Washington to vote for Tompkins. They counted on friends in Pennsylvania, and all of Ohio, of Maryland and New Jersey. Before the caucus met the New York delegation went into one of its own, and debated abandoning Tompkins for Crawford; adjourned, and went again with a clear understanding at last that Tompkins was to be the first choice of the delegation and Crawford the second. The closing sessions of the Congressional caucus began to take a close resemblance to the proceedings in a national convention. Martin Van Buren was at Washington paving the way for Monroe's nomination, and, hurrying back to Albany, he straightway got the Legislature to "instruct" the delegation to stick to Tompkins—the first time home instructions came in to modify the proceedings of a national nominating body. When the Congressional caucus met—March 16th—a strong effort was made to adjourn without taking a vote. Clay, who was serving his long term of ten years as Speaker, refused at first to attend, but was persuaded to appear and offer the resolution that a caucus nomination was not expedient. It was voted down, and on the ballot that followed Monroe had 65 votes and Crawford 54. Tompkins was nominated as Vice-President, receiving 85 votes and Simon Snyder 30. The Federalists nominated Rufus King and John Eager Howard. There were no issues before the country save the strong wish of the outs to get in, and when the canvass was over it was found that Monroe had swept the country, receiving 183 electoral votes, and King 34, the latter carrying New England, and not all of that.

JAMES MONROE—1820.

Monroe's last campaign was the ebb tide of American politics. Public opinion had settled on two terms as the proper length of a presidential career. The canvass by which he was re-elected came to be known as the "Era of good feeling." He received every electoral vote but one, and that was cast by Plumer, of New Hampshire, for John Quincy Adams, on the ground that it was dangerous to give a President an unanimous vote. The choice of Taylor of New York to succeed Henry Clay as Speaker really attracted more attention in politics. One sign of coming danger there was. *Niles' Register* tells us of a large meeting in Philadelphia to concert measures for putting in the field an "Anti-Slavery ticket."

JOHN Q. ADAMS—1824.

The close of Monroe's peaceful administration saw a Presidential contest begin with no principles to divide candidates who owned no separate party allegiance. The fight began

early. In 1822 the *National Intelligencer* tells us the succession "disturbed legislation and embarrassed the action of Congress." For the first time the real contest was to be fought elsewhere. Crawford entered the field as the strongest of the four candidates before the people. He would be known to-day as the "machine" candidate. The money power, Government patronage, the organization in the Empire States of the North and South, New York and Virginia were at his back. The New York Legislative caucus put him in the field, he returned the compliment by nominating Van Buren as Vice-President through the Georgia Legislature. But the New York leaders had sold more votes than they could deliver. Clinton appeared in the field the candidate of the first nominating convention ever held in New York, and swept the State by 16,906 majority. Clinton pronounced for Jackson, nominated by the Tennessee Legislature just before, "endorsed"—a new thing in politics—by Pennsylvania, further strengthened by Calhoun's acceptance of the second place on the ticket. Of all the backers of rival candidates Jackson's were the only men who had the foresight to abandon Washington as a Presidential base and go before the country. By the Spring of 1824 Crawford had met serious reverses. A paralytic stroke prostrated him in the very heat and agony of the campaign; and the bulletins of his friends, the charges of a fictitious illness, and a fictitious recovery, curiously echo the scenes at Cincinnati over Blaine. Close on his illness came the first "charges of a Presidential campaign." Mirian Edwards, Minister to Mexico, sent an elaborate arraignment of the Secretary of the Treasury, known at the time as the "A. B. plot," and filling the campaign press with campaign contradictions. An "investigation" cleared him, and his friends determined at all hazards to have the regular nomination. The Congressional caucus met for the first time in public. Its meetings had been secret in every sense till 1808. Its call was first made publicly in 1816. This time the public were to be admitted. The galleries were filled but not the floor. Only sixty-eight members were present. Martin Van Buren, under the "instructions" of his State legislative caucus insisted on a nomination. It was made, and proved Crawford's destruction. There was an universal bolt, and a great harvest of "favorite" sons. A party caucus in each State legislature took up the work heretofore left to Congress. Massachusetts put forward Adams, and was followed by New England and supplemented by New York with Adams and Clay, as the people's two candidates. Kentucky put Clay into the field for the first place on the ticket and gained support in Ohio. Four evenly matched candidates went into the field with about equal claims for regularity. No candidate received a majority in the Electoral College, and Clay had his first narrow escape. His fate was sealed by a New York caucus, which, under Van Buren's adroit manipulation, gave Crawford on a second ballot four electoral votes which belonged to Clay. This kept him out of the House of Representatives. There Jackson's election appeared so probable that his cabinet was mapped out; but two leaders were determined to prevent his election. However, leading men, from Jefferson down, shrank from the idea of placing the rough Western soldier in the chair. "The House is to decide whether men are to live under a civil or military government," wrote Jefferson to Adams. In the House, Clay determined to nominate Adams on the first ballot. Van Buren planned to carry Crawford's strength to Adams on the second ballot. To the astonishment of everybody, and most of all Van Buren, Clay defeated the manoeuvre. Thirteen States voted for Adams on the first ballot—Van Buren was unable to hold his own delegation—seven States voted for Jackson and four for Crawford. Calhoun, whom everyone had aided, was elected Vice-President by 182 electoral votes out of 261, with 13 for Jackson and 2 for Clay.

ANDREW JACKSON—1828

Adams was scarcely inaugurated w/
campaign was opened by a re-nor
the Tennessee Legislature. Va;
well-disciplined force which sup
but not at once. New York

Pennsylvania pronounced ~~it~~ Georgia;
a great celebration of the 5th of January, at New Orleans,
secured the floating vote of Louisiana; other States fell into
line; Clinton died and left his party leaderless, and when
the accession of New York would decide the matter, Van
Buren lifted his hand, and the entire New York press placed
Jackson in the field. Hickory poles went up everywhere.
The Bucktails marched in single file to the grove at Ninetieth
Street, cut the biggest tree they could find, and set it up in
the open green five miles below, at the corner of Grand and
Ludlow Streets. The opposition invented the new campaign
weapon, a campaign newspaper, and *We the People* and the
Anti-Jackson Expositor have not been surpassed since. Jack-
son's supporters retorted with another new campaign de-
vice, the "Whitewashing Committee." Against Adams the
"White House billiard-table" grew as famous as Van Bu-
ren's "gold spoons" in the canvass of 1840, and were quite
as valuable as the charges of a bargain with Clay—the alli-
ance between the "blackleg and puritan." Throughout
Jackson had the advantage of a telling cry—What could
"Adams and Liberty" do against the "Hero of New Or-
leans," "Old Hickory," and the "Tennessee Farmer"?
Before the canvass was over, to quote Bennett's vigorous
editorials, "the full Adams slandering chorus" had "called
Jackson a murderer, an adulterer, a traitor, an ignoramus, a
fool, a crook-back, a pretender." The popular answer was
an electoral vote of 178 for Jackson and Calhoun, to 83 for
Adams and Rush. In New York the "peopleish party,"
which had routed the Regency, was routed in turn and dis-
appeared. It had the aid of the Anti-Masons, who met in
convention. The State Legislative caucus had followed the
Congressional, and nominated a State ticket. A "fusion"
ticket was put up by the Clintonian Adams and the Anti-
Masons, and defeated, carrying but 16 out of 31 electoral
votes, as "National Republicans." The newly-christened
Democracy held everything the country over but the United
States Senate. One ominous argument was heard from its
Southern supporters—threatened secession if Jackson were
defeated.

ANDREW JACKSON—1832.

"Would not Mr. Eaton," wrote Jackson in 1829, "have
been the basest man on earth to have severed the ties that
exist between Masons?" His remark accurately expressed
popular appreciation of those sacred ties. Before the year
was over the Anti-Masonic party had carried New York, and
in a State convention at Albany had issued the first call for
a national convention. This substitute for the "caucus"
had been suggested by the great mass meetings, embracing
delegations from adjoining States, which, began in the last
campaign, had nominated Jackson. The first national con-
vention met at Baltimore, September, 1831, parleyed with
the National Republican leaders, made a wry face over Clay,
nominated John McLean, who declined, and the choice was
then made over to William Wirt, with Amos Ellmaker, of
Pennsylvania, as Vice-President. Meanwhile the National
Republicans of New York had held a State convention, at
the call of the Legislative caucus, and appointed Clay dele-
gates to a national convention held in Baltimore in De-
cember. Most of the other State delegations were, like
New York, pledged to Henry Clay; he was nominated on
the first ballot, and John Sergeant had the second place.
Clay's hopes hinged on New York. The Anti-Masonic State
Convention spoke kindly of Clay, chose an electoral ticket

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y was
of these
to Wirt or Clay, and the canvass was a
one accordingly, even with a young printer named
Weed to lead it. The Legislature of New Hampshire was
Democratic—the only New England one that was—and it
issued a call for a Democratic National Convention. In
May, 1832, the convention met in Baltimore, elected General
Lucas, of Ohio, president, and renominated Jackson by ac-
clamation. The Clay-Calhoun compromise had separated
the Vice-President from the Administration, and nullification
had widened the breach. To make his nomination impos-
sible, a resolution was adopted providing that *two-thirds* should
be needed to nominate a Vice-President, each State casting
a vote equal to its electoral vote. Nearly every State was
represented by more delegates than it had electors. As a
result, the "unit" rule of Democratic conventions made its
appearance with the "two-thirds" rule. Van Buren, the
fortunate martyr of a Whig Senate which had rejected him
as Minister to England, profited through his own skill and
the blunders of his enemies, by receiving 203 votes in the
convention against 49 for Philip Barbour, of Virginia, and
26 for Richard W. Johnson, of Kentucky. The hot strife of
this campaign over the bank, the deposits, and the character
of Mrs. Eaton, have been burnt into the popular memory,
and need no recital. The use of political medals or tokens,
although known in the earliest years of the American Re-
public, rose to its greatest proportions during this and Jack-
son's preceding campaign. The struggle over Jackson's
removal of the government deposits from the United States
Bank, brought out a large number of these tokens. One
lying before us bears on the obverse the figure of a tortoise
carrying on its back an iron-bound chest, marked "Sub-
treasury"; beneath is the inscription, "1837. Fiscal Agent,"
and around the margin the words "Executive Experiment."
On the reverse is a jackass at full gallop, and the legend, "I
follow in the steps of my illustrious predecessor." Another
has the same devices and inscriptions, except the motto
around the margin of the obverse, which reads, "Executive
Financiering." A third has on the obverse a figure of Jack-
son, bearing in one hand a sword, and in the other a purse,
with the inscription, "A plain System, void of Pomp." The
reverse shows the figure of a donkey, marked "L.L.D."
in a very obstinate attitude, with the inscription, "The Con-
stitution as I understand it." "Roman Firmness." "1834."
Another shows Jackson rising from a money-chest like a
Jack-in-the-box, sword in one hand, money-bag in the other,
and the motto, "I take the responsibility." The reverse is
the same as that last described, save that the word "veto" is
substituted for the date. Jackson had another sweeping
popular victory, and gained 219 electoral votes, while Clay
had but 49. South Carolina cast a hopeless vote for John
Floyd, of Virginia.

MARTIN VAN BUREN—1836.

Jackson chose his own successor, and the Democratic Con-
vention, which met in Baltimore in May, 1832, nominated
Van Buren without a dissenting voice. There was a brief
contest over the Vice-Presidency, but Richard M. Johnson
was nominated over William C. Rives, of Virginia. When
Van Buren gained the President's confidence, Hugh Lawson
White, of Tennessee, found himself in a secondary place;
went home, canvassed the State, carried the Legislature, and
in the Winter of 1835 was nominated by that body for Presi-
dent. Calhoun, the real head of the movement, gained an
indorsement for it in Alabama, and something like it in
South Carolina; but when the election came, that State again
cast a protesting vote for Mangum. In New York the split

lected President by an overwhelming ma-
terial College.

H. HARRISON—1840.

es came together in December of
ellent that the candidate of the
President. Scattering nomi-
ll over the country ; Clay's

from
natin
then
the "Co-
With this party—a sort of workingmen's pa-
New York coqueted, and got soundly beaten for them.
A tumultuous Whig mass meeting met at Harrisburgh, and
nominated William Henry Harrison, and forced the nomina-
nations had been m-



THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, OF INDIANA, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

tion of Colonel Johnson, his slayer. "Humpsey Dumpsey, Colonel Johnson killed Tecumshe," says a song of the time, and the climax of Senator William Allen's stump speeches was the baring of the mutilated arm which Johnson had lost in the Indian war. The Whig caucus in the Ohio Legislature put up John M'Lean's name, and a like body in Massachusetts complimented Webster with a complimentary caucus.

popularity and Webster's reputation had gained both complimentary support. Webster wrote his letter declining, and Clay made his famous self-sacrificing speech at Buffalo. The friends of neither proposed to withdraw; the politicians of New York had already determined to nominate Harrison. An ingenious and unheard of plan was developed to kill off Clay. Each State voted by itself, and the result was com-

municated to a sub-committee made up of three members from each delegation. To quote a contemporary, Clay "submitted himself to the Convention, the Convention delivered him to a committee, the committee disposed of him in a back chamber." Disposed of he was on the 24th ballot, when Harrison had 148 votes, Clay 90, and Scott—whose vote had oscillated back and forth—the Virginia delegation of 16 votes. Scattering votes were cast for Webster, but the opportunity for his nomination never came. John Tyler was chosen Vice-President. Five months later the Democratic Convention met as usual in May, at Baltimore, and nominated Van Buren by resolution, a new method, and following the plan originated by the Loco Foco's, adopted a platform. The "log cabin and hard cider" campaign that followed was without a parallel. The "first gun" of the campaign was at a great ratification meeting in Baltimore, where a great ball twelve feet in diameter was "set a rolling, rolling, rolling" out to a great meeting of 60,000 persons by the Ohio delegation.

The banks united in Harrison's support and the papers swarmed with advertisements. "The subscriber will pay \$6 a barrel for flour if Harrison is elected, and \$3 if Van Buren is; \$5 a hundred for pork if Harrison is elected, and \$2.50 if Van Buren is. Meetings were held without stint; at one place in Dayton seven acres of people gathered by actual measurement. Log cabins were erected everywhere, with the

"latch string out," a coon skin nailed over the door and a barrel of hard cider served out in a gourd. Women organized in campaign bodies, and 250 of them in Nashville gave Clay a dinner. Processions marched by the mile in every city with transparencies showing a coon getting the constant and decided advantage of a fox—Van Buren. Doggerel songs were everywhere asking :

"What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
To set the ball a rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

In September men asked :

"Have you heard how Maine went, went, went,
Hell-bent,
For Governor Kent, Kent, Kent?"

And straightway :

"Van, Van, Van,
You're a used up man."

was sung all over the nation. The tokens of the day show the popular ideas. Among other tokens that found a wide circulation are the following: 1. Obverse, a phoenix; inscription, "Substitute for Shinplasters, November, 1837"; reverse, "Specie Payments Suspended May 10th, 1837." 2. Obverse, ship *Constitution* under full sail; inscription, "Webster Credit Currency, 1841"; reverse, the ship *Government* dismasted and driven on the rocks; motto, "Van Buren Metallic Currency, 1837." 3. Obverse, same as last; reverse, "Millions for defence. Not one cent for tribute." 4. Obverse, portrait of General Harrison, "Born February 9th, 1773"; reverse, a pair of scales, wherein "Whigs" outweigh "Democrats"; inscription, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting. 1840." 5. Obverse, same as last; reverse, a log cabin and cider-barrel; motto, "The People's Choice in the year 1841." 6. Obverse, portrait of Harrison, "The Redeemer of his Country, March 4th, 1841"; reverse, log cabin, cider-barrel, and mug; "The People's Choice.

The Hero of Tippecanoe." Van Buren met the most crushing defeat in American politics. Out of twenty-six States he carried but seven. New York was overwhelmingly Whig, and the Democrats lost the State Senate which they had held without interruption since 1818. An Abolition ticket with James G. Birney for President and Francis G. Lemoyne for Vice-President, nominated at Warsaw in November, 1839, did not secure a single vote in the



FIRST PRESIDENTIAL RESIDENCE.—WASHINGTON'S HOUSE IN PEARL STREET, NEW YORK,
DEMOLISHED IN 1856.

Electoral College, which gave 234 votes to Harrison.

JAMES K. POLK—1844.

Van Buren began his manoeuvring for the next candidacy by declining a nomination made by the Missouri Legislature in 1842. Next in order South Carolina nominated Calhoun on the syllabic platform, "Free Trade, No Debt, Economy, and Retrenchment." Tennessee refused to nominate Van Buren, and announced that "under no circumstance" would the State support him, and shortly after Van Buren was still further damaged by his expressed opposition to the annexation of Texas. The split at home between the Hunkers and Barnburners damaged him still further. Still, when the Convention drew near it was seen that the only hope of defeating him lay in deferring the Convention till May. By first procuring a similar postponement from the Whigs, the necessary delay was gained, and for five months the opposition was kept up. Calhoun withdrew, and so did

Buchanan. The Convention met, chose Colonel Wright, of Pennsylvania, as its chairman, when it was discovered that many state delegations outnumbered the State electoral vote, and it was decided such votes should be cast by the chairman. It was the formal recognition of the "unit" rule which has since prevailed in the Democracy. Unfortunately for Van Buren, this rule was not followed in voting on the two-thirds rule, and in the vote adopting it by 148 to 116, taken after a bitter debate, 63 delegates pledged to Van Buren divided their State vote, and went over to the enemy. After polling 146 votes on the first ballot, he fell, Cass passing him on the fifth, and receiving a majority on the seventh ballot. Night came, and the New York delegation met, withdrew Van Buren, and agreed to support Polk, and the next morning Polk was presented by Virginia, and nominated, receiving 232 votes. New York then presented Wright. He was nominated, declined, and George M. Dallas was nominated. President Tyler's friends had held a convention just before and nominated him. He declined after Polk's nomination, and, in the slang of the day, the "Tyler party went over to the Democrats in an omnibus." The Whig Legislative caucus in New York, while presenting Millard Fillmore's name, eulogized Clay, and he was nominated by acclamation in the national convention; and after three ballots Theo. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, was named for the Vice Presidency, over John Davis, of Massachusetts, and Millard Fillmore, of New York. The campaign opened with a touch of the excitement of 1828. Polk lived near the Hermitage, and he was enthusiastically hailed as "Young Hickory," but the split in New York, the growth of the American Party—which had elected a mayor in New York—all gave hope that

—“the nation's risin'
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen”

would carry New York and the Union. July 1st, Clay ruined his chances by writing, "Personally I could have no objection to the annexation of Texas." Very much the same effect would be produced now if Mr. Hayes were to write, "Personally I could have no objection to the inflation of the currency." From that day on to the end of the canvass, "Polk, Dallas, and Texas" was the winning cry of the Presidential year, and Polk received 170 votes to Clay's 105. It was the only time the defeated party seriously charged fraud. Louisiana, it was claimed, was carried by the Plaquemine riot, and New York by ballot-box stuffing. There was talk of an appeal to Congress, but it died away, and Polk was inaugurated. An early act was to contradict a favorite cry of his supporters on the Oregon question, "54° 40' or fight."

ZACHARY TAYLOR—1848.

Clay came for the last time into a national convention at the famous "Slaughter-house" Convention of 1848. At the close of a Democratic meeting four years before, a banner was flung out with Clay's blood-stained figure holding a duellist's pistol in one hand and a gambler's deck of cards in the other. It was a fair index of the attacks made on him, and Northern Whigs declared it useless to press his name. The Northeast brought Webster instead, and Virginia Scott, with General Taylor commanding a general support. Judge M'Lean was again in the field and so was Millard Fillmore. Taylor, it should be remembered, had never voted, had no civil experience, nothing but a successful battle to recommend him to the North and his slaves to the South. He led every competitor on the first ballot with 111 votes, Clay at 97, Webster, Scott, and M'Lean following, and the Convention adjourned. Hard work was done over night and at the first ballot the next day Clay polled his State vote and a little more, Webster his, and Scott had sixty-three votes. Over all Taylor polled a majority of 171 votes. The Con-

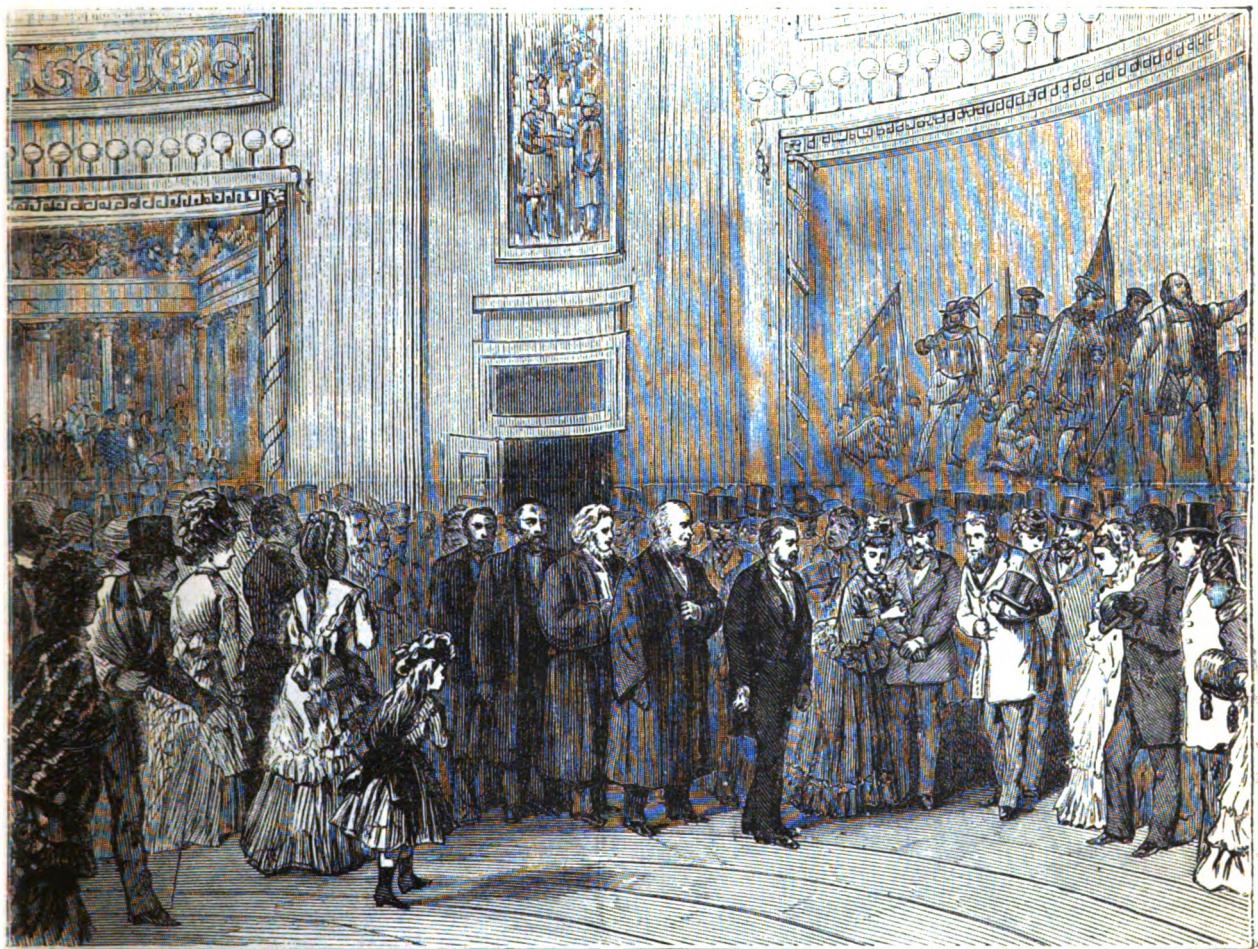
vention nominated Millard Fillmore Vice-President, and adjourned demoralized. There was talk of uniting with the Free Soil Democrats, the Americans, and the National Reformers, but Webster, who had pronounced the nomination "not fit to be made," was strong enough to prevent party suicide. Contesting New York State delegations to the Democratic National Conventions known as the "Hards" and "Softs," the last headed by Van Buren, who by some miracle was outside the regular organization. When the Convention met at Baltimore it was in Cass's hands, and his friend, Andrew Stephenson, of Virginia, was elected President. There was a long debate over admitting New York, and at last by a vote of 157 to 95 neither was admitted, and each got a half vote which neither accepted, and the Convention proceeded to nominate without the help of New York, but found it was quite impossible to elect the candidate in the same way. On the fifth ballot Lewis Cass had 179 votes, Buchanan getting his State vote and Levi Woodbury something more. Both factions from New York went back, organized from one end of New York to the other, and fought it out to the bitter end—mutual defeat. "Prince John," aided by the younger Barnburners, called a national convention at Utica, adjourned to Buffalo, and in the most heterogeneous assemblage of Abolitionists, Softs or Barnburners, organized the "Free Soil Party" with its capital watchwords of "Free Soil," "Free Speech," "Free Labor," and "Free Men," and Martin Van Buren and C. F. Adams as its ticket. It was the first bolt, pure and simple, in American politics. Nobody expected to elect anything, but three-fourths of the men liked the work and have been bolting ever since. "We'll carry Cass home by way of the Lakes," said the campaign song of the period, and twenty-two years later a Liberal Republican Convention at Albany was thrown into delirious enthusiasm by the quotation. Cass lost his election by losing New York, and yet the Free Soil movement did not altogether poll a tenth of the votes cast in the Presidential election. As usual in a triple candidacy, no candidate received a majority over all his competitors on the popular vote.

FRANKLIN PIERCE—1852.

With the canvass of 1852 the old Congressional caucus had a brief reappearance in fifty members of Congress who signed an address just before the Democratic Convention met, refusing to support any candidate who did not accept the Compromise of 1850 as final. William L. Marcy, of New York, claimed to be able to harmonize New York, and James Buchanan to satisfy the South. Cass and Douglas offered the Western votes. The convention agreed to its platform readily enough, and then sat for days balloting. Cass started with 117 votes, declined on the thirteenth to 90, while Douglas had risen to 50, and ran on the thirty-fifth to 131, when Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, was nominated and received a New England vote till, on the forty-eighth ballot, Virginia voted for him amid the wildest enthusiasm, and the forty-eighth ballot saw him nominated. W. R. King, of Alabama, was named Vice-President. The Whig Convention met immediately after. The night before, the Southern Whigs agreed to a statement of their principles, which they should require the convention to adopt, or bolt. It was shown to Webster's friends, and they agreed to it, following in the path he had outlined in his March 7th speech. Nevertheless there was a row about it, and it was carried only by 164 to 117. The balloting began under the impression that Webster was to receive the Southern vote, but after 52 ballots he still remained with the New England vote, Fillmore and Scott leading, as they had done at starting, when one had 132 and the other 131 votes. On the fifty-third ballot, Scott received 159 votes, and was nominated. W. A. Graham was, on the second ballot, nominated as Vice-President. Scott fell into the blunder of making speeches around the country, and a nickname

of "Fuss and Feathers" had its weight, while a "hasty plate of soup" gained a notoriety which does not usually attach to that fugitive course. The election of Pierce was considered certain when the Hards and Softs in New York fraternized, and leaving their "halls," marched in single file to Stuyvesant Hall, and returned arm-in-arm to Tammany Hall. There were a number of scattering nominations, but none had the slightest weight. John P. Hale and G. W. Julian were nominated by the Free-Soilers at Pittsburgh, in August. The Southern "Fire-eaters" put G. M. Troup in the field as a Roland for the "Abolitionist" Oliver in William Goodell; and the American party, which was just going through its Know Nothing stage, nominated Jacob Brown. The Democratic organization, rather than Pierce, received 254 votes; even Delaware, for the first time since the "era of

196, and on the second ballot the choice was unanimous. It was the general belief that Seward could be nominated, but his friends advised not, and he withdrew, and lived to regret it. William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, was chosen on the second ballot, Abraham Lincoln, David Wilmot, Preston King, Charles Sumner, Thomas H. Ford, and Cassius M. Clay all received ballots for the position on the first ballot. The American Party had already—February 22d—nominated Millard Fillmore and Andrew Jackson Donelson. Prior to the Convention the secret council of the Know Nothing Order met and chose a platform. The anti-Nebraska men protested, but were voted down in the Convention, 141 to 59, and withdrew, to join the Republicans. A Convention of Whigs was held in September, presided over by Edward Bates, of Missouri, and voted to indorse the American nominations.



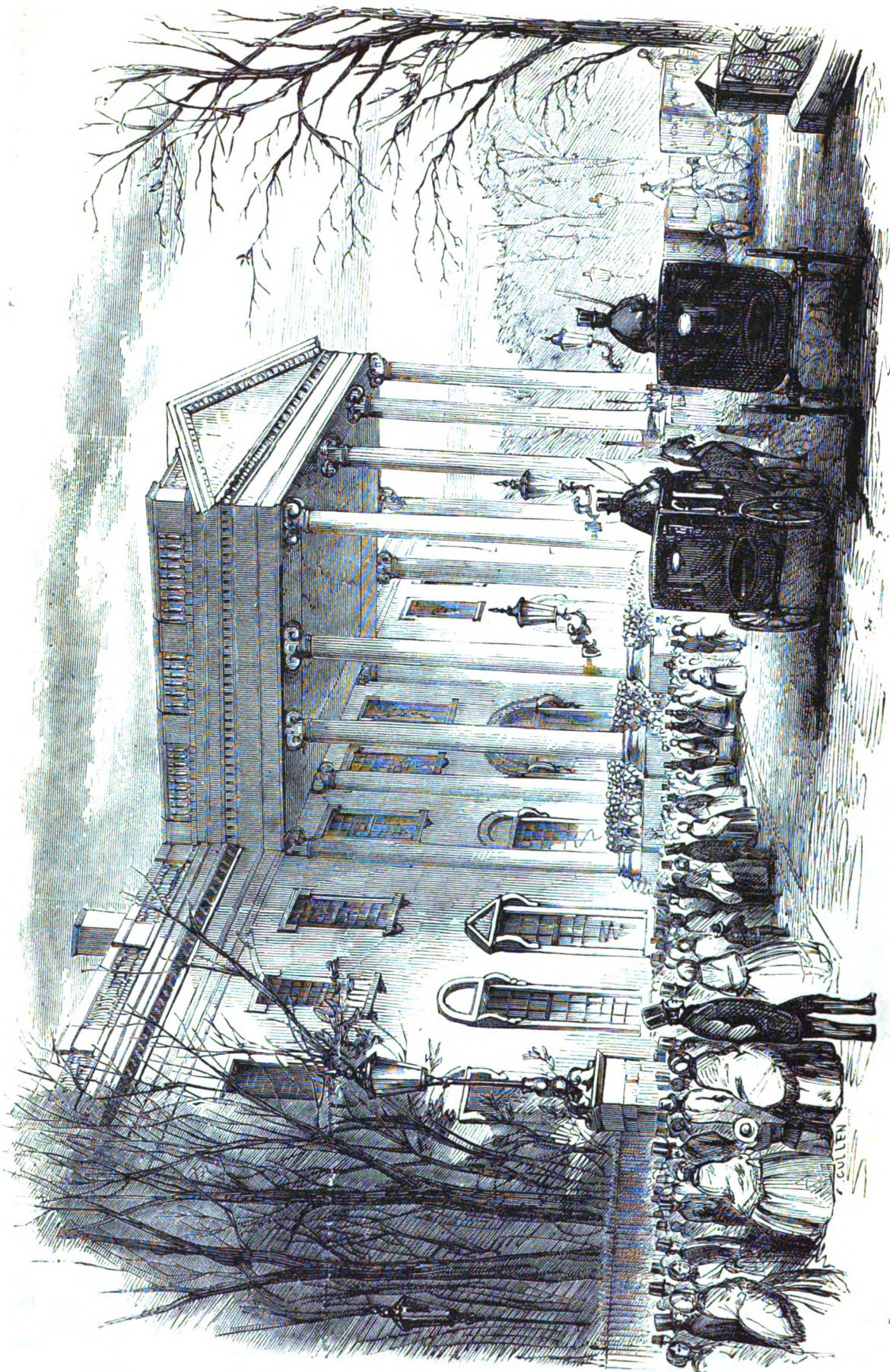
THE INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT.—GENERAL GRANT, IN 1873, PASSING FROM THE SENATE CHAMBER TO THE EAST STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.

good feeling," voted the Democratic ticket. Scott carried only Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

JAMES BUCHANAN—1856.

Whiggery died with Webster. After a short masquerade as anti-Nebraska men, the great body of the Whigs were united to the Free-Soilers, and pretty much everything else, as Republicans. The Silver Gray Whigs tarried a while in the American fold, and then sorrowfully became Democrats. The first Republican Convention met in Pittsburgh, and called another, which met in Philadelphia. It was a loosely organized mass meeting, with delegates from some States that were said to have been picked up in the streets; but it passed an adroit platform, and nominated John C. Fremont on the first ballot by 359 votes over John McLean, who had

It was a rather ghostly performance. The Democrats, at Cincinnati, nominated on the eighteenth ballot James Buchanan, after a contest in which Pierce led off with 122, the successful candidate receiving 135, and Douglas kept up a plucky fight with a handful of 50 odd votes. John C. Breckinridge was nominated by acclamation on the second ballot. "Buck and Breck" became the war-cry of the Democracy, as "Free Soil, Free Speech, and Fremont" was of the Republicans, and "America for Americans" of the Know Nothing Party. Fremont's career as an explorer made capital reading as a campaign document, and was perused in that shape by everybody, while his wife, Jessie Benton Fremont, made the prettiest possible of campaign pictures. A virulent personal assault was made on both by the opposition, and the chief campaign lie of the canvass was the charge



A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

that Fremont was a Catholic. Criticism on Buchanan was of a more general sort. The election in Maine in September gave the Republicans some hope, but Buchanan's brilliant success in the October elections ended the campaign in his favor, although he failed of a majority over all on the popular vote, he carried 174 electoral votes—a clear majority.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—1860.

The canvass of 1860 divided and defeated the Democratic

from day to day at Richmond, nominated Breckinridge and Lane. The "Union Constitutional" party, adopting the motto of a past campaign, "The Union, the Constitution, and the Laws," met at Baltimore early in the year and nominated the Bell and Everett ticket. In the Republican Convention which met at Chicago, the nomination of Seward, who polled 184 to Lincoln's 181, appeared for some time certain; but at the critical moment Simon Cameron cast the vote of Pennsylvania for Lincoln, and he sprang on



AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.—"HE TURNED AT ONCE AND MADE FOR ME WITH A DULL ROAR OF RAGE."—SEE PAGE 143.

Party. The story is a very familiar one. Entering the Charleston Convention with 145 votes, Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," gained slightly up to the thirty-sixth ballot without ever reaching a two-thirds majority, and after three days balloting the Convention adjourned to meet in Baltimore, June 18th, having spent a week previous to the balloting over the platform. Nearly all the Northern delegates met at Baltimore and nominated Douglas by 180 votes. The Southern delegates, who had meanwhile adjourned over

the third ballot to 231 and was nominated on the fourth ballot. A strong effort was made to put a delegate from a slaveholding State on the second place, but in spite of a large vote cast for Cassius M. Clay, Hannibal Hamlin was nominated. The canvass was spiritless on the Democratic side. On the other extreme, efforts were made to raise a hard-cider campaign. Mr. Lincoln had once split rails, and the whole country went wild on the subject—rode on a rail, so to speak, for five months. Mammoth processions were

had in which men split rails on open platforms, marched with rails—small ones—on their shoulders, carted around sections of the rail fence which Mr. Lincoln had built. The “Wide Awakes,” the prettiest campaign device of recent times, with big hat, cape, and torch, were organized by thousands, and made the streets light with their marching. “Honest Old Abe,” “Abe, the Railsplitter,” and a dozen other nicknames were given to a man from whom they have all fallen. From first to last his campaign was a triumphant success. Douglas made a feeble attempt to stem the tide by stumping the country, beginning at New York, but he was only burlesqued for his pains. The September and October elections both went for Mr. Lincoln, and his election was assured long before it came, not by a majority on the popular vote, but by a majority in the Electoral College.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—1864.

Mr. Lincoln came before the people for a re-election in the midst of civil war. Three parties took the field, thick and thin supporters of the Administration, extreme and radical agitators, who looked on the Government as conservative, and the Democrats who were opposed to the Administration as too radical, and opposed the conduct of the war generally. A convention summoned by a call “to the radical men of the nation,” opened the canvass by nominating John C. Fremont and John Cochrane. Half the States were unrepresented in the 350 delegates of the Convention; pretty much every one disowned the job and it proved a flat failure. The Union National Convention (Republican), met at Baltimore in June, elected a clergyman as presiding officer, and, after wasting some time over the credentials of delegates, nominated Mr. Lincoln, Missouri alone voting for General Grant. In the nomination for Vice-President, Andrew Johnson received 200 votes, and changes soon brought him up to 494 votes, and a majority over Hannibal Hamlin and Daniel S. Dickinson, his chief competitors. The Republican Convention met at a time when the war was supposed to be nearly over; the Democratic Convention met in August, when defeat had checked Grant’s advance, and the platforms show well enough the change, and are at opposite extremes. In spite of its peace platform, the Democratic Convention, which met at Chicago, August 29th, over which Horatio Seymour presided, nominated George B. McClellan on the first ballot, receiving 162 on the first announcement, and 202½ as delegates changed, reducing 64 which Thomas H. Seymour first polled to 23½. George H. Pendleton gained at the first ballot for Vice-President not half the votes of J. Guthrie, but the latter was withdrawn, and Pendleton unanimously nominated. The war absorbed all the excitement of the day, and the campaign was quiet. After a gleam of hope in the Maine election, “Little Mac” was defeated by a popular majority of 411,000, carrying only twenty-one electoral votes in the States of Kentucky, New Jersey, and Delaware.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

The campaign of 1868 is within the memory of every one. The Republican Convention met, May 20th, in Chicago, nominated General Grant unanimously, and Schuyler Colfax, on the sixth ballot, for Vice-President, over Wade, Fenton and Wilson. The Democratic Convention met July 4th, in New York, balloted for three days, saw Pendleton reach 137 votes, Hendricks 140½, and Hancock 162, and just as a reasonable prospect existed that Chase might be chosen, Horatio Seymour’s name was sprung on the Convention, and carried. Frank P. Blair was nominated for Vice-President by acclamation. The campaign was chiefly remarkable for reviving war memories, and was fought on an issue made by General Blair in a letter to Mr. Brodhead, of Missouri. The Wide-Awakes of eight years before were revived, and with them

marched the “Boys in Blue,” made up, for the most part, of Union soldiers, whole regiments, and sometimes brigades being reorganized. The Democratic candidates were utterly routed, carrying an insignificant share of the electoral vote, over the counting of which a serious dispute arose for the first time.

The campaign of 1872, with the renomination of General Grant, and the nomination of Henry Wilson on one side, and the choice of Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown, first by the Liberal Republicans and then by the Democrats, on the other, with its “Wood-Choppers,” its white hats and its white coats, scarcely need recapitulation.

Of the seventeen Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Grant, Virginia had 5—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler, and was, therefore, called the “Mother of Presidents”; Massachusetts had 2—John Adams and John Quincy Adams; New York had 2—Van Buren and Fillmore; Pennsylvania had 1—Buchanan; New Hampshire had 1—Pierce; Ohio had 1—Harrison; Tennessee had 2—Jackson and Polk; Louisiana had 1—Taylor; Illinois had 2—Lincoln and Grant. Of these seventeen Presidents, eight were from free States and nine from slave States. The Presidents elected for two terms were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant. The Presidents who died in office were Harrison, Taylor, and Lincoln. The Vice-Presidents who became Presidents were Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson.

This brings us to the election of 1876, the canvass for which is at present progressing. The Republican Convention met at Cincinnati on the 14th of June, when the candidates for nomination were Bristow, Blaine, Conklin, Morton, Hayes, Hartranft, Washburne, and Wheeler. On the first ballot, Blaine led off with 285, the next highest candidate being Morton, with 124 votes. On the second ballot, Blaine had 296, the second highest still being Morton, with 120. Third ballot: Blaine 293, Bristow 121, Morton 113. Fourth ballot: Blaine 292, Bristow 126, Morton 108. Fifth ballot: Blaine 286, Bristow 114, Hayes 104, Morton 95. Sixth ballot: Blaine 308, Hayes 113, Bristow 111. It now became evident that many of the candidates were in a hopeless minority, and the delegations began to combine on one or other of the two leading contestants. Of these new votes, Blaine gained but 43, raising his highest vote to 351, while Hayes, accumulating all the rest, rose from 113 to 384, just five more than he needed to secure the choice of the Convention.

For the second position on the ticket, the competitors were the Hon. William A. Wheeler, of New York; Hon. Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut; Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, and Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. When the ballot began, Mr. Wheeler was so evidently the choice of the majority, that the other candidates were withdrawn, and that gentleman was nominated unanimously.

Rutherford B. Hayes, presented by the Republican Convention to the people of the United States for their suffrages, is actually Governor of the State of Ohio. He was born at Delaware, in that State, October 4th, 1822; was graduated at Renon College, Gambier, but pursued his course of legal study at the Cambridge Law School. He began practice in Cincinnati, and in 1856 was appointed City Solicitor, holding the position till the commencement of the civil war. When the struggle began, he enlisted in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers. He soon rose to the rank of major, and in 1862 was lieutenant-colonel, commanding his regiment at the battle of South Mountain. Though severely wounded in the arm, he refused to leave the field, and was the first officer who established a position at South Mountain. In 1864 he was appointed Brigadier-General, and was nominated as the Republican candidate for Congress from the Second Ohio

district. He was elected by a majority of 3,098 over his Democratic competitor, J. C. Butler. In 1866 he was re-elected, but had become so popular in his State that, after one session at Washington, he was brought forward as a candidate for Governor of the State, and, after a closely contested canvass, was elected by a majority of 2,983, in a vote of 483,000. He was re-elected in 1869 by a still larger majority, and in 1875 was once more chosen by a majority of 5,544 votes, after one of the most bitter contests ever seen in Ohio; defeating his competitor, William Allen, on the sectarian and hard-money issues. Governor Hayes was mentioned as a suitable candidate for the Presidency early in the Spring, but did not loom up into prominence, and his nomination was a general surprise.

In 1852 Governor Hayes was married to Miss Lucy Ware Webb, who is said to be a lady of great personal charms, fine intelligence, and agreeable manners. Governor Hayes is a man of fine personal appearance.

William A. Wheeler, associated with Governor Hayes on the Republican ticket, as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, is a lawyer, who has been successful in his profession. He has been a member of the State Senate, and in 1859 was elected to the Thirty-seventh Congress. In Congress he has had the chairmanship of important committees, and was re-elected to the present Congress by 6,770 majority. Mr. Wheeler was originally a Democrat, and was elected District-Attorney as the candidate of that party. Afterward he entered the Legislature as a Whig, and acted with that party until the Republican party was formed, when he joined it.

The preliminaries for the Presidential contest of the centennial year were completed with the nomination, on June 28th, by the Democratic National Convention, at St. Louis, of Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, for President, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for Vice-President.

Governor Tilden was born at New Lebanon, Columbia County, N. Y., March 15th, 1814, near the close of the last war with England, and is a descendent of the best Puritan stock. One of his ancestors, Nathaniel Tilden, who came to America in 1634, was among the founders of the town of Scituate, Mass. His grandfather, John Tilden, came from Connecticut in 1790, and settled in Columbia County, N. Y., since then the residence of this branch of the family. At the age of twenty, Mr. Tilden entered Yale College, but, in consequence of ill-health, was unable to complete his course.

He subsequently attended the University of New York, where he completed his academic education, and then entered the law office of the late Judge John W. Elmhounds, of this city, where he continued his legal studies until his admission to the bar.

In 1846 Mr. Tilden was elected to the Assembly from one of the New York City districts, and in the same year he became a member of the Constitutional Convention. From 1847 to 1869 Mr. Tilden took no very active part in politics, although he was always a power in the councils of his party and succeeded to the chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee on the death of Dean Richmond. During these years he devoted himself to his profession, attained high standing at the bar, and gained a practice probably the largest and most lucrative enjoyed by any single lawyer in the country.

In 1870 he again became active in political affairs, and began the contest with the corrupt Tweed ring, which resulted in its complete overthrow in the following year.

Mr. Tilden's prominence in the work of reform made him the chosen leader of the New York Democracy in 1874, in which year he was elected Governor of this State, by a majority of 38,549, over John A. Dix, Republican, and Myron H. Clark, Temperance.

His war upon the Canal Ring, and his efforts at economy

and administrative reform, were so successful and so consistent with the pledges made during his canvass, that in the election of 1875 the candidates identified with his policy were triumphantly elected.

Mr. Tilden is a bachelor, and a man of cultivated literary and artistic tastes. His law library is excelled by none in this city, and he also possesses a rare collection of books on political economy and finance and in general literature. He preserves his health by frequent out-door exercise, and is often seen in the Park on horseback or behind his well-known roadsters.

He is now in his sixty-third year, and has what is called the purely nervous temperament, with a spare figure, blue eyes, and fair complexion. His hair, originally chestnut, is now partially silvered by age.

A convention opposed to a speedy resumption of specie payments nominated Peter Cooper, of New York, for President, and Senator Newton Booth, of California, for Vice-President. The latter declined the nomination, but as Mr. Cooper accepted, the ticket is actually before the people.

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.

We had been on an expedition against the elephants for several days, and as far as I was concerned, it had been nothing but a series of mishaps.

It was the last day out. We were to return to the Caffre village on the next morning; and after losing myself in the woods, and spending the night there, I got back just in time to join the party.

The next morning I joined them in pursuit of the elephants they had hunted the day before. I was on horseback, my late experience having taught me the folly of attempting any more expeditions on foot.

My unlucky star, however, seemed still in the ascendant, and I ran the gauntlet of another danger before the first two hours were over.

We followed the river down several miles, instead of entering the forest, and at last came in sight of a troop of ten or twelve elephants, who fled pell-mell at our approach.

I singled out one that was making towards the woods, and followed in the path his enormous body cleared for me. I was quite near, anxious to have my revenge for yesterday's misfortune, and sent a ball through his right shoulder. He turned at once, and made for me with a dull roar of rage. My horse bounded into the air, and dashed off through a thicket with the elephant so close that once his trunk almost touched Bryan's flanks.

The frightened beast gave a plunge that fairly unseated me, yet I may say without danger of being accused of vanity, that a year's coursing among African plains and forests had made me a good horseman, if I was not one before, and the person that such a life would not turn into a sort of modern centaur, had much better stay peacefully at home along with his sisters.

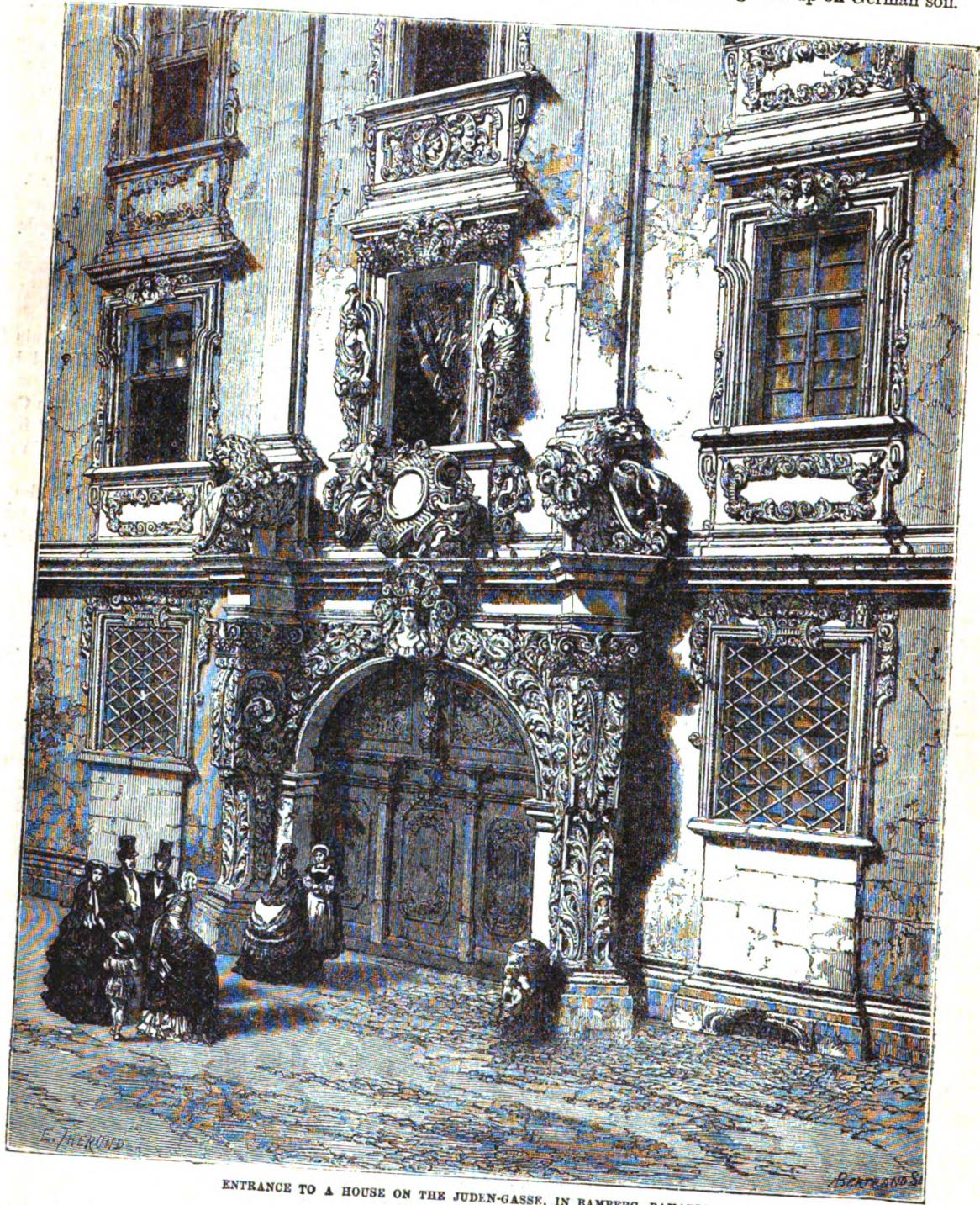
I was fairly out of the saddle, half over the horse's side, and obliged to hang on to his mane like an astonished monkey. I thought I should be down in spite of all I could do, and just behind sounded the heavy tramp of the elephant, and a sudden roar of rage showed that he saw my condition, and was fully expecting to have me in reach of his trunk without loss of time.

I was too furious with my bad luck to be much frightened, and steadying myself on Bryan's neck, greatly to his inconvenience, I managed to regain my seat. I drove my spurs into the horse's side—we made one spring into the air, and dashed on at a rate that must have been confusing to the eyes of any elephant, who had not been in civilized countries, and visited a circus.

It had such an effect on the creature in question, that he stopped short, and flung up his trunk with a long roar of amazement.

When he stopped in his pursuit, I reloaded and fired again, but without effect, and the animal made off through the woods. One or two of my friends came up, and we followed him for a long distance, but lost his traces, so the abominable brute came off conqueror at last.

rich and splendid city, a little of its ancient splendor remaining to attest the glory of the past. The house in our illustration, situated on the narrow street called the *Juden-gasse*, or Jews' Street, is one of the finest specimens of German domestic architecture in the last century, for it was erected about 1700, before the decline of ancient taste and art, when bastard antique, French and Italian styles, supplanted that which had grown up on German soil.

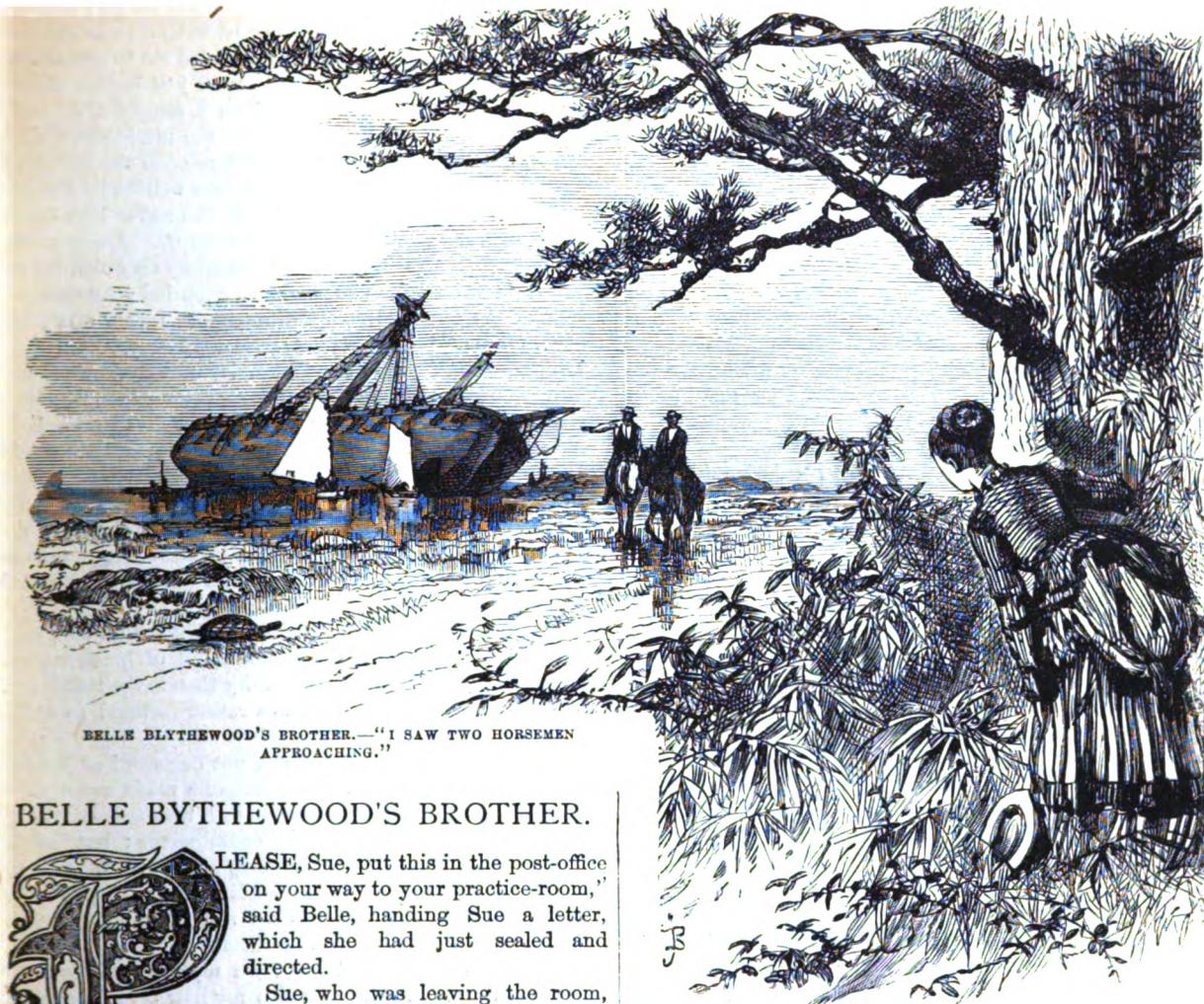


ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE ON THE JUDEN-GASSE, IN BAMBERG, BAVARIA.

HOUSE ON THE JUDEN-GASSE, BAMBERG, BAVARIA.

BAMBERG, now chief city of one of the divisions of the Kingdom of Bavaria, was, for eight centuries, the seat of a prince-bishop. The Emperor St. Henry II., and his successors, as well as the princely bishops themselves, made it a

The ornamentation here is rich, but not overcharged, and worked out with fidelity and grace. The management of the spread-eagle in the capitals of the rich pilasters of the portal shows that our carvers in wood and stone can learn to make the national emblem more available in decoration than it has yet been, by introducing it even into elaborate work.



BELLE BYTHEWOOD'S BROTHER.

PLEASE, Sue, put this in the post-office on your way to your practice-room,' said Belle, handing Sue a letter, which she had just sealed and directed.

Sue, who was leaving the room, with a pile of music balanced on her head, stopped to scan the address.

"Mr. Stuart A. Bythewood—is he your father?" asked Sue.

"No—brother," replied Belle.

"Brother, is he? Where is he at?" asked Sue, with Sue-like disregard of grammar.

"Don't bother!" exclaimed Belle, who was already scratching away at another letter. "Look at the address, and see for yourself."

"I will bother," returned she, teasingly. "I sha'n't leave this room till you tell us all about Stuart. Don't you want to hear about Stuart, Kate?"

"*Cela dépend*," replied I, looking up from a French composition.

"Depends on what?" asked Belle, with much interest.

"Depends on whether he is a *nice* young man or not. I care very little for nice young men in general, considering them just about a match for *sweet* girls."

"What are you fumbling in your desk for, Belle?" asked Sue.

"For this," replied Belle, handing me a photograph. "Does that look like the picture of a nice young man, Kate?"

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed Sue, who was looking over my shoulder. "Surely, Belle, that isn't *your* brother?"

"Yes, it is," replied Belle, with a triumphant smile; "that is *Stuart Bythewood*."

And really Stuart Bythewood was a brother to be proud of, if he bore any resemblance to that photograph, for it was as handsome as a book-of-beauty picture—that is, supposing

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mascinity to have admittance into books of beauty, which—now I think of it—I don't believe is the case.

Anything less like Belle could scarcely be imagined; for Belle, although beyond dispute the best-natured girl in Miss Hull's seminary, could not, with the slightest shadow of reason, lay any claim to the fatal gift of beauty.

"Belle, I must have Stuart for a sweetheart," said Sue.

"No, you can't," returned Belle: "I'm saving him for Kate there."

"Oh, *she* doesn't want him," said Sue. "Kate hates beaux."

"How do you know that?" asked I.

"Because you said that dark-eyed youth, who was so devoted to you at Mrs. Singleton's the other night, was a bore; and you know you quite frown down Carlo Friedrich's attentions, although he says Miss Clinton is his best pupil, and has 'one talent for music.'"

"But Stuart is a very different sort of person from Carlo Friedrich, as you call him," interrupted Belle. "He is learned, and elegant, and refined, and knows French and German, and has such a fine voice, and such a nice mustache, and—and—"

"And, in short, is so jam up," interrupted Sue. "Now, seriously, Belle, don't you think I would suit him better than Kate? You know people like their opposites, and I am neither learned nor refined, nor anything else that is commendable."

"No," returned Belle, decidedly. "I have been thinking ever since I came here that he and Kate were made for one another."

"Because they are both too good for anybody else, I suppose?" said Sue. "Well, Miss Bythewood," since you won't give me your brother, I must go downstairs and comfort myself with music. I shall have to play the 'Albion Waltz' at the concert next Friday night—so Carlo Friedrich says; and I don't want to pain his gentle heart by playing it *à la* Maggie Dent."

And off Sue Hammond went, with arms akimbo, a pile of music on her head, and whistling, "Oh I should like to marry," and yet not looking nearly so objectionable as any other girl would have looked under such circumstances. She was little and graceful, and presumed considerably on her littleness and grace, as also upon a rather larger portion of good looks than generally falls to the share of girls.

When she was gone, Belle turned to me, and informed me that, in her letters, she had been describing me to her brother, who had begged her to send him a pen-picture of the most charming girl in the school."

"And do you really think *I* am that?" asked I, in some surprise.

"Yes," returned she; "don't you get the highest marks in school regularly every month?"

"My dear young lady," said I, "high marks are no sign whatever of a girl's power of fascination."

But Belle was not to be convinced. She was rather dull herself, and, in consequence, had that high regard for mental culture which I, who belonged to a reading family, did not share.

"I am sure brother would like a girl like you," persisted she, "because he is so intellectual himself. He not only knows about Latin and Greek and trigonometry, and all those *mannish* sort of things, but he knows other things besides. He is ever so much better in French than I am" ("Mirabile dictu!" thought I, ironically, Ollendorf not being Belle's *forte*) "and he understands botany, and can play on the guitar almost as well as—"

"There, that will do," interrupted I. "My heart is already taken captive, and there is no use in saying another word. You have twice mentioned his French. Is he really so very thorough in it?"

"Yes; he used to correspond with my governess in French, and she said he wrote it like a Parisian."

"Your governess!" exclaimed I. "What sort of a person is she?"

"Mrs. Vernon? She is the best old soul alive. Papa won't consent to her leaving us, although she doesn't teach us now, because she is superannuated."

"Superannuated, is she?" said I, quite relieved. "Then those were not love-letters that passed between her and your brother?"

"No, of course not; though I believe brother *could* write a love-letter in French just as well as he could in English."

"I doubt it," said I, gravely.

"Ah, but indeed he could, though. If you don't believe me, I will prove it to you."

"Bon! Isn't that the tea-bell?"

"Yes, and I am glad of it, for we are going to have ginger-cakes for tea. Mrs. Smith told me so when I went into her room a while ago to fill my lamp."

And being young and hungry, Belle and I quickly reduced our hair to order, and hastened downstairs to secure our share of the anticipated dainty.

One day, about a week after this, Belle, with much mystery, placed in my hand a little long envelope, addressed to myself in decidedly masculine chirography.

"Who is it from?" asked I, more eagerly than grammatically.

"Look inside and see," replied Belle, as she passed on, and left me standing in the matron's hall.

I thought I heard Miss Hull coming, and, although I

knew nothing about the letter, instinct made me put it in my pocket. By the time that lady had passed, and was safe out of sight and hearing, a school-bell sounded me to recitation; and it was not until the breathing-spell just before dinner that I had time for my letter. Then I sought a deserted practice-room, and, seating myself on the music-stool, drew forth the letter from my pocket, and tore open the envelope.

As I had half expected, the epistle was written in French, and signed "Stuart Bythewood." It was not a love-letter, though, or I shouldn't have read it through. I was pretty good in French myself, and my commentary on finishing the production was, that it was *parfait* as regarded grammar and spelling. As regarded composition, it was rather stiff; but that was to be expected in an American's French.

On the whole, I considered that Mr. Stuart Bythewood had done credit to himself, and now the question came, Should I answer? There was nothing in the letter that particularly required a reply, but, then a French correspondence would be so improving—ever so much better than writing stiff compositions—and, besides, if I did not reply, that letter would probably be *Omega* as well as *Alpha*, and it was decidedly pleasant to be written to by as good-looking a man as Belle Bythewood's brother, even though one never expected to see him.

I was a great believer in Platonic at that tender age, and, having been brought up in a house full of brothers, was much more accustomed to masculinity than to the softer sex. In truth, like Henry Pelham, I was rather inclined to think the latter a bore.

As I have already said, there was not one word of love in Stuart Bythewood's letter. Of course he made mention of congeniality and kindred spirits, and all that sort of thing, and he paid me ever so many compliments; but as he "never said he loved," I concluded, at length, that there would be no impropriety in my sending him a *sisterly* letter—that is, a letter such as girls *call* sisterly, although they never write them to their own brethren.

The dinner-bell aroused me from my meditations; and when I went to my room to smooth my hair before descending to the dining-hall, I looked into the glass with more interest than usual; and although my regard for Belle Bythewood's brother was going to be strictly Platonic, and although I never expected to see him with mortal eyes, still I was glad to see that my auburn hair was looking quite brown through the instrumentality of bears' oil, and that the freckles which the country sun had brought out on my fair face were fast disappearing in the city's shade.

Altogether, I fancied that I was not an ill-looking girl, and I wondered if Belle Bythewood's brother would agree with me.

I answered that letter, and many a successor to it. Of course Belle directed my letters; and her regular correspondence with her brother was remarked on, and commended by Miss Hull, who admired family affection. Writing in French soon grew monotonous and tiresome, so we substituted English, and then we went on swimmingly. It is strange how much we found to write about, considering we had never seen each other; but every time we exchanged letters we managed to fill up four pages of good-sized note-paper.

The correspondence was kept a profound secret, that is, from my cronies. I rather doubt if such were the case at the university where my correspondent's young ideas were then being taught to shoot. We were not sentimental, that is, not *very*. I had always been so much ridiculed at home whenever I had shown any such tendencies, that I had become rather inclined to run into the other extreme. However, other people's brothers are, as a general thing, much more appreciative than one's own, and Mr. Bythewood treated with so much respect any idea of mine that "verged

on the poetical," that I gradually began to let the unpractical side of my character display itself in my epistolary intercourse with him.

I am inclined to think that that unadmirable sister of his had left him under the delusion that I was homely. I know that Belle used to say that the brunette was the only style of beauty that she liked, and I know that Belle's brother was, in his letters, continually expressing the Solomonic sentiment that *beauty is vain*, etc., etc., until I became so weary of it, that if I could have had a photograph taken that would do me justice, I should have sent it to him in order to correct his erroneous impression. I never did set up for a beauty, but I was not nearly ugly enough to have Solomon quoted for my consolation.

Time flies at school, and almost before we were well launched into our studies the June examination came. I was looking forward to a long, lonely Summer among the classic halls of Miss Hull's seminary, for, my home being far away in the wilds of Arkansas, my people thought it hardly worth while, and certainly not worth the expense, for me to return there for the Summer, especially as yellow fever was rampant in Memphis, through which place I should have to pass.

Gladly, then, did I accept an invitation from the Hammond girls to spend the vacation with them, at their Summer house on the coast. We had roomed together for a term, and therefore, as we had not fallen out with one another, were rather more intimate than sisters, although Sue was decidedly aggravating at times, so great were the depth, length, and breadth of her sincerity and candor.

Belle Bythewood expected to spend the Summer with an aunt, who had a Summer house near the Hammonds; but, although she was also a roommate, the thought of having her near us during vacation did not produce any vast amount of rapture; for Belle, in spite of her good-nature under snubbing, and of the lavish generosity with which she scattered her cakes and candies, was undoubtedly somewhat of a bore. Even the fact of her being Stuart's sister did not render her interesting to me; and it was, therefore, with a guilty conscience that I returned her double kiss at parting, and tried to look pleased when she informed me that she expected to live at the Hammond cottage during the Summer, as it was only half a mile from her aunt's residence.

The Hammonds, who lived in great style on their plantation during the Winter months, delighted in Arcadian simplicity during the Summer, occupying a cabin on the seashore, wearing their old clothes, and repudiating fashion altogether.

There were ever so many brothers in the family, besides various uncles and aunts, and we had a lively company, although we were rather "scrouged." There was no parlor in the cottage, so our gathering-place was the front piazza, which was shaded from the glare by a luxuriant growth of jackbeans. Rocking-chairs and settees were there in abundance, as were also palmetto fans and new novels. We had plenty of euchre, and cribbage, and fishing, and *promenades à pied* and *à cheval*; so, on the whole, we had what Mollie Hammond was reproved by her brother for calling "a nice time."

"My contentment would be complete," said Sue, one afternoon, "if it were not for the thought of *one* thing."

"Well," said her brother Tom, "don't be mysterious. What is that *one* thing?"

"Belle Bythewood coming to stay with Mrs. Rembert," returned Sue.

"Belle Bythewood! Can that be Stuart Bythewood's sister, I wonder? I met him in Beaufort the other day, and he told me he was coming down soon, to see his aunt, Mrs. Rembert."

"Stuart Bythewood coming! Oh, that's another pair of

boots!" exclaimed Sue, while my heart bounded simultaneously. "Yes, Tom, Stuart and Belle are brother and sister."

"Then she must be pretty to kill," said Tom; "for Stuart is one of the finest-looking fellows I ever saw."

"Where did you get acquainted with him?" asked Sue.

"At the university."

"Oh! I might have known that. I think I have seen about forty-two thousand letters addressed to him at the university, for Belle was an everlasting writer. Were you intimate with him?"

"Not very; we roomed in different tenements. Is his sister pretty?"

"Pretty! Isn't she, though—with her snub nose and sandy hair. But, I say, Tom, is he really coming down here to spend the rest of the Summer?"

"I don't know. He said there was a girl in these parts that he was in love with (oh, how my cheeks burned when Tom said this!); and I suppose if she makes herself agreeable he will stay till Fall; otherwise, I suppose he will make himself scarce in a few days. Who is going to ride this evening? I saw a great saddling of horses going on when I passed the stable just now."

"I am going, and Mollie, and aunt Liza; and—you are going, ain't you, Kate?"

"No," replied I; "I am going to stay at home and finish Rutlege. You girls haven't given me half a chance to read it yet."

I staid at home that evening, but I didn't finish Rutlege; for Mr. Tom Hammond staid, too, and he kept on talking to me, making so many allusions to Mr. Bythewood that I became confident he, for one, knew something about that unlucky correspondence. Of course if I had ever expected to meet the man I should never have written him a line; but as he lived in South Carolina and I in Arkansas, such a meeting appeared highly improbable, to say the least of it; and therefore I had been airing my French and my epistolary powers *sans* reserve.

No wonder, then, that I was nervous when, as the Hammond girls and I were taking a *siesta* the next afternoon in our very diminutive dormitory, Belle Bythewood burst in upon us, woke us all up with her kisses, and then informed us that "brother" was out on the piazza.

"He is crazy to see you," continued she, turning to me, "and wouldn't give me a moment's rest till I brought him over, although I told him that he ought to wait for Mr. Hammond to call on him."

"Oho! there's where the land lies, is it?" exclaimed Sue, rousing up and rubbing her eyes. "I begin to see into it, now. Kate had a hand in some of those letters that used to swarm out of our room last Winter. How blind we were, Mollie, not to see into it sooner! That's right, Kate, crimp up (I had begun to grease my objectionable hair), and look your prettiest. One does not catch a beau like Belle's brother every day. Just look at Katie, Mollie how she is admiring herself in the glass."

If there is anything I do detest, it is ridicule. I therefore put down the bottle of bear's oil, and came away from the glass, with my hair very carelessly arranged.

"Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament," quoted Sue, who was making her own toilet very rapidly, but, at the same time, with great care. "What dress are you going to wear, Kate?"

"The one I wore this morning," replied I, sulkily.

"What! that dingy old wrapper. Don't be silly, child. I didn't mean any harm by laughing at you just now. Wear your white organdie—it tones down your bright hair and complexion so nicely."

"I'll do no such thing," replied I, crossly; for, as Sue very well knew, I did hate to have my hair called *bright*.



THE CHARLES ALBERT BRIDGE IN SAVOY.—SEE PAGE 150.

I therefore arrayed myself in an old calico wrapper, and, without a second look at the glass, followed the other girls out on the piazza, where Mr. Bythewood sat, surrounded by a crowd of young Hammonds, who, upon our appearance, vanished immediately. He was the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. I could not help blushing

like an idiot when Mollie introduced us, but the other party went through that ceremony with the utmost *sang froid*. It was very evident that, whatever might be Mr. Bythewood's failings, he was not in the least troubled with *mauvaisé honte*. At first he divided his attentions equally between the Misses Hammond and myself, but soon he began to address himself more particularly to Sue, who was looking remarkably well in pink muslin, and who was on her good behavior that afternoon. I was of opinion that *that* wouldn't begin to do, and then I began to exert myself conversationally, and it was not long before my efforts seemed to be crowned with success. Mr. Bythewood changed his seat in order to be nearer to me, and then we talked sentimentally, and *belles lettres*, and "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," and, in short, all sorts of nice things.

Sue very soon grew tired listening, and retired. Mollie and Belle kept up a languid conversation at the other end of the piazza; and my hero and I were left to entertain one another, which we did until the sun set behind the tall pines, and Belle informed her brother that it was time to go home.

Sue came out on the piazza to say good-by. She had been twining flowers among her dark curls, and they were very becoming to her. I did not like

Mr. Bythewood's look of admiration at her baby-face, but I could hardly blame him for it, as I rather admired Sue myself, in spite of the many quarrels we had had.

"Well, Kate, what do you think of him?" asked she, before the Bythewoods were well out of sight.

"I think him very handsome," replied I.

"As handsome as Tom?"

"Yes," said I, imitating her usual candor, "ever so much handsomer."

"Love at first sight. How romantic! That is, unless you have been seeing his image in his letters during the last several months. What did he write about, Kate?"

"That is my affair," returned I, peevishly. It was hard

for me to forgive her nicely curled hair and pink muslin, when I compared them with my own unkempt locks and rumpled calico.

At this juncture Tom Hammond came up the front steps.

"Tom," cried Sue, "guess who has been to see us, or, rather, who has been to see Kate, this afternoon."

"Who?" was Tom's natural rejoinder.

"Mr. Bythewood."

"The mischief he has! What do you think of him, Miss Kate?"

"I don't think about him," replied I, crossly and mendaciously. "I don't see why I should be any more interested in him than Sue and Mollie."

"Neither do I," observed Sue, coolly. "Come, Kate, let's take a walk down the beach. We can go as far as the wreck, as there is going to be a good-sized moon to-night. Do you want to go, Mollie?"

"No," replied Mollie, languidly extending a little slipped foot; "it is too much trouble to change my shoes."

"Then I will stay with Mollie," said I, promptly, "The tide will be up to-night, and the walking will be horrid."

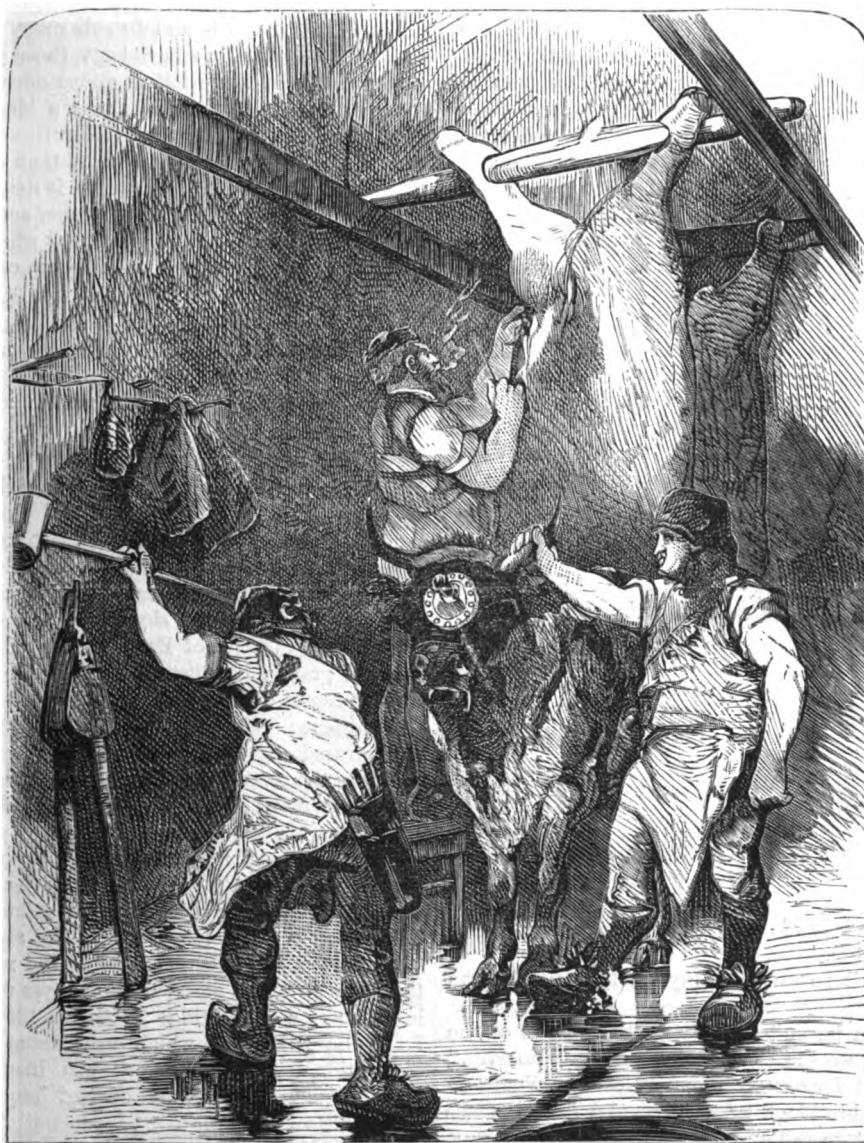
I did not mind the tide particularly, but I did not care for any more of Sue's society just then.

"Tom, you must come with me," said Sue.

"Nary a time," replied that gentleman. "I am completely stove up already. Get aunt 'Liza to go with you. Yonder goes the old lady now, rambling off by herself. Run after her."

Sue obeyed, and Mollie, Tom and I spent the evening on the front steps of the piazza, Tom and I carrying on a lazy flirtation, while Mollie, no doubt, thought of a certain dark-eyed youth in Charleston, whose sister was her particular friend, and at whose father's house she used to spend her holidays while at Miss Hull's.

About nine o'clock Sue and her aunt returned from their stroll, and who should accompany them but Mr. Bythewood! That gentleman remained on the steps, chatting with Tom;



A NEW SYSTEM OF SLAUGHTERING BEEVES.—SEE PAGE 150.

and then, refusing an invitation to stay all night, he bowed his *adieu*, and walked away.

"Where did you pick him up, Sue?" asked Tom, when he was gone.

"At the wreck," replied Sue. "He was perched on the bowsprit, gazing at the moon, when aunt 'Liza and I came upon him; and he evidently took us for a pair of *bogies* at first! but I told him not to be frightened, as it was only us, and then he seemed to recover himself a little."

"You were very late in getting home!" observed Mollie.

"Oh, we staid down at the wreck ever so long, looking out on the ocean, and up at the stars, and talking about moonlight, music, love and flowers. He is a very nice sort of a person, if he is Belle Bythewood's brother."

The next morning I concluded that I would go down and look at the wreck; but I wished to do so alone, and therefore I managed to steal away from the house when Sue and Mollie were not looking. I did not wear my calico wrapper this morning, but arrayed myself in a very becoming morning-dress of blue lawn. My hair, too, was arranged with great care, and as the day was cloudy, I carried my hat in my hand, in order that my shining locks might not be rumped. Mrs. Rembert's cottage was not a great way from the wreck, so I had to be prepared for emergencies.

I had proceeded about half-way, and was resting myself under a group of pines, when I saw two horsemen approaching; whereupon, not recognizing them in the distance, an instinct of timidity made me retreat into the thicket, where they could not see me in passing. When they came up, I recognized the voices of Tom Hammond and my old-new acquaintance, Stuart Bythewood.

"Halloo, Tom! what is that animal doing?" asked the latter, as they came up close to my retreat.

I trembled. Perhaps the horsemen had caught a partial view of me among the trees, and, taking me for an animal of an unknown species, was about to shoot. But Tom's answer relieved me.

"Is it that turtle you are talking about? It's digging a nest."

"Digging a nest, is it? Not being acquainted with the habits of the *varmint*, I thought it was digging a well. Let's stay here a while and watch it. You have nothing particular to do, I suppose?"

"Nothing, except to go home and do the agreeable to Miss Clinton. By-the-way, Stuart, what do you think of that young lady?"

"Of what young lady?" asked the other.

"Miss Kate Clinton."

"I think she ain't so uncommonly pretty as you led me to suppose."

"Why, man, you haven't any taste. She is one of the best-looking young women I ever had anything to do with."

"I can't say that I agree with you. However, Venus de Medici herself wouldn't look pretty dressed *à la* Miss Clinton. When I went to call on her yesterday afternoon (my sister wouldn't let me have any rest until I *did* go), she was wearing one of Mrs. Noah's old dresses, and looked as if she had, on hearing of my arrival, run into the store-room, dipped her hands in the lard keg, rubbed them down on the front part of her hair, leaving the back part blazing in its native redness, and, then walked out to see me without further preparation."

"Well, that was complimentary, wasn't it? It looked as if she was in a hurry to make your acquaintance."

"That might be; but when a girl fixes herself up to see me, I wish her to go the whole swine—*lard and all*. Come on, Tom; that turtle seems disposed to rest from its labors, and it's getting deuced hot here."

And hot it was, judging from the way my cheeks were burning. After giving the horsemen time to get out of

sight, I came out of my hiding-place, and retraced my steps toward the Hammond cottage, a sadder but a wiser woman.

The next evening I was surprised to receive a letter from one of my brothers, bidding me meet him in Charleston on that day week, as he should then be in that place, on his way home from New York. He was going to take me home with him, as it had been decided by those in authority that my last school-term should be spent in New Orleans, instead of Charleston. I had not much time to lose, and a few days afterward I was steaming over the Atlantic, under the care of a Hammond cousin whose convenience it suited to visit Charleston at this time.

The Hammond girls and I made many promises to write, and, after a fashion, we have kept those promises—that is, Mollie and I exchange letters about once a year. Her last letter informed me that Sue, after a long, *intermittent* engagement was finally married to Mr. Stuart Bythewood. I, myself, have been married for more than a year, to one who, though a native-born Arkansawyer, is neither a ruffian nor a rowdy. My husband is kind to me, and I suppose I am about as happy as most people; but when I read Mollie's last letter, some lines from an old poem came into my head:

"God pity them both, and pity us all
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, *It might have been.*"

CHARLES ALBERT BRIDGE IN SAVOY.

SAVOY can vie with Switzerland in wild and picturesque scenery. The Maurienne ridge, the Costian, Graian and Pennine Alps, skirt or traverse it. It can thus claim some of the loftiest peaks and the most magnificent glacier, of the whole Alpine system. It can boast its charming lakes not only such as mirror the sky above, but subterranean lakes like those in the cave of Bauge. The valleys are sometimes wild and grand; but there are others like that of Chamouni, which present a succession of cultivated fields, or orchards and gardens; and the steepest declivities of the mountains are terraced and made productive. Among the romantic scenes in the more rugged part, few exceed in grandeur the deep and narrow chasm spanned by the light Charles Albert Bridge.

Between Chambery and Geneva, beyond the villages of Metz, Caval, and Alouzier, is an immense cleft in the rock, such as we have learned to call a cañon. At the bottom murmurs, or roars, according to the season, a torrent six hundred feet below the surface of the rocky wall. This is the defile of Usses, and over this abyss modern engineering has thrown a wire bridge known as the Charles Albert, or La Caille Bridge, of which we present a most charming illustration. This bold work was inaugurated June 10, 1839. It is nearly six hundred feet long by eighteen wide. There are two paths for foot-passengers. Travelers generally stop to experience the effect of throwing a stone from the bridge into the torrent. The sound, reverberating from side to side, reaches the ear like a peal of thunder or the roar of cannon. The bridge perched at this giddy height is light and graceful, though fully strong enough to insure safety.

A LATE FRENCH SYSTEM OF SLAUGHTERING BEEVES.

THE forming of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals marks a tide in public feeling averse to the infliction of needless pain on the lower animals. Some have to spend their lives in our service, and these deserve a constantly kind treatment in return for the labor they perform; even when untoward and fierce, it has been proved that mildness effects more than violence or compulsion. A

Rarey tames by gentleness a horse that no violence could subdue.

Where animals must serve as our food, humanity and a regard for the general health require them to be taken to the shambles, so as not to overheat them and inflame the blood; and to dispatch them in such a way as to cause instant death and prevent long lingering torture, which must exercise an injurious effect on the flesh as food.

A method of slaughtering food-animals has been devised in France, at the new abattoirs of La Villette, which must challenge the attention of every friend of dumb beasts. A mask is placed over the head, covering the eyes. In the forehead is placed a metallic plate fitted with a sharp spike. The killing is done by the butcher striking this spike with a heavy hammer, thus piercing the brain and causing instant death.

THE RUINED ABBEY.

BY ARTHUR MATTHISON.

In the old, old days when the mitred priest
Held sway o'er that stately pile,

When the massive walls unbroken stood,

And worshipers thronged the aisle;

When the grand old window's glorious glass

Its beauteous colors threw

O'er the altar's pomp, o'er the priestly garb,

And gave them splendors new,

Then the lofty nave to its carven roof

Re-echoed the holy hymn,

And censers swung their incense clouds

In that light so soft and dim.

Now roof has crumbled, now columns cleft,

And the wondrous window's a ruin gray;

O'er the dead old abbey the ivy twines,

The dim past merged in the bright to-day!

No more shall priest pace those grass-grown aisles,

No more shall the pious song resound;

Its departed glories no more return;

Its altar, no more, is holy ground!

For the light, gay laugh, and the joyous song

Replace the hymn and the sacred airs;

And the merry-makers blithely dance

On that soil once holy with monkish prayers!

BERTHA'S CASKET.

CHAPTER I.

T was nearly midnight. But there was neither darkness nor silence in the house of Mynheer Grootscchedel, the burgomaster of Nimeguen. Servants in divers liveries hurried hither and thither, in hall, staircase, and corridors, all of which were bright with lights, and gay with flowers and foliage. The sound of music pervaded the entire mansion, whose massive timbers vibrated to the measured tread of scores and scores of dancers. The scene displayed to the curious interlopers of inferior rank, who were peering inward from the outer doorway of the splendid first-floor

suite, was one combining every charm of the fairest spectacle of nature—all imaginable variety of tenderer tint or richer coloring, of comely form and of gracefully undulating movement, under light too well diffused to admit of sombre shadows—the whole instinct with life in that culmination of beauty, which owes its short-lived reign to joy quickened by fluttering hope, and the soft lightning darted between pleasure-sparkling eyes, and setting cheeks aglow.

But amid every landscape there are spots of blight and

desolation, none the less real for their not appearing in the general prospect. All was not mirth and hope within that festive scene.

There was one among the guests who stood moodily apart—a young man of some five-and-twenty years, more aristocratic in his bearing and the taste of his attire than most of those then present. This was Hendrick van Oorsveldt, a gallant and stanch adherent of the House of Orange; whereas his host of this evening was a believer even now (the year was 1590) in the vain and incompetent Earl of Leicester and his half-hearted counselors and captains. Hendrick had seriously impaired his patrimony in his devotion to the cause which he deemed to be that of his country and his God. This helped with the circumstance of their difference in politics to keep him low in the favor of the prudent burgomaster. But the plebeian magnate's favor, strange as it may sound, was no matter of difference to this young noble. For the plebeian had a daughter, fair and graceful—wise also, but so gay and uniformly pleasant, both of speech and eye, that even brainless boobies approached her without fear; while many who piqued themselves on the abundance of their brains failed to discern, through the scintillation of her playful wit, the depth of unobtrusive excellence which it at once adorned and veiled. Hendrick and she loved each other truly; and the burgomaster knew it. But, cautious every way, he had hitherto refrained from speech and action in the matter.

This evening, however, Oorsveldt was aware of a change of tactics. Whithersoever Bertha Grootscchedel might turn, a bevy of female cousins, aided by their attendant dandlers, hemmed her assiduously round. As often as he approached, these ladies took turns in occupying his attentions, with a skill and pertinacity which his politeness could not easily resist; while of the gentlemen, one or other was on the watch to engage that of Bertha, in the brief intervals when she was relieved from the assiduities, not apparently over-welcome to her, of a slender but shapely young gallant, who evinced by his demeanor his own sense of the honor he conferred upon the guests at large by mixing in their citizen festivities.

This was the young Count Ulrich von Aldenhuyzen, formerly a pet and junior aide-de-camp of Leicester's. By one familiar with the court of France, he would have been set down, from the effeminate extravagance of his dress, his scented curls, his affected accent, as one of the number of the notorious minions of that miserable king in whom, on his assassination about a year before, the splendid line of Valois had so ingloriously ended.

The burgomaster had made this count's acquaintance only two days before; and, for reasons of his own, had introduced him to his daughter, bidding him at the same time to the present entertainment.

Count Ulrich, though a stranger to Nimeguen, had also his reasons for accepting the invitation; and now, much as he might look down on the assemblage of money-making citizens among whom he found himself, he had seemingly made up his mind that the attractive daughter of one whose money was already made was not unworthy of his serious attention.

Hendrick, whose mind had been crossed more than once by a suspicion that Bertha herself was a party, willing or unwilling, to the game so successfully carried on before her eyes—had desisted from his attempts to reach and to address her, and stood, as has been said, apart, in no comfortable or benevolent frame of mind or feeling.

Still, to the surreptitious lookers-on, all seemed alike joy-bright, and enviably gay.

But a change came over the smiling aspect of the scene.

From the farthest chamber of the suite was heard suddenly a female shriek, followed instantaneously by many

others in every variety of voice and intonation. The movements of the dance were arrested, there was a rush of the guests toward the inner room, and the music died away in a few agitated chords.

Then, after a moment's silence, the voice of the burgomaster was heard—but barely heard—for its tones were straightway overborne, absorbed, and silenced by those of another voice, deep as the first utterance of the thunder-cloud.

Mute attention was evidently given to the new speaker's words, and ere these could have been very many, the whole listening crowd of revelers were seen to direct suddenly behind them a look of comfortless dismay toward that outer doorway, from whence the servants and their favored friends were watching their proceedings.

These hereupon looked also involuntarily round, and discovered themselves to be hemmed in by a file of shaggy steel-capped troopers, who, fully armed with sword and arquebus, had silently taken post behind them in the corridor. At the same moment the first articulate sound reached them from the mass of panic-stricken revelers within, by whom was repeated the name of "Martin Schenk!" in every accent of amazement, consternation, and despair.

"Yes," said one of the troopers to a gazing townsman, whom he clapped at the same time cheerfully upon the shoulder, "old Donnerblitz is in there, by the high dais, with some choice additions to the company. He is not going to interrupt the mirth, but share it. We, too, expect our portion of what good cheer is going."

Martin Schenk was one of the most formidable coadjutors of the Prince of Parma—the relentless governor, consummate general, and accomplished liar—who was drawing his toils around that portion of the revolted Netherlands which had baffled the craft and withstood the military power of Parma's uncle, the pale bigot of the Escorial, and so achieved its deliverance from the Spanish rule.

Martin, a captain of free companions, had long kept the bishoprics of Cologne and Cleves in check by perpetual surprise of towns, and levying of blackmail, under the pleasant appellation of *Brandschäzung*, or price of ex-

emption from being burnt out of house and home. He had recently extended his operations further to the west; but no one in Nimeguen, except perhaps the thoughtful and already experienced Van Oorsveldt, had ever dreamed of his paying their good town a predatory visit.

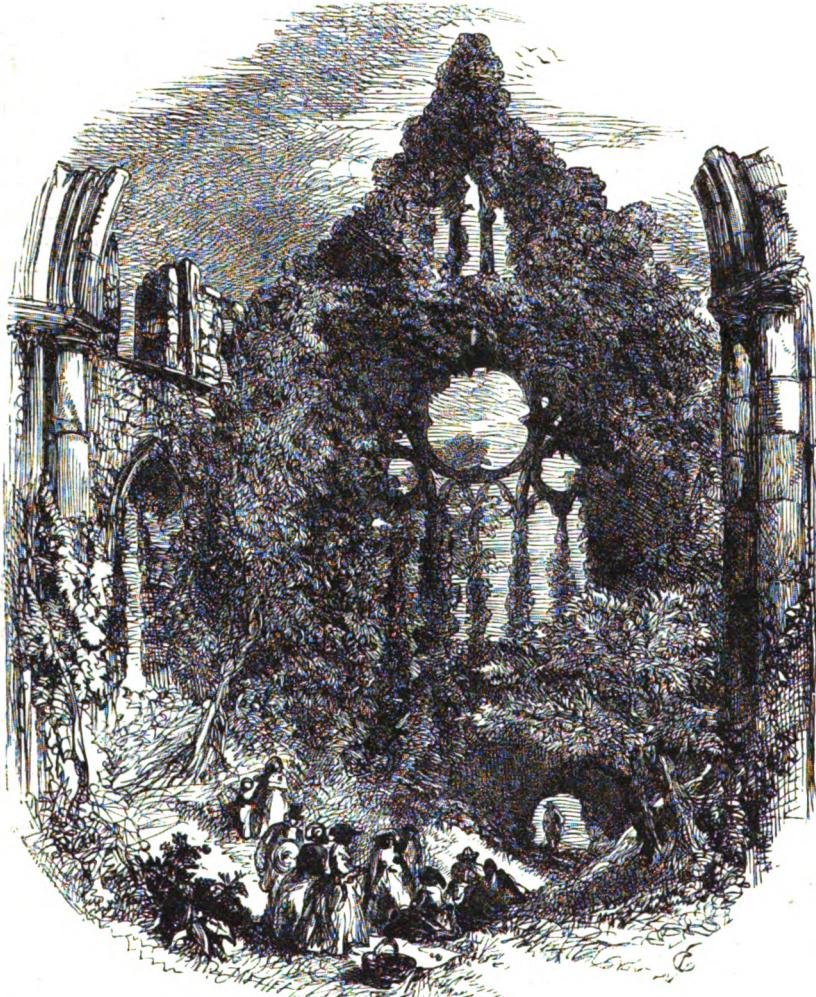
He had entered the mansion by a back way, and, mounting by a private staircase, had passed from thence to the inner reception-room, to which it adjoined; and all this so quietly, though accompanied by half a dozen of his officers, that already he himself stood near the middle of the chamber, and the officers within its private doorway, ere this addition to the company had been remarked by any one save the disengaged and observant Oorsveldt. When, however, a lady (turning, oppressed by heat, from the group that surrounded Bertha) caught sight of the six grizzly troopers, and discovered their stern and weather-beaten captain by her elbow, all being drenched and dripping from the waistbelt that bore their pistols and confined their buff-coats downward, she gave utterance to her surprise and terror in the cry which startled all within hearing from their festivity.

"This house," said Martin, coolly disregarding Grootschedel's loud demand to be informed who they were who intruded, unbidden, on a scene of private festivity, and on what pretext they did so—"this house, with the entire block in which it stands, two houses on the right, three on the left, and six behind, is inclosed by a double

line of gentlemen like those you see. I will interrupt your mirth only so long as while you, Herr Burgomaster, countersign these modest requisitions," pulling herewith some papers from his pouch.

"The first set are for meat and drink to be furnished to my companions—nay, sir, you need not stir," he added, as a gentleman moved from near him toward the principal entrance to the room; "look that way, and you will see that there is no passage from this suite"—and then it was that all within sight of the doorway leading to the corridor, looked in that direction, as above described.

"The second set, my worthy host, are for one hundred thousand guilders, to be paid down, here where I stand, within three hours' time. Ah! (impossible) you were about



THE RUINED ABBEY.—SEE PAGE 151.



BERTHA'S CASKET.—"ORSVELDT MOVED SLOWLY ON AND GAINED THE STORM-WINDOW; BUT, ALAS, HE FOUND IT FASTENED SO SECURELY AS TO RESIST EVERY EFFORT TO OPEN IT."—SEE PAGE 151.

to say," as he saw the burgomaster opening his lips to speak. "If it is, that matters little. My boys are very reasonable, and never kick against impossibilities. When coin is scarce, they will compound cheerfully for gold, or even gems and jewels of sufficient price. Where requisitions fail, they can content themselves with a sack instead, *but always with fire to follow*," added he, in words which left no doubt in the minds of those who heard as to who it was with whom they had to do; and then the outer room resounded, as already said, with the dreaded captain's name.

"Nay," said he, with a grim smile, when the first shock of surprise and terror had subsided, "if it really appears to you that a properly apportioned requisition might perhaps be attended with success, you have only, Myneer Burgomaster, to fill in, with the assistance and advice of these worthy townsmen whom I have the pleasure of now meeting under your hospitable roof, this schedule, *viz.* : in this column, with ten to twenty good and substantial names, and in this with the proportions of the proposed contribution for which each may, in your estimation, be equitably made answerable. Then attach your signature. My lieutenant here, trusty Jan Voorst, will, under the guidance of some gentleman familiar with the town, present the document to such of the assessed as are not here present; and some of my officers now in waiting below will accompany to their homes, or other repositories of their cash, such of your kind contributors who are. These preliminary matters once arranged, we will resume the festivities of the evening; and when supper shall be served, I hope, with my friends, to do it as ample justice as its excellence will unquestionably merit."

While the free captain spoke thus, Hendrick, who amid the confusion occasioned by his first appearance, had easily made his way at last to Bertha's side, exchanged a few words with her, which must have had a quieting effect upon her nerves. She breathed after this conference more freely.

CHAPTER II.

OT long thereafter a cavalier issued from among the group of guests nearest to the outer doorway, and stepping, with a business-like air, up to one of the troopers there on guard, said to him:

"Follow me, to find pen and ink."

"Martin Schenk never is without them," answered the man, without moving a muscle that was not concerned in the utterance of this brief reply.

"Well and accurately stated," said the gentleman; "it is only ink we want; the water has spoiled his, so this way, if you please." And the trooper, suffering him to pass, followed without further parley. They soon returned, the gentleman bearing a silver standish. He re-entered the rooms, and disappeared among the still silent and closely crowded company.

After brief interval the same gentleman again approached the trooper.

"The first installment is wanted," said he; "you and I must fetch it;" and he showed a bunch of keys.

The trooper accompanied him to an upper floor. There, entering an apartment which had the appearance of a luxuriously-furnished dressing-room, having evidently a lady for its rightful occupant, he opened a cabinet, and counting the drawers inside till he came to one of which he was in search, unlocked this and took from it an elegant, but strongly-constructed casket.

"This," he said, "I must convey to the presence of your

captain, but not through the crowd outside; you must accompany me down the other stairs, and pass me inward by the private door."

With these words he put a gold piece in the trooper's hand.

"Lead on," said the fellow, with a surly smile of satisfaction.

They gained the private door; the gentleman was admitted, and his formidable attendant, ere he turned away, saw him deposit the casket on a table by which stood the fair mistress of the house, an act which the grim Martin honored with an approving nod.

The trooper had not long resumed his appointed post, when the servants and strangers, getting weary of their confinement in the narrow space around the doorway, began to struggle for greater liberty of locomotion, nor were the efforts of all the guards on that station more than was required to control them without the use of deadly weapons. Ere these insubordinates had been fully reduced to submission, the cavalier, already mentioned, appeared a third time, with his bunch of keys, as before.

"You seem to have your hands full," said he to his former attendant; "but you can trust me now. And, after all," he added, "I presume that it would be difficult, in any case, to run away."

"Pass," said the man, with a rigid smile.

The gentleman disappeared, ascending as before, but this time alone, the upward flight of stairs. Nearly three hours elapsed before he again descended. But his non-appearance in the interval did not disturb the trooper. Every known outlet of the house was guarded, and the soldier took for granted that the gentleman would, as before, re-enter the dancing-rooms by the back entrance.

This, however, was by no means the purpose of the latter. No sooner had he reached the room whence he had fetched the casket, than, seizing a light which burned there, and taking up an iron firehook from the stove, he made his way swiftly to the second range of the attics, which rose tier on tier within the high-pitched roof of the mansion. There, in a spacious laundry or drying-room, he possessed himself of a coil of rope, strong enough, when doubled, to sustain his weight, and also of a handful of dry linen. Opening a window in the gable-wall, and carefully guarding his light from the rush of air which was thus admitted, he ignited the linen, and thrusting it through the opening, obtained, as the night-wind fanned it to a flaring flame, a momentary view of the relative arrangements, in these airy regions, of this and the contiguous house.

He could perceive that the latter, in common with nearly all others in the town, but unlike the burgomaster's new and more pretentious dwelling, turned its gables to the street; and that, consequently, the slope of its tiled roof formed with the perpendicular wall, from one of whose apertures he viewed it, a valley (as the builders term it), and that the bottom of this hollow was occupied by a leaden gutter. This seemed to lie about twelve feet below his present position. Attaching, therefore, his doubled cord to a collar-beam overhead, he cast the other end through the window, clambered out and slid safely down upon the gutter.

Great as was his haste, he thought a few moments might be well employed in reconnoitering the enemy. So, proceeding toward the front, he peered cautiously over into the dark gulf of the street below.

It was a moonless October night. A link gleamed here and there, flickering and twinkling, as the wind swept by, amid a narrow circle of uncertain light. But, observing such figures as came within these spots of scanty illumination, he could see that all traffic up and down the street was prevented, by the simple process of arresting and detaining every person who approached the cordon of armed men



described by Schenk in his lucid explanatory speech. So profound was the silence enforced, that the inmates of the mansions overlooking this investing force seemed as yet quite unconscious of its presence. He satisfied himself that the line of guards did actually continue its course down a narrow cross lane two houses off, and doubted no longer that all communication with the town forces and authorities, through ordinary channels, was effectually cut off. This confirmed him in his present purpose. By the aid of the iron hook he had secured, he raised some tiles, tore up the spars on which they rested, and effected an opening in the lath and plaster beneath, sufficient to admit him into the interior of whatever chamber it protected. He dropped boldly, at all hazards, in, lighted on what felt beneath his feet like a heap of clothes or other drapery, and, stumbling on the yielding and uneven surface, fell forward across a bed, and upon its occupant.

A rough voice, as of one startled out of sleep, demanded, with an oath, who was there.

"Heer van Oorsveldt," answered the gentleman. "Up, knave, and bring me to your master."

"He's ill, and can't be seen," answered the other, in a sulky voice.

"He *must*!" said Oorsveldt. "Do not give me the trouble of dragging you out of bed. Up, and do my bidding!"

The man obeyed, though grumbling, as he shivered down the stairs, bitter imprecations on young cavaliers, who pursued their revels till they did not know on which end sober people's houses stood, and mistook, in their cups, attic windows for street-doors.

They found the master of the house still up, too ill to join the party next door, but unable to hope for sleep, owing to the sounds of music, which had, till within the last quarter of an hour, reached him through the brick nogged walls, and of which he every moment anticipated the recommencement.

"All I want," said Hendrick, after he had briefly explained to him the critical position of affairs, "is a rope and a lantern. Be liberal of your drink, when called on, and do not yet despair."

He got what he required, and in due time, working his way rapidly from attic to attic, descended into the third house, being that whose side-walls flanked the narrow lane already mentioned.

In the upper portion of this tenement dwelt, as he knew, a worthy tradesman, the tailor whom he usually employed, Heer Zumpt by name. Finding him abed, he soon aroused him out of all tendency to slumber by the intelligence he communicated; and received from him, on the instant, promise of unlimited assistance. A ladder was the first requisite, and hands enough to manage it, with noiseless ease, the second.

"There are repairs," said Zumpt, "going on upon the house behind; there must be ladders in the yard, and this is a populous tenement. I'll find you hands."

Soon a ladder of moderate length was hoisted in by a back window of the attic, and an opening made through the roof on the side toward the lane, the tiles being carefully drawn inward.

Hendrick was raised with his lantern half-way through it, to investigate the conditions of his projected enterprise. He saw that, owing to the narrowness of the lane, with which he was familiar (and whose houses, moreover, projected story over story, decreased in mutual distance as they ascended), the roof the house over the way was not more than nine feet distant from him where he stood.

There was a sort of storm window in it, nearly on a level with his present position, and directly opposite. He redescended; the ladder was cautiously thrust through, and with much care, and the use of some hastily-improvised

tackling, adjusted as a bridge terminating on the other roof, close beneath the window, which seemed to be unglazed and closed only by a shutter.

Bidding those within hold firm, Oorsveldt crept out upon the ladder. He was already over the lane, a mark only too clearly defined against the now starry sky for the bullet of any trooper who should happen at that juncture to look up, when he heard a loose tile, disengaged by some movement of his friends behind, slide downward.

There, thought he, goes a message to seal my fate, and that of Nimeguen. It was impossible to turn. He waited a second or two to hear the crash below—the alarm—and to receive the deadly volley. But all was still. It had pleased Providence, in its all-foreseeing wisdom, to endow the good Heer Zumpt with an indomitable taste for gardening, a *penchant* which, in his lofty premises, he could not otherwise indulge than by the use of window-boxes filled with mud. In one of these the tile, that might have been so fatal, lay quietly arrested.

Who knows with what weighty issues the most trivial acts are pregnant? Little thought the honest tailor, when he hung that capacious box of his over the heads of his fellow-citizens, in what a mighty drama he was acting an essential part!—the great drama of Dutch independence, and in it, that of English liberty, in which has further stood involved that of every country now free or destined yet to be so, throughout the habitable world.

After that pause of awful expectation, Oorsveldt, with a beating heart and some faintness of the limbs, moved slowly on, and gained the storm window that rose from the steep slope of the opposite roof. The eaves concealed him from all eyes below; but, alas! he found the shutter to be fastened so securely on the inner side as to resist every effort he could make to open it. Chagrined, but not disheartened, he slowly worked his painful way backward along the ladder.

"Who," said he, "can find a carpenter with his centre-bit and keyhole saw?"

None responded, save the good Heer Zumpt.

"If my Jan were only here!" said he. "He is a schoolmaster and sexton now, but he can handle all sorts of tools; for Wilhelm Horst and he—"

"But Jan isn't here, so where's the use?" interrupted a more practical, but, for the time, equally resourceless counselor.

"Father," at last said a little girl, from the crowd which now filled the attic, "I saw Wilhelm Horst come up before I went to bed; I am sure it was he, though it was not quite like him neither."

"Nonsense, child!" said Madame Zumpt. "Vrow Horst had no thought at five o'clock this afternoon of her son's coming home."

"But," said Hendrick, catching at a chance, "if he is a carpenter, we can but see for ourselves whether your little girl is deceived or not. Lead the way, Heer Zumpt; let us pay Vrow Horst a visit."

Zumpt instantly complying, they descended to the second floor below, where the tailor knocked by a dingy-looking door. It was opened instantly by a woman of some five-and-forty years, in her ordinary daylight dress. She did not appear to have retired to rest.

"Neighbor Horst," said Zumpt, "my kattkin tells me that Wilhelm is now with you. Is it so?"

"Yes, my good friend," replied she, with sad voice and tearful eye; "but—"

"Let us see him instantly," interrupted the tailor; "he is wanted for a job that admits of no delay."

"Alas!" said the poor widow, "his last job, I fear, is done. He cannot help you. But see him, and then judge. He'll be pleased to greet you."

She made way for them to enter. Reclining on his bed,



AMSTERDAM, FROM THE WATER SIDE.—SEE PAGE 161.

but not undressed, they found the artisan—a tall and hand-some man, of that intelligent look and kindly aspect in which one may recognize "the true widow's son." But his flushed

and hollow cheek and over brilliant eye told at a glance that he had come home to die. The stage of his fatal malady was not, however, apparently reached when strength and energy are utterly extinguished. Hendrick laid on a table by his bed three gold pieces.

why can't it wait till I have had some sleep? I have come far, and am somewhat weary."

Zumpt explained the case. The carpenter sat up.

"It would be his death," cried his mother, in an indignant voice. "Away, sir, with your gold! Not but that you are very kind—but do you think I can let him sell what chances of life he yet may have for any sum of gold that you could name?"

"Friend," said Hendrick, "gold may improve his chance."

"Thanks to the boy himself, sir," said the woman, "I have wherewith to



SUNDAY MORNING IN THE JEWS' QUARTER, AMSTERDAM.

"There," said he, "is your fee, if you will come instantly and help us."

"What is the job?" asked the carpenter; "and

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procure him all he can require while his complaint continues. Should the Lord see fit to take my son, I can trust *Him* to provide for *my* necessity. Take away that money," she resumed, in terror, as she saw her Wilhelm extend his hand toward it. But the latter only pushed it toward Oorsveldt, rising, however, as he did so."

"Mother," he said, "you would that my life should be prolonged. There is but One who can prolong it. If I re-

father died, will be quenched in fire and blood and torture, as before. It will give worth indeed to my poor life to risk it in a cause like this. I thank God for the call; for I thought my days of usefulness were ended. Give me no gold," he continued, addressing Hendrick. "My mother will not want. I have provided for her better than she is aware."

He reached an old tool-box, a relic of his boyish days.



A MARKET-WOMAN OF AMSTERDAM.

fuse his work while I can do it, dare you pray to Him that He would spare me? Do you know what threatens us? Have you lived through these years, and not learnt what is meant by the pillage of a town? And even if Schenk can be bought off this time, he will come again for more, and hold us with a garrison at last, like Arnhem—hold us for these demons of Spain; and the true Gospel, for which my

mother threw herself in silence into her elbow-chair, covered her face with her apron, and struggled with convulsive grief.

"Come," said the mechanic, "let no more time be lost."

The heart of Oorsveldt smote him as he marked the languid gait and emaciated limbs of the artizan who ascended the steep attic-stairs before him.

"Cruel necessity!" thought he, "that bids me tax, and perhaps drain the last remnant of his wasted strength. But necessity it is; and besides who could turn him now? Heaven only grant that he may be equal to the task!"

But he was not. Once out upon the ladder—a position he did not gain without a visibly prodigious effort—his head swam, and he sunk flat upon that perilous and narrow bridge. It was well that so many were there to help; for it required the exertion of no small power to draw the ladder now so far backwards as to admit of its being disengaged of its load.

While Horst, prostrate on the attic floor, was slowly recovering consciousness, Hendrick had nearly made up his mind, though utterly unskilled in carpentry, to take the needful tools, and as a desperate resource, attempt himself to pierce the shutter. But time was now everything, and such work must, in his hands, be desperately slow, if performed at all.

In that moment a voice from the stairs, as of a young man, struck his ear, and immediately Heer Zumpt rushed out, exclaiming :

"My Jan! sent by Providence in the nick of time!"

"O yes!" cried Jan, in answer to his father's appeal, "give me the tools. You'll trust me with them, Wilhelm," added he, with a cheerful smile, as he stooped to select the implements required from the box which stood by the slowly-reviving carpenter. The eyes of the latter beamed with delight and happy confidence.

"But, mother," said Jan, "you must be active too, and all you women, for that matter. Those rascals seized me at the corner. I was on my way home from Fred. Schmitt's wedding feast. But when they learned that I had relations here, they let me come in, to get them a supply of eatables and drinkables. So, collect at once all the meat, and, above all, the strongest drink you can find between roof and cellar floor, and let them have it instantly; the busier they are with that the better for us."

With these words, he scrambled nimbly upon the ladder, and returned in less than ten minutes, having successfully pierced and opened the obstructing window-shutter.

"Heer Baron," said he, "the time has not been lost which Providence has made you wait to find a workman. The shutter board was large; so the saw, fine as it was, made some noise, which must have been partially heard below there. But the sky has clouded over in the last twenty minutes. The night is black as pitch; the ladder is now as invisible to them as nothing. But up, Freyheer, and I will follow you; for you may find bolted doors as well as windows on your way."

"And you, my good friends," said Hendrick, turning to the other men of serviceable age then present, "do you, too, follow; I shall want you all."

None hesitated, under the new security of total darkness.

Once in the street, a few doors beyond Schenk's outermost pickets, Hendrick and his party hastened with all speed to the house of the commandant of the town guard (fortunately an old and experienced soldier).

To explain all to this officer, to dispatch his own followers, each furnished with twenty addresses of the members of that force, and bid to summon them quietly to an immediate muster under arms—to array the first twenty who arrived in certain dresses, procured in the interval from various houses of his friends—to arrange with the commandant the combinations he had himself devised—these were tasks which, in the course of much less than the ninety minutes of respite from general military rapine that now remained, he executed with the unembarrassed promptitude which belongs only to minds of that order out of which events mould leading warriors, statesmen, and—when they are wanted—kings.

"I ascertained," said he to the captain, "by hazarding to a trooper a remark, which he did not contradict, that they came in across the river. You know, therefore, where their line of communication must be broken. Press them hard around Grootschedel's by three o'clock. Now, good-night, and the Lord be our helper!"

CHAPTER III.

UPPER had been served—the second sumptuous repast of that night's revel—in the mansion of the burgomaster. Even the terrible Martin had proved unable to induce his victims to renew the dance. Such a mockery of their own grief and indignation they refused to perpetrate. But supper had intrinsic recommendations of a kind less dependent upon temporary circumstances. Some sacrifice of dignity would not utterly destroy the savor of fricasses, of roasts, and comfitures, nor deprive their host's rich wines of all their power to cheer and elevate. They were honest Hollander—the guests. So the immense company sat now at several tables, in the many-pillared, low-ceiled hall, which occupied the chief part of the basement story of the building.

At the head of the chief board sat Schenk, his rough features arrayed in grotesque smiles of seeming jovial abandonment. Grootschedel, who appeared to have decided that utter subserviency was, under the circumstances, the wisest policy, not only was seated on his right, but had actually obliged his daughter to occupy a place upon the ruffian's left; where she sat, pale but untrembling, ready for such prompt speech or action as occasion might require. Troopers, in sufficient number to maintain complete control over the unarmed company, were stationed round the hall—a guard of honor as Schenk facetiously termed them. These, notwithstanding their having had a liberal share of liquor, had lost no trace of their customary stern solidity of look and bearing. Their officers sat judiciously dispersed amid the guests. The servants were, apparently, more numerous than had attended at the earlier meal.

The addition to the number of these latter might be kitchen and office functionaries, at leisure from further commissariat duties to give their aid in the banquet-room. That their present occupation was, at all events, not their customary one, was a thought readily suggested by their awkwardness and embarrassment, which amused not a little those whose habits enabled them to detect such menial deficiencies.

"Can you make room for me?" said a well-known voice behind Frank Gronow, who sat at an angle of a table contiguous to that at which Schenk had his place, and nearest to that place of all the guests, except those seated to the right and left of the free captain. "If good company has, as it seems, dulled your appetite, hard work has sharpened mine. Thank you," as Gronow edged away so as to admit Hendrick to the corner place upon the bench. "Now, listen to what I have got to say."

While Gronow listened to Hendrick, stout old General Backhuys was thus addressed in a low voice, in like manner from behind.

"When Van Oorsveldt cries 'Schenk forever!' seize with your neighbors that enemy beside you. The guards will not interfere. We are all armed, and will dispose of them."

He looked quietly round, and saw one of the awkward squad of servants standing, with a stolid look, ready to fill his glass with a rare wine, which was then being served exclusively, as he had remarked, by them. He saw this man, thereafter, stoop behind an officer of Schenk's, by whom he



sat, and address him precisely at the same length, but listening attentively (and he was sharper-eared than the trooper for his own native Guelder tongue), he could discover that a description of the wine formed for him the sole substance of the servant's communication.

There was a turn-table in the wall whereby the viands were introduced. Through this there had been passed, at an early period of the meal, some large panniers, filled, apparently, with flowers. These were received uniformly by the same less handy waiters, and were distributed on the various tables that lined the circuit of the hall.

Time wore rather anxiously on.

At length Schenk arose, with no trace of even affected hilarity remaining on his brow.

"Heer Burgomaster," said he, turning to his host, "not more than one-third of the stipulated ransom has come in. Time is now up, and we may wait no longer. Captain Voss, pass the second word, and let the sack begin; now, my brave boys, let each choose for his hostess the fair lady that best suits his fancy. Mine sits here by me."

With that he moved his right hand toward the pistols in his belt, and was extending the other to lay hold on the now dismayed and fainting Bertha, when a powerful blow struck down his upraised arm. He felt himself enclosed in an embrace so irresistible as pinned both his sinewy elbows helpless to his sides.

In the same moment, "Schenk forever!" was shouted in a voice of gay derision close behind his ear, and every officer of his at table was seized, overpowered, and disarmed by the civilians who sat round him.

"Guards, ho!" cried the free captain, purple, and foaming with astonishment and fury.

But half of his guards were already shot down by the new-come servants, with pistols drawn promptly from beneath the ample skirts of the liveries they wore; the others, having made a wild discharge of their fire-arms with but slight effect, amid the surprise and confusion of that sudden *nièlée*, were endeavoring vainly to make head with their swords against the whole host of attendants, who had armed themselves from out the flower-baskets with similar weapons.

None of their trooper comrades came to their reinforcement from without, for volleys now echoed from the street, mingled with shouts and yells, as of the fiercest combat.

Our worthy freebooter was foiled this time in both the chances of his double game.

By possessing himself of the persons of the leading citizens, their dames and daughters, as his manner was, he had meant to secure hostages for advantageous parley, in case of discovery and surprise from without; while a sack, once commenced, could secure to him, by stipulating to command it, escape from any overmatching move within.

"Forth, then, for your lives!" cried Martin to his disarmed associates; and throwing off with a sudden effort those townsmen who now held him, he rushed through the nearest doorway, and escaped into the street behind. One officer achieved a like escape; the rest were reserved for trial and punishment.

Schenk, as is well known, fought his way, with arms snatched probably from some dead or disabled combatant, through all opposition, to the river, and plunged once more amid its waters. But he never reached the further bank alive.

His flight once known, the survivors of his company surrendered.

Loud were the praises gratefully bestowed on Hendrick Van Oorsveldt for his ready wit, dauntless perseverance, skillful management, and bravely decided action—praises which mingled with the shouts of victory and the hysterical tears in which even the strongest-nerved among the women now found relief from the terrible strain their feelings had

endured. To Hendrick all felt that their deliverance was owing.

As he handed to Grootschedel, safe and untouched, the valuable casket which Bertha had permitted him to make an occasion for training his surly trooper friend to give free transit to the upper floors, the worthy burgomaster embraced him publicly—an act which caused Bertha's eyes to brighten, and her cheeks to glow, in spite of the languor of exhaustion which had by this time overwhelmed her. This helped the tide of Grootschedel's own existing feelings to carry the good man one step further—but that step a most important and unexpected one.

This youth, thought he, will make a fortune for himself; and if not, I have enough. So, taking Bertha's hand, he placed it in Hendrick's, gave them both his blessing, and called all present to witness their betrothal.

Where, meanwhile, was the exquisite Van AldenhuySEN, while he was being thus summarily superseded? Catching, as was his wont, the mood for the time being of the man he wished to win, and influenced possibly by a feeling, more or less vague, that it must be pleasanter anywhere than in the same room with Schenk, he had, when the burgomaster called for a guide to the lieutenant, promptly volunteered, though he scarcely knew as yet the leading thoroughfares of the town.

It was not till after an hour's wandering, that he and the exactors blundered upon the first mansion that was to be visited. By the time they found the second, the burgher guard had already secured it; the lieutenant and his men were made prisoners, and stopped from all further levy of *brandschätzung*.

Hendrick seldom thereafter passed the corner-house without looking in to inquire after the health of the generous and patriotic carpenter. The latter's conversation was extremely interesting to an adventurous man like Van Oorsveldt; for Horst had at one time been half round the globe, as carpenter on board an English vessel, and could describe not only the wonders of the deep, but the charms, the riches, and the dangers, too, of the tropical emporia of trade. His clear religious faith, his patience under miserable sufferings, and his constant solicitude for the comfort of all around him, endeared him much to Hendrick, who was himself a sincere and thoughtful Christian. He died ere many months in perfect peace.

He had, as he told Hendrick on the occasion of their first meeting, provided comfortably for his mother, having clubbed his savings with those of a fellow-journeyman, intelligent like himself, to commence in partnership an independent business. This already gave promise of becoming large and profitable. He bequeathed his share to his mother by a formal testament, and for some years she had remittances from his surviving partner more than sufficient for all her simple wants.

Seven years had already elapsed since the date of the events that have been related, when Oorsveldt, now a general of high repute in the service of the States, found, on a temporary return to his home, his lady, the still beautiful and brilliant Bertha, in some perplexity to supply the place of the governante who had superintended the larger of their two sumptuous establishments, and who was about to make an advantageous marriage. The general had brought no register of such ladies from the field, and could not, in this matter, immediately assist his wife.

Next morning, however, he was summoned, as a member of a judicial commission, to hear an appeal in which a poor widow appeared as the complainant. The allegation made on her behalf was that her partner in a carpentry business, after having passed in her name and his own through the regular course of legal proceedings as a bankrupt, had recommenced business on his own account, under circum-



THE LITTLE FISH MARKET AT AMSTERDAM.



THE COMTESSE DE COQUELICOT.—“THE TRAVELER CAUGHT IN THE SHARPERS’ TRAP.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

stances which suggested grave suspicions of fraud. Although the creditors had been paid so nearly in full as to indispose them to reopen inquiry, the stock with which he had resumed business was as large, at least, if not identical with that which had been sold off; yet the widow’s property was utterly gone. The plaintiff appeared in court. In her the general immediately recognized the mother of noble-hearted Wilhelm Horst.

The defendant and his lawyers were too clever, or the law too weak—the poor widow could have no redress. But she had not trusted in vain that God would care for her when her son was gone. She never begged her bread.

Years after this defeat of justice, she breathed her last in Bertha’s arms—the long-loved, prized, and venerated échuve of her château of Rosenbergen.

A GLANCE AT AMSTERDAM.

AMSTERDAM, the capital of the Netherlands, has often been called “the Venice of the North”; for, like the “Queen of the Adriatic,” it is almost a floating city, being intersected by numerous canals, and divided by them into many small islands. It is situated on the south bank of the Y, an inlet or arm of the Zuyder Zee, at the mouth of the river Amstel. The form of the city is that of a crescent—with the port

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between the arms—and it is divided into two sections, known as the eastern or old, and the western, or new port, by the Amstel. The sea is prevented from entering the canals by huge dams, provided with flood-gates of sufficient strength to resist the pressure of the highest tides. The vast commerce of the port is accommodated in two immense basins, known as the east and west docks, capable of holding 1,000 vessels. In the older portion of the city many of the houses are poor, and the streets narrow and irregularly built, but the newer part contains many handsome edifices, and the principal streets are especially noteworthy for their length and breadth and the elegance of the buildings which line them. The Heeren, Keizer’s, and Prinsen grachten are each about two miles long, and two hundred and twenty feet broad; each having, like the smaller streets, a canal through its centre. Communication between the old and new parts of the town is effected by a bridge 610 feet long, and 64½ feet wide.

All the streets are paved with brick, and but few have raised footpaths for pedestrians; but as wheeled carriages are neither numerous nor allowed to be driven with speed, the ways are quite as safe as the crowded pavements of New York.

Most of the private houses are built of brick, neatly pointed, and recalling, in their peculiar architecture, the

houses erected by the old Dutch settlers of New York, of which structures a few yet remain in Albany and other interior towns. The exteriors are generally quite plain, but the interiors are frequently splendidly decorated in the French style, and the sides of the rooms painted with landscapes in oil colors.

The population of Amsterdam is sufficiently cosmopolitan in its character to include types of almost every nationality, but the Jews, who form about one-sixth of the whole number, are much the most prominent. They dominate every trade, and the contrast between the slow, deliberate, thoughtful, unimpassable and often stolid Dutchman, and the mercurial, bustling, gesticulating representative of the Semitic race is particularly striking.

In nearly all European cities there are certain districts set apart for the special occupancy of the Jewish population, districts to which, in medieval times, the hated Israelites were rigorously confined. Of all the Jewish colonies in Europe one of the most peculiar and characteristic is that of Amsterdam, and few tourists visiting that city omit to explore the district occupied by the Children of Israel.

It is approached from the square embellished with Rembrandt's statue, by driving into Todebree Street, the thoroughfare into which open all the lanes, alleys and by-ways of the real ancient Jewish quarter of Amsterdam. On entering this remarkable highway, the ear is assailed with shrieking, guttural vociferations, and most inharmonious yells, surpassing even the uproar on the beach at Naples. An indescribable medley of smells, proceeding from kitchens, grog-shops, small groceries, court-yards and laundries, pervades the air, and the combined odor is at first rather overpowering. But such sensations are soon forgotten under the impression created by the picturesque scenes presented by the men, women and children on the street, which often surpass the most bizarre conceptions of the imagination. Rembrandt himself is said to have frequently strolled through this part of the city, and here found inspiration for several of the more humorous productions of his genius. As if the unchangeable azure sky of Rome or Naples extended over Todebree Street, every trade is here carried on out of doors; on the pavement everybody cooks, eats, drinks, lives, loves, converses, peddles, gambles, buys, sells, and speculates. Small traders are selling their wares, squatting even in the middle of the street; the sides and corners are lined with venders, hawking hot and cold dishes, dried, boiled, fried or raw fish; southern fruit, pickled cucumbers, and boiled eggs. Since those who cry the loudest are generally the most successful, the competition in crying is something frightful. "Haas, haas!" (hot, hot), screams an aged Jewess who propels a greasy wheelbarrow laden with boiled or fried fish, and her ear-piercing cry seldom fails of attracting a customer from the depths of some neighboring alley.

In seeking to avoid contact with this ambulant kitchen, you perhaps stumble into the arms of an active young Hebrew, who is selling lottery tickets. He enumerates on his fingers all the lucky numbers of the next drawing, and assures you that by purchasing them you must certainly win at least 100,000 florins, and probably the grand prize besides. If any one questions the probability of his prescience, he will call all the great and minor prophets to witness that he is right, and swear, that as an humble member of the chosen people, he will forego his chance of a triumphal entry into the restored Jerusalem if he proves to be mistaken. When the drawing has already taken place, he offers for sale a long list of all the winning numbers, thrusting it into your face and shouting fiercely: "Nakijken, nakijken!" (look into it).

While second-hand dealers, rag-pickers, old clo'men, etc., swarm in the side-alleys, the main business is done in Todebree Street, where booths, shops, and tiny stores are crowded upon each other so as to lose not an inch of the ground.

Eastern eloquence, ingenuity and impudence are employed without stint in setting forth the merits of the various wares, and when all else fails, they not infrequently gain their ends by avowing, in the name of all the patriarchs, that they will not make a cent's profit by the transaction.

When you pass further on in the motley crowd, you notice dozens of barefooted, black-haired children, playing, fighting, or running about; water-carriers jostling themselves and their loads through the multitude; old beggars piteously entreating you for a small gift, and women leaning over their balconies conversing with neighbors, apparently quite unconcerned about the disposition of their scanty draperies.

Perhaps the quaintest figures of the whole assemblage are the Polish Jews, who, with their long, worn-out, Russian coats and battered "stove-pipe" hats, often occupy the street in swarms.

Their long, untrimmed beards and curled hair gives them something of a patriarchal aspect, while their grave and sedate manners seem to adapt them for intercourse even with the better classes of society.

All branches of trade or business, and all the professions, are represented in Amsterdam among the followers of the Mosaic creed; they employ themselves in shoemaking and tailoring; in covering and repairing roofs; in shopkeeping and manufacturing; and many as artists, journalists, brokers, and bankers.

The market women of Amsterdam have, as will be seen by the engraving, a costume and custom peculiar to themselves. The yoke and trays are not unlike those formerly used by New York street venders, but the ingenious manner in which the worthy dame has balanced her stock of fresh vegetables with a real live, Dutch baby, is an example of the practical side of the sturdy Hollander, that does infinite credit alike to her maternal affection and powers of invention.

THE COMTESSE DE COQUELICOT.

BY "OUIDA"

CHAPTER I *Louisa de la Rame*

THE ACQUAINTANCE I MADE ON BOARD THE "LORD WARDEN."

AST Spring I thought I would run over to Paris; a friend of mine, attaché to the British Legation, wanted me to see his mare *Cantonière* run at Chantilly; so one morning I put myself in the express for Folkestone with a dear, dashing little widow (who was perusing "Bentley," and asked me if I did not think "that fellow Ouida had been jilted by some woman, he was so spiteful on the *beau sexe's* shortcomings"), and got on board the *Lord Warden*, with Mills and the luggage and my bulldog Pontos, who has a black patch over one eye and might pass for a

Chelsea pensioner in a state of soul transmigration. Much yachting has given me an *egis*, thank heaven! against any *souçon* of *mal de mer*, and I leaned against the side of the deck looking at the passengers, with Pontos looking out of his black patch and making an inventory of them likewise, probably with a keen eye to business, in the way of legs that might be snapped at with impunity. Pontos's mission in life was snapping at legs, and he naturally viewed people through that medium. Everybody looks through his own glass, be it a burnt or a Claude one, and will be shot if he will look through anybody's else. Why might not Pontos,

too? Canine snapping at enemies' ankles is not more dangerous than human snapping at friends' characters and reputations, is it? There were a good many people on board; there were Smith, Brown, and Jones, of course, looking miserably ill, but talking of the Hopers and "Ide Park" with sickly smiles. I never travel but I see that genus somewhere—wretched swells who make me ready to cut off my own mustaches in disgust and dress in serge and sackcloth when I see their horrible stubby caricatures and their shocking onslaught on taste and ties. There were pretty girls in hats lisping Longfellow's poem on "The Sea," and petting infinitesimal terriers with shy glances at us, to show how they would pet us if we would let them. There were a bride and bridegroom, who seemed to find romance uncommonly slow work with a rough sea and a hard-hearted steward and a small storm of smuts from the funnel, which seemed as destructive to the lady's temper as they decidedly were to her bonnet. There was an old maid, who, on embarking, expressed her opinion that "it was beautiful," referring to the sea by that laudatory epithet, which fickle element felt the compliment so little, that, instead of returning it, it tossed her in ten minutes' time into the most complete antithesis of beauty that ever the female countenance could be imagined to present; and there was an odd, mean, little old man, who appeared everlastingly occupied in looking at me. There was nothing remarkable about me that I know of—nothing odd, I trusted—certainly nothing suspicious; I was not got up so elaborately as my friends the swells, to be sure; I had on a wide-awake and a ribbon tie and a Maude of the simplest shepherd plaid possible. Nothing queer about them, was there? But I certainly was an object of most extreme solicitude to this old fellow; he watched me furtively like a cat at a mouse-hole, and finally sidled up and began speaking to me.

"Rough sea, sir, isn't it!"

Now I was too much of an Englishman not to look upon it as confounded impudence for him to address me, but I was still cosmopolitan enough to consider it only due to courtesy to reply, so I compromised the matter by giving a monosyllabic rejoinder:

"Rather!"

"Great traveler, perhaps, sir—don't mind it?" As he got no answer this time, he tried me with something else: "Fond of smoking, I see, sir? Very nice amusement, I dare say, when it don't make one sick? Wish I could do it, but I can't. That's an uncommonly handsome pipe of yours, sir?"

My pipe was handsome, and a singular one, too, insomuch as the bowl was curiously molded like a grinning faun's head, and I had had my crest put on it with my initials, and generally used it, though it was cumbersome in size.

"An uncommonly nice pipe," went on the loquacious little animal, eyeing me and the meerschaum as if we were something unparalleled and monstrous. "Going as far as Paris, may I ask?"

"No, sir, you may not ask, for it is no concern of yours," said I, knocking the ashes off the pipe and looking at him.

I suppose my eyes expressed my thoughts, which were simply, "What the deuce do you mean by your impertinence?" for the old fellow gave a little chuckle, moved away, and I heard him mutter to himself, as if I were a runaway apprentice and he was making out the items of my personnel, "Six feet as near as may be, brown mustaches, aquiline features, shepherd-plaid scarf, wide-awake, meerschaum with a faun's head and the letters L. V. H. on the bowl. Worth taking down and keeping an eye upon, anyhow. I'll ask madame what she thinks. Mighty stiltified! We'll see if we can't take the rise out of him." And the little man shuffled away, taking his mem.-book out. What for? Not to enter mine and my meerschaum's appearance,

surely? I was not outlawed for debt, or a secretary of a Bible Society flying with the guineas of Christian supporters to spend them over the water, nor a bank director cutting a rotten concern to go and set up a dashing hotel in the Champs Elysées with the tin of deluded shareholders. Take the rise out of me? I laughed at the little wretch's oddity, as Pontos gave a low growl after the departing legs he had not been permitted to snap at, and I put my pipe in my pocket and turned to take a walk up and down the deck. My curious interlocutor had disappeared into the cabin possibly, and I walked up and down unmolested, thanking my stars I was not that unlucky bridegroom who between his own sensations, his *nouvelle mariée*'s temper and the funnel's smuts, seemed to think he had better give up the ghost altogether and find a watery grave under the paddle wheels. And as I walked I saw, just coming out of the cabin, a lady, tripping across the deck as safely as if it had been a ballroom floor, and showing the most charming little brodequins in the transit, finally nestling herself among a pile of cushions, like a silky little dog in its basket (or a Nereid in the curl of a wave, my dear young sir, if you prefer poetic similes, in which case, *par parenthèse*, I would beg to refer you to Mr. Coventry Patmore, who carries poetry into the kitchen and makes verses upon burst boilers and other domesticities of a like character, with a ponderous playfulness quite marvelous—so marvelous that, like a certain dexterous *comp d'état*, we would rather not see it imitated we think)—well my lady was an exceedingly pretty little one, as pretty as her brodequins; and as she lay curled on her cushions, with a French novel and a smelling-bottle in her small, plump, *bien ganté* hands, with her shining crêpé hair and her bright, sparkling inquisitive eyes, like a marmoset's—and her pretty carnation cheeks, and I was just thinking to myself what a godsend the bewitching little creature was, and going to address her with some commonplace or other, *pour commencer*, when up she started, with a little scream and both hands extended: "Ah! there you are! Good gracious, how delighted I am! How fortunate that we should again happen to meet!"

Here was somebody who knew me decidedly, but where the deuce had I seen her? She met me with the greatest animation—I might say ecstasy, if it didn't sound vain—she recognized me clearly, and, what was more, seemed delighted to do so, and I hadn't the faintest conception of ever having seen her face before! There I stood, holding her hands of course, and looking down at her, wondering where the deuce I had met her, raking up every place I'd ever been in, from the Closerie des Lilas to the Salt Lake, and trying to remember every woman I'd ever seen, from the peeresses at Almack's to the cantinières in the Crimea. It was not a bit of use; I didn't recollect her, and I couldn't, but I was scarcely going to tell her so, as you will readily believe, so I pressed her cream-colored gloves warmly, paid her a compliment on her looks, told her I was enchanted to see her—which was perfectly true, for I thought a little mild flirtation would while away the time very pleasantly in the train to Paris, if she were going on there; and, finally, sat down by her, talking away as if we were old friends, without the faintest shadow of an idea who the devil she was. She might be a serene highness of Something-Schwerin; she might be a *danseuse* out of the Haymarket; she might be a foreign princess with countless titles; she might be a little adventuress with only paste rings; I didn't know, and, what's much more, I didn't care; she knew me, and was extremely pleasant with me, and was a gay, *légère*, agreeable, very pretty little woman—a dangerous one very likely on further acquaintance—but I had eaten too much wheat in my day to fear being caught with chaff, and I sat on the bench beside her, the envied of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, I doubt not, and talked away to this charming friend of mine, whom



HINDOO PENITENT.—SEE PAGE 171.

I'd never come across before to the best of my own knowledge, though she was evidently as intimate as could be with me—so intimate that I began to think my memory must be failing me, or that the Bass I'd taken at Folkestone must have had a dash of Lethe in it, that I couldn't anyway remember those bright, brown, marmoset eyes and that piquant *nez retroussé*, whose owner retained so flattering a recollection of me.

"Last August," thought I, "where the deuce was I? In Perthshire, I'd swear, knocking over the grouse with Fairlie. I haven't been at Ems for five years and more." But *place aux dames!*—if they don't stick to the truth we mustn't always be telling them so, for we should eternally be guilty of the rudeness of contradiction; so I asked her a counter-query, if she thought it possible for any living man to forget any days he'd had the happiness of spending with her?

"Fie, fie, flatterer!" she cried, giving me a blow with her ivory-handled parasol, and laughing a gay, musical laugh. "Do you suppose I believe that? Not a word of it. I remember you too well of old! Poor D'Aguilar, do you remember him that night at your *petit souper*—he had lost at the roulette—and what fun we made of him? Have you ever seen him since?"

"D'Aguilar? No, I don't think I have," said I. Now, to the best of my belief, I'd never known a man of the name, but he might have made an impression on her and none on me, so I let that pass, and thought what a very pretty figure she was as she lay back on the cushions, taking the perfume from her flacon, which had Jockey Club at one end of it, and I've a shrewd suspicion sal volatile at the other, as certain clever essayists we know of have refreshing rationalism for those who can appreciate it at one end of their pen, but a little drop of orthodoxy still at the other to assuage their bishop's qualms and preserve their social preferences. (Query: Is that their fault after all? If Truth paid a little better and Profession a little worse, shouldn't we have more of the one and less of the other? *Il faut vivre*, and so—men hold their tongues.)

"And are you going on to Paris, my dear fellow?" asked my new acquaintance, or rather my old friend. "Ah, you are then? I am very glad of that, you can see me through that horrid custom-house, and we can go on to Paris together. And what have you been doing with yourself? losing your money after those stupid horses, and risking your neck after foxes, and making love to all the pretty women you've met, and forgetting me, your best and most valued friend?"

Now positively she'd hit so exactly on my occupations, that, with the greatest effrontery in the world, I couldn't have told her she was wrong, and as for forgetting her, I certainly had done that with a completeness only equal to that with which your oldest chum, who has gone to the bad, invariably forgets that "little bill," or that "mere trifle" he borrowed of you on the strength of the old Eton and Cambridge days. So I made her another pretty indefinite speech, that sounded a good deal, out, sifted, meant nothing, as several speeches do, forensic, ministerial, post-prandial, and others.

And then while the *Lord Warden* puffed across the Channel, and Pontos snapped at each stewardess as she passed him, and the newly-married pair looked at each other as if in mute but stern demand why a Margate moon wouldn't have done as well as a Boulogne one for their honeymoon, my friend and I flirted pleasantly in that silvery Gallic tongue, best of all for coquetry or repartee, till the steamer ploughed her way into the Anglo-French port.

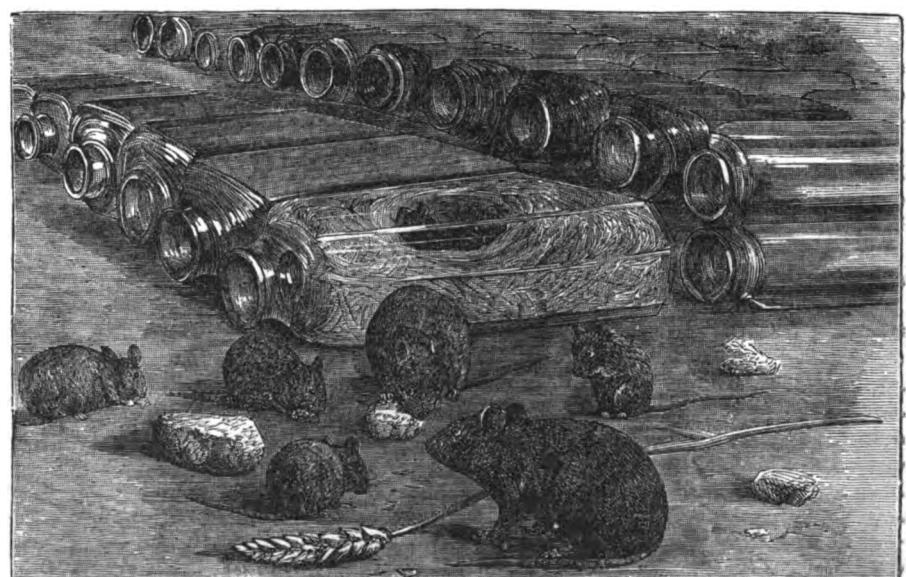
"Take care of my luggage a moment," said she; "I have left my handkerchief in the cabin. No! I would rather go for it myself."

And down she went, while I, with her maid, guarded the boxes, at which I hastily darted a glance and read, "Madame la Comtesse de Coquelicot."

"Coquelicot! Coquelicot!" I'd never heard the name in my life; but, however, I would not tell her so. I was in for the acquaintance, and I knew very well how to take care of myself and my purse; besides, Madame de Coquelicot was very pretty, and extremely agreeable to me. As I was looking at them I thought I heard somebody say sharply:

"You do not see very far ahead! Let me alone, I will show him the elephant. Take care that he does not bolt—that is all you have to do!"

I thought it sounded like my countess's voice, but it couldn't be, for she just then stood by my elbow bidding me



CURIOS MOUSE NESTS.—SEE PAGE 172



LAKATIN PIRANAS IN THE UP-RIVER AND AMAZON RIVERS.—SEE PAGE 174.

take all the trouble, and mind the custom-house officers didn't touch her boxes, or she would never speak to me again.

CHAPTER II.

HOW, NOT OWING A CENTIME, I WAS STILL PLUNGED INTO DEBT.



Course I saw her through the custom-house into the train, which was just starting for Paris, and got in myself. She was a very agreeable woman. No possible harm could come of a little civility to her on a journey; if she was an adventuress, I wasn't a boy, to let her lighten my pockets. I had known too many countesses, baronesses, and marquises. So, I sat opposite to her in the same carriage with the rector, who wrapped himself in a great-coat, and that customary hedgehog *noli me tangere* seclusion common to habitants of the Britannic Isles, and went to sleep, and a lady and her daughter—at whom—the girl beating her out and out for beauty—I saw madame cast certain contemptuous irritated glances. Did you ever see any woman look pleasantly at another if she was pretty, or speak well of her by any chance? I never did. Ladies may admit some possibility of virtue in a plain sister, but in an attractive one never. Teresa Yelverton has our sympathy and admiration, but wouldn't her own sex have loved to stone her if they could have found a flaw, for her one unpardonable sin, poor little dear! in being attractive, talented and fascinating? Arria Postus might be as pure, as noble, as self-devoted as she would, but I don't doubt that the Roman ladies, in committee, hated her for the admiration she excited, and tried their best to put some "bad construction" even on the heroic "Poete non dolet" of a nature too high and loving for them to be able to measure or understand, or do anything but vent their spite in throwing stones at it!

The train whisked on, and madame settled herself in her compartment, looking as fresh, and as crisp and as charmingly got up as if she'd just come out of her boudoir, instead of off the *Lord Warden*, and chatted away so familiarly that I felt quite sure she must have known me all my life, though to the best of my belief I'd never seen her till an hour before. She called me "My dear fellow"—and evidently was so well acquainted with me that it would have been a height of courtesy to tell her the reciprocity was all on one side, as the Irishmen have it, and that I had no more remembrance of her than I had of the pointsman or the guard.

So we talked away very pleasantly, those quick handsome brown eyes of hers scanning me so intently when I appeared not to be looking at her, and professing themselves under their curled lashes so perfectly innocent of intending any such scrutiny when I did regard her, that I began to be a little intrigued as to what possible interest I could possess for her, and to think I must be a more interesting personage than I had ever flattered myself before. It was between four and five when we hissed and snorted and puffed into the Paris station. I put my little comtesse into a carriage that was waiting for her, a very dashing carriage, with a pair of fretting bays, three parts thorough-bred, that wouldn't have made a bad figure in the Ring, and had the tenderest shake of the hand that ever such little cream-gloved fingers gave a man, as Madame de Coquelicot said, most amiably:

"Come and see me to-morrow, my friend. No! not this evening, I am too tired; but to-morrow as early as you like. The old quarters, you know."

"Where the deuce are they?" thought I, as I said aloud, "The old quarters? Let me see, what is the exact address?"

"Numéro quinze, Rue Belphegor-et-Mélusine, quartier du Diable Boiteux—don't you remember? Adieu, and au revoir!"

And madame waved me her hand, and bade her coachman drive off, and I laughed as I turned away to think how entirely I'd forgotten my fair friend, or how cleverly the little woman pretended to an intimacy with me, for some support or other, that remained hidden in the leaves of fate. "I'll see that farce to the end. I'm not a young bird to be trapped and plucked, and she's certainly pretty enough to take the trouble of calling on her," I thought to myself, as I walked to the voiture Mills had summoned. As I jumped into it I dropped my stick. Somebody picked it up, and as I thanked him, I saw it was the little man whom I had snubbed so unceremoniously on board the *Lord Warden*.

"You are quite welcome, sir; good evening," he said, shuffling off to his own cab. And when I was set down at the rooms where I generally stay when in Paris, who should stand on the pave, watching me curiously, but the old fellow again, or his ghost—a very seedy-looking ghost, too, with a disreputable air, redolent of Whitecross Street, Leicester Square, Homburg, and all refuges for those whom fortune won't smile upon, and whose characters are usually purified with the ablution known as whitewash—watching me, certainly watching me, though he did his best not to be seen. Why had I all of a sudden become so extreme an object of interest to people? Did they take me for the Comte de Chamborg come to steal surreptitiously into the Tuiléries to take the crown from that clever fellow who is his own *deus ex machina*, and seems to have stolen Atropos's scissors, and to be snipping the thread long and short, as it amuses him, for everybody in Europe? Did they fancy I'd come to fire off bombs like Orsini, or to dabble in giant frauds like Law or Mirès? Had I anything odd about me? Had I murdered anybody without knowing it?—entered into a conspiracy without remembering it?—become a célèbre without being aware of it?—joined a secret society and broken my oath without recollecting it? The people of the hotel didn't seem to find anything peculiar in me; they recognized me, indeed, but in no unpleasant manner, as their recognition resulted in as good a dinner and as choice wines as ever gladdened a man's soul, over which I forgot all about the acquaintance on board the *Lord Warden*, and after which I drove to the Jockey Club, found up my old chums, went to the Opera to see the new *damseuse* in "Satanella," supped at the Maison Dorée, and finally went back to the Hotel de Londres in the gray of the Spring morning, which was just light enough for me to see two men dodging me from the café—which it was easy to do, for my driver was an Alsatian and sleepy, and let his horse creep at his will—two men whom I heard whisper:

"It is he—it is certainly he. We must give the cue to Monsieur—"

I lost the rest; but what the deuce did they know about me? and to whom were they going to give a cue as if I'd escaped from a lunatic asylum, and was required to be recaptured? It was too dark to see, but one of them looked deucedly like my little old man of the steamer; but what possible interest on earth could I have for them? I owed no man anything, nobody could pull me up for debt—not even for a case of Havannas, or a pair of gloves, unpaid for: it was vastly odd to be dodged in this style, as if detectives were at my heels for embezzlement. But I was too tired to think much about it, so I turned in and went to sleep, by no means uncertain that I shouldn't be woken up like Changarnier in the middle of the night, and marched off by gendarmerie, possibly to find myself located in Brest, or Toulon, for some crime of which I'd forgotten being the perpetrator.

When the morning rose I remembered my engagement to Madame de Coquelicot, my pretty little friend who knew so much about me, and of whom I knew nothing, and was just going into my coffee, omelette, claret, sardines and all the rest of it, and looking over the *Times*, and the *Charivari* in my own room preparatory to calling on her, when Mills tapped at the door.

"If you please, sir, there's a man here who wants to see you."

"See me. What for?"

"He says he wants to see you about some wine, sir—three dozen Marcobrunnen as is owing for."

"Owing for? Nonsense. Never bought any Marcobrunnen by the dozen in my life. He's made a mistake; go and tell him so."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but he says you do owe it to him, sir, and he won't go without it," said Mills, returning.

"Deuce take his impudence! he's made some mistake, I tell you; he must have the wrong name."

"No, sir, he hasn't got the wrong name; leastways, not wrong as the French would pronounce it. He asked me for Monsieur Hervey, and here's the bill."

"Take the bill to the deuce," said I, "and don't come bothering me. I don't owe a centime in Paris; tell him so, and that if he doesn't go about his business, we shall call in the police."

Mills departed on his mission, and I lighted my meerschaum to have a quiet smoke, but peace was not for me. There came another tap at the door, and Mills ventured in again, every lineament of his countenance replete with injured dignity and noble indignation.

"What's the row, Mills? Won't the fellow go?"

"Yes, sir, he's gone; but, sir, he had the positive impudence to say he'd have the law upon you. He did, indeed, sir, for a paity three dozen of hock!"

It was the horrible insignificance of the debt that overwhelmed Mills. If it had been a few thousands, now, he wouldn't have felt lowered by it; he was accustomed to live with gentlemen who, if they got into difficulties, got into them in princely style, and who, if they went to the dogs, drove on that unpleasant road *au grand galop*, with postillions, and outriders, and all the rest of it, *comme il faut*.

"For a debt I don't owe! that's a good idea. He'll have to prove my identity first, and his own claim afterward. What you mean by listening to such fellows I can't imagine, Mills. You should send them to the right-about without coming to trouble me."

"But, sir, if you please, sir, there's another one now—from M. Follet's, of the Rue Vivienne—about some coats and vests, sir, that he says you had from him last year."

"God bless me! are all the Parisians gone mad? I owe no debts here—not a sou. It's a pleasant thing, certainly, if tradesmen can saddle foreigners with bills in this style! What the deuce do they mean by it?"

"Then you won't look at the bill, if you please, sir?"

"Certainly not. It is nothing to me. Go and turn the fellows out this moment, or let them find their right debtor. This is a pretty state of things! to be besieged by creditors the minute one sets foot—"

But my peroration was cut short. Through the door, which Mills had left open a little, burst a wiry, excitable, volatile, and indelibly wronged little man, who pounced upon me with wild alacrity.

"Ah, monsieur, you are caught at last. Pay us this—five hundred and eighty francs. We have waited a whole year for it. Here is the bill; a coat, a Talma, a—"

"Go away with you," said I, repressing a strong impulse to laugh—an impulse which, I believe, lowered me irremediably in Mills's eyes. "Be off! I do not owe you a farthing. I never entered your store. How dare you—"

"What!" shrieked the little emissary of M. Follet. "You do not owe us anything! Oh, you dishonorable Englishman! You owe us nothing? Look at this bill!"

"Devil take both you and your bill! Leave my room instantly," began I, taking my pipe out of my mouth, fairly exasperated. "Mills, why don't you turn that fellow out? He is subject to the law already for assaulting me in this manner."

But the little fellow didn't wait to be turned out; the bully and the coward generally unite in one person, they say, and I suppose the vision of single combat with two *monstres d'Anglais* was too much for him.

"You have refused to pay me, and have also threatened. It is well, sir! We shall see!"

And he clattered down stairs, signed thither in a lordly and imperious manner by Mills, as fast as his little feet could carry him; and as he went we heard the diminuendo cataract of "Wretched liar! bare-faced scoundrel!" etc., etc., in his shrill, vociferous, little voice, and I told Mills to get my hat and gloves, thinking decidedly that Paris folk had gone mad, and that I had become the special subject of their insane fury. I'd fallen into a nest of people who evidently knew more about me than I knew myself, and I wondered if I should find any Q. E. D. to the problem at Madame de Coquelicot's, as I got into a hansom, and bade the driver take me to No. 15 Rue Belphegor-et-Melusine, quartier du Diable Boiteux, of which fashionable faubourg, if you are ignorant, I beg leave to hint that you know nothing about Paris.

CHAPTER III.

HOW I FELL AMONG THIEVES.

It was a very handsome house, but one which, though madame had alluded to it as old quarters very familiar to me, I had never been in, to my knowledge. I inquired for madame. The porter answered, "Yes, sir, she is at home. Walk in, if you please;" I did so accordingly, and was received by an exceedingly resplendent valet, who appeared to know perfectly who I was without my telling him. The deuce, I thought it was uncommonly odd everybody knew me here, and I could recollect nobody! But I had no time to reflect upon it, for the valet flung the door open, and I was ushered into the presence of my Comtesse de Coquelicot.

If she had looked charming on the deck of the *Lord Warren*, she looked ten thousand times more so now, sitting in an armchair, clad in the daintiest *négligé* possible to devise, with a cobweb lace about her throat and wrists, and gold-broidered slippers on her feet, as pretty a tableau as a man could want, reading her yellow-papered novel, and stirring the cream into some chocolate that stood on a little silver service by her side; a very pretty tableau, indeed—toe pretty, surely, for me to have so utterly forgotten it if I had ever seen it before! She rose to meet me with her hands outstretched, and so sweet a smile, that I could scarcely fail to greet her with equal warmth.

"Well, my dear," said the comtesse, seating herself, giving me a delicate blow with her novel, and signing me to a chair by her, "so, you have kept your appointment, and come to see me?"

"Do you suppose any man could fail to come and see you if you'd let him?" said I, thinking to myself what a deucedly pretty woman she was without her bonnet.

"Ah, you have been long enough without coming to see me," laughed madame. "It was very shabby in you, dear, to run off from Ems as you did!"

"Run off from Ems! Decidedly the little woman's mad," thought I.

"We were very happy at Ems, dear!" sighed madame.

with a pretty pathetic air. "Isn't it a pity that happy days like those won't last forever?"

Of course I answered her suitably, to the effect that any days in her society must be the happiest days of his life to any man, and our *tête-à-tête* was going on à ravis. I was completely bewildered by her constant references to a past with which I ought to have been as well acquainted as she, but of which I could not, for the life of me, remember a word; but, as I said before, she was far too pretty a woman for any man to disclaim a friendship she claimed with him, and we were going on first-rate when every nerve in my system received as violent a galvanic shock as ever any luckless *rus in urbe* received at the Polytechnic, and I started as though the most horrible douche that ever the water-cure gave to any victim surrendered to its grasp had struck me with an arm of ice, when my little comtesse, looking at me under her fringed lashes, and closing her soft warm hand on mine, whispered sweetly:

"My dear! would it be inconvenient to you to pay me those seven thousand francs you lost to me at écarté last August?"

I am a cool fellow generally, I believe; used to flatter myself that nothing could startle me; that if I possessed nerves in common with the rest of humanity, they were of that texture commonly denominated cast iron; but I can no longer say so, for when the comtesse spoke those words, a child, had there been one in the room disposed to so pugilistic an enterprise, might have knocked me down. Plon-plon's fit of eloquence could not surprise France, nor their sudden notoriety bewilder the Bishop of Durham and his son-in-law, nor the Seven Essayists' free speech amaze the legend-loving Church, more utterly than Madame de Coquelicot's speech surprised, bewildered and horrified me. I stared at her, and mechanically echoed:

"Seven thousand francs—I—lost—to you!"

She shook her head at me, and gave me another rebuking blow with Le Brun's yellow volume.

"Ah, you naughty fellow! Do you pretend to forget it? Fie! for shame! You recollect well enough!"

"On my honor, madame—"

She shook her head again, and laughed gayly.

"Ah, good heavens! your honor, my dear, is not a very

wonderful witness. If you've no better gauge than your honor, my boy—"

This was going a little bit too far; we do let women say more than men, but there are limits to one's allowance, even to the female tongue. I shook off her hand, and got out of the chair.

"Madame, you do not know what you are saying, nor can you, I think, know whom you are addressing. There must be some very extraordinary mistake here. On my word, as a gentleman, I never—"

But she interrupted me with peals of laughter.

"That will do, dearest! You do not know what you are saying, or you would scarcely try to talk that nonsense to me. You will say you never played écarté at all with me, I suppose, next?"

"To the best of my knowledge, I decidedly never did, madame. I repeat, again, that you are speaking under some very extraordinary delusion."

"Do be quiet; you make me laugh too much!" cried the comtesse, beginning to look rather angry, though with a nasty glitter in her eyes, beating an impatient tattoo with her spoon on the Sévres saucer.

You may generally know your suppressed vixen by that sort of angry rataplan; she beats an inanimate object when she would love, if she could, to be beating you.

"I like you very much, my

friend, but I did not like your running off from Ems in my debt, and I don't like your pretence of ignorance now. I shall be very glad if you will pay me those seven thousand francs without delay, for I am extravagant, as you well know, and they will fill up a little gap nicely."

"But, by heaven, I owe you none! I never played écarté with you in my life! I was never at Ems last August—"

"Hush, hush, hush!" cried madame, her tattoo getting fiercer and her laugh louder. "What will you say next? Never played écarté! never at Ems! Good heavens! what next?"

"Anything you like, madame; and, first of all, that I am not a boy to be tricked in this way, and be frightened into paying a debt I never contracted. I suppose I have been fool enough to come amongst a gang of swindlers, but I am



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

not so great a one as to stay amongst them. Another time, madame, try the trick on some younger bird, though it is an adroit one, I admit, and allow me to have the honor of wishing you a very good-morning!" said I, backing to the door,

at all, was, as I richly deserved to be, a prisoner in the Comtesse de Coquelicot's drawing-room.

She nodded her head with devilish delight, laughing again, though her dark eyes scintillated angrily.



MADAME ROLAND.—SEE PAGE 174.

too disgusted with my own tomfoolery in coming there at all to remember courtesy or anything else.

Tomfoolery, indeed! As I put my hand on the lock of the door, I found it was fastened on the other side, and that I, who ought to have known better than to have come there

"The windows are twenty feet from the ground, my dear. Ah, now we have caught you again, do you think we should be so silly as to let you go so easily! Have you quite forgotten all those little bills and bonds at Ems, dear?"

"Bills and bonds!" I repeated, contemptuously. "On my

life, this is carrying the farce too far! You mistake. I am not your victim, madame," said I, only keeping myself cool by recollecting my combatant was a woman. "I shall be obliged by your putting an end to this, and ordering your servants to unlock this door. I presume that you are aware that by detaining me thus, the law——"

"The law! Ah, you wish for the law. It is well!" cried madame, clapping her plump and jeweled hands.

I suppose it was a preconcerted signal, for a door I had not noticed at the other end of the salon opened softly, and a man, curled and ringed, a Jew all over, came noiselessly in, with another insignificant fellow, neither of whom had I ever seen before, and, coming up to me, and laying his hand on my shoulder, the latter whispered the lively and agreeable information :

"Monsieur, in the name of the law, I arrest you."

"Arrest me! The deuce! What for?"

"For the several sums of seven thousand francs, twenty thousand francs, and fifteen thousand francs, borrowed in the months of June, July, and August, from Alcide Mathieu," began the fellow, with such abominable legal precision and audacity that, *à la David*, the fire kindled; and I spake more furiously than perchance was prudent.

Shaking off his grasp with a jerk that span him off into the middle of the room, "What the deuce do you mean by this tomfoolery? I owe nobody a sou, and you know that as well as I do. You are a league of rascally sharpers; but if you fancy to trap or frighten me into admitting your charges, and letting you pick my pockets, you are exceedingly mistaken. You are a gang of swindlers, and as such I will cite you before the——"

"What effrontery!" shrieked Madame de Coquelicot. "Good heavens! who could think any living mortal could have such audacious impudence, when he knows——"

"Knows!" chuckled the individual of jewels and curls, who I conjectured was the aforesaid Alcide Mathieu. "Something he will know when——"

"Gently, gently, madame," said the miniature Vidocq, who, having got me into the claws of the law, was scarcely going to let me off so easily; "take care, or you will commit yourself for libel as well. Diantre!" said he, turning to me, "it is of no use resisting. Come, monsieur, do not oblige me to make a scene. Come with me quietly, like a gentleman. You have given us a great deal of trouble. If you would have settled these little matters privately with Monsieur Mathieu six months ago——"

The cool impudence of the fellow positively stunned me. I, who had never seen any one of them in my life, to be told I had given them a great deal of trouble, that I should have settled these little matters—little matters, forsooth!—six months ago! I, who flattered myself that I was a cool hand, and knew life, if anybody knew it, to have let myself be trapped into this by that little demon, De Coquelicot! The devil within me was roused, and nothing short of knocking them all down would have cooled me in the least. As the fellow came up to lay his hand on me again, I set my back to the door, and prepared to receive them scientifically.

"If you attempt to lay a hand on me again I shall knock you down. You are a gang of swindlers, and if you refuse to unlock the door, I will throw open the window, call in the police, and give you into custody——"

"Ah, ha! that is your game!" said the man, with a smile, moving himself to the window, and giving a low whistle, while M. Mathieu, with a laugh, laid his grasp on my arms to pinion them behind me, and the comtesse lay back in her armchair, laughing shrilly in concert. But that was rather too much of a good thing. There are limits to human endurance, and, before he could touch me, I knocked him over with a tap on his face.

"Ah ha! for debt, for assault, for libel," murmured the

other man, with a purr of enjoyment at the prospect of three such charges combined against one individual, as the door behind me opened with a jerk that made me stagger forward, and I fell helpless into the stern grasp of two gendarmes, who, I presume, at their commandant's whistle, had come upstairs to cope with so bellicose and restive a prisoner.

"Will you go quietly now, monsieur?" asked he, while my *soi-disant* creditor rose slowly from the floor, wiping the blood from his face and head.

Resistance was now useless. I didn't want to blacken my name by being shown up in an assault like some tipsy youngster. It was no earthly good talking sense to these rascals; they'd the best of it at present, and the only way to get the game into my own hands was to state the case to some sensible judge, who would give me a hearing, and listen to the circumstances. Of course, in no court could they make out their case, and it was a perfect bewilderment to me what sort of game they could mean to be playing, or why they should have pounced upon me as the victim of it—an Englishman only just landed in France, of whom they could not possibly know anything.

So I went quietly, and the whole of the Rue Belphégor-et-Mélusine, from the sixième to the rez-de-chaussée of each domicile, appeared to me to have turned out to witness my convoy by gendarmes. There were ladies opening the jalousies to peep at me, children running out on the balconies to laugh at me, grim porters coming to the grilles to stare at me, gamins loitering in the gutters to make fun of me, while I swore *sotto voce* like a trooper at my own confounded folly in letting myself be trapped by that odious little Coquelicot, when there were fifty handsomer women in Paris, too! into such a ridiculous and apparently inextricable a scrape.

However, I went quietly, not exactly enjoying my new position, but making the best of it with Tapleyan philosophy, consoling myself with the reflection that I should scarcely be put out of the world, like Mrs. Dombey, without making an effort, and that I, an Englishman, with friends by the dozen among the French nobility and at the British Legation, would scarcely let myself be treated in this style without kicking up a dust about it, even if that dust were the whirlwind that should blow up the Anglo-French alliance.

It was three o'clock before I was taken into court, where, or by what rules, on my life, I hardly know now, it was so bewildering an affair that I took little note of particulars. The interval was passed by me as you, my sympathetic reader, can easily imagine, in much such a state of virtuous indignation as the Z. G. lion exhibits when his keeper makes him wait too long for his dinner.

There were my accusers; the fat man with the jewels and curls, desperately, villainously Jewish, with a bandage on his forehead, which afforded me fiendish delight; there was pretty, gayly-dressed, highly-rouged Madame de Coquelicot, as witness, I suppose; there was my old man of the steamer; there was the wine-merchant's agent; there was the tailor and his emissary; there was everybody arrayed in grim and inexorable array; and there was I, charged there with debt, assault, and libel!

Wasn't it pleasant? and for the commencement of a first day in Paris, hadn't it a nice rose-colored aspect? How bitterly I swore at myself! Surely those oaths were as pardonable, under the circumstances, as uncle Toby's!

I'd never been in a French court in my life. I didn't know who was who, nor how the proceedings were likely to commence. Somebody—I think the judge—eyed me fiercely. I dare say he thought me a hardened sinner; perhaps he'd been a refugee in his time, and had been up at Bow, or Westminster, and enjoyed the opportunity of retaliating a little on a son of Albion. He began in a stern voice: "You, Léonce Victor Hervé—"

I put up my eyeglass and stared at him—an act which he seemed to consider an impertinence. I wonder why. I've put up that self-same eyeglass at some of the best women in the peerage, at her Majesty herself, lounging on the rails or driving down the Ring, and none of them took it as an offense.

"Hallo, sir!" said I, "wait a minute. That isn't my name."

"Do not address the Court in that impertinent manner, sir. What do you intend to imply by so singular a remark as that it is 'not your name'?"

"I mean what I say, and there's nothing singular about it," said I, heedless of the indignation with which everybody was regarding me for venturing to interrupt the Court. "It's not my name. I'm an Englishman, and am called Leonard Villiers Hervey, as you can see in my passport; and as my friends—the British ambassador himself if you very much prefer him—will swear to you at any moment. I have been brought here on false pretences, charged with false debts, under, as I see now, a false name. It is either a conspiracy or a case of mistaken identity. In either circumstance I shall expect to be indemnified for the trouble, annoyance, and insult to which I have been subject this morning, or I shall decidedly complain to the British Legation of the abominable manner in which a British subject is liable to be treated by a gang of French swindlers the moment he sets foot in Paris."

I hurled my words at him in the fiercest passion I ever was in in my life. I certainly astonished an audience then, if anybody ever did. The judge stared, the gendarmes stared, Madame de Coquelicot, the man of curls and rings, the wine-merchant, the tailor, everybody stared at me in my passionate peroration, and I caught the comtesse's gasping whisper :

"Who could have believed that any one could have borne such a resemblance to Léonce, or that an Englishman could speak such good French? Good heavens! I see now that his eyes are gray instead of blue!"

It was a case of mistaken identity, luckily not so fatal to life or reputation as such a case has been more than once to some poor devil pulled up for a chance resemblance to another spirit worse off than himself.

Two of my best friends—one French, one English—to whom I had sent, entered just at that minute, and corroborated my statement, which, after some delay and trouble, with the sight of my passport, sufficed to clear me from the charge of M. Léonce Victor Hervé's debts; though I am bound to say that the vigilant gentleman before whom I had been brought was desperately reluctant to let me go, and as intensely anxious to make me in the wrong, if he any way could, as any lady to take away the character of her pet friend, or democrat to saddle a nobleman with all the sins of the Decalogue, and wouldn't let me off till he'd gone into it all from beginning to end, about fifty-six several times, in an examination which, frightfully as it bored me, afforded me much unchristian delight, by the evident torture it was to my persecutors, whose characters were probably not such as to render legal investigation highly acceptable.

It seemed that M. Mathieu was a money-lender, brother to Madame Coquelicot, a widow, but not of a count: that in the August before, at Ems, a luckless fellow had borrowed of the one and been bewitched by the other, and, I presume, been so driven to desperation between them that he cut the concern and fled unseen from Ems, owing the little widow his play debts and her brother several sums, which M. Mathieu had lent him, knowing him to be a man of some fortune, and for which Mr. Mathieu held M. Hervé's L. O. U.'s and bonds. They were sharps, doubtless, but probably he must have been rather a disreputable fellow too, and their anxiety had naturally been to catch him again and sue him.

The little fellow on board the steamer was a man sometimes employed by them to hunt down their lost prey, and who, when he saw me on board the *Lord Warden*, with a meerschaum and a Maude like those M. Hervé was in the habit of sporting, duly notified the fact to madame below in the cabin, who, coming on board, recognized me at once, as she thought, and set her little wits to work to enthrall me in her fascinations till M. Mathieu should have legal traps ready, setting the old man to watch me wherever I went, who, in turn, apprised a wine-merchant and tailor of my arrival, whom he knew to be creditors of poor Hervé, receiving, of course, a percentage for his information.

So ran the story, simply enough, intensely as it had bewildered me, as it still bewildered Madame Coquelicot, who could do nothing during the examination but sniff at her flacon, and murmur, in humiliation :

"Good heavens! What a fool I have been! Why did I not notice that his eyes were gray? But the resemblance is extraordinary, nevertheless!"

They sued me for assault, and I had to pay M. Mathieu something heavy for the pleasure of knocking him down; but I sued them for false imprisonment, so I had a *quid pro quo*, and we were quits. My fellow-sufferer, with a Maude, a meerschaum and a face like mine, I have never seen to my knowledge. I have given you *noms de plume*, of course; but I look eagerly out in the streets, at the clubs, at the opera, in the parks, anywhere and everywhere, for anybody that may bear a resemblance to me, for I have a keen sympathy with M. L. V. Hervé; I can exactly fancy how that little demon of a Coquelicot bewitched and robbed him, poor fellow! as she'd have bewitched and robbed me if she'd had the chance; and if any gentleman reads this who owns a pipe with a grinning faun's head, who fell among thieves at Ems, and played too much *écarté* with a charming little woman with a *nez retroussé* and bright marmoset eyes, I shall be happy to make his acquaintance and console with him, and tell him further particulars, *viva voce*, of How I was Tracked by Trappers, in a case of mistaken identity, and the Evils that came from a Maude and a Meerschaum, innocent things enough in their way, heaven knows.

N. B.—Learn this lesson, friendly reader: When Ulysses is traveling, he'd better keep to his pipe, wrap himself in his plaid, and invariably avoid a fair Calypso.

HINDOO PENITENT.

THE very look of this devotee makes one shudder. Familiar as we are with the singular penitential austerities of the Hindoos, this seems to exceed belief. Yet it is pure truth. Purum Sotuntree, a native of Benares, in India, began, at the age of ten, a life of self-mortification, making his bed of thorns and pebbles. To these succeeded the bed of spikes, shown in our illustration, and in this he was drawn about the country for thousands of miles, everywhere revered by the people as a deity. The distance we do not exaggerate, for he continued it for five and thirty years. These were not his only chastisements of the flesh. In Winter he arranged a jar of water, so that it would drop gradually on his head. In Summer he always kept fires burning near him, to increase his suffering from heat.

All this strikes us as strange; yet, when we reflect, we find that no system or religion ever disavowed the use of austerities. The last three centuries have, indeed swept away much of it from the various forms of Christianity; but, as long as we proclaim fast days, we admit the principle, that the "flesh lusteth against the spirit," and must be chastised to bring it into subjection."

There was once a sect in Europe who made all religion consist in self-scourging, and went through the streets in bands.

scourging their bare shoulders, and getting very properly the name of Flagellants. With all the variety of new religious ideas, seething in the heads of enthusiasts in this country, however, the love of the dear body seems inherent, and we are not likely, even here, to see Flagellants or Fakirs.

CURIOUS MOUSE NESTS.

THE common mouse of our houses (*Mus musculus*), is a notable house-builder, making nests out of various materials, and placing them in various situations. There seems to be hardly any place in which a mouse will not establish itself, and scarcely any materials of which it will not make its nest. Hay, leaves, straw, bitten into suitable lengths, roots and dried herbage, are the usual materials employed by this animal when it is in the country.

When it becomes a town mouse and lives in houses, it accommodates itself to circumstances, and is never in want of a situation for a nest or material where-with to make a comfortable house. It will use up old rags, tow, bits of rejected cord, paper, and any such materials as can be found straggling about a house; and if it can find no fragments, it helps itself very unceremoniously to, and cuts to pieces, books,

newspapers, curtains, garments, or old hats and bonnets.

Many instances of remarkable mouse-nests are recorded, among which the following are worthy of mention.

As is usual, at the end of Autumn, a number of flower-pots had been set aside in a shed, in waiting for the coming Spring. Toward the middle of Winter the shed was cleared out and the flower-pots removed. While carrying them out of the shed the owner was rather surprised to find a round

hole in the mold, and therefore examined it more closely. In the hole was seen, not a plant, but the tail of a mouse, which leaped from the pot as soon as it was set down. Presently another mouse followed from the same aperture, showing that a nest lay beneath the soil. On removing the earth, a neat and comfortable nest was found, made chiefly of straw and paper, the entrance to which was the hole through which the inmates had fled.

The most curious point in connection with this nest was, that although the earth in the pot seemed to be intact except

for the round hole, which might have been made by a stick, none was found within it. The ingenious little architects had been clever enough to scoop out the whole of the earth and to carry it away, so as to form a cavity for the reception of their nest. They did not completely empty the pot, as if knowing by instinct that their habitation would be betrayed.

Accordingly, they allowed a slight covering of earth to remain upon their nest, and had laboriously carried out the whole of the mold through the little aperture which has been mentioned. The flower-pot was placed on a shelf in the shed, and the earth was quite hard, so that in the process of excavation there was little danger that it would fall upon the architects.

Another nest

was discovered in rather an ingenious position. A bird had built a nest upon a shrub in the garden, and as usual in such cases, had placed its home near the ground. A mouse of original genius saw the nest, and perceived its value. Accordingly, she built her own nest immediately below that of the bird, so that she and her young were sheltered as by a roof. So closely had she fixed her habitation, that as her young ran in and out of their home,



MADAME ROLAND IN HER YOUTH.



MADAME ROLAND.—THE SUMMONS TO THE SCAFFOLD IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.—SEE PAGE 174.

their bodies pressed against the floor of the bird's nest above them. No less than six young were discovered in this ingenious nest.

Another very remarkable nest of the common mouse is thus chronicled:

"Early in March we set a hen; and as her nest was a basket, a sack was placed under and around it, so as to keep in the heat. When the hen was set, she was in good feather, wearing an ample tail, according to her kind (the Brahma); but as the three weeks went on, her tail seemed much broken, assumed a dilapidated appearance, and finally became a mere stump. This excited notice and surprise, as there was nothing near her against which she was likely to spoil her tail.

"When the chickens were hatched, and they and their mother were taken to a fresh nest, and the old one removed, it was found that a mouse had constructed a beautiful nest under the basket. The body of the nest was made of tow, scraped from the sack, and chopped or gnawed hay from the hen's nest; while the lining was made of the feathers of her tail, which had evidently been removed, a small bit at a time, as wanted, until all the feathers were reduced to stumps, showing marks of the mouse's teeth. We should have liked to have heard the hen's remarks on the transaction, when the mouse was nibbling her tail."

In this case the mouse improved on the conduct of her relative that built in the garden; for by placing her nest in such a position, she not only secured the very best materials

for her home, but enjoyed the advantage of the regular and high temperature which proceeded from the body of the sitting-hen, and which was admirably adapted for the well-being of her young family.

The last example of a remarkable mouse-nest is that which is figured in the accompanying illustration, and which was drawn from the actual object.

A number of empty bottles had been stowed away upon a shelf, and among them was found one which was tenanted by a mouse. The little creature had considered that the bottle would afford a suitable home for her young, and had therefore conveyed into it a quantity of bedding, which she made into a nest. The bottle was filled with the nest, and the eccentric architect had taken the precaution to leave a round hole corresponding to the neck of the bottle. In this remarkable domicile the young were placed; and it is a fact worthy of notice that no attempt had been made to shut out the light. Nothing would have been easier than to have formed the cavity at the underside, so that the soft materials of the nest would exclude the light; but the mouse had simply formed a comfortable hollow for her young, and therein she had placed her offspring. It is therefore evident that the mouse has no fear of light, but that it only chooses darkness as a means of safety for its young.

The rapidity with which the mouse can make a nest is somewhat surprising. One of the English journals mentioned, some few years ago, that in a farmer's house a loaf of newly-baked bread was placed upon a shelf, according to

custom. Next day, a hole was observed in the loaf; and when it was cut open, a mouse and her nest were discovered within, the latter having been made of paper. On examination, the material of the habitation was found to have been obtained from a copy-book, which had been torn into shreds, and arranged into the form of a nest.

Within this curious home were nine young mice, pink, transparent, and newly-born. Thus, in the space of thirty-six hours at the most, the loaf must have cooled, the interior been excavated, the copy-book found and cut into suitable pieces, the nest made, and the young brought into the world. Surely it is no wonder that mice are so plentiful, or that their many enemies fail to exterminate them.

LAMANTIN FISHING.

THE Lamantin, or manatee, a huge cetaceous animal found in rivers of South America and Africa, has been so little known that the descriptions in our works of natural history are in almost all cases extremely incorrect, our naturalists knowing less than the mound builders of Ohio, who deposited beneath those earthy structures quite accurate models of the animal.

A recent French traveler describes a hunt as he witnessed it on the river Ucayali:

"The channel which we ascended was called Mabuiso, or Black Earth, and like all those which range with the Ucayali, ends in a lake. That which we reached was some seven to ten miles in circuit. Its banks scarcely rising above the water are covered with false maize which the Peruvians call "sarsara," the Brazilians "camalote," and which the lamantins, without characterizing it by special name, seek with great avidity as their choice food.

"No tree or bush masks this great sheet of water. Here and there tufts of water-plants rising to the surface gave apparent islands to break the dull monotony of its surface.

"On entering it our periagnas struck to the left shore; the paddles were drawn in, the tongues of the women silenced, and fishers put themselves on the look-out.

"In a few moments a slight noise attracted our attention on the right. The black muzzle of a lamantin rose above the water plants. The animal puffed noisily to expel the vitiated air, and inhaling repeatedly, swam towards the middle of the lake.

"As he approached it five more muzzles loomed up above the surface. But for the fear of disturbing them we would have hurrahed, so promising was the sport.

"On perceiving the first one the others circled about so as to surround it. When within a few yards they stopped to breathe, and rushed on him; he dove to avoid them, and a fight ensued. The water rose in jets; the lake was soon all disturbed; the mud rose to the surface under the lashing of their immense tails.

"Amid this muddy water, snorting muzzles, bloody flippers and broad tails passed and repassed with such strange bounds that I asked Padre Antonio in a whisper what the strange manoeuvring meant.

"It was a deadly fight of male lamantins. It lasted some minutes, and then calm ensued; two at once emerged and swam off.

"I now saw the plan of the Indians. When they discover a female in one of these lakes, they watch the entrance till a number of males get in, and then by barring all exit make sure of their prey.

"The Indians then put out, and with their rude harpoon, a spike six inches long and sharpened on a stone, soon mastered the lamantins.

"All the fishermen need to do is to plant it on any part of the animal to stun it. The shapeless mighty mass, which

one would suppose capable of resisting any shock, yields to the slightest wound.

"Of the three we took, one was struck in the neck, another in the body, the third in the back. A finishing stroke was given, and the bodies tied by the flippers were towed to the Ucayali and drawn ashore. Here they were turned over and cut up. The rosy, firm, inviting flesh is covered by about three inches of fat.

"All the works on Natural History that we have consulted seem to fall into the same errors. A work by a most eminent Zoologist in the University of France describes the flippers as having vestiges of nails, and as used to hold their young and enable the animal to creep. It also describes it as inhabiting the warmest parts of the Atlantic, and reaching a size of fifteen feet.

"The flipper is a real arm in structure, terminated by three fingers: but these fingers are covered with two inches of skin, fat and flesh. They are consequently used only for swimming, or at most for bending stalks, so as to bring them within range of the mouth.

"As to the delicacy of the flesh, there is no doubt.

"They are seldom found more than six or seven feet long, and have entirely deserted the mouths of the rivers, being found only in the interior lakes, and even here they will probably soon disappear, so vigorous is the war carried on upon them."

MADAME ROLAND.



N November, 1866, a young man, employed by the booksellers as a collector of autographs, presented himself at a shop on the Quai Voltaire, Paris, with a bundle of old manuscripts. They were declined at first, but after being examined were purchased for fifty francs, having been found to be the original letters from Madame Roland to Buzot.

The knowledge gained from these new sources of the most remarkable woman of modern times—remarkable not less for her virile intellect than her womanly heart, her free thinking than her purity of action, her peerless beauty than her tragic fate—has corrected much of history and given new zest to the alleged *liaisons* of the republic. That the warmth and outspokenness of the autobiography will prevent its translation into English notwithstanding its rich material, and that the "Buzot letters," which make out of literal fact a love tragedy wilder than romance, and present psychical phenomena such as the upheaving of society alone could reveal, will never be literally translated, seem reason enough for a magazine sketch of her life.

Besides her singular destiny and her great political power, Madame Roland, like Mary Stuart, attracts not only by union of heart-weakness and mind-brilliancy, but by a mystery that involves her life. She herself speaks of "passions, which, with the strength of an athlete, she hardly controlled," and her enemies charged her with "coqueting with the bailiffs of the guillotine and flirting with the victims of the triumvirate. And yet—her life was surrendered for France, purer patriotism never was, and in a loose age she was mistress of herself and loyal to the obligations of wife and mother.

Marie Jean Philion, born in Paris, March 18th, 1854, was the only child of a wood-carver. In writing from prison, thirty-nine years afterward, she describes her childhood as spent in the midst of fine arts, nourished by books, conscious of no superiority but merit and no greatness but virtue. Manon—her pet name—learned to read so early and

easily that she could never recall the process. At the age of seven she was accustomed to rise at 5 A.M., creep in her night-gown, without shoes or stockings, to her table in the corner of her mother's bedroom, and there to commit her lessons, read her story-books, and write poetry, till called to her task in her father's workshop.

No restraint was imposed upon her reading; she devoured every book she could obtain; and it furnishes her a theme for remarks which that age permitted, that at ten she had added to her knowledge of ancient and modern history the *Confessions* of Rousseau and the *Candide* of Voltaire. Her lively intelligence appropriated everything presented to her senses—green fields, crowded streets, gay shop-windows, decayed manors and royal palaces, public gardens, and Gothic cathedrals; the Seine with its forest of masts, and the Champ de Mars flooded with soldiery.

The love of flowers was a passion so intense that a rose-bud kindled her imagination till she "reveled in the delightful consciousness of existence." In her religious education she learned the creed, catechism, and paternoster; was prepared by the priest for confirmation and duly received the rite; and at eight years of age, amidst the gorgeous ceremonial of Notre Dame, partook of her first communion, "bathed in tears and ravished with celestial love."

At ten she went to the convent, from which she returned five years afterward, in the fullness of health expanding into womanhood, beautiful both in reality and promise, and rich in the exuberance of girlish sensibility. She describes the apartment to which she came back as offering from its windows to her "romantic and wandering fancy a boundless field. The vast deserts of blue heavens were as familiar as books, while my heart, suffused with unutterable motion, rejoicing in life and thankful for existence, offered God pure and worthy homage."

During the next twelve years we have the often-told history of maidenhood. At the convent she had formed friendships with Sophie and Henriette Cannet, sisters, six and ten years her seniors, with whom she corresponded till her marriage. Then, at M. Roland's request, no reason being assigned, she ceased to answer their letters; but she said afterward, "It was a wrong view; marriage is grave enough, and if you take from a wife the sweetness of a female friendship, you run risks not anticipated."

The picture of these years, as painted in the correspondence, is full of interest. Not personal topics only, but court intrigues, as they were whispered by the people; the alleged weakness or coldness of the king, the favorites of the queen, the escapades of the ladies of honor, the destitution among the peasantry—all, with hundreds more, beget matter for comment. The strange charm of these letters, with their unequalled brilliancy, where topics stale and trite are vivified, and the common joys and sorrows of a bourgeoisie girl become romance, is due to the intense womanhood of the woman. Her heart impels everything. Her opinions echo both the encyclopedists and the convent. A husband, "that unknown conqueror of the future," is at one moment the mind's idol, whilst the next she is indignant "that women should shamelessly sell their liberty by marriage vows." "I could make," she writes to Sophie, "a model of the man I could love, but it would be shattered the moment he became my master." She continues, "I see in marriage great losses to every woman—losses that are compensated only by the gain of giving to the world useful men. In love our opponents are more brisk, impetuous, vigorous than we, less tender and faithful, but possessing the ardor, activity, and pliancy which strong desires give, without the impressibility which refines and perpetuates regard, solicitude and deference. Their attentions are interested in behalf of an immediate end, and their love the effect of a momentary frame of mind, whilst with us love is a requirement of the heart."

Among the numerous suitors for her hand, one only, M. Lablancherie, an aspirant for literary fame, touched her heart. He brought her his works, and she was delighted in reading them. "I dare not judge this young man," she writes, "for he is too much like myself; but I can say of his writings, as I said to M. Wenzel of his paintings, that, if I had not loved excellence before, they would have made me crave it. But I repent already. A droll little body, my feelings varying every hour, I say over my books, 'Adieu, love, I am free,' but comes a knock at the door, my heart goes pit a pat, and my imagination conquers me." She shortly gave her lover his dismissal, because, with senses most susceptible, she "doubts if any one as fitted for happiness ever tasted it less. I only consider pleasure to be bliss in the union of thought and action without the cost of regret."

It has been said already that after her marriage her correspondence with the Cannets ceased. From 1789 to 1792 they did not exchange a word. Politics, as well as the command of her husband, separated them. But—to the honor of woman's fidelity to friendship let the story be told—when, years afterward, the news of Madame Roland's arrest reached the old château, Henriette hastened to Paris, with perseverance that would not accept denial gained access to her cell, and urged her with earnest implorings to escape in the disguise she had brought.

"I was a widow," Henriette said, "without children, whilst my friend had a husband and a daughter. What more natural than that I should expose my life to save hers? I proposed a change of garments, and that she should escape while I remained. My prayers and tears availed nothing. 'They will kill you,' she continually repeated. 'Your blood will come back against me. Better suffer a thousand deaths myself than to reproach myself with yours.'"

But to return to our narrative. On the 5th of February, 1790, Marie Phlipon became the wife of Roland. He was forty-six years old, she twenty-six. She had known him several years as a literary friend, had learned to esteem him as a man of probity old enough to be her father, and had been flattered by his interest in her studies. But she did not love him, he fell short of her idea of a husband, and in marrying him she "charged herself with both his happiness and her own."

Still she was alone, her mother dead, her father estranged, her means were cramped, her future was unremunerative toil, and she gave herself to the sacrifice. "I have known all grief," she writes on her wedding-day, "and am able to defy all evil. Life is only a *chaîne de bizarreries*—I can endure it without impatience and end it without fear. Men are either fools who abuse or knaves who deceive themselves, more deserving pity than hatred; the passions are cheats; science is only vanity; virtue alone is substantial, and, when accompanied by friendship, may make life endurable. In wedding M. Roland I reduce my expectations to a measure where there can be no disappointment." What an epithalamium to be composed by the bride!

She said of him afterward, in that delicate irony of which she was queen, "He was a man fond of ancient history, and more like the ancients than moderns; about seven-and-forty, tall, stooping, and awkward, but simple and sincere; thin in flesh, yellow, partially bald, and with manners respectable rather than pleasing. He had, however, a sweet smile and an expressive face; his conversation was full of facts, but, owing to an unmodulated voice, more pleasant to recall than to hear."

During the first nine years that followed their marriage, Roland occupied several public positions, and made two considerable journeys, his wife accompanying him, to England and to Switzerland. One child only, a daughter, was born



SONGS OF THE WINDS.—SEE PAGE 180.

reviewing his articles for encyclopedias and newspapers. "Working with him became as natural as eating with him." During a long illness she never left his bedside, for months depriving herself of air and exercise until he was out of danger. Through the whole of their united life she prepared the dyspeptic's food with her own hands. In his sickness she never permitted his serial contributions for the Academy to be delayed, and of the notice which those composed by herself received she naively remarks, that her "husband enjoyed the perusal, persuading himself that he was in an unusually good vein when they were written."

During these years she corresponded by letter with Bosc, Issarts, and Lanthenas. Friendship was as necessary to her as air. Communication of thought was the safety-valve of her life. Deprived of intimacy with her own sex, she found it in the other. Bosc was six years her junior; Issarts four her senior. It is to her letters to these two eminent men—those to Lanthenas being lost—letters wonderful in life, tone, and power, filled with anecdote and repartee, free from secrecy and cant, now in tenderness of womanly feeling touching the very core of sympathy, and anon arousing the mind to patriotic devotion, everywhere herself, sometimes playful in coquetry, severe in satire, and almost girlish in fickleness, and again the dignified and noble woman who knew no measure to the law of right her inspired genius laid down for her devotees: it is to these letters we are to look for the secret of that power which for two years made her, in after days, the real power of France. In contact with such men her mind grew. To cope with difficulties, be equal with emergencies, infuse life into dead theories, and to rule minds then startling the world by audacity of doubt, was a woman's triumph. Free as these letters are, they never exceed her self-imposed rule of morals. And it is no small proof of her sincerity and truthfulness of character, that she kept her friends to the last. It was Bosc who, at the risk of his life, left his retreat in the forest of Montmorency, and, clothed as a woodcutter, gained admission to her cell, received and preserved her journal, which he concealed for months in the cleft of a rock, and followed the cart which took her to the scaffold, thus complying with her request that he would see her die.

Roland arrived in Paris in February, 1791. Madame Roland accompanied him. Here she shortly made the acquaintance of Brissot, Pétion, Buzot, and other leading Republicans, and her lodgings became the rendezvous of the foremost men of the Convention. Describing the reunions in her rooms, she

to them, which, but for his cold temperament and exacting disposition, might have become a bond of union between husband and wife. With more than common devotion, nevertheless, the devotion of duty, Madame Roland partook of the occupations of her husband, editing his notes, rewriting his journals, and

writes: "I knew the place that became my sex and did not quit it. In the debates I took no part. Seated near the work-table, outside the circle, I sewed or wrote while they deliberated, losing not a word, but never speaking or seeming to listen."

Madame Roland was now thirty-six years old; her husband fifty-seven. The prime of that beauty, which compelled homage from friend and foe alike, was just reached. The Heinius portrait at Versailles represents her in morning dress, her abundant black hair, confined by a ribbon in front, falling from the back head in ringlets, her dark eyes large and liquid, her nose wide-nostrilled, and the red full lips and rounded chin charming. It is a face alive with expression; and when there are added the small tapering hands, the rounded arms, and the bust swelling in dazzling whiteness as it comes in sight under the folds of the shawl, it requires little effort to imagine the queen of the Mansion of the Interior, surrounded by the wits of the Revolution, charming by a sagacity which, under womanly ways, knew how to make the intonation of a word an invincible spell.

Tissot describes her as without regularity of features, "but possessed of elegance of form, grace of movement, easy presence, a winning smile of transparent sincerity, and large black eyes so full of vivacity under penciled lashes of brown, that they reflected in varying expression every thought and emotion. Endowed with a masculine character tempered by womanly graces, a perception always acute, voice soft and flexible, conversation full of life, heart, soul aglow with enthusiasm, and unequalled charms of manner, she ruled the husband whose intellect she inspired, governed the Girondists by an irresistible ascendancy, and remained in the midst of a circle of modern Athenians a chaste Aspasia."

A score of eulogies of her wonderful beauty have been left, coming as often from enemies as friends. Camille Desmoulins expressed surprise that, at her age, she should have so many admirers; "but I never spoke to him," is her *naïve* remark, "and his vanity was wounded." It was evidently not so much the beauty of person as of soul that irradiated it, and only in conversation, when her eyes, full of life, now mild and loving, anon flashing indignation, lighted her countenance, that she compelled universal homage.

The character of Madame Roland must be judged by her times. During the last half of the eighteenth century throne, altar, and family in France had fallen into one common ruin. Over the desolation there was not one hopeful outlook. The sacred was accounted superstitious, the revered ridiculous. Virtue received no praise, and the lapse from it incurred no censure. Social obligations were denounced as tyrannical burdens. Foundling hospitals provided for children, the fancy of the moment, were accepted, as an excuse for sin, and divorces kept pace with marriages. The brand of *prejudice* was stamped on every social institu-



THE BEAR.—A NEWFOUNDLAND SKETCH.—SEE PAGE 179.

tion. Inherited property, legitimate birth, subordination of woman in the home circle, faithfulness to wedded vows, chastity when the affections were won, celibacy against inclination, and purity either in man or woman, were traditions cast off in the progress of human reason. Of course there are not two codes of moral law. The bond that unites husband and wife in virtue of the marriage covenant is sacred in every age. But the moral law receives a sanction more or less sacred from the spirit of the age, and individual character is affected by public opinion.

Reviewing her married life at this time, she remarks, that having "wedded M. Roland in all the seriousness of reason, I did not hesitate to devote all my powers to his happiness. Never for an instant have I ceased to respect him, or failed to honor him, as my husband. But there has never been equality between us, nor could there be with his love of command joined to twenty years' greater age. When we live in the country my time is spent mostly alone, and when we come to town I am noticed by men of mark with whom I dare not be intimate."

With such feelings, when what of love there may have ever been, when respect, gratitude, common interest, constant association, and mutual help were reduced in the solvent of pity—what wonder that such a woman, in such an age, should have loved another? The chief element in Madame Roland, in all that made her what she was in *physique* and *morale*, was *life*. The vitality of a score of women animated her being. What she demanded in the man she could love was corresponding *life*. This Roland had not. At forty she would have been younger than he at twenty-five. Was it strange, then, that when "the lover, whom she did not desire and never expected to see," appeared, with warmth, delicacy, probity, courage, a cultivated mind, and grace of person and address, appreciating her qualities, quickened by her spirit and kindled by her beauty, that he should have won her regard?

Buzot was four years her junior. He was the leader of her party. Correct, pure, serious, faithful, and implacable, known in the Assembly by unyielding decision and consistent conduct, sensitive, ardent, a passionate admirer of nature, and capable of intense sympathies, he added to all, freedom from the libertinage and hatred of the debauchery that debased the age. His wife was below his level. The families were neighbors. In the Roland reunions he was always present. He possessed a fine figure and graceful address, and was nice to excess in dress. What a contrast to Roland, who was so negligent of his personal appearance that even

Marat said of him: "This Puritan, who no doubt has stolen millions of the public funds, shows himself in the streets afoot in a threadbare coat and darned stockings;" and Camille Desmoulin had immortalised him as "The venerable man whom excessive slovenliness renders more venerable." It was the disparity of natures, not years, that alienated Madame Roland from her husband; it was their parity that drew her towards Buzot. Four years less of age in the husband is counted a greater objection in society than twenty in the wife; but society does not measure natures nor count pulsations. If it did, there would be more both of virtue and hap-



THE WILD BOY OF ARDENNES.—SEE PAGE 180.

piness in married life. What the soul of Madame Roland was, we have seen; what her physique was, Bertin, a royalist, who diverted suspicion by attending the daily executions, and who stood near enough to have touched Madame Roland on the scaffold, shows by extraordinary proof when he testifies, "that the axe had no sooner cut off her head than two large jets of blood sprang from the trunk, an unprecedented sight, inasmuch as almost always when the head falls a drop or two only of blood oozes from the wound." She died in the flush of life and health; she would have been still young had she lived three-score-and-ten.

"Age could not wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

We now reach the last two years of Madame Roland's life. Roland was made Minister of the Interior in March, 1792. From the time he accepted office, it was his purpose to overthrow the throne. His wife seconded him. Differences with the king, want of deference to the queen, disregard of court traditions were all suggested by her. It was she who advised the omission of the salutation upon entering the royal chamber, who ridiculed the antique dress, and who protested against the profound courtesy and bent knee. In every stage of that momentous quarrel which came to an end so tragic as to cause empires to quake, Madame Roland manifested an opposition to all kingly authority unaccountable by any hypothesis but that of bitter personal hostility to Marie Antoinette.

It was now that she began to rise to the height of her great power. Her assemblies, as wife of the minister, surpassed in brilliancy the splendid entertainments of the Regency. It was there the Girondists discussed the civil list over their wine, and plotted the ruin of the monarchy amidst the measures of the dance. It was the high-day of unscrupulous democracy. The blandishments of the present concealed the future. Ministers arranged their mansions as if for life. The bourgeoisie had usurped the place of the nobles, political economy was studied in the maxims of Rousseau and the dramas of Voltaire, and the new era of approaching liberty was gilded by rays of hope that appeared the morning of an eternal day for France.

On the question of forming a camp in Paris, the king dismissed his ministers on the 13th of June, 1792. Servan, Minister of War, entering madame's *salon*, said, "I am dismissed. Congratulate me!" "I am piqued," she replied, "that you have precedence in the honor." Roland's followed, and he became the idol of the French people.

The revolution of August 10th succeeded, and the minister was reinstated. The events of the next few weeks, the vain attempts of those in power to stop the wheel they had set in motion, the rise of the "Mountain" in the convention, the growing audacity of the mob, the September massacres, and the initiation of the triumvirate, do not come within our scope. We only see Madame Roland, wise, earnest, self-contained, courageous, industrious, fruitful in resource, equal to emergency, and various as the sternest demands of every hour—the grand heroine of the Revolution. The "Proclamation of the Executive Council," signed by all the ministers, she wrote. The "Circular to the Departments" was hers, as was also the exhaustive paper on "Subsistence," quoted during the late American Rebellion by every writer in the commissary department. She prepared the "Letter to the King," composed the "Appeals against the Assassins," which were placarded over France, wrote the "Demand for Justice" against the Septembrists, and collated the masterly "Reports" which Roland made to the Assembly. These five months, from August 15th, 1792, to January 22d, 1793, exhibited, in real living words and deeds, what a woman could do and suffer. She flung back the jeers of Danton with stinging irony, treated the ribald blackguardism of Père Duchesne with lofty contempt, branded the insinuations of Marat, in articles signed by herself in the *Moniteur*, as falsehoods known to the utterers, and exposed the vanity of Robespierre to the roars of laughter of all the sans-culottes of Paris. The party leaders in the Assembly drew their inspiration from her ever-active brain. She kindled the eloquence of Barbaroux, directed the attacks of Pétion, nerved the courage of Lasource, and cemented the union of the twenty-two Girondists who stood with Spartan bravery against the assaults of an infuriated populace.

In reference to this part of her life, she afterwards wrote: "It is so true that appearances are deceitful, that those periods in my life when I have experienced the greatest pleasures or tasted the bitterest chagrins, have seemed to ob-

servers just the contrary. It is our disposition that affects us, rather than events. When attacks upon my character were most audacious, and I was in hourly danger of assassination, I tasted more of the sweetness of life than ever before or since."

It is difficult to understand how events hurled themselves along in that age of madness. In spite of her leadership, perhaps in consequence of it, Madame Roland was abandoned by her party. The times had become frightful. Every public interest was menaced. Roland resigned. The most sagacious could not foresee whither events were driving them. The king was deposed. The triumvirate ruled. The power of the Girondists was departing, and self-preservation became the first law.

At three in the morning of June 2d, 1792, the tocsin announced insurrection in Paris. An immense army took possession of the streets, and five thousand picked soldiers surrounded the Convention Hall. A *mandat* was issued against Roland. Madame arose from a sick-bed in the dusk and started for the Assembly. "It is overthrown," said a friend she met, "and you must escape." She returned instantly, but was arrested within an hour and conducted to the Abbaye. Her associates fled from Paris and became vagabonds over France. Terror marched at double-quick time.

To follow Madame Roland through the next five months would fill a volume. In various prisons; crowded among felons and vicious women; cramped in stifling wards; exposed to daily insults; shut out from friends and correspondence; cheated with false promises; her power departed and her good name defamed; she conquered misfortune. In the face of all she composed those incomparable *Memoirs* which will never cease to be read. There is nothing in French history to compare with them. She never lost her self-control. Once released, only to be re-arrested before nightfall, she writes Buzot a cool account of the atrocity. Nowhere does she appear in truer greatness, letters expressing affection though they are, than in these epistles. Behind prison walls she is present with him, urging new sacrifices for the fatherland.

It is impossible to quote at large from these autographs, but they cannot in fairness be passed entirely over.

"They will be less cruel to Roland," she writes, "if I remain. I can better sustain his reputation. In doing this I acquit myself of a debt I owe to the unhappiness I have caused him. But do you not see that, in being absent from him, I can think of you? By my imprisonment I sacrifice myself for my husband, and may have remembrance of you. Thanks to my jailers for reconciling duty and love."

Again, when declining escape, she writes:

"Yes, I would rather brave every danger to fly to you, but it is to Roland, old, feeble, and peevish, that my duty would lead me, and I prefer this cell. Here I may stay, without sin."

And still again, in her most ardent fervor of love—the last of her letters that reached Buzot—she writes:

"Events have placed within my reach what I could else have procured only by crime. These irons make me free to express my affection without hindrance. I will not seek to fathom the designs of God, nor suffer an indecorous vow to escape my lips, but I thank Him for having substituted these chains for the intangible fetters I have worn so long."

During her imprisonment she appears never to have lost her serenity of mind. Not a complaint escaped her.

"My cell is large enough for a chair near my bed, where, with my table before me, I read, draw, and write."

A fellow-prisoner describes her as always cheerful, and possessed of such self-control that the most revolting scenes failed to disturb her. In the Conciergerie, where were mixed women of quality and petty thieves, sisters of charity

and courtesans—where pure-minded women, mothers and daughters, heard the vilest language and witnessed the most revolting scenes, Madame Roland created for herself a little empire. Her cell was an asylum of peace. When she went into the court, her very presence produced order; and abandoned women, whom no punishment could tame, became gentle in fear of displeasing her. To the needy, she gave money; to all, counsel and consolation. When taking her daily promenade, the poor unfortunates would press around her as if she were a tutelary divinity.

One who was her companion in misfortune speaks thus of her beauty:

"It was not the well-shaped hand and graceful figure, not the liquid eye and rounded bust, so much as her manner, that won hearts. She spoke with ease and elegance, giving to her native tongue the rhythm of the Italian. To this sweetness of voice she added an attraction of manner and a countenance full of life, holding listeners as if by a spell."

Upon the morning of her trial she dressed herself with unusual care. She wore a dress of white muslin, trimmed with lace, and fastened by a black velvet girdle. Her hair, parted so as to show her low, broad forehead, fell in ringlets on her shoulders. She was uncommonly vivacious. Holding the train of her dress in one hand as she walked toward the prison door, she gave the other hand to the women crowding around her, who covered it with kisses. She could not be certain of her return, and so bade adieu, with counsels and gentle admonitions, to all. Fontenay, the old jailer, as he turned the key, burst into tears. She whispered to her nearest friend in the prison, "Courage!" and passed out of the gates.

She was twice before the Tribunal. The clear account of her examination, protracted for nine hours, which she wrote from memory on the eve of the first day, corresponding almost word for word with the official record, is a marvel of self-possession. The attorney-general, angry that he could not embarrass her, said at last, "that with such a babbler the trial would never end."

"I pardon your rudeness," she replied; "you can condemn me, but you cannot destroy my good conscience, nor my conviction that the future will justify me, while it will cover you with infamy."

When she re-entered the prison after the second day, her eyes were red with weeping. In passing toward her cell, she indicated, by an expressive sign, that she was condemned to death. Her spirits quickly returned, however, and she sat conversing with her usual sprightliness until her name was called.

It was 4 P. M., November 10, 1793, when the tumbril, carrying herself and a man named Lamarque, former Director of Assignats, aged about thirty-five, left the Conciergerie and took the usual route toward the place of execution. A crowd followed, shouting her name. Lamarque excited her pity by his unmanly fears, and true to her woman's instincts, though he was entirely unknown to her, she addressed him encouragingly. Her manner during the ordeal of this terrible hour, while the mob were heaping upon her scandalous outrages, is one of the bravest recollections of the Revolution.

Tissot, writing his history at the age of sixty-seven, ten years afterward, describes the scene as the most impressive he ever witnessed.

"Dressed in white, with rose-color trimmings, the day being bright and warm, she sat undemonstrative as the cart fared slowly forward, the obscene shouts producing no change in her manner. There was high color in her face, adding greatly to its beauty."

Arrived at the guillotine, the vehicle was backed to the steps.

"Go up first," she said to Lamarque; "you have not the courage to see me die!"

"You, madame, are named first in the warrant," replied Sanson.

"But you will not contend precedence with a woman, monsieur?" she rejoined, and her companion ascended. Her turn came in a moment. As they bound her to the plank, catching sight of the great statue before her, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Liberty! how they mock thee!" and the ax fell.

Her husband survived her only five days. Taking leave of his friends, one of whom furnished him a sword-cane, on the evening the sad news reached him, he went out on the Paris road, turned into a lane, seated himself, and drove the steel into his heart.

Buzot, her friend, hunted like a wild beast from covert to covert, lived nearly seven months longer, and was torn to pieces, a prey to wolves. Her friends, the Girondists, wandering over mountains and through deserts, exposed to all inclemencies of weather, often ill, and without money, food, or clothing, nearly all perished within the year.

Among the curious phenomena of that day was that of indifference to death. Adam Lux prayed that his head might fall by the same ax that was wet with Charlotte Corday's blood. Dupré desired nothing more than to die with his friends, and went singing to the scaffold. Philippe Egalité, with the charm of manner that never forsook him, begged the favor that his execution should not be postponed till evening.

The guillotine was a lottery from which the numbers were always drawing; last week your wife's, yesterday your father's, to-day yours—why quarrel with the Inevitable? Akin to this indifference was the desire that grew among high and low to witness the daily executions. Men of letters, birth, wealth, wearing the red cap, crowded with the masses close to the victims, that no circumstance of the tragedy should be lost. It is from one of these that we hear of Madame Roland's coolness on the scaffold, and of the jets of blood which sprang from her headless body. "*Ainsi les peintres font mourir les martyrs—le sang s'élance vers le ciel avec leur dernière pensée.*"

THE BEAR—A NEWFOUNDLAND SKETCH.

HAVRE DU FRAC, in Newfoundland, was, some years since, the theatre of a dramatic affair, in which, as in the imaginary murder of the Rue Morgue, so thrillingly described by Poe, man and brute alike were suspected of the deed of blood.

The central character of the story was a gloomy, violent man, who went by the name of Jim Haggerty, an Irishman. Feared by his neighbors, he dwelt in an isolated house, with his wife and two children and a man he employed. His household was not happy. How could it be?

It was Winter; the bay was covered with ice. Jim sent his man across the bay, and announced his own intention of going off for a time.

When the man came back at night he found the house open. The first room showed a sign of a struggle. A bloody ax lay on the ground. The woman and her children had disappeared. Snow had been falling fast, and there were no tracks around the house. There was nothing to lift the veil from this mysterious drama. The closets were untouched; there had been no robbery.

Jim, on his return, showed much emotion, but his character was so bad that an outcry was raised against him. He and his man were arrested. The latter died in prison, at St. John, during the proceedings. As there was no proof against Jim, he was discharged.

Bears, fierce brown fellows, really abound in the island, and when pushed by hunger they will attack human beings. Jim always declared that he believed that they had entered his house and carried off his wife and children to the woods

to devour ; and as the ax was stained with blood, and had hairs still adhering to it, his story may have been true. But many doubted it, and when, by an accident, he lost his right hand, the people cried, "Heaven has cut off the hand that dealt the blow."

Yet while that unhappy woman was in her lonely home with her little ones, the bears, driven by cold and hunger, may have come down, the snow deadening their footfalls, and entered before she saw her danger. We can imagine how she acted ; seizing the only available weapon, the handy ax, she rushed at the foremost ; but if several entered, the others probably fell upon the children, and the shrieking mother, pursuing the ravisher of her loved ones, may have fallen, too. But the story of Jim's wife is told around the fires in Newfoundland to this day, and many a discussion ensues as to the guilty party.

Certainly it has made bear-hunting keener, and every bear that falls elicits a grunt of approval from the sturdy men of that outlying island. White bears also frequent the island.

SONGS OF THE WINDS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Ye winds of Palestine,
Sing softly o'er each holy shrine,
Sing of the prophet's wondering eye
That saw the Future shadow by
With all its pomp of woe and bliss,
The godlike birth, the traitor's kiss,
The temple rended and the night
That brought for man Redemption's light—
Sing, winds !

II.

Ye winds of iron Rome,
Sing of its wolf-fed founder's home,
Who, rearing high his hairy hands,
Shook law unto a thousand lands,
The law of force and only force,
The signet of his empire's course,
With teeth of steel and brow of Fato,
Too stern for love, too proud for mate—
Sing, winds !

III.

Ye winds of myrtled Greece,
Sing of the azure eyes of Peace,
Of all her lovely Art that spread
Light on the living and the dead,
Light that is yet the light of mind
In an eternity enshrined,
Light that is yet the fondest nurse
Of the Ideal's Universe—
Sing, winds !

IV.

Ye winds of Freedom's Land,
Sing Power that stands with equal hand,
Where all behold a common shrine,
Lit only by the Soul Divine
That rainbows every race with love ;
Dropping for ever from above
Sweet benedictions, where the voice
Of choral Heaven cries, "Rejoice!"
Sing winds !

V.

Ye winds of every clime.
Sing to the waving wand of Time,
Religion, Freedom, Peace, and Power,
Borne on the car of every hour,
When only joy shall lap the world,
One ensign over all unfurled,
Flaming upon its golden span
"The Endless Brotherhood of Man"
Sing, winds !

THE WILD BOY OF ARDENNES.

STORIES of human beings living in a wild state amid the forest were formerly more common than now, when intercourse has been so greatly facilitated by improved roads. One of the most celebrated stories of the kind rivals that of Romulus and Remus, and was related by De Humiere, huntsman to Charles IX.

A party of huntsmen had killed some dozen wolves in the forest of Ardennes, when a she-wolf appeared, followed by a naked boy, about seven years old, of the color of a dead leaf, and light curly hair. When the wolf was killed he sprang at the huntsman and his attendants, and was with difficulty restrained. Simon Goulard, one of the party, related the fact of his discovery, and subsequent investigation added many particulars. The mother of the child, pursued by brutal tax-gatherers, fled to the woods and laid her child down, as she supposed in a safe place, but on returning for it some hours after, could find no trace of it.

The child was restored to its mother, and gradually recovered its civilized characteristics, unlike many such poor outcasts who have defied all attempts to elevate them. The boy, however, in the imagination of those around him, had acquired extraordinary power in protecting himself and the flocks under his care from wolves. He was accordingly in great demand as a shepherd, and made much money by touching sheep to make them wolf-proof.

One day, however, a wolf broke the spell, ate up a sheep, and spoiled our wolf-boy's business. So, being a noisy bully and thief, he was not regretted when, in 1572, he enlisted in the forces raised by De Genlis to march against the Spaniards. He was soon after killed in battle, and, like his old friends,

"He died in silence, biting hard,
Amid his dying foes."

MY FIRST KANGAROO HUNT.

LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.



AUSTRALIA is one of the strangest countries under the sun. Everything seems turned topsy-turvy. All, or nearly all have heard and read of the many seeming contradictions there to be found. How trees shed their bark, instead of the leaves ; the fruit has the stone or kernel outside, instead of inside, as with us ; it's being night there when day here, and our Summer is their Winter. The swans are nearly all black ; a species of fly, called the ichneumon fly, kills and eats the spiders ; a fish called the climbing perch (*carpus scandens*) walks deliberately out of its natural element, the water, and with the aid of its fins, climbs the trees after the insects on their foliage. The animals are nearly all pouched, having bags wherein to carry their young. Parrots, gorgeous in plumage, make the forests resound with their horrid, discordant shrieks ; snakes most deadly in their bite frequent the hot, sandy plains and dry, arid rocks. Everything seems new and strange ; the very hills are of, comparatively speaking, recent formation, and the phrase, "as everlasting as the hills," would be there out of place.

Its inhabitants are among the very lowest types of humanity ; small in stature, ungainly in figure, mischievous and treacherous in disposition, feeding on anything and everything they can come across, and with no sense of propriety regarding *meum* and *teum* (mine and thine), taking

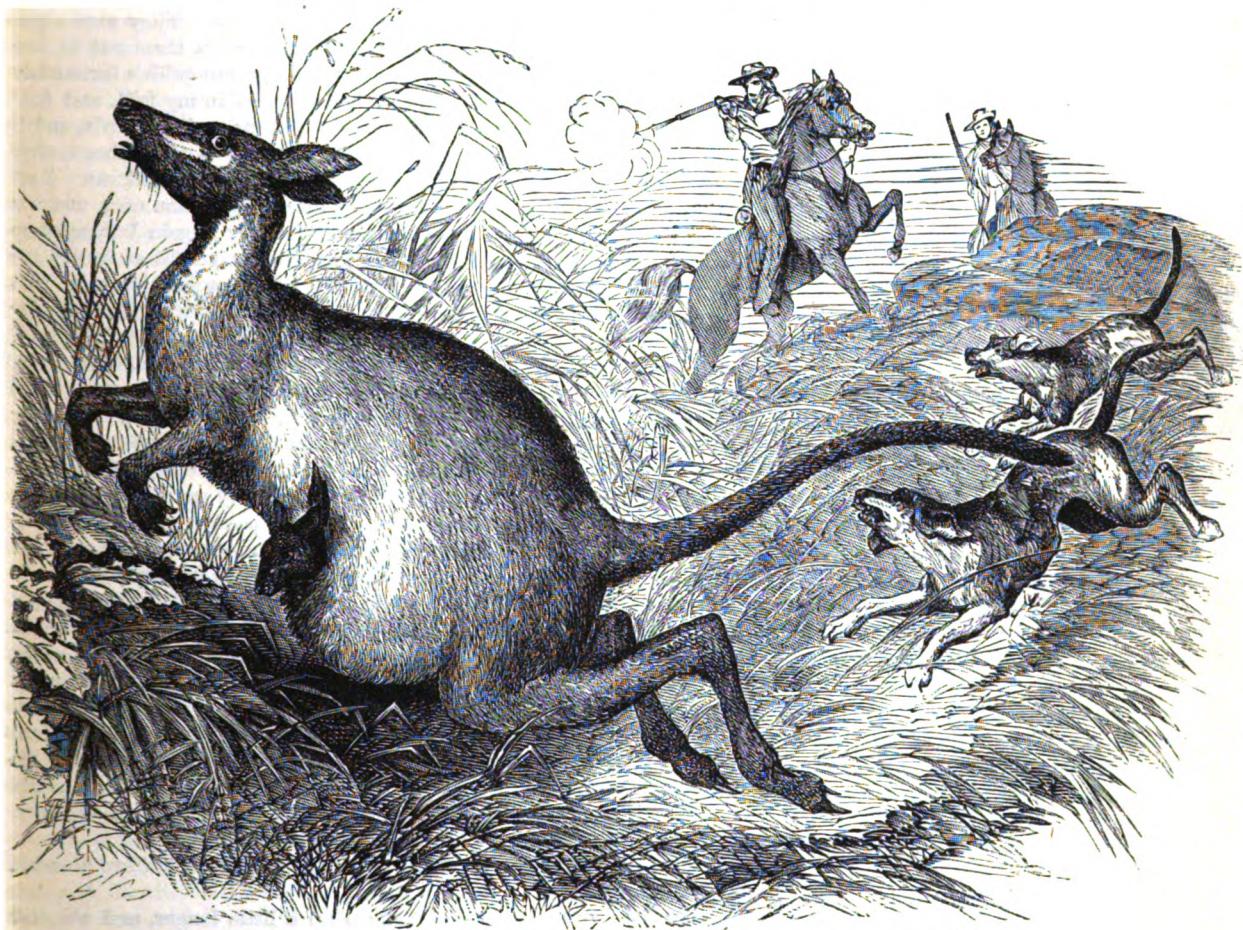
from the white settlers their sheep and cattle wherever and whenever they can lay their hands on them. A land of floods and torrents in Winter, dried up, baked and parched with Summer droughts. Such, in few words, is a brief description of Australia.

Now for my first and last visit to it, and what there befell me.

Thirty years have passed since my first visit to Australia. It was then a penal settlement for the convicts from England, and the now large and flourishing city of Melbourne was then a small, irregularly built settlement. Gold, that magic and all-potent thing had not been discovered, though strongly suspected to exist. Sydney, the capital of Australia, was at that time its principal and largest town, and it was there I first landed, in the beginning of the Summer, the month of November, 1844.

landed at a small, rudely-erected landing of logs, running some thirty feet into the creek.

Our arrival was quite an event, as Mr. Clifford only went to town, as it was called, once a year, and many and varied were his commissions from one and all of his little settlement. All his family came rushing down to greet us, and make and answer inquiries. I was quickly introduced to them, and very soon felt quite at home among them. His two sons, Ned and Charles, were both fine specimens of a settler's family; the eldest, Ned, was twenty, and Charles eighteen years old; both the lads tall, strongly built, and with a healthy manly bearing, the result of their out-of-door, active life; honest and open in expression of their faces, fearless riders, and equally brave and courageous in the few encounters they had had with the natives, as well as the constant perils they underwent in their frequent con-



MY FIRST KANGAROO HUNT.—“MY FIRST EAGER SHOT, OF COURSE A MISS.”

I had taken out with me letters of introduction to an English gentleman named Clifford, who had emigrated to Australia some years before, and had finally settled in the then comparatively unknown region far north of Sydney, called Moreton Bay.

By rare good luck I found him on my arrival at Sydney, and about to return home in a few days. Of course I made my arrangements to go back with him, communication between the two places being rare and infrequent.

We both accordingly embarked on board a small schooner called the *Eliza Ann*, and after ten days' pleasant sail, with light baffling winds, arrived safe and well at my friend's new home.

His house, a long, one-storied, weather-boarded building, was raised on the banks of a salt-water creek, sufficiently deep to allow the *Eliza Ann* to go right up to it, and we

tests with the herds of half-wild cattle which formed part of their father's stock.

Mr. Clifford was also a large sheep farmer, and the owner of three large runs in different parts of the country round him. Our principal fare was then, as it is now, mutton and dampers and tea, in regular order, three times a day, varied occasionally by pork, and at still more infrequent intervals, kangaroo steaks, whenever the boys were so fortunate as to get one.

Behind the house was the native forest, very different to what I had expected to see, the trees chiefly various kinds of gums; the blue gum, black gum, and acacias looked ragged, with the bark peeling off in long strips, and the foliage a dusky, sombre, olive-green color, shelterless and shadeless from Summer's heat or Winter's storm. There is certainly not much beauty in an Australian forest, but it has one

advantage, and that is, you can ride through almost any part of it, the ground being covered with a coarse kind of grass, and the trees allowing you freely to pass amongst them, unchecked by any dense undergrowth of scrub or brush.

Now for my first kangaroo hunt—an animal becoming rather scarce from the eagerness with which it is hunted by the whites and blacks, both on account of its valuable fur and the goodness of its flesh; for kangaroo-tail soup, I can assure my readers, is only second, (if second at all), to turtle or terrapin, and a nice broiled kangaroo-steak requires no other condiment to make it acceptable than that acquired by the exercise and trouble of catching it, a good healthy appetite.

A peculiar kind of dog, called kangaroo dog, is kept for this sport; a large gray-haired animal, a compound of the grayhound, staghound and mastiff; swift of foot, keen of sight, strong to hold, and eager in the chase.

My friend, Clifford, kept four of them, hunting, however, with only two at a time.

One fine morning, shortly after my arrival at Gum Creek, (the name of Mr. Clifford's place), Ned and Charles asked me if I felt disposed for a two or three days' excursion up the country, as they were wishful to see the different runs, being somewhat uneasy at having over night received word from their next neighbor, who lived some fifteen miles off, that the natives had been out and killed some of his sheep, and driven off many more. Mr. Clifford, with two of his men, had ridden over to Mr. Johnstone's early that morning to inquire further into it, and we were all to meet at their second station, about thirty miles away, and near a large forest.

Ned, Charles and myself accordingly mounted our horses as soon as we had breakfasted, and started off, taking with us two of the hounds and a little rough terrier called Pepper, the property of Ned.

Our way for the first ten or twelve miles was over a range of fern flats, broken here and there by clumps of trees, which seemed to serve the two boys as landmarks. We were all armed with double-barreled guns, a small tomahawk, and Ned had in addition a brace of pistols, in case, as he said, he should come across any of the black devils, he could give them a warm reception. We had got over about half our journey, and were nearing a larger piece of brush than common, when my attention was drawn to Pepper; he darted about with his nose close to the ground, every now and then giving a short, checked sort of bark. The kangaroo dogs seemed to watch him keenly, and every now and then stood still and looked sharply all round.

"What's the matter, Ned, with the dogs?" I asked; "look how excited Pep is."

"Hush!" he said, quickly; "don't speak; I believe they scent kangaroos. How jolly it will be for you if they turn one up."

Scarcely had the words passed his lips when I saw a large, dark-looking animal bounding through the air with such tremendous long leaps it seemed almost to fly; the dogs immediately gave mouth, and the two lads a loud shout, and off we all went as fast as our horses could gallop; my first eager shot, of course a miss.

"By jove, a boomer!" I heard Ned roar out; "come along, Durham!"

And along as fast I could I followed, much doubting, however, my capability of retaining my seat on my horse over the rough and broken ground, and in great fear of being left behind by them, as I did not know the road. The kangaroo was evidently making for the bush and getting very near it. Excited with the chase myself, and unheeding my horse and straining my eyes after the fast fleeing animal, I was suddenly and unexpectedly flung over my steed's head, in consequence of its stumbling in a large hole. Scrambling

quickly up on my feet, I had the mortification of seeing them all disappear in the forest, my horse last, riderless, and tossing its head, as if with joy at its unwonted freedom from its burden.

I ran in the direction they had taken as fast as I could, and unthinkingly plunged into the forest after them. I ran some distance among the trees, trying to guide myself by the traces of the horses' hoofs. At last I stopped; I had lost them, and bewildered, I now wandered up and down, trying in vain to strike some trail or path. At length, completely baffled and wearied, I sat down on a fallen tree and tried to think over what had best be done. I had just lighted my pipe, when a loud, mocking laugh sounded close at hand. In great fear I leaped upon my feet and looked all round; again and again the horrid peals of laughter resounded in the forest, when looking up into the trees, I saw a couple of birds, from which the noise came, and which seemed to be rejoicing in my misfortune. They were a pair of "laughing jackasses," the name given them out in Australia. In a great rage I lifted my gun (which fortunately had neither been broken nor gone off in my fall), and fired at them, a foolish thing to do, as I missed the birds, and it flashed upon my mind that, were any natives about, they would have heard the report and make toward me. I sat down again on the log, more disconsolate than ever, and was again startled by a loud snort close by; again I jumped up and looked round, when, imagine my delight at seeing my runaway horse coming toward me, cropping the grass, with the bridle under its feet. I walked toward it, half-fearing that on sight of me it would make off again. It let me, however, catch it, and mounting once more, I started again, trusting to my horse's sagacity to find its way home. I was jogging along quite composedly, when a sharp, whizzing sound struck my ear, a quick line of darkness seemed to pass by me and hit a tree, where it rested, quivering. It was a native spear. In great affright I drove my spurs into the horse and went off at a gallop. I had a passing glimpse of some twenty or thirty dark figures gliding among the trees, and then a queer feeling in my right side as if a red-hot needle had run into it. I reeled and nearly fell off the saddle, and with great difficulty and no small effort I managed to retain my seat, whilst my gun went off from the sudden jerk of my right arm. A spear had passed through my right side and glanced off against my ribs.

I felt for a few moments faint and giddy, but a loud Coo-ee (a cry peculiar to Australia, and in use among the settlers), let me know the whereabouts of my friends, and a very short time brought them in sight along with the dogs. I need not say how glad I was to see them.

"The black devils have hit you, haven't they?" asked Charles. I nodded assent.

"Well," he said, "keep up a little longer, and we shall come to a sheep-station, and there we will attend to you."

We galloped on about twenty minutes, when we came to some wattled huts (the station we expected to arrive at), but which were all deserted and tenantless. Riding up to the largest and strongest built one, we dismounted and led in our horses.

On dismounting, I am ashamed to say I fainted away, and on coming to my senses I found Ned holding up my head, and Charles bathing my forehead with cold water.

"Tush, man!" said Ned; "I have seen to your wound; it is not much more than skin-deep; you need not fear. God help us, however, out of the black fellows' hands, for they'll be sure to come up in the night and give us trouble. I had hoped to have seen Johnstone's men here, but I suppose they have gone to spread the alarm. We must try and hold out until they come."

We fastened the door as well as we could, and piled against it some rude benches and a table we found in the

single room of the hut, which seemed to be both kitchen, dining-room and bed-room, for wooden bunks ran round three of its sides.

Charles lighted a fire from a small pile of wood he found in one of the corners of the hut and then proceeded to cut three or four large steaks from the dead kangaroo, which I now noticed for the first time was hanging over the saddle of his horse ; broiling these, we made a good supper and then waited, on my side, I frankly confess it, with no small fear, what the darkness of the night might produce.

We loaded carefully our three guns, and Edward looked at his pistols ; the three horses seemed uneasy cooped up in so small a place, and the dogs every now and then whinnied distrustfully. Three hours after nightfall I was roused, as well as my two friends, by a deep growl from the two dogs and a sharp bark from the terrier. We listened, but no other sound save the crackling of the wood on the fire met our ears.

There was no window to the hut ; a square hole some two feet square secured by a wooden lid let in both light and ventilation ; this shutter we had let down and fastened. I was sitting opposite it on a log of wood when I saw a spear gently and noiselessly thrust through the wattles beneath it, and then withdrawn ; next moment from the light of a flickering flame of the wood falling on it, I saw an eye applied to the aperture the spear had made. I raised my gun and fired ; a yell followed, and then a sound as a body dropping on the ground. A strange, queer feeling thrilled through me ; he was the first man I had ever shot and killed, for I had shot him right through the head, as we found afterward.

For a full half hour—but oh, what a long half hour it seemed—we neither saw nor heard aught more except the uneasy movements of the horses, and our own hoarse, excited whispers to each other. Ned at last lost patience, and opened the door, tore down the benches and tables, and then throwing it open, drove out the three horses, which galloped off homeward.

"What did you do that for," I asked, "and why do you not close the door again?"

"The black devils are going to burn us out," he said. The thatch was dried grass, and would easily ignite.

"Let us all three stand close together, and as they come up, fire right into them," I said.

"No," said Charles ; "they're no fools ; only one will come with the light, whilst the others will make a feint of attacking us, keeping, however, a safe enough distance from the guns."

"Here, Pepper," said Ned, "watch them, old boy, and let us know as they come."

Twice the dog gave us warning, and two more natives lay dead beneath Charles and Ned's fire.

At length they withdrew altogether out of sight ; before going, however, they uttered the most fearful yells, and threw one or two spears, more in disappointed rage than from any idea of hitting us.

They had not gone long when a sudden round of firearms sounded from various parts of the forest, and then loud yells, fierce shouts, and horses galloping backward and forward. We were saved.

Mr. Clifford and Mr. Johnstone, with their servants, had come to our rescue. Twenty-two natives were killed, how many wounded and how many escaped we could not ascertain.

Next morning I rode back to Gum Creek, more than satisfied with my first and last kangaroo hunt in Australia.

PHILOSOPHY is a modest profession, it is all reality and plain dealing ; I hate solemnity and pretence, with nothing but pride at the bottom.

RETALIATION.

N 1845 I was attached as surgeon-major to the military hospital of Constantine. This hospital rises in the interior of the Kasbah, over a precipice of from three to four hundred feet in height. It commands at once the city, the governor's palace, and the vast plain beyond as far as the eye can reach. It is at once a comprehensive and savage scene ; from my window, left open to inspire the fresh breezes of the evening, I could see the vultures and ravens soaring around the inaccessible cliffs before withdrawing for the night into their fissures and crevices. I could easily throw my cigar into the Rummel, which flows along the foot of the giant wall. Not a sound, not a murmur came to trouble the calm of my studies, till the evening bugle and drums, repeated by the echoes of the fortress, called the men to their quarters.

Garrison life had never any charms for me ; I never could accustom myself to absinthe and rum, or to the *petit verre de cognac*. At the time I am now speaking about that was called wanting in *esprit de corps*, but my gastric faculties did not permit my having that kind of *esprit*. I occupied myself there with visiting my patients, prescribing and dressing, and then I retired to my room to make notes of the cases, to read a book, or sit at the window contemplating the gloomy, savage scene before me.

Every one got accustomed to, and put up with, my retiring habits, save a certain lieutenant of voltigeurs, Castagnac by name, whom I must introduce to you *in propria persona*.

On my first arrival at Constantine, getting down from the carriage, a voice shouted out behind me :

"Tiens ! I'll lay a bet that is our surgeon-major."

I turned round and found myself in the presence of an infantry officer, tall, thin, bony, with a red nose and gray mustache, his kepi over his ear, its peak stabbing the sky, his sword between his legs ; it was Lieutenant Castagnac, and who has not seen the same military type ?

While I was familiarizing my eyes with this strange physiognomy, the lieutenant had seized my hand.

"Welcome, doctor ! Delighted to make your acquaintance. You are tired, I am sure. Come in, I will introduce you to the *Cercle*."

The *Cercle* at Constantine was the restaurant and bar of the officers united. We went in. How was it possible to resist the sympathetic enthusiasm of such a man ! And yet I had read "Gil Blas" !

"Garçon, two glasses. What do you take, doctor—cognac or rum ?"

"Neither. Curaçoa, if you please."

"Curaçoa ! Why not say *parfait amour* at once ? Ah, ha, ha ! you have a strange taste. Garçon, a glass of absinthe for me, full to the brim ; be attentive. Your health, doctor !"

"Yours, lieutenant !"

And so I was forthwith in the good graces of this strange man. But it is needless to tell you that the intimacy did not last long. Castagnac had habits that were especially antagonistic to my own. But I made the acquaintance of other officers, who joined me in laughing at the originality of his character. Among them was a young man of merit, Raymond Dutertre, who said that he had likewise been obliged to drop his acquaintance, but that Castagnac having taken it up as a personal affront, they had gone outside the walls, and he, Dutertre, had administered to him a severe chastisement, which chagrined him all the more, as he had





RETALIATION.—FATIMA DENOUNCES CASTAGNAC.—SEE PAGE 183.

previously bullied with impunity, on the faith of one or two successful duels.

Things were in this condition, when about the middle of June a malignant fever broke out in Constantine, and among the hospital patients were both Castagnac and Dutertre; but Castagnac was not there for fever, he was invalidated by that strange nervous affection called delirium tremens (and in our bashful army D. T.), and which is especially common among those who in Algeria are given to the frequent imbibition of absinthe.

Poor Castagnac used to get out of his bed during the attacks, and run along the floor on all fours, as if he was catching rats. He also mewed like a cat, but the only words that he uttered were, "Fatima! oh, Fatima!" A circumstance that induced me to suppose that the poor fellow had experienced some disappointment in love, for which he had sought consolation in the abuse of spirituous liquors.

When he recovered from his fits he would invariably ask the same question:

"What did I say, doctor? Did I say anything?"

I naturally replied that he had said nothing of importance, and bade him quiet himself. But he was not satisfied, and after trying to search my inner thoughts with his fierce eyes he would give up the attempt and resign himself to his couch with the equally invariable observation:

"A glass of absinthe would do me a great deal of good."

One morning, as I was entering into Castagnac's room, I saw Dutertre, who was nearly convalescent, hastening after me along the passage.

"Doctor," said he, taking me by the hand, "I have come to ask you a favor. Will you give me permission to go out for a day?"

"Anything, my dear friend, but that. The fever is still raging in the town, and I cannot expose you to a relapse."

"Well, give me then two hours—the time to go and come back."

"It is impossible, my good friend. In another week, if you go on well, we will see what can be done."

He withdrew, evidently deeply chagrined. I was sorry, but could not help it, but on turning round was surprised at seeing Castagnac following the retiring suitor with a strange look.

"What was Raymond asking for?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing! he wanted to go out, but I could not sanction it."

"You refused him permission, then?" persevered the sick man.

"It was my duty to do so."

Castagnac said no more, but resumed his recumbent position with a grim smile, I was almost about to say a diabolical expression of countenance, which I could not account for, but which filled me with strange apprehensions.

That same evening my duties called me to the amphitheatre, where an autopsy claimed my attention. The so-called amphitheatre was in reality a vaulted dungeon fifteen feet long by twenty wide, with two windows opening upon the precipice, and looking in the direction of the high road to Philippeville. The body lay upon a table slightly inclined, my lamp was placed upon a stone that advanced out of the wall, and I remained engaged in my examination till near eleven o'clock. On leaving off at length, I was horrified at seeing the window blocked up by innumerable owls, small and gray-colored, with their feathers all erect, their green eyes sparkling through the semi-obscurity. They were waiting till I had gone.

I rushed horrified to the window and drove the rapacious birds away, like so many great dead leaves carried off by the night wind. But, at the very moment, I heard a noise—a strange sound, almost imperceptible in the depths of the abyss. I stopped, and putting my head out of the window, held my breath, so as to catch the sounds more distinctly.

RETALIATION.—THE ASSASSIN'S DOOM.
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Castagnac's room was immediately over the amphitheatre; and below, between the precipice and the wall of the hospital, was a space, not above a foot in width, covered with broken pottery and bottles, the refuse of the infirmary. In the stillness that reigned around, I could distinctly hear a man groping his way along this dangerous shelf.

"Heaven grant!" I said to myself, "that the sentinel does not see him! A single false step, and he is a lost man!"

I had barely had time to make this reflection to myself, when I heard the hoarse voice of Castagnac calling out from above: "Raymond, where are you going?"

It was a condemnation to death. At the very instant I heard some of the broken pottery slipping down the incline, followed by the fall a heavy body. I heard the sighs of a man struggling as if to hold for his life—a groan that went to the very marrow of my bones and bedewed my forehead with a cold, clammy perspiration, and then all was over! Not exactly all, for I heard a diabolical burst of laughter above, and then a window closed with such impetuosity that it was followed by the sound of broken glass. And then the deep silence of night spread its shroud over this frightful drama.

After I had somewhat recovered from the state of inexpressible horror in which I had been thrown, I went to bed. To sleep, however, was out of the question. All night long I was haunted by those lamentable sighs and by that demoniac laugh.

The next morning a feeling of horror came over me, which prevented me verifying my impressions till I had visited my patients. It was not till that was accomplished that I directed my steps to Dutertre's room. I knocked; there was no answer. I entered; there was no one there. I inquired of the hospital attendants; no one had seen him go out. Summoning all my courage, I went next to Castagnac's room. A glance at the window satisfied me that two panes were broken.

"It blew hard, lieutenant, last night," I remarked.

Castagnac lifted up his head, till then buried in his bony hands as if in the act of reading.

"Parbleu!" he said; "two windows broken, only that!"

"Your room, lieutenant, appears to be more exposed than others, or perhaps you left your window open?"

An almost imperceptible muscular contraction furrowed the cheeks of the old miscreant, and he at the same time fixed so inquiring a look at me, that I felt glad of a pretence to withdraw. Just as I was going out, I turned back suddenly, as if I had forgotten to ask a question.

"By-the-by, lieutenant, has Dutertre been to see you?"

A shudder passed through his gray hairs.

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, he is gone out, and no one knows where. I thought, perhaps—"

"No one has been to see me," he interrupted, abruptly; "no one whatsoever."

I went out convinced of his guilt, but I had no proofs. I determined to wait and watch, and in the meantime contented myself with reporting the disappearance of Lieutenant Raymond Dutertre to the *commandant de place*.

Next day some Arabs, coming with vegetables to the market of Constantine, made known that they had seen from the road to Philippeville a uniform dangling in the air on the face of the rocks of the Kasbah, and that birds of prey were flying around it in hundreds. These were the remains of Raymond, and it was with the greatest possible trouble that they were recovered by letting down men by means of ropes.

The catastrophe furnished subject of conversation to the officers of the garrison for two or three days, and was then forgotten. Men exposed to perish every day do not dwell

upon unpleasant topics. Jacques dies, Pierre takes his place. The regiment is alone immortal.

My position with regard to Castagnac grew, in the meantime, more painful every day. My actions were constrained in his presence—the very sight of him was repulsive. He soon detected it, and suspicion was awakened on his side.

"He doubts that I suspect him," I said to myself; "if he was sure of it I should be a lost man—that villain stops at nothing!"

Providence came to my aid. One afternoon I was leaving the Kasbah for a stroll in the town, when one of the hospital assistants brought me a paper, which, he said, had been found in Raymond's tunic.

"It is the letter," he said, "of a *particulière*, Fatima by name. I thought, sir, it might interest you."

The perusal of this letter filled me with surprise. It was brief, merely making an appointment, but what revelations in the name!

"What, then, those exclamations of Castagnac in his fits," I said to myself, "had reference to a woman, and Dutertre had also relations with her. It was to keep this appointment that he had asked my leave to go out! Yes, the note is dated the 3d of July. The very day. Poor fellow, not being able to get out in the day, he ventured forth by night at that frightful road, and Castagnac was awaiting him!"

As I was thus reflecting, I had arrived in front of a vaulted building or archway, open as usual to the wind, and where an old patient of mine, Sidi Humayun by name, distributed coffee to a few scanty customers. I determined at once to consult this *kawaji*, so I took my place on the matting by the side of half a dozen natives in their red fezzes and blue silk tassels and their long chibooks in their lips. The *kawaji*, without pretending to know me, brought me my pipe and cup of coffee in silence. Presently the muezzin was heard calling to prayers; the faithful rose up, stroked their beards, and departed slowly for the mosque. I was alone.

Sidi Humayun, looking around him to see that we were really so, then approached me, and, kissing my hand, "Lord Taleb," he said, "what brings you to my humble abode? What can I do in your service?"

"I want you to tell me who Fatima is."

"Lord Taleb, in the name of your mother, do not see that woman."

"Why so?"

"She is perdition to the faithful and to the infidel. She possesses a charm that kills. Do not see her!"

"Sidi Humayun, my resolve is made. She possesses a charm; well! I possess a greater. Hers entails death, mine gives life, grace, and beauty! Tell her that, Sidi; tell her that the wrinkles of age disappear before my charm. I must see her."

"Well, then, since such is your will, Lord Taleb, come back to-morrow at the same hour. But remember what I said to you; Fatima makes an evil use of her beauty."

You may imagine if I awaited the appointed time with impatience. I thought the muezzin would never summon the faithful to prayer again. At last his low, plaintive, monotonous voice made itself heard from the top of the minaret, and was taken up from one to another, till it seemed as if soaring over the indolent city. I slowly paced my way to the coffee-house, so as to give time to the guests to retire. Sidi was already shutting up his shop.

"Well!" said I to him, breathless with anxiety.

"Fatima awaits you, Taleb."

He affixed the bar, and, without further explanation, led the way. Leaving the main street, he entered the Suma, a passage so narrow that two could not walk abreast—a mere cloaca, yet crowded with industrious persons of many nations Moors, Berbets, Jews, Copts, and Arabs. Suddenly Sidi Humayun stopped at a low doorway and knocked.

"Follow me," I said ; "you will act as interpreter."

"Fatima can speak French," he replied, without turning his head.

The door was opened by a Nubian slave, who, letting me in, as quickly shut it against the *kawaji*. She then led the way to an interior court paved with mosaic-work, and upon which several doors opened. The slave pointed to one, by which I entered a room with open windows, shaded by silken curtains with Moorish designs. An amber-colored mat covered the floor, while cushions of violet-colored Persian shawls lined the divan, at the extremity of which sat Fatima herself, her eyes vailed by long dark lashes, straight and small nose, pouting lips, and beautiful little feet.

"Come in, Lord Taleb," she said ; "Sidi Humayun has told me of your visit. You are good enough to interest yourself in the fate of poor Fatima, who is getting aged—yes, she will soon be seventeen—seventeen ! the age of regrets and wrinkles. Ah, Lord Taleb, sit down, you are welcome !"

I scarcely knew how to reply, but, recovering myself, I said :

"You scoff with infinite grace, Fatima. I have heard your wit spoken of no less than your beauty, and I see that I have heard the truth."

"Ah !" she exclaimed. "By whom, then ?"

"By Dutertre."

"Dutertre ?"

"Yes, Raymond Dutertre, the young officer who fell over the precipice of the Kasbah. He whom you loved, Fatima."

She opened her great eyes in surprise.

"Who told you that I loved him ?" she inquired, looking at me with a strange expression. "It is false ! Did he tell you so ?"

"No. But I know it. This letter proves it to me—this letter, which you wrote, and which was the cause of his death, for it was to get to you that he risked himself at night upon the rocks of the Kasbah."

Scarcely had I uttered the words than the young Oriental rose up abruptly, her eyes lit up with a gloomy passion.

"I was sure of it !" she exclaimed. "Yes, when my Nubian brought me word of the accident, I said to her, 'Aissa. It is he who has done it. The wretch !'

"Whom do you mean, Fatima ?" I said, astonished at her anger. "I do not understand you."

"Of whom ? Of Castagnac ! You are the Taleb at the hospital. Well, give him poison. He is a wretch. He made me write to the officer to tell him to come here. I refused to do it. Yet this young man had sought for my acquaintance for a long time, but I knew that Castagnac owed him a grudge. When I refused, he declared he would come out of the hospital to beat me if I did not, so I wrote. Here is his letter."

I went forth from Fatima's with a heavy heart, but my resolution was soon made. Without losing a minute on the way, I ascended to the Kasbah, entered the hospital, and knocked at Castagnac's door.

"Come in ! What, is it you ?" he said, forcing a smile. "I did not expect you !"

For all answer I showed him the letter that he had written to Fatima. He turned pale, and, having looked at it for a second, made a movement as if to throw himself upon me.

"If you make a step toward me," I said, placing my hand upon the hilt of my sword, "I will kill you like a dog ! You are a wretch. You have assassinated Dutertre. I was at the amphitheatre ; heard all. Do not deny it ! Your conduct towards that woman is infamous ; a French officer to lower himself to such a degree of infamy ! Listen ! I ought to deliver you over to justice, but your dishonor would defile us all. If an atom of heart remains within

you, kill yourself ! I grant you till to-morrow. To-morrow by seven, if I find you still living, I will myself take you before the *commandant de place*."

Having said this, I withdrew without waiting for his reply, and went at once to give the strictest orders that Lieutenant Castagnac should not be permitted to leave the hospital under any pretext whatsoever. Since Castagnac's guilt had been rendered evident to me I had become pitiless. I felt that I must avenge Raymond. Having procured a torch, such as our *spahis* use in their night carousals, I shut myself up in the amphitheatre, closing its strong doors with double bars.

I took up my position at the window, inhaling the fresh breeze of the evening, and thinking over the horrible drama in which I was called to play so prominent a part, till night came on. Some hours had passed thus, and all was buried in the deepest silence, when I heard stealthy steps descending the staircase. They were followed by a knock at the door. No answer. A febrile hand then sought for the keyhole.

"It is Castagnac," I said to myself.

"Open !" exclaimed a voice from without. I was not deceived, it was him. A stout shoulder made an effort to shake the door from its hinges. I moved not, scarcely breathed. Another and a more vigorous effort was then made, but with the same want of success. Something then fell on the ground, and the footsteps receded. I had escaped assassination.

But what would become of him ? Once more, as if by instinct, I took up my position at the window. I had not waited long before I saw the shadow of Castagnac advancing along the foot of the wall. The hardened criminal stopped some time to look up at my window, and seeing nothing, moved on slowly with his back to the rampart.

He had got over half the distance when I cast the shout of death at him :

"Raymond, where are you going ?"

But whether he was prepared for whatever happened, or that he had more hardihood than his victim, he did not move, but answered me with ironic laughter, "Ah, ah ! you are there, doctor ; I thought so. Stop a moment, I will come back ; we have a little matter to arrange together."

Then lighting my torch, and raising it over the precipice. "It is too late," I said ; "look, wretch, there is your grave !"

And the vast steps of the abyss, with their black shining rocks, were illuminated down to the depths of the valley. It was so terrible a vision that I involuntarily drew back myself with horror at the scene. What must it have been to him who was only separated from it by the width of a brick ! His knees began to tremble, his hands sought to cling to something on the face of the wall.

"Mercy !" exclaimed the assassin, in a hoarse voice, "have mercy on me !"

I had no heart to prolong his punishment. I cast the torch forth into space. It went down slowly, balancing its flame to and fro in the darkness, lighting up rock and shrub on its way, and casting sparks on the void around. It had already become but a luminous point in the abyss, when a shadow passed by it with the rapidity of lightning.

I then knew that justice had been done.

As I reascended to my own room, my foot struck against something. I picked it up ; it was my sword ; Castagnac, with characteristic perfidy, had resolved to kill me with my own sword, so as to leave an opening for belief in suicide. I found, as I had anticipated, my room in utter disorder, the door had been broken open, my books and papers ransacked, he had left nothing untouched. Such an act completely dissipated whatever involuntary pity I might have felt for the fate of such a wretch.

A TYRANNICAL FEATHERED HUSBAND — THE HORNBILL.

ONE of the most curious peculiarities of the breeding season, among birds, is met with in the case of the African Hornbills, large birds, some of them exceeding a barn-door cock in size, and with immense, oddly-shaped bills.

This bird seeks for its resting-place a hollow in the trunk of a tree, usually one or two feet deep, and capable of holding the entire body. When the eggs have all been laid, the female establishes herself in the nest, and—in case of most of the species—the male walls up the mouth of the hole with wet earth, leaving an opening, generally a narrow slit an inch wide and two or three inches long, through which the female can protrude her bill. Here, thus immured, she remains while brooding over her eggs, the male, meanwhile, being diligently occupied in bringing the food necessary to supply her wants. Ordinarily, the female is entirely concealed in the cavity; but when the male arrives with food, and taps on the tree near the hole, she extends her bill, and takes in her provisions. The nest is kept perfectly clean, the excrement being carefully removed from time to time. Wallace, a naturalist, who recently explored the Malay Archipelago, says:

"While I was

at breakfast, my hunters returned, bringing me a fine large male hornbill, of the *Buceros bicornis*, which one of them assured me he had shot while feeding the female, which was shut up in a hole in a tree. I had often read of this curious habit, and immediately returned to the place, accompanied by several of the natives. After crossing a stream and a bog, we found a large tree leaning over some water, and on its lower side, at a height of about twenty feet, appeared a small hole, and what looked like a quantity of mud, which I was assured had been used in stopping up the large hole. After a while we heard the harsh cry of a bird inside, and could see the white extremity of its beak put out.



A TYRANNICAL FEATHERED HUSBAND—THE HORNBILL.

I offered a rupee to any one who would go up and get out the bird, with the egg or young one; but they all declared it was too difficult, and they were afraid to try. I therefore very reluctantly came away. In about an hour afterward, much to my surprise, a tremendous loud, hoarse screaming was heard, and the bird was brought to me, together with a young one which had been found in the hole. This was a most curious object, as large as a pigeon, but without a particle of plumage on any part of it. It was exceedingly plump and soft, and with a semi-transparent skin, so that the unfledged hornbill looked more like a bag of jelly, with head and feet stuck on, than like a real bird."

In one species the female is said to construct her own prison-wall, by means of her excrement, which is very viscid and tenacious; but this statement is not fully substantiated.

During the period of incubation, the female has most of her feathers worn off, and she becomes a peculiarly forlorn-looking object; but, in spite of her apparently miserable condition, is very fat, and is considered a great delicacy by the natives. Her incarceration ends with the hatching out of the young, when the wall is torn down.

These facts in regard to the habits of the bird have been known for some time, and thought curious in the extreme.

A still further

peculiarity, however, adds to the interest in this case. Quite recently it was observed that certain males of hornbill, kept in the Zoological Gardens in London, occasionally disgorged some singular pear-shaped objects, which, on examination, were found to be membranous sacs, containing fruits, closely packed, such as constituted the food of the bird. It was at first supposed that this was the result of some diseased state of the stomach. Day by day, however, additional disgorgements of precisely the same character took place, without any apparent injury to the condition or appetite of the bird; and it is now suggested by the very intelligent superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, that



LILI.—FROM A PAINTING BY KAULBACH.

the stomach of the bird is a reservoir of food from which the male habitually supplies nourishment to the female during the period of incubation, sustenance being furnished not only by the fruit, but by the animal matter in which it is enveloped. This animal matter is probably not the interior permanent lining of the stomach, as might be supposed, but a very thick epithelial discharge of great compactness, and of a tough, leathery consistence. The process is probably

very exhausting to the male bird, as it is an established fact that during the time of incubation he becomes extremely emaciated and worn down, at which we need not wonder, if this secretion from the stomach be continued for a long period.

A secretion somewhat analogous to this has been long known to be supplied by pigeons to their young, whence has been derived the well-known phrase of "pigeon's milk."

A supposed fable has been current in regard to the pelican's feeding her young with her own blood, and it is not at all unlikely that this has some foundation in fact, if not in the pelican, at least in the flamingo, a bird which might possibly have been mistaken for it. Although this habit has not been observed of the bird in a wild state, it has recently been noticed that at a certain season of the year, when kept in captivity, the flamingo discharges a reddish liquid from its own mouth into those of any birds that may happen to be around it. On examination, this secretion has been found to consist largely of blood corpuscles. The scientific name of the hornbill illustrated in our figure is the *Dicloceros bicornis*, generally a native of Southern India.

A STUDY OF THE PACK MULE.

NOTHING is so abominably temper-trying as journeying with pack animals. Some of the beasts will not feed if they are picketed; and as it is essential they should eat well, you picket one or two only, and turn loose the rest. You have a long way to go, we will suppose, and get up early in the morning, determined to make a good day's march, and, while the cook is getting breakfast, send a man off to drive in the stock. The rest of the party strike the tents, make up the bundles, eat their breakfast, and then begin to wax impatient, and wonder what has become of the man and the beasts. Presently he comes in with the pleasant intelligence that that three-fourths of the stock have left, that he cannot see them anywhere, and that the ground is so hard he cannot trail them.

Off you all go, some on foot, others mounted on the remaining horses, and in two hours' time or so the runaways are found and driven in. It is needless to say that they had abandoned very fine pasture, and wandered many miles to find grass not half so good.

Well, this delay has not tended to improve your temper, and the beasts have to be caught, and that is no easy task, and a good deal of kicking and cursing takes place. At last they are all secured, and you proceed to pack.

A man stands on each side of the mule to be operated upon; the saddle, a light wooden frame, is placed on his back and securely girthed, and a long rope is looped into proper form and arranged on the saddle. The side packs are then lifted into position on each side of the saddle and tightly fastened; the middle bundle is placed between them, a few spare articles placed on top, a tent is thrown over all, and the load is ready to be secured.

The rope is so fixed that the fall, as it were, is on one side and the slack is taken in on the other. Each man places one foot against the pack or the animal's ribs, and throwing the whole weight of his body into the effort, hauls with all his strength upon the line—one pulling on the fall, the other gathering in and holding all the slack, like two sailors sweating down the jib-purchase. At each jerk the wretched mule expels an agonized grunt, snaps at the men's shoulders, and probably gives one of them a sharp pinch, which necessitates immediate retaliation. The men haul with a will, squeezing the poor creature's diaphragm most terribly. "Nothing like clinching them up tight," as they say. Smaller and more wasp-like grows his waist; at last not another inch of line can be got in, and the rope is made fast.

"Bueno!" cries the muleteer, giving the beast a parting spank behind, which starts it off, teetering about on the tips of its tocs like a ballet dancer. The unfortunate beast has assumed the appearance and proportions of an hour-glass—large at each end and exceedingly small in the middle. - The apparent sufferings of that mule arising from undue compression of its digestive apparatus are pitiable to behold;

but it is all "kid"—the heart of a mule is deceitful altogether, and in an hour's time that pack will require tightening again.

Having done with one animal, the packers proceed to the next, and so on through the lot. While you are busy with the others, No. 1 and 2 have occupied themselves in tracing mystic circles in and out, among and round and round several short, stumpy, thickly-branching firs; and having, with diabolical ingenuity, twisted, tied, and tangled their trail-ropes into inextricable confusion, are standing there patiently in their knots. No. 3, on whose back the brittle and perishable articles have been entrusted, he being regarded as a steady and reliable animal of a serious turn of mind, has acquired a stomach-ache from the unusual constriction of that organ, and is rolling over and over, flourishing all four legs in the air at once. No. 4, who carries the bedding—a pack bulky but light, and measuring six feet in diameter—has thought to run between two trees only five feet six inches apart, and, hopelessly jammed there, is trying vainly to back out stern first. She is a persevering creature, and will in time back herself out of the pack altogether. Nos. 5 and 6, fidgeting and twisting about as only mules can do, come into violent and unexpected collision with each other behind, and with ears laid back, and tails tucked between their legs, are squealing and letting fly as if they never expected to have another chance of kicking in this world. It is no use interfering—nothing will stop them. You may use language strong enough to split a rock, hot enough to fuse a diamond, without effect; you may lay hold of the trail-ropes and drag as hard as you like, but you might as well catch the tail-end of an express train and expect to stop it. It is wiser to refrain from all active intervention; for possibly you may be kicked—certainly you will be knocked down and dragged about the place in a sitting posture, to the great destruction of your pants. You may, and of course you do, curse and swear your "level best"; but it does not do a bit of good. Go on they will, till they kick their packs off; and then they must be caught, the scattered articles gathered together, and the whole operation commenced afresh.

At last things are all fixed. Boteler leads off on the riding horse, old "Billy," for the mules know him, and will follow him anywhere; and the pack animals straggle after. We take a careful look over the place lately occupied by our camp, to see that nothing is left behind; coil up our lariats, tie them behind the cattle, take our rifles, swing into the saddle, and spread out in open files, some behind, some on the flanks, to keep the cavalcade in order. All goes nicely for a while; the beasts are plodding along, very slowly, it is true, for some will wander, while others will stop to graze; when suddenly Satan enters into the heart of the hindmost animal. A wild ambition fires his soul; he breaks into a trot and tries to pass to the front. A tin bucket begins jangling on his back; he gets frightened at the noise, and breaks into a canter. The bucket bangs from side to side; all the small articles in the pack rattle and shake; an ax gets loose, and the handle drops and strikes against his ribs; he fancies that there must be something alive upon his back, hurting and belaboring him—something that must at any price be got rid of. A panic seizes him, and, wild with fright, he breaks into a wild gallop. Yells of entreaty, volleys of oaths, are hurled at him; two of us try to cut him off, and only add to his terror and make matters worse. The pack begins to slip over his tail; mad with ungovernable fear, blind with terror, he kicks, squeals, and plunges. A saucepan flies out here, a lot of meat-cans there; a sack of flour bursts open, and spills its precious contents over the ground; the hatchet, innocent cause of all the row, is dangling round his neck; a frying-pan is wildly banging about his quarters; until at last he backs himself clean out of the whole affair, and,

trembling and sweating with fear, stands looking on the havoc he has wrought, and wondering what on earth the noise was all about.

THE BURGLAR CAUGHT BY A GIRL.

 WAS fifteen years old, very shy and rather sentimental. I had been brought up in the strictest seclusion in my father's country parsonage, and all my mother's time and care had been bestowed upon me, her only child.

I need hardly say I had never been from home, and had never even contemplated the horrors of such a possibility. My dismay, therefore, may be better imagined than described, when one morning after breakfast, just as I was running off to my poultry-yard, my mother called me back, saying that she and my father wished to speak to me. I couldn't help feeling very guilty, and very conscious of the fact that "Lalla Rookh" was at that moment hidden under my mattress. Was it possible that mamma had seen its circulating library cover peeping out? My heart beat fast, and my face was very red, while I stood to hear what she had to say.

"My dear Clara" (of course my name was Clara, and I wore curls), "my dear Clara, your father and I have thought it best to accept for you an invitation to spend a day and a night at your godfather's, Sir Thomas Bullyon, at Golding Park. How shall you like it?"

I felt that this was "out of the frying-pan into the fire." I had much rather they should have found "Lalla Rookh." I had a horror of strange faces, even when papa and mamma were present to give me the support of their countenance. But the idea of being among strangers, alone in a great grand house, and for a whole day and night, was insupportable. I wept, and bewailed, and entreated, in what I considered the most moving terms, such as ought to have melted a heart of stone. But in vain! My parents were for once, inexorable, and I was to go.

I need not detail all I suffered on my journey, nor during my first day. With all Lady Bullyon's kindness, the day dragged wearily on, but I managed to amuse myself tolerably till bed-time, when, after a good-night, I went up to my room, and found, to my horror, that the lady's maid was waiting there to undress me.

"Am I never to be let alone?" I thought.

But I had to submit to her fingers and her tongue, which latter never stopped, to make up for the silence of mine, I suppose. Amongst other things she particularly cautioned me not to mistake a rope, that hung beside a closet door, for a bell-pull. I inquired why?

"Oh, miss, don't you know?" she said, evidently delighted at the notion that she was about to astonish me by what she had to tell. "Why, miss, the people that lived here before had a raving mad old uncle with a great deal of money, and this was his room, miss, where he lived with his keeper. That closet, miss, is a shower-bath, with a great, big cistern over it, big enough to drown you and me; and when he was more than common fractious, his keeper used to lock him in there (you see the key is on the outside) and pull that rope, which let all the water down on his poor old head till he was half dead. One day when they went to take him out he was *quite* dead, and his family got all the money. Which 'ill-gotten gains never prosper,' as doubtless you've heard, miss; and it didn't do them much good, seeing they haven't a penny now, owing to spending it all, and was obliged to let this house to Sir Thomas, and

hide their heads in foreign parts. They do say, miss, that the poor old gentleman may be seen at night in the shower-bath, beweeping and bewailing the cruelty of those that killed him, which they did for certain. Good-night, miss, and I hope you may sleep comfortable."

She had certainly not taken the best means to insure that happy result; but though I was so shy, I was not in the least nervous about those sort of things, and consequently did not trouble myself much about her parting words. I had to turn my whole thoughts and energies to the consideration of an important question, viz.: how I was to get into bed! It was piled up so high, that any ordinary means would have been wholly inadequate. The chairs were all so large and heavy (I suppose to prevent the mad old gentleman throwing them at his keepers), that I found it quite impossible to lift one to the bedside and help myself up that way. The only plan was to take a run and a jump, and after many failures, I at length alighted on the top of this mountain of feather-beds. There I lay for some time, watching the flickering of the fire on the ceiling, thinking of home, and of my different misadventures since I had left it so short a time ago.

The house had become quiet, every one must have been in bed, when all at once an odd fancy seized me to look into the shower-bath and see what sort of place it was. I fought against the idea for some time, but finding it kept me awake, I thought it best to indulge it; and after much hesitation, and not a little laughing at myself for being so inquisitive, I descended carefully from the bed, and advanced on tip-toe toward the mysterious door.

I had already placed my hand on the handle, when I suddenly heard a slight noise within. My heart stood still. I thought for a moment, What if it should be the old gentleman's ghost?

But as quickly dismissing so absurd an idea, I remained perfectly still, holding my breath to listen. There! I heard it again, a low rustling, such as would be caused by a person breathing heavily in rather stiff clothes. I had no longer any doubt that some one was hidden there with an evil design. Quick as thought I turned the key so as to lock the door, and seizing the rope which hung close beside, I pulled it violently, at the same time screaming for help. A gasping, strangled shout came from within the closet, and then no sound was to be heard but my own screams and the steady down-pour of the water from the cistern. Soon footsteps came running from all directions; my door was opened, and a confused troop of servants, with Sir Thomas at their head, rushed in. But I still clung to the rope as if for my life, screaming, "Don't let him out! Don't let him out! He'll kill you!"

Sir Thomas, in the shortest of night-shirts, and the most wonderful night-cap, with a tassel at the top, stood motionless with astonishment, grasping in one hand a pair of trowsers, and in the other an old scabbard without a sword. The servants, too, overcome with terror, did not stir beyond the door; and had not the water in the cistern failed at last, I know not how long we might all have remained in our respective positions. When nothing came of all my tugs at the rope but a few slow, heavy drops, I let go my hold, and gasped out to Sir Thomas: "He is there; I'm sure of it. But you may open the door now: I don't think he can hurt you!"

They did open the door, and sure enough, there lay a half-drowned fustian-clothed ruffian, whose bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglarious implements, sufficiently showed what he had come for. He was thrust into the strong room as soon as he had recovered his consciousness, which was not for some time, thanks to my exertions with the rope.

A guard was placed at the door, and he was left to his

own meditations till he could be conveyed in the morning to the nearest county magistrate, who would commit him to the county jail. I was taken to Lady Bullyon's own bed, where, all my shyness having departed in the excitement of the moment, I answered all her questions, returned her kisses, and then fell into a dreamless slumber, from which I did not wake till a late hour on the following morning.

The hero of the shower-bath had been already carried off to prison when

I at length awoke, but Lady Bullyon told me he had owned to having selected that place of concealment on account of the superstitious horror in which it was held by the servants, as was well-known in the village. He had been watching his opportunity some time, and had made himself so well acquainted with the ways of the household and the interior of the house, that while the servants were at supper, and we were in the drawing-room, he quietly walked in at a side-door, and went up stairs to the haunted closet. The arrival of so unimportant a person as myself, and the fact of my occupying that room, had not reached his ears, else he might have probably deferred the execution of his

and consciousness almost immediately after. We afterward heard that he was fully committed for trial at the next assizes, where he was condemned to penal servitude for seven years.

Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon overwhelmed me with praises and thanks. They did not know how to make enough of me, and I was only afraid their gratitude might take the form of inviting me to stay longer. But I showed such evident uneasiness when they hinted at it, that they kindly let me go at the time agreed upon, not, however, without many expressions of friendship, and many wishes that they might some day have an opportunity of doing me an essential service in their turn. I need not tell you my dear mother's delight at hearing of my exploit. "Who knows what may come of it?" she said; and something substantial did come of it.

When Sir Thomas died, some few years afterward, his will was found to contain a bequest to me of three hundred pounds a year, "as a mark of gratitude for the service she rendered me, and of admiration of her courage and presence of mind." Upon this three hundred a year I live, retired and happy. I



THE BURGLAR CAUGHT BY A GIRL.—"SEIZING THE ROPE, WHICH HUNG CLOSE BESIDE, I PULLED IT VIOLENTLY, AT THE SAME TIME SCREAMING FOR HELP."—SEE PAGE 191.

project till another night. As it was, he felt so secure of being uninterrupted, that, without even locking himself in, he merely shut the door, leaving the key on the outside, and the closet, or rather bath, being very roomy, he sat down on the floor to fill up the time by taking a nap. Thus he never heard me come to bed, nor the maid's conversation, nor indeed anything, till down came the water and roused him with a vengeance, only to deprive him of breath

was too shy to marry, even ever to be asked to marry, but I am not the less content on that account.

Often when sitting alone with my cats and dogs in the Winter evenings, and looking round on my many comforts, my memory carries me back to the various accidents and the happy results of My First Visit, and the singular adventure which made me a kind of involuntary heroine.



THE MUSICAL PARTY.—BY WORMS.

A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWEN-DOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

ARGARITA was filled with a warm, sudden impulse to tell this faithful servant that she was the wife so much desired; it would have been so sweet, standing in her husband's home, to have one word of welcome. But it was not to be; she shuddered at the idea, and then turned away.

Mrs. Grame thought she had looked long enough at one picture, and was tired of it. There was plenty more to show and admire—pretty morning-rooms, gay and flowered chintz and white lace; elegant boudoirs, with hangings of pale silk; the magnificent library, with its hundreds of costly volumes, and its old oaken furniture.

"I should think," said Lady Rylestone to the housekeeper, "you have some difficulty in remembering all these rooms?"

"It is not often that they are all in use," was the reply. "Miss Cameron will have things different. There will be no lack of visitors where she is, I am sure."

Again came the gleam of light on to the stranger's face which Mrs. Grame could not understand—the mention of Miss Cameron's name had brought it there. A hundred questions trembled on Lady Rylestone's lips—she dared not ask one of them. Time was flying, and, as yet, she had not found the least clue to the secret that seemed wearing her life away. What could she do?

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She could not endure the thought of leaving without knowing more than when she came. She must learn something of the secret, let it cost her what it might, even should she be compelled to cross-question the servant—a proceeding from which her whole soul recoiled. At present she had learned only this—that, whatever might be the nature of the will, whatever might be its secret, it was unknown to the people in the house, even as it was unknown to herself.

"How my visitor is given to dreaming!" thought the housekeeper. "She has looked during the last ten minutes like one in a trance."

And then the tall, graceful figure was turned to her.

"I have but a small house compared with this," she said, "yet I love it dearly. Why should people leave their homes? Your story interests me. If this beautiful place belongs to Lord Rylestone, why does he go abroad instead of living here? And why does this lady, Miss Cameron, come here, as though it were her own home?"

"I cannot tell;" and Margarita saw a light shade of eagerness on the housekeeper's face. "We have all felt some little surprise about that; but I suppose that, as my lord is going abroad, he prefers letting Walton to closing it; and, if it is to be let, there is no one who will care better for it than Miss Cameron."

"Is she much loved here?" asked Margarita.

"Yes—almost as much as my lord himself—indeed, I should not be surprised if—"

Some lingering amount of discretion came to the good housekeeper. She remembered that she was speaking to a stranger. She paused abruptly.

Lady Rylestone did not ask her to continue—she was thinking of what she could say or what she could do to find out the secret of the will. It seemed more hopeless than ever now. She was not one whit nearer to it, although she had been talking so long.

Mrs. Grame asked her to go through the library—strangers always admired the books—and she stood there in the very

place where the will was read, and yet could not find the least clue to its contents.

Would the day ever come when she would reign in that magnificent mansion as its mistress? She would have been its mistress now, her husband still by her side, if it had not been for this Miss Cameron, who was loved "almost as much as my lord." Would she ever stand there, arrayed in gay dresses, in costly jewels, the queen of brilliant *fêtes*, honored, happy, and beloved, her husband with her, and her heart at rest? If they lived to see Walton together, would he tell her the secret of the will? She might have written to him, and have told him of the line she had read in Miss Cameron's letter, and have asked him to tell her the secret of the will—but she would not do it. That knowledge which he had kept from her and shared with another woman must be voluntarily shared with her.

"It is his secret and Miss Cameron's," she said to herself, bitterly—"not mine."

And then came a reaction. How could she be unjust to one who had given her such proof of his love? All that concerned him concerned her, too—the secret was hers as well as his.

"I never saw such a one to dream in my life!" said Mrs. Grame to herself; and then, with a curtsey full of respect, she said that the lady had now seen all that was generally shown to strangers.

"And I have enjoyed it very much," said Lady Rylestone; but her heart sank as she spoke.

She was going now; and, although she had had the pleasure of seeing Allan's home, she knew that she was as far from the discovery she wished to make as she had been before.

She thanked Mrs. Grame in the manner best suited to that good lady's understanding. The result was a still deeper curtsey, and an offer to show the conservatories, if the lady liked.

The lady liked anything that would give her a chance of remaining a little longer at Walton; so they went through the long ranges of glass houses, and Lady Rylestone was rewarded at last.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ADY RYLESTONE had given up all hope; she had resigned herself to going away from Walton Court, knowing no more than when she came, when suddenly a few words from the housekeeper produced a marvelous change in her ideas.

They had arrived at the end of the long range of conservatories, and Mrs. Grame showed her visitor a shorter road through the park, one which would bring her much more quickly to the gates. Lady Rylestone looked round to impress the picture more firmly on her mind.

"Years will roll by," she said, impulsively, "and no change will come here."

"I do not think so," rejoined Mrs. Grame; "we shall have a change here soon, I expect."

"What will that be?" inquired Lady Rylestone, with deference.

"I have heard that Madame de Valmy is going back to France; and, if so, Miss Cameron will make some change, I suppose. She will marry, or find a new companion, or something of the kind."

News of Madame de Valmy had not much interest for the wife of Lord Rylestone. She repeated her adieus to Mrs. Grame, and, taking the short path indicated, made the best of her way to the gates.

She had seen Walton. When she heard of it or read of it in the future she could always recall the tall towers, the square turrets, the grand mass of gray-stone, the light, graceful balconies, with their twisted pillars and radiant flowers. She could recall the gorgeous rooms, the broad corridors, the picture-gallery, the library. It was all engraved on her heart and brain; she could never forget.

But she had no clue to the secret. She was returning just as unhappy as she had come, her unhappiness increased by the fact that, whatever the secret was, it lay buried between her husband and Miss Cameron. It was shared between them. She remembered now that Lord Rylestone had always spoken of Miss Cameron as though she were almost a stranger to him—that he had seen her only once or twice. How could that be, if they had a secret between them? The sharing of a secret betokened intimacy. Why should he have denied all intimacy? And yet she could not doubt him—she dared not. To doubt him would have been to lose all her faith, her hope, her love, her life—to doom herself to the most terrible despair; but she resolved more firmly than ever that she would find out what the secret was.

"Time will teach me how to do it," she said to herself.

It was growing late in the evening when she reached Lut-dale Station, and there was still some time to wait for the train. She was first inclined to remain at the "Rylestone Arms" hotel, but the reason which deterred her was a prudential one.

"I could not stay there an evening with my veil down," she said to herself; "and it would not do for me to be seen, lest, when Allan brings me home, I should be recognized."

She preferred waiting at the station to staying there; but she felt that she must have something with which to beguile the time and keep her from thinking, or she should go mad.

She went to the bookstall, took up a novel, and looked through some of the pages. It seemed very interesting, and she purchased it. Perhaps, after all, the turning-point of her life was the reading of that story.

She soon became fascinated by it. The heroine seemed to her one of the most charming creatures she ever met with. She read the opening chapters of the book during the first stage of her return journey, and then the light in the railway-carriage grew too dim; she could not see to continue reading until she reached Faverley, from which station she would go direct to Marpeth.

The night had grown dark then, and Lady Rylestone went into the waiting-room, intending to read there until the train into which she had to change should arrive. She soon became absorbed in the fascinating pages. Suddenly with a low cry—a cry that died away on her trembling lips—she laid down the book. A great, almost terrible idea had occurred to her. The heroine of the novel, wanting to see a certain will, found admission by stratagem into the house where it was kept. The idea that came to Margarita Rylestone was that she should do the same. If she could but read the will, she would know the secrets, were it for her happiness or for her misery, she would know it. Better anything than ignorance or suspense.

What a heroine in fiction did, surely a woman in real life could imitate—could and would. She could go to Walton Court, and when there she could by some means or other see the will. It would be kept there—either the will or a copy. She remembered to have seen in the library a peculiar oaken chest; it was curiously carved, and she had no doubt but that it was the receptacle for all private papers. If she could reside in the house for a time, and get the key, all would be well.

But how was she to gain admittance? She would find out a way; the scheme would require thinking over, planning, but she would accomplish it in the end. Then she

opened her book and tried to read again, but she could not—a burning fever had seized her mind; she could not rest, for it was consuming her. She closed the book, and went out to the platform—that was better than the four walls of a room. She could pace up and down with rapid steps, without any one thinking it strange.

Over and over again, until the words sickened her with their burning repetition, she said, "I must live at Walton, and find means to read the will;" and the thought was repeated in the throbbing of the steam-engine, the rush and whirl of the train. No matter what people said or porters shouted, she heard only the words, "I must live at Walton, and find means to read the will."

When the first feverish flush of the thought had died away, an idea came to her of how she could secure her end.

Mrs. Grame had announced that Madame de Valmy was going back to France; and, from what Lord Rylestone had said, Margarita knew quite well that Madame de Valmy was Miss Cameron's chaperon and companion. What was to prevent her from obtaining the situation as companion to Miss Cameron?

The magnitude of the idea at first appalled her, but by slow degrees she accustomed herself to it. People looked at her in wonder. She passed with rapid steps up and down the platform, her beautiful face so rapt, so silent, that she neither saw nor heard what was passing around her. She started back like one frightened when a porter came up to her and said :

"You wanted the train for Marpeth, ma'am; it is due now."

She looked at him with such dazed eyes that the man grew half afraid.

"There is something wrong about her," he thought to himself as he walked away.

She took her place in the train, still feeling like one in a dream; and then, as it sped on through the sweet, soft, dewy night, her ideas all became clearer to her. She would go and live at Walton as companion to Miss Cameron, and she would not let any one know her whereabouts. People had kept secrets from her; she in her turn would keep hers from others. No one should know what she was doing—not even Lord Rylestone himself.

"If he had trusted me with the secret," she said to herself, "I should not have to find it out now for myself."

Of after consequences she never thought; that there was anything mean or dishonorable in the plan she proposed never occurred to her. It would have occurred to Adelaide Cameron at once. She would not have done such a thing to save her life. And herein lay the difference between the two women. Adelaide had a noble, passionate sense of honor; Margarita had the keenest and most passionate love. Margarita would have moved heaven and earth, would have scaled the steepest heights, would have gone down into the lowest depths, for her love's sake; while for her love's sake Adelaide Cameron would not have left the clear sunshine.

No idea of treachery or meanness occurred to Margarita. Her husband, whom she loved with such passionate love, had a secret which he shared with another, and not with her. For her love's sake she must find it out. The grand, broad, generous faith to believe all and trust all was wanting in her—the noble love to trust even without understanding. She would have braved torture and death to know what the secret was; but it never occurred to her to wait till her husband should tell her. Nor was it curiosity that prompted her; it was nothing but love of him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE two servants looked with something like wonder at the beautiful restless face of their mistress when she reached

home. It was as though years of terrible suspense and terrible anxiety had passed over her. She looked like one whose thoughts were so entirely concentrated on one object that naught else could distract her. They asked her respectfully enough if she was ill, and the answer was a puzzled "No." She could not tell whether she was ill or not. Her brain was slightly dazed; the one paramount idea eclipsed and absorbed all others. She was going to Walton, and would see the will.

It took her some days to accustom herself to her new project. Sleeping or waking, the thought of it was always before her. She grew thin and worn. She looked as if the pain of a great and secret trouble was gnawing at the very core of her heart. As the fierce fever burned away—as the dull red mists seemed to clear from her brain—she began to wonder how she should accomplish her plan. It was no selfish motive that actuated her—no mean curiosity—no hope of doing herself any service—no thought that she might in the future be the richer for it. It was all for love of Allan. He was shadowed by some terrible cloud—she longed to clear it away; he was caught in a web of circumstances—she longed to free him. He had lost his fortune, and with it all hope of maintaining his position; she wanted to know how and why he lost it, and whether her woman's wit could not find a way of giving it back to him. She wanted to find out if there was a flaw in the cruel will—something that would invalidate it; she wanted to find out why the money was left to this girl-heiress instead of to her husband; she wanted to know Allan's secret for Allan's sake, and to do her best for him.

That she had not the keen sense of honor which would have forbidden her to seek out knowledge not voluntarily given to her was the one great fault of her character. The depth of her love was greater than anything else. She trampled down all scruples, and set down one fine summer morning to think how she could best carry out her plan.

It so happened that she had taken her seat by the window where the flowers and foliage made a pleasant bower. It recalled her husband's words—how, when he returned, he should hope to see her sweet face watching for him there. So he should; she would return before he came home—nay, she would leave Walton on the very day on which she discovered the secret; and, oh, if she could but meet him with good news—if she could but say to him, "While you have been away from me I have not rested; I have not been idle, but I have worked hard—I have won by hard toil and deep thought the knowledge of your secret—I have found out for you how you can win your fortune back!" Oh, if she might but meet him, and say this! A passionate cry came from her lips. She stretched out her hands as though she would fain embrace him, as though he were near. She felt that she could suffer anything for this one great end and aim.

How was it to be accomplished? It was no light thing she had undertaken, but it must be done. How was she, a total stranger, to find her way into the home of Miss Cameron? How was she to secure an engagement as companion—she, who had no friends, no reference, no one to help her?

"I will not be daunted," she said to herself. "I will go, even if I have to go as a housemaid!"

Presently she remembered that Lady Davenant would permit any references being made to her; she had always been kind to her, she had been sorry to part with her; and now, if she asked her, she felt quite sure that the mistress of Laston Priory would say all that was good and kind of her.

That was one great difficulty removed, the rest seemed easy in comparison. Miss Cameron was in London, she knew, with Madame de Valmy; her best plan would be to go thither and try to see her.

She was glad afterwards that she had not been too hasty,

for, on taking up a fashionable paper, she found that Miss Cameron was staying at the Ranegond Hotel, Cowes, Isle of Wight. She wondered whether it was a direct interposition of Providence in her favor that in the next column she saw that Sir Charles and Lady Davenant, with their family, were staying there also. She believed it was; it seemed so to her excited imagination.

"Now that Heaven blesses what I am going to do," she thought to herself, "I need not mind anything else."

She would go to Cowes, and there renew her acquaintance with Lady Davenant. The children had always loved her, and would be pleased to see her—she knew that—and her ladyship would be sure to smile on her for the children's sake. Then, if Miss Cameron should make her want of a companion known there, she would be able to apply at once for the situation. Lady Davenant would be on the spot to speak for her, and all would go well.

But there were other things to consider. What was she to do with her house, and what should she do as regarded her husband's letters? She soon decided, being prompt in action as she was quick in thought. She would keep the house on just as it was, allowing sufficient for the expenses; and, as to the letters, they should all be forwarded to the General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. She could either go or send for them—they would be safe enough; and, as they would arrive only once perhaps in every two months, she would be sure not to miss one. Lord Rylestone had told her, as the Earl of Barton would be traveling about the country, not to expect a letter by every mail—above all, not to feel uneasy when she did not receive one. It was just possible that she need not be long absent from home. Of course all would depend on how soon she had a chance of securing the situation, and, when it was once secured, how long she would be at Walton before she had an opportunity of discovering the secret. She might be absent only for three months—she might be away for more than a year.

Another thing occurred to her. If she was to secure Lady Davenant's favor, she must call herself by her maiden name of Avenel. It was as Miss Avenel she had left Laston Priory—left it to go home. She had not said where that home was—there had been no mention made of her marriage; nor did she intend Lady Davenant to know that she was married. She would only have to tell her that she did not like home, and intended resuming service; even should Lady Davenant suggest a return to her, she had but to say that she did not intend to teach, but wished to live as companion to some lady.

The whole plan seemed to shape itself out clearly and distinctly in her mind. She would succeed in obtaining the engagement—some sure instinct told her that—and then she would soon find out the secret of the will. Whatever she did must be done quickly. She had no time to lose; the delay of even one day might be fatal to her.

She sent for her two servants at once, and told them that some friends of hers were at the seaside, and that she wished to join them. She could leave the house safely in their charge. They were to receive a certain sum in wages; and she gave them particular instructions how, when they received any letters for her, they were to be forwarded to the General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"But will you not leave us your own address, ma'am," asked the housemaid, "so that, if anything happens, we can write to you direct?"

She was puzzled for a minute, and then she looked up with a smile.

"Of course I shall send you my address; but, when I leave Cowes—to which place I am going now—I shall not be able to give any address, for I am not sure where we shall go."

The two servants saw nothing unusual in the fact that

their beautiful young mistress, finding home dull during her husband's absence, should go to the seaside, and should afterward travel with her friends; it seemed so perfectly natural to them that they never even discussed it. Perhaps the prospect of some months by themselves, with plenty of leisure and good wages, was not altogether displeasing to them. They entered heartily into all the arrangements made by their mistress. All letters were to be forwarded to "Mrs. Estcourt, General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London."

"No matter in what part of England I may be," she said to herself, "I shall be able to run up to London at least for one day in every two months."

She commenced her preparations at once. She packed up what clothes she would require, carefully putting away the costly and beautiful dresses in which Lord Rylestone had delighted to see her. She took only plain dresses, and none of her ornaments. Those were only to be worn before him; and when he was no longer here to delight in her beauty, she did not care to adorn it. She was well provided with money, and on the Summer day when she left the pretty villa there was not a doubt on her mind, not a shadow of fear on her beautiful face, not the faintest presentiment in her heart.

The only thing that troubled her was her wedding-ring. What was she to do with it? She could not call herself Miss Avenel, and yet wear a wedding-ring; and she could not take it off—it seemed like an act of disloyalty to Allan. She would rather have cut off her hand than drawn off her ring!

She found another with which she almost managed to hide it—at least, it was impossible to tell clearly what it was—and she trusted to the chapter of accidents that it would be overlooked. She could not have taken off her ring. A vision of the hour in which it was put on her finger came to her; she remembered the handsome, loving face bent over her, and kissed the little golden circle.

"It would be like losing my love," she thought. "I could not part with my ring."

She bade good-by to her pretty little home, smiling as she looked at the flower-wreathed windows.

"When I see you again," she said, "I shall know what sorely perplexes me now—the secret of the will."

The sun was shining when she left. She walked down the garden-path where she had so often walked by her husband's side, and no warning came to her—no voice, cleaving the soft Summer air, bade her stay.

"When I return I shall know all," she said to herself; "and perhaps I may know enough to help my husband to regain his fortune."

For the idea strongest upon her was that she was going direct to the enemy's camp—going amongst those who had robbed her husband, and who were his deadliest foes.

CHAPTER XXV.

SIR CHARLES and Lady Davenant were seated in the drawing-room of their pretty villa at Cowes. The kindly, hospitable baronet, who would not for the world have owned that "my lady" had a temper, was trying his best to restore calmness and serenity to the domestic atmosphere. Her ladyship was ruffled. A grand charity bazaar had been organized and a list of lady-patronesses made out, and she was not one of them. As that list included the *crème de la crème* of Cowes, she was mortified because it included the name of her great friend and rival, the Marchioness of Heatherbrae. She grew doubly annoyed when she found that it also included the name of Miss Cameron, whom she wished to know.

Sir Charles found some difficulty in restoring to his

domestic atmosphere that which he loved best—peace. He assured his wife, in his blandest accents, that the oversight was a mistake, entirely attributable to the fact of her having been so short a time in Cowes.

"I came two days before the marchioness," she rejoined, in a querulous voice; "and I think it very strange, Sir Charles."

"Is there anything I can do, my dear," asked he—"anything to remedy the mistake, I mean?"

"Certainly not!" replied her ladyship, with great dignity. "I am surprised that you should even suggest such a thing!"

"Well, my dear, since you will not allow me to cure the evil, suppose we endure it cheerfully, after the manner of the old proverb."

"I do not like proverbs," said her ladyship, frigidly.

"You will be sure to meet Miss Cameron at the Officers' Ball," he observed, desirous of pleasing her. "I know she is going."

"I am not so sure that I have any great desire to make Miss Cameron's acquaintance," said his wife; and then Sir Charles gave up the attempt to console her.

Suddenly he remembered something which he felt sure would not only please her, but entirely change the current of her thoughts.

"I met some one this morning whom you like, my dear," he said.

"Pray do not speak in parables, Sir Charles. I like but few people."

"I am sure of my ground, though, in this case."

With an air of complete resignation and patience her ladyship folded her jeweled hands.

"When you are quite tired of a feeble effort to mystify me, you will speak plainly, Sir Charles," she said.

The good-natured baronet found matters more serious than he had thought. He wished to make them pleasant as soon as possible.

"I think, my dear," he said, "you will be pleased when I tell you that Miss Avenel is staying here. I met her this morning."

Then did her ladyship's face relax, and a smile play round her lips.

"Miss Avenel? I am very glad to hear it. I shall be pleased to see her."

"She spoke so nicely, so gratefully of you," he continued, diplomatically.

"Is she here with her pupils?" asked her ladyship, deigning to feel interested.

"No, I think not. She is here for her health, I should say. She looks ill—very pale and worn."

"Ah," said Lady Davenant, complacently, "she has found out her mistake in leaving Laston Priory. I told her that she would. I have a great respect for Miss Avenel. Her uncommon beauty was of course slightly against her, but she was an excellent governess. I have had three since she left me, but none of them could be compared with her. She was so fond of the children too. Did you say she intended calling on me?"

"Yes," he replied; "she said she greatly desired to see the children. I told her they would all be at home this morning. She will probably call."

Lady Davenant was pleased. She was stately, precise, and difficult to please, but she had liked Margarita. She forgot the list of patronesses—there was a great pleasure before her. She entertained a profound idea of her own wisdom. Miss Avenel had persisted in leaving her; but she had told her that she would repent it; and she was prepared to be very pleased in finding out that Miss Avenel had so repented.

There was an unusually gracious smile on her lips when

Margarita entered the room, and kindly greetings were exchanged between them; and then her ladyship looked at her ex-governess in silent wonder. She could not quite understand the subtle change which had come over her; the tall perfect figure seemed to have acquired a new and nameless grace, there was deeper beauty in the dark passionate face, there were self-possession and dignity equal to her own.

She held Margarita's hand in her own for some minutes very kindly.

"Sir Charles told me, my dear Miss Avenel, that you were looking ill; I have never seen you look so well before."

And then she began to talk of her present employment. Margarita told Lady Davenant that she had left home again, and, thinking a visit to the sea-side would be beneficial to her, she had come to Cowes.

"You do not intend remaining at home, then?" said her ladyship.

"No," answered Margarita; "I am very anxious to secure an engagement as companion."

Lady Davenant's face fell.

"Then you do not care to undertake the charge of pupils again?" she said.

"No, I am not so strong or so well as I have been. I suffer from a pain that never dies or seems to grow less."

Lady Davenant was kindly interested. Had Miss Avenel taken advice? Had she tried any remedies? She guessed so little that the pain was the pain of an aching heart.

Presently Margarita, remembering her ladyship's love of fashionable gossip, began to talk about the great ones of the earth who were at Cowes, and gradually came round to Miss Cameron. Lady Davenant's face brightened at the mention of her name.

"I hope to make Miss Cameron's acquaintance very soon," she said. "We shall meet at the Officers' Ball."

She did not understand the sudden leap of fiery crimson to the beautiful face, or the trembling of the proud sweet lips. It had nothing to do with what she was saying, and her ladyship continued:

"I have not even seen Miss Cameron yet; but I am told she is extremely beautiful—and her fortune must be very large. They say here that she is one of the wealthiest heiresses in England."

How little she dreamed that the fortune she mentioned in such enthusiastic terms ought to have belonged to the husband of the girl before her!

They talked about some of the other most noted residents, and then Miss Avenel, after seeing the children, took her leave. She did not wish to see Lady Davenant again until after the Officers' Ball. In the meantime she must live as quietly as she could, and wait in patience and hope.

The Ranegond Hotel was one of the best in Cowes. Royalty had made it a resting-place; it was of such a class that only the wealthiest of the land could stay there. Margarita had noticed the building; it was the first object of interest to her in Cowes, the first thing she tried to see. She had looked up with wistful eyes at the numerous windows. Which of them belonged to the room where Adelaide Cameron was? Margarita had walked up and down before the hotel many times, longing intensely to be inside—to stand face to face with the girl she hated—the girl whom she believed to have so cruelly wronged her. But she found her tall graceful figure and beautiful face attracted attention; and she, Lord Rylestone's wife, must be careful of appearances.

"I will wait," she thought, "until the evening of the ball. I shall be sure to see her then."

On the night of the ball, plainly dressed, and the beauty of her face hidden by a thick vail, she stood with the crowd gathered outside the hotel to watch the visitors there drive

off to the ball. She should not fail to see Miss Cameron there. It would be easy to ask to whom the different carriages belonged, and so distinguish her.

She was not obliged to ask. A plain, unpretending brougham drove up to the door, and she heard one of the hangers-on at the hotel say:

"Miss Cameron is coming; people say she is the wealthiest heiress in England."

Margarita felt something like dread—a fear almost of what might meet her gaze, although she had been longing so intensely to see her. Presently she raised her eyes, and the sight that met them stabbed her, as it were, to the heart.

She saw a "shimmer of satin, and glimmer of pearls." She saw a tall, lovely, queenly girl, superbly dressed, with jewels that shone like flame, and a golden head crowned with precious stones; she saw one so delicate, so lovely, so high-bred, that her whole soul bowed down in acknowledgment of her rival's beauty; she saw grace that was all graciousness, dignity that was all sweetness. And then the beautiful vision in the sweeping silk dress passed on, and she stood alone in the soft darkness of the Summer night.

For some minutes afterward Margarita stood mute, bewildered. She had seen what the world called "belles," beautiful women and fine women, but she had never seen any one like Adelaide Cameron.

Lord Rylestone's wife had seen the young heiress at last. She had looked on the fair face of the girl she hated, and that one glimpse had left her whole soul in a tumult of emotion. She threw back her veil, and looked up where the golden stars were shining—there was such infinite peace, such infinite rest there. Why should she be discomfited because Miss Cameron was so fair? The moon was shining on the sea, and she walked down to the water's edge.

"I shall never forget the gleam of her golden hair; the delicate flush on her face; the light of her jewels; the shine of her dress. How could he love me best while she is so fair?"

Jealousy was one of Margarita's faults. It came to her with the dark eyes and the fire of the South. It was part of her warm, loving, passionate, impulsive character. She sat by the water's edge, and she hated the golden light of the stars because it reminded her of the golden gleam of the fair shining hair.

"How could he love me best?" she said, aloud; and her voice seemed to die away over the silvery waves. "How could he care for me while she is so fair?"

But reason came to her after a time, and she looked with a smile on the starry sky and the silvery sea.

"He did love me best. He could perhaps have married her with all her money, yet he preferred to marry me!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

LADY DAVENANT's great idea of life was of always rising in the social world; she liked making fresh friends, but they must be people of position. When money, beauty, high birth and station were all united, as in the case of Miss Cameron, her enthusiasm knew no bounds. On the evening she made the heiress's acquaintance she considered herself exceptionally fortunate.

They met at the Officers' Ball, and the introduction took place there. In Miss Cameron Lady Davenant saw one of the stars of the social system; she saw a belle—a girl whose future might be of the most brilliant. In Lady Davenant Miss Cameron merely saw a bland and amiable woman of the world, who seemed to estimate everything at its proper value, who never went into raptures over anything, and expressed herself with the greatest quietness and the utmost decorum.

Miss Cameron was rather amused by the pertinacity with

which Lady Davenant sought her society, and the pretty phrases she wasted on her, especially as she saw that she was not cultivating her acquaintance with the view of improving the position in life of a son—and she made no mention of a brother—for Adelaide had been long enough in the gay world to estimate the attention paid to her at its true value. Some few loved her for herself—for her fair loveliness, her winning grace, her bright, winsome manner; but the generality—and she had the sense to know it—loved her for her wealth, flattering her because she was rich, following her and paying her homage because to know her was to shine with a reflected light. She knew that Lady Davenant was one of the latter class. But Adelaide was gentle and kind of heart; she did not like giving pain; she could not be repellent and cold; so she responded to Lady Davenant's advances, and that lady was charmed with the young heiress.

"I have really wished to know you, Miss Cameron," she said, "and the great attraction of the ball to me was your presence."

Adelaide could but thank her.

Lady Davenant persevered. She intended to be Miss Cameron's intimate friend; that would give her a higher standing and greater importance just now than anything else, and Adelaide cared too little to take any active measures to thwart her. Lady Davenant said it would give her great pleasure to see Miss Cameron at Laston Priory during the Autumn, and the young heiress bowed most graciously.

"I must go to Walton Court during the Autumn," she replied; and then Lady Davenant, as in duty bound, inquired after Lord Rylestone.

The exquisite flush that rose to the beautiful face was all lost upon her; she saw nothing of it. Miss Cameron replied gently that she believed he was well. And then Lady Davenant pressed Miss Cameron to call upon her; and it was rather to be free from her importunities than from any great desire to comply with her wish that Adelaide promised that she would do so on the morrow.

"Then we can talk over the ball," said Lady Davenant, with supreme satisfaction. She had attained the summit of her wishes, and was content for the rest of the evening to see Miss Cameron surrounded by her numerous admirers.

But the night that passed so pleasantly in the ball-room was sad enough for Lady Rylestone.

"Why should the beauty of that fair face haunt me?" she cried, passionately. "What is it to me? It never won one thought of my husband's from me. Why should I think of it?"

But she did think of it, and thinking of it made her more than ever impatient for the time when she should know the secret of the will. She could not rest until she had made further progress toward her one great aim. She resolved that on the morning following she would call on Lady Davenant. Her ladyship had always liked talking about parties and balls with her. One of her greatest reasons for liking Miss Cameron was because she was such an intelligent listener.

Margarita knew that Lady Davenant and the young heiress would meet at the ball; she knew also that, if Miss Cameron had said anything particular, Lady Davenant would repeat it to her. She could not rest until the hour came when she knew that her ladyship would have recovered from her fatigue, and would be pleased to see her.

Lady Davenant smiled as Miss Avenel was shown into her boudoir. She was the picture of elegant grace and languor, half sitting and half reclining on a sofa-couch, with a cup of chocolate on the little table by her side. She held out her hand to Margarita—an unusual condescension and a sign that she was in a marvelously good humor.

"Sit down, Miss Avenel," she said. "I am very tired this

morning—I over-exerted myself last evening. It was a very pleasant ball."

Margarita, who remembered of old that any interruption of her ladyship's flow of eloquence was fatal, took her seat in silence. And then Lady Davenant gave an animated description of the rooms, the dresses, the company.

"I think Miss Cameron was by far the loveliest girl in the room," she said; "and most of the gentlemen were evidently of my opinion. Lord Idlerscombe was greatly charmed with her."

"I should imagine her to be very charming," put in Margarita, gently.

"She is more than that. I am not often enthusiastic about people, but I assure you that I am quite in love with her myself. She has promised to come and see me. Miss Avenel, did you not tell me that you wished for an engagement as companion?"

"Yes," replied Margarita, breathlessly.

"I had that impression. Madame de Valmy, a very accomplished French lady, has been living with Miss Cameron in that capacity, but I am told she has had some property left her in France, and is compelled to reside there. I may mention that it was not Miss Cameron herself who told me, but one of her friends."

Margarita could not speak—the beating of her heart was almost loud enough to be heard. Lady Davenant continued:

"She will be almost sure to want some one in Madame de Valmy's place, I should think."

"Heaven has willed it!" Margarita was saying to herself. "I have no scruple—no fear. Heaven has willed it!"

She could not answer Lady Davenant; she opened her lips to speak, but the sound died away on them.

"I was thinking," resumed Lady Davenant, "that, if you still persisted in your wish, and Miss Cameron said anything to me, I could name you to her."

"I should be very grateful to you," said Margarita, faintly; "you could not do me a greater kindness."

"I am sure, my dear Miss Avenel, that it will give me great pleasure to be of service to you. Of course the fact of having lived in a family like mine will be a great advantage to you."

Before she had time to reply, the door of the room was opened, and a footman announced, "Miss Cameron." The next moment the beautiful, golden-haired vision came sweeping into the room. Margarita arose, and the two rivals stood face to face at last.

Lady Davenant received her visitor with the greatest *empressement*. She made every possible inquiry about her health, and then, seeing Margarita standing, introduced her in a few brief words. Brief as the words were, they showed Miss Cameron what she was intended to see—that Miss Avenel was what Lady Davenant called "an inferior."

"The young lady who was kind enough to take charge of my children;" and Margarita thought to herself with a proud, bitter smile, "If they only knew my real name—if they only knew that it is Lady Rylestone and not the poor governess whom they are patronising!"

Adelaide spoke some kind words to her. Margarita's answer was a bow. Her impulse was to seize the young heiress, and to hold her white hands tightly, and say, "Why have you taken my husband's money? What is the secret of the will?" But she controlled herself. She looked silently for a moment at the radiant loveliness of the fair face, and then with a bow to both ladies left the room.

"Dear Lady Davenant," cried Adelaide, "who is that beautiful girl? She looks just as though she had come out of an old Spanish picture. What a dark, tender, charming face!"

"She is a Miss Avenel. She was governess to my children, and she is an accomplished, well-bred girl."

"A governess?" repeated Adelaide. "And is she a governess now?"

"No. She is seeking an engagement as companion," replied Lady Davenant. And then Miss Cameron, with a little flush on her face, said:

"As companion? That is strange. For the last week I have been trying to find a companion. Madame de Valmy is leaving me. I must see Miss Avenel again."

CHAPTER XXVII.

EAVEN has willed it!" cried Margarita Rylestone to herself as she left Lady Davenant's villa. It did not occur to her that, although she had met Lady Davenant and Miss Cameron at Cowes by perhaps a strange coincidence, it was she herself who had planned going thither. The two ladies might have been there for years and it would not have affected her, unless she herself had elected to meet them.

Her heart beat with emotion. She had been face to face with her rival; she had heard the voice of this girl who lived in luxury on her husband's fortune. She had met her, and the passionate desire of long weeks was gratified. Still there was much to fear. Miss Cameron had seen her, and might not like her; she might decline to offer her the engagement, she might prefer some one older. If so, what should she do?"

"I will prepare myself for all emergencies," she said; "if I may not go to Walton as companion to its mistress, I will go as maid. It is uncertain how I shall go, but nothing but death shall prevent my going."

And then her thoughts returned to the lovely face and the sweet clear voice of her rival.

"Pitilessly sweet!" she thought to herself. "Perhaps she used the charm of her face and her voice to win my husband's money!"

She waited through the day in a state of feverish suspense; she seemed so nearly on the point of gaining all she wanted, and yet so far off. One word of refusal from Miss Cameron, and all her hopes would be destroyed; moreover, her difficulties would be increased tenfold.

But in the evening, as she sat in the sitting-room of the house where she had taken apartments, a footman came, and asked to see "Miss Avenel." Lady Davenant had sent a note, and she wished Miss Avenel to have it at once.

Margarita took the note, and when the servant had gone away she opened it. The contents ran:

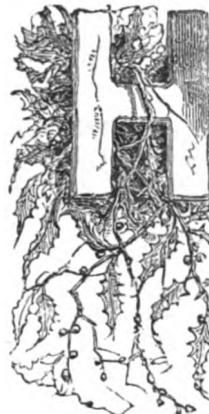
"MY DEAR MISS AVENEL—Miss Cameron told me this morning that she was looking for some lady to live with her as companion. I mentioned you, and she seemed delighted. I think she has taken a fancy to you. I promised to ask you to call upon her at the Radegond Hotel to-morrow morning. I wish you success.

"Yours, faithfully,

L. DAVENANT."

"Heaven has willed it!" said the girl again, as she laid down the note; and again she overlooked the fact that it was she herself who had come to Cowes in search of Miss Cameron.

That letter smoothed away all difficulties. Margarita felt no fear of not being able to win her rival's liking; she had been sure of it. Yet it was a great relief to her that Miss Cameron had taken a fancy to her. All night, between sleeping and waking, she heard the sound of the clear, sweet voice, and it seemed to mingle with the music of the waves; all night she confused the gleam of luxuriant hair with the



light she had seen in the stars. She awoke confused, trembling, half faint with mingled fear and hope.

She dressed herself carefully for the momentous interview. The remainder of her life depended on it—not only her life, but how much of her husband's welfare! It was the one small hinge on which so much would turn. She chose a dress of plain gray silk, with a black-lace mantle, and a plain hat with a long gray plume; but, almost to her distress, when she came to survey her toilet, she looked far better than she desired. The gray dress only made the superb coloring of her face more vivid and more conspicuous. Do what she would, she could not dim its radiance, she could not deaden its beauty. With a sigh almost of despair she turned from her mirror. It seemed to her hardly probable that a beauty like Adelaide Cameron would care to have anything like a rival near her.

"If I could take the color from my face, and the light from my eyes—if I could but make myself old and plain and disagreeable—I should have a better chance," she said to herself. She did not know that the rich, glowing beauty of her face, with its touch of Southern fire and passion, had charmed Miss Cameron.

When the hour arrived at which it was proper to call, she set out to keep her appointment. On reaching the hotel, she was ushered into the superb apartment that was called Miss Cameron's sitting-room. It was empty, and Margarita sat down to wait, feeling very much as though she were an actress taking part in a play. When she had been there a few minutes, the door opened, and Miss Cameron entered.

The lovely young heiress wherever she went, appeared to concentrate all the light and all the brightness in herself. The very sunshine that came through the rose-silk hangings seemed to settle on her golden hair—to linger in the violet eyes—to rest on the white morning wrapper with its blue ribbons. There floated in with her a faint sweet perfume—one of her failings was a love of sweet odors.

She came forward eagerly to Margarita, her white jeweled hand outstretched, the kindest smile playing round her lips, the sweetest welcome beaming in her face.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Avenel," she said. "It was kind of you to call."

"The kindness lies with you," returned Margarita. "Lady Davenant told me that you had expressed a wish to see me. It is that which has brought me here."

The young heiress sat down by Margarita's side.

"I am afraid you will think me very childish, Miss Avenel, but I must plead guilty to a habit of conceiving either warm fancies or great dislikes; and will you forgive me if I add that I have taken the greatest fancy to yourself?"

She wondered a little at the sudden flush that crimsoned the dark face.

"I am a great believer in instinctive likes and dislikes," she continued. "Are you?"

"I do not know," replied Margarita. "I can hardly remember ever to have liked or disliked any one in so rapid a fashion."

"I hope," said Adelaide, in her impulsive way, "that you will learn to like me. I wanted to speak to you, Miss Avenel, on business; but now that I see you, I have a half fear that the business is not worthy of you. You lived as governess with Lady Davenant, did you not?"

"Yes," replied Margarita, "I was with Lady Davenant for two years."

Adelaide smiled.

"You must pardon me," she said, "but it seems scarcely credible; you look so unlike the ideal governess. One always imagines her a subdued lady of neutral tints. You are not the average type of governess at all."

It was impossible to resist the lovely face, the sunny smile, the caressing manner. Margarita smiled herself.

"I am very sorry," she began.

"Oh," interrupted Miss Cameron, "you have no cause for sorrow! Miss Avenel, I do not want a governess, but something like myself. I want a companion."

And then Miss Cameron, with a more business-like air, continued:

"Madame de Valmy, who has been living with me for some time, has recently, I am pleased to say, for her own sake, had some property in France left to her. The only drawback is that she is compelled to reside there, and so to leave me. It is a great trouble to me, I assure you, for I am much attached to her."

Margarita murmured some words of sympathy, and Miss Cameron resumed:

"I have been quite at a loss how to replace her. I have seen many ladies this week, but none whom I liked, or felt that I should care to live with. But, Miss Avenel, I do like you—I am sure that I could live happily enough with you. May I offer you the engagement? Will you become my companion?"

For a few moments there was silence between them. Something smote Margarita. The generous trust, the implicit confidence, the fearlessly-declared liking—how could she with such a one carry on a woman's war? She could not see her way as she had seen it before. An expression almost of fear came over Miss Cameron's face.

"You hesitate, Miss Avenel," she said. "Surely I am not too late?"

"No," replied Margarita; "I was thinking. I believe that I was a very good governess. I took the greatest pains to teach my pupils, and to train them; but I have no idea of the duties of a companion—I do not know how to fulfill them."

"You are very candid to say so. I do not think there are many duties, as you call them—at least not in this case. I have had a great sorrow. Although, perhaps, I look both well and happy now, yet there are times when the very spirit of gloom seizes me and makes me its own."

"A bad conscience!" thought Margarita to herself. "There is something wrong about the will."

"I merely want some one to live with me—some one who would be very kind, would walk and drive with me, go with me to balls and parties, help me to entertain visitors, talk when I am dull—that is all."

"It does not seem very difficult," said Margarita.

"Nor is it; there are no fixed hours, no fixed duties. You see, the fact is this—I am more lonely than most girls; I have neither mother nor sister nor cousin, and it is terrible to be alone."

There was something appealing in the half-sad tones and the pathetic little smile.

"I hope, Miss Avenel," continued the young heiress, "you will agree to what I propose."

"If you think I am old enough and wise enough for the position, I will do all I can," she returned.

The shadows cleared from the fair face—Miss Cameron laughed with the happy abandonment of a child.

"You are about my own age, I should think," she said, "or you may be a year older; and you are taller than I am. Suppose that you are twenty and that I am twenty—that gives a total of forty years—a period of time surely that cannot have been void of experience."

"I am not well versed in the observances of social life," observed Margarita.

"I am," laughed Adelaide; "my poor uncle first, and Madame de Valmy since, have both done their best to teach me. I think, between us, we shall succeed in observing the conventionalities."

"I shall be very happy to try," responded Margarita, again.



THE HOLY FAMILY.—BY RAPHAEL.

"Then, if you are willing," continued Miss Cameron, "we will consider the matter settled. I am so happy, Miss Avenel, and so grateful to you."

"The gratitude should be mine," said Margarita, stiffly.

She fought against herself—she was unwilling to be led captive by the charms of this beautiful girl.

"You would not say so if you knew how much I have longed for you, and how greatly I have feared you would

not come to me. Madame de Valmy leaves me next week : when will it be convenient for you to come ?"

" Whenever you require. I am quite at liberty now."

" I should like you to come on the very day that Madame goes, and then there will be no interregnum of dulness. I shall forget my own troubles in the effort to entertain you."

" It shall be as you wish," said Margarita.

A sudden flush came over the face of the young heiress.

" There is one thing, Miss Avenel," she said, " that I have forgotten to mention, and that is terms. Make your own ; I shall be only too pleased to comply with them."

And they spent the next few minutes in discussing what was to Margarita the least interesting point of the interview.

" My new companion is singularly indifferent about money," thought Adelaide, with a smile ; " it is the sign of a noble nature."

They had both risen, and were standing looking earnestly at each other, each wondering a little at the other's beauty. Presently Margarita asked : " Do you intend remaining long at Cowes, Miss Cameron ?"

Her lips grew white and trembled as she asked the question on which so much depended.

" No," was the reply. " It is time now that I was at Walton Court, but, unfortunately I shall be compelled to remain some time in London before I go there."

" At Walton Court ?" repeated Margarita. Her heart beat at the sound of the familiar words.

" Yes, that is my home—at least my temporary home. Walton Court is a beautiful place—I love it very dearly. I think, if you like everything beautiful in art and nature, you will be happy there."

" It is my own, because it is my husband's," thought Margarita. She spoke no word, but almost unconsciously she drew her tall figure to its full height. " It is my own ; but because you have my husband's money Allan and I cannot live there," she reflected, and the idea produced such coldness in her manner that Miss Cameron looked in wonder at her.

And then, after a short time, they bade each other adieu ; the day and hour of Margarita's arrival were agreed upon, and they parted with kindly wishes and kindly words.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



MARGARITA left the hotel with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. It lay clear enough before her now—this tortuous path which she had elected to tread ; every difficulty was overcome, every obstacle cleared away. Yet she felt a sudden repugnance to it, a sudden impulse to go away and leave her purpose unaccomplished ; and then for that impulse she despised herself with bitter scorn.

" What !" she cried. " Am I turning faint-hearted because a girl's face is fair, and her hair has the sheen of gold ? She, in common with my husband, holds the secret of the will—the secret that ought to have been entrusted to me."

She did her best to harden her heart against the girl whom she looked upon as her rival ; she reminded herself that it was through her that Lord Rylestone had gone away and she was alone, and yet she could not quite hate her. The charm of the fair face and the sweet voice was upon her, and she could not shake it off.

The time that elapsed until she joined Miss Cameron seemed like one long dead calm. Margarita afterwards had a

dim remembrance of monotonous days and nights—of eating when others ate, of walking out, of sitting by the sea while the waves broke upon the shore, of listening to words that seemed to come from afar off, of listening to music that had in it no rhythm, while something seemed to press upon her brain, and thought was torture to her.

She could remember days when the sun seemed blood-red and the waves were like lead—when no pulse stirred in the air, and no quiet came with the night-wind—nights when the stars did not shine and the moon was dull, and life seemed all pain. She tried to rouse herself. Had she not secured the great object of her life, the very desire on which her whole heart had been set ?

Once during the interval Lady Davenant sent for her, but the languid hopelessness of the girl puzzled her. She expected to find her in an ecstasy of grateful delight ; instead, she was dull and listless.

" Do you not like Miss Cameron ?" asked her ladyship. If there were any little defects in the heiress, it would be as well for her to know them.

" Like her ?" repeated Margarita, in a half-dazed fashion ; in her state of mind such questions seemed so slight.

" Yes," said Lady Davenant, sharply—" like her. You will excuse me, Miss Avenel, but you seem to have lost some of your brightness and animation. Have you not been well ?"

" No," replied Margarita, gravely ; " I have not."

" I am sorry for that. You must try to recover before you go to Miss Cameron ; nothing is more trying in a governess or companion than ill-health."

Margarita's face flushed proudly ; and then she took herself to task. She tried to rouse herself and talk with her usual animation to Lady Davenant, but all the time she was conscious of a pressure on the brain—of the torture of a long train of thoughts.

Lady Davenant looked anxious after she had gone.

" It is never safe to recommend people of that class," she said to herself ; " they are sure to fail at some time or other. If Miss Cameron should be disappointed in her companion, she will blame me. I wish with all my heart that I had not spoken so highly of her."

There was only one break in the monotony. Madame de Valmy, hearing that the engagement was really concluded, expressed a desire to see her successor.

" I shall be more difficult than you are, Adelaide," she said, " and I should like to see what my successor is like."

" I could not tell you in words what she is like," responded Miss Cameron. " Words would not describe her. She is one of those beautiful, dark-browed women that Titian and Giorgione delighted to paint. She has a face that reminds one of sunny Italy—that has fire, passion, tenderness, and piquancy, all mingled together. She has a rich, sweet voice, too, that reminds me of—what shall I say ?—a nightingale !"

" A very nice poetical description, my dear, but I prefer plain prose. Sun and passion and nightingales are very well in their way. You who are so queenly in your notions, so lavishly generous, so open of hand and heart—you want plain common sense in a companion."

" And she has it," Adelaide hastened to add. " She lived with Lady Davenant as governess for two years."

" That alters the case. Lady Davenant is an eminently sensible woman. Any lady who would suit her would please me. But, Adelaide, my dear," continued Madame, after a short pause, " one thing puzzles me."

" Many things puzzle me," said Miss Cameron, with a smile, " and puzzle me completely."

" I am speaking seriously. Why have you chosen a beautiful woman ? You cannot tell—some day or other she may be a rival to you. *Digitized by Google*

seems quite out of place. That is one reason why I was always thankful that I had none."

"You have something better than beauty, Madame—you have sense, goodness, and kindness."

And then it was arranged that Madame should see Miss Avenel. Adelaide wrote and asked Margarita on what day they should call, and at what hour. When it was settled she went, taking madame with her.

The interview was a long and not very pleasant one. Madame had so much to say—so many things to impress upon Margarita's mind; and Margarita, conscious of being in a false position, did not receive the advice kindly.

"I was not born to be an actress," she thought. "I cannot go through with my part."

"There is one thing I must mention, as you are new to the duties of companion," continued madame—"it is that Miss Cameron is, if she will pardon me for saying so, lavishly, almost foolishly generous. She wants some one to stand between her and the impostors of the world—to save her from the consequences of her own credulity."

Margarita bowed; she did not like this shrewd-faced woman, who looked at her with such keen, calculating eyes.

"I will do my best," she promised, stiffly.

Soon afterward the interview, much to the relief of all concerned, ended. Adelaide was impatient to have madame's verdict as to her new friend.

"Since you ask me," said madame, ceremoniously, "I must reply. I agree with you that she is beautiful as an old Spanish picture, and not unlike one."

"And you think her clever?"

"Yes," replied madame, with some reserve, "she is clever enough, I am sure, for anything."

"But you do not like her, madame? Say so frankly. I feel sure of it," said Adelaide, quickly.

"You are right, my dear," admitted madame—"I do not like her. I have three impressions about her."

"What are they?" asked Adelaide.

"In the first place, I do not believe she is what she seems to be; there was a kind of constraint about her that was not natural. Then I am sure she is playing a part—I cannot tell what; and, lastly, I am sure she does not like you."

"I think you are mistaken," rejoined Adelaide.

"My dear child, you are young, trusting, and generous. I am old, and perhaps too worldly-wise, but I am shrewd and keen. It is seldom that I make a mistake as to character, or in my reading of men and women. I hope it may all be right, but I do not think it is. Remember my warning, if ever you are inclined to trust this Miss Avenel."

"But," remonstrated Adelaide, "what about Lady Davenant?"

"My dear Adelaide," said madame, impatiently, "you make me rude. Lady Davenant is a social bat—neither more nor less."

And with Adelaide's laughter the subject dropped.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE change was effected. Madame de Valmy, with many tears and many warnings, had gone, and Margarita Avenel occupied her place. Nothing could have equalled the young heiress's warm and kindly welcome.

"You must look upon my home as your home," she said, "and you must make yourself as happy as though you were living with your own sister."

Margarita's face relaxed at the words.

"You are like sunshine," she said; "you warm every heart that comes near you. I do not think any one could help being happy with you."

And then Miss Cameron showed her the pretty rooms prepared for her. They afterward selected some books, Marga-

rita's favorites, then dined, and then spent their first evening together.

Margarita suggested a promenade, but Adelaide did not care for it. She looked into her companion's face and smiled.

"I am not used to crying," she said—"it is rather a rare event with me; but I cried very much when madame left me this morning, and it has made my head ache. I prefer to sit here. Perhaps you will sing to me. I can almost imagine what your singing voice is like."

Margarita looked very beautiful in her evening-dress of plain black net; and she wore no ornament save a deep crimson rose in her bodice and one in the coils of her black hair.

"You must be of Spanish extraction, Miss Avenel," said Adelaide, laughingly.

And then Margarita told her, as she had told Lord Rylestone, that she inherited her dark face from a Spanish ancestor.

"Will you sing to me now?" asked Adelaide. "That is, if you feel no disinclination. If at any time I ask you to do anything that is unpleasant to you, you must tell me."

"There is nothing I like better than singing," said Margarita, as she went to the piano.

Margarita sat down to the piano; the spirit of the hour possessed her—the music that stole from her fingers was sad and sweet. She sang in a low, rich voice that was full of passion and tenderness—sang so sweetly and sadly of love and absence and sorrow that the tears came to Adelaide's eyes. If they could but have known that the music meant the same for both, that the thoughts of each had gone over the sea, that the sadness and the tenderness were all for one object. When she could bear it no longer, Adelaide said:

"You are making my heart ache—you make me feel as though I had lost all I ever loved. What power there is in music!"

"Perhaps you like gay songs best?" said Margarita.

"Not as a rule, but to-night, yes—the music you are playing is too sad. Did you ever, Miss Avenel, read one of Browning's ballads beginning :

"Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead—
Sit and watch by her side an hour?"

"No, I do not remember it," replied Margarita.

"There are two lines in it that strike me as being very applicable to you," said Adelaide :

"The good stars met in your horoscope
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew."

"I do not think good stars met in my horoscope," observed Margarita, sadly; but Adelaide seemed bent on pursuing the idea.

"It is a beautiful ballad," she said—"one of Browning's best. It is of a young girl—'beautiful Evelyn Hope'—lying dead, and the man who comes to sit by her side for an hour is the man who loves her. Listen to this last verse, Miss Avenel :

"I loved you, Evelyn, all the while—
My heart seemed full as it could hold.
There was space and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See—I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There—that is our secret; go to sleep—
You will wake and remember and understand."

Is it not beautiful, Miss Avenel? Can you not fancy the lover gathering the rich crimson geranium leaf, and placing it in the dead hand?"

"It is beautiful, but unreal," said Margarita; "and the idea, though so poetical, is more heathenish than Christian."

"Why?" asked Adelaide, looking at her in wonder.

"Ah, Miss Cameron, I cannot explain myself! Put I begin to think that human love has in it as much pain as happiness; and when we have been through its fire and its sorrow—when we have slept the long sleep of death, we shall not awaken to human love again."

"Would you not like so to wake?" asked Adelaide, in a low voice.

The dark, troubled eyes had in them a strange light.

"No, I think not," she replied. "We shall not wake to the memories that a crimson geranium leaf can recall. Your ballad is pretty, but it is unreal, Miss Cameron."

"Do you think all love is full of pain?" asked Miss Cameron, slowly.

"Seeing that it is human, one feels inclined to assert that it must be so. It cannot be perfect—it must have in it as much of pain as of happiness."

"But of what pain?" asked Adelaide.

"The pain of misunderstanding, of jealousy, of wrong; the pain of finding that the whole rich treasure of a loving heart has been given in vain; the pain of finding that where we have given perfect trust and implicit confidence we have not met with them in return."

"I should say the pain of loving in vain was greater than any other," said Adelaide, "slowly; "and yet your melancholy vein cannot be the correct one. Listen to what Browning says again :

"God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still for my own love's sake."

Moreover he, a great poet, does not seem to think human love dies; he sings :

"Delayed it may be for more lives yet;
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn, and much to forget,
Ere the time be come for taking you."

You see, Miss Avenel, he thinks that after long ages have passed we may renew this human love that was broken by death.

"What would you do with me, in fine,
In th' now life come, in the old life's stead?"

quoted Adelaide, and then she laughed.

"What a gulf of sentiment we have fallen into! It is all the fault of Evelyn Hope. Browning's ballads have one peculiar effect on me—they haunt me. I took up a book with 'Evelyn Hope' in it this morning, and the words have returned to me, until now I know them by heart."

That was the first, but by no means the last, conversation of the kind that they had. Adelaide was delighted with her companion.

"Madame would never talk about poetry with me," she said once; "she declared that I had a superabundance of it, and that it did me no good."

"Madame, judging from her face, was no lover of poetry," observed Margarita; and her tone was so cold that Adelaide cried quickly:

"You did not like her! How strange! She did not like you." She spoke without thinking, and the next moment was sorry for it.

"I knew she did not," said Margarita, quietly; "we mistrusted each other."

Though she spoke calmly, she felt anxious. She hoped this shrewd-faced Frenchwoman had not tried to prejudice Miss Cameron against her.

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME weeks had elapsed since the heiress and her companion returned to Walton Court, and during that time Miss

Cameron had grown warmly attached to her beautiful young friend. She was by no means "gushing," though impulsive and warm of heart; but there was something in the dreamy, passionate, poetical temperament of Margarita Avenel that delighted her. She liked to call up all the enthusiasm with which the beautiful face could glow; she liked the musical words in which Margarita clothed her thoughts; she liked her peculiar mixture of ideas, half grave, half gay, half tender, frank, with a dash of cynicism. She was the most original and delightful character that had ever come within the scope of Miss Cameron's observation, so she liked to watch the character, the tastes, the disposition of her companion.

"I am trying to find out your faults," she said to her one day with a little laugh. "I know your virtues and goodness. You must have faults, but I have not seen any."

"You will discover them in time," responded Margarita. "I know that I am jealous. I have an amount of jealousy that would startle any one."

"Have you been jealous?" asked Adelaide.

"No; but I have felt that I could be if I were roused. And I do not think my temper is quite perfect. I have not your marvelous patience and sweetness of disposition. I am impetuous, hasty."

"That is not a very terrible list," said Adelaide, laughing. "I think dark eyes and what people call a warm temper generally go together."

"I have seen plenty of temper in blue eyes," remarked Margarita, with a smile. "I am afraid that perhaps my most serious defect is a leaning to expediency; that I should overlook the means in attaining an end."

"I do not think you would," said Adelaide. "You are mistaken in your estimate of yourself."

On the second day after her arrival at Walton Court, Margarita had had a severe lesson. Miss Cameron had a great liking and respect for the stately old housekeeper, Mrs. Grame; and the day after their arrival, when the first confusion had somewhat abated, she proposed to Margarita that they should go to see her in her own room, and Mrs. Grame received them in her grandest manner. She talked busily to Miss Cameron about the unused rooms, and Adelaide, always desirous of making Margarita feel quite as much at home as herself, appealed to her every now and then by way of drawing her into the conversation; but the housekeeper's voice recalled to her mind so forcibly the day when she had first stolen her way, as it were, into Walton Court, that she relapsed into dreams. More than once the housekeeper's keen eyes were turned upon her, and at last she spoke.

"Pardon me, Miss Avenel, but you remind me so much of a lady who came some months ago to see the court."

Miss Cameron smiled. Margarita, with a heightened color, said: "Do I? Why?"

"She had just the same half-absent, half-dreamy way about her, ma'am, that you have."

"Do many strangers come to see the place?" asked Miss Cameron, finding that Margarita made no reply.

"When the family are away, a great many; but none ever struck me as this lady did. I showed her the picture-gallery. Every now and then she fell into what I call a waking dream. She would stand quite silent for some minutes, full of her own thoughts, and then, when I spoke to her, start as though I had awakened her from a long sleep. You have just the same fashion, Miss Avenel," she concluded, with a stately curtsey.

Margarita tried to reply carelessly, but in her heart she was thinking how foolish she had been to come there—how she had laid herself open to suspicion and discovery.

"I must try to cure myself of it, Mrs. Grame," she said; "it is a bad habit."

"Nay, ma'am, I did not intend you to infer that. I merely

observed that you had the same manner which struck me so in my visitor."

"Perhaps she was an artist," said Miss Cameron.

"She may have been. I showed her the portrait of his lordship, and I thought she would never be satisfied with looking at it."

"The face is so handsome," observed Miss Cameron, "she may be pardoned for that."

"You are right, ma'am," she said; "there is not another face in the wide world like it."

And then Miss Cameron, with all a proud woman's annoyance at having betrayed a secret liking, remarked, coolly:

"There was nothing particular in your strange visitor's admiring Lord Rylestone's face—every one does so who sees it. It is the type of face that is sure to be popular."

She tried to speak coldly, but the jealous eyes fixed on her read much the young heiress would have preferred to hide.

"Surely," thought Margarita, "in addition to taking my husband's money, she has not dared to try to make him like her!" And then she had to listen again, for Mrs. Grame continued:

"I thought at the time there was something strange about the lady, and I think so still. She kept her veil down the whole time that she was here. I had not so much as one glance at her face; and she spoke in a hushed voice."

"Why, Mrs. Grame, you are weaving quite a romance about your visitor!" laughed Adelaide.

"I misdoubt me that the romance was woven already, miss, when she came here," was the oracular reply. "I was vexed with myself afterward that I had spoken so freely to her, for she asked me such strange questions."

Margarita grew sick at heart, but she dared not show any sign of what she felt. As if the subject did not interest her, she walked to the window, while Miss Cameron began to feel some little interest in her old housekeeper's story.

"What strange questions did she ask you? The mystery deepens," she said, laughingly.

"She asked many things about you, miss—I hardly remember what; but the principal thing she asked was, 'Did I know if there was anything strange about the late lord's will?' At the time it did not strike me; afterward I thought a great deal about it."

Adelaide grew white as death, Margarita crimson as any rose. To hide the flush she bent over the geraniums, while Adelaide turned quickly to the housekeeper.

"She asked you that question? Who was she?"

"I do not know, miss. She was quite a stranger in these parts, she said."

"A stranger, and she asked you if there was anything strange in the late lord's will!" cried Adelaide, breathlessly. "What did it matter to her? What concern was it of hers? What did you tell her, Mrs. Grame?"

"I told her the truth, miss—that there was nothing strange in the will, or we should have known it."

"You did well," remarked Miss Cameron.

"Then," continued the housekeeper, "she said she must have been mistaken—that it must have been some other will she had read."

"What kind of person was she?" asked Miss Cameron, hastily.

"I cannot describe her, miss, because she never let me see her face. She was plainly dressed, and she wore a thick veil. She was about the same height as Miss Avenel, and she had a graceful way of moving. She was quite a lady, I am sure."

"How mad I was to come here!" thought Margarita. "And yet, but for that visit I should not be here now."

"It is very strange," said Adelaide, thoughtfully. "Did she ask many questions about the family?"

"I do not remember. That struck me the most—'Was there anything strange about the will?' And I am sure she was greatly interested in the answer, for she gave a kind of gasp that was like a sigh when she had spoken."

"It is very strange," said Miss Cameron again. "Have you listened to this romantic history, Margarita?"

"Yes, I have heard it all," she replied, gently.

"Do you not think it strange?" inquired Adelaide.

"Yes," answered Margarita, bending still lower over the geraniums, "it is very strange."

She was compelled to wait until the burning flush had died from her face before she turned round, and then she said, carelessly:

"Your geraniums are very fine, Mrs. Grame—you must take great care of them."

"I do," said the housekeeper; and when Margaret turned round she saw the shrewd eyes that she remembered so well fixed upon her, full of curiosity and wonder.

"She does not positively recognize me," thought Margarita—"she only suspects."

"But, Miss Avenel," cried Adelaide, "you do not seem to understand how strange this story is."

"I do not think it very strange, because I am more accustomed to the impudent curiosity of the world than you are. If I had a place like this, I should not allow strangers to visit it. They ask all kinds of questions. The only way to repel such people is to refuse to show the place."

"But why," persisted Adelaide, "why should she come here to this particular spot?"

"She had to go somewhere—why not here? If there had been anything strange in the will, it would have been a curious coincidence."

She spoke carelessly, but her eyes were fixed eagerly on Adelaide's face. She saw it grow strangely white; and then she said to herself:

"I am on the right track. I shall be able to help my husband after all. She knows and dreads the secret of the will."

CHAPTER XXXI.

N another occasion Margarita had found herself in some embarrassment at Walton Court. She was going with the housekeeper to the picture-gallery; Miss Cameron had expressed a wish to have some particular painting removed from there and placed in her own room, and had asked Margarita to superintend the removal; and the housekeeper went with her to measure the frame and see if it would fit in the place where Miss Cameron wanted it.

When they had reached the top of the broad staircase, Margarita, remembering the way she had gone on her memorable first visit, naturally turned aside to the little door that opened into the short passage which was the nearest way to the picture-gallery, and which was known only to the inmates of the house. Mrs. Grame looked after her.

"You have been here before, miss," she said. "No stranger would know that door."

"I have been here before," said Margaret, turning quickly; "I was here with Miss Cameron last evening."

Mrs. Grame made no reply; she walked on, leaving Margarita in a most uncomfortable frame of mind.

"If she suspects me," she said, "I wish she would say so at once, and give me a chance of saying something."

But, whatever Mrs. Grame's suspicions may have been,

they were kept to herself—Margarita never knew whether she had any or not. The only thing was that whenever she came near Margarita she watched her intently, and whenever she spoke to her it was with constraint and reserve.

Margarita never forgot the day when, with Miss Cameron, she went into the dining-room, where Lord Rylestone's portrait hung. She stood near the door, hardly daring at first to go near; but Adelaide walked up to the picture and stood before it in silence—silence which was yet so eloquent that Margarita could not bear it. She restrained her emotion and went forward and stood by her side. There were tears in Miss Cameron's eyes as she turned round.

"This is Lord Rylestone's portrait," she said to Lord Rylestone's wife. "Walton Court belongs to him. I am only a tenant."

"Why does he not live here?" asked Margarita, briefly. All her old anger surged up hotly against this golden-haired girl who had come between her husband and his fortune, who had sent him into exile and spoiled his life.

"It is a long story," replied Miss Cameron, "and a very sad one. What a noble face his is! What eloquent eyes!"

So they stood before the portrait—the dark-haired, beautiful woman that was Lord Rylestone's wife, and the golden-haired girl who loved him as a hero. They stood side by side, looking at the face they both loved so well.

"Is Lord Rylestone a relative of yours?" Margarita asked. The fair face of the heiress grew crimson.

"No—if he is related to me at all, it is in a most distant manner."

"Oh!" replied Margarita, significantly. "You admire his rank?"

"Yes—and I admire himself. Frankly speaking, I think Lord Rylestone the noblest man I know."

And then they looked at each other. Margarita was not to know Adelaide's secret just yet—the very frankness with which she spoke disarmed all criticism.

"You would think the same if you knew him," continued Adelaide—"he is so noble, so generous, so disinterested."

"All your admiration of him did not prevent your taking his fortune," thought Margarita. "You have not been disinterested, if he has."

Miss Cameron was reading the *Times* one evening, when she said, suddenly: "The Canadian mail is in."

"The Canadian mail?" Margarita repeated, faintly.

"Yea. I told you Lord Rylestone was in Canada."

Margarita looked up quickly.

"Does Lord Rylestone write to you?" she asked; and then, remembering how ill-bred such a question was, she blushed crimson. "I beg your pardon, Miss Cameron," she said. "I did not think what I was saying."

Adelaide laughed.

"You need not apologise to me," she said. "I have mentioned Lord Rylestone's name so often to you that it is not wonderful you should feel an interest in him. Yes, he writes to me sometimes—not very often. I tell him about Walton, and he thanks me. That is about the extent of our correspondence."

But for such singularly uninteresting letters Miss Cameron was very anxious.

The first question the next morning was: "Are the letters come?"

When the bag was opened it did not contain one for her, and all day the fair young face was shadowed with anxious thought. He had not written, and life had lost a great deal of its brightness. But the next morning all was happiness again. There was a letter for her, directed in the hand that Margarita knew so well:

"Miss Cameron,
Walton Court,
Westshire."

Lady Rylestone's heart gave a great jealous bound when she saw that letter. She knew that in the London Post-Office one would be waiting for her, but she wanted Adelaide's. She could not bear that another face should be brightened, another heart lightened, by his written words. He was all her own, and she laid her hands with a passionate cry on the letter; she would rather, ten thousand times over, have torn it into shreds than have given it to Miss Cameron to read. She would have done so but that she dared not—it might have led to her detection.

And then Adelaide entered the breakfast-room, fair and smiling as a Summer morning. Her whole face brightened when she saw the foreign letter laid by her plate.

"That is for me," she cried. "It is from Lord Rylestone."

And Lord Rylestone's wife sat by in silence while the heiress read and re-read her letter.

"You do not eat any breakfast," Margarita said, at last; for Miss Cameron had pushed aside her plate.

"I do not want any—the tea is quite sufficient, thank you."

And Margarita could not help seeing that she was too deeply engrossed in her letter to care for anything else. When she had read it through she sat for some time, with a smile on her lips and a bright, happy look on her face, wrapped in a reverie, and then she said:

"That is a kind letter. I must answer it before the mail goes."

And Margarita was obliged to make some indifferent remark. She would have liked to rise indignantly, to seize the letter in her grasp, to say, "He is my husband, and because of you he is in exile!" Her heart was hardened against the fair-faced girl who lived in such luxury, while her husband was over the sea. She longed too, with a wild longing, to read the written words that had brought such a happy look to the young face.

"Is it a kind letter?" she asked, with a cold smile. "I do not think gentlemen, as a rule, make good letter-writers."

"Why not?" asked Adelaide.

"They study brevity where ladies study fullness of expression. Lord Rylestone does not try to describe Canada to you, does he?"

"No," replied Adelaide, with a happy laugh; "he does not even mention it;" and then, looking up suddenly, she saw the dark eyes fixed on her with a wistful look. She took the letter and held it out to Margarita.

"Read it," she said, "and you will change your opinion as to gentlemen's letters."

The dark face burned and the dark eyes flashed as Margarita took the letter—her husband's letter—and read it through. It was kind and cordial, thanking Miss Cameron for the long letter of details she had sent, asking her to see one or two old pensioners for him, wishing her all happiness and prosperity, and concluding as her "sincere friend, Allan Rylestone."

There was not one word that might not have been read aloud to strangers, and Margarita could not feel the least emotion of jealousy about it.

"It is a kind letter," she said; "but I cannot say that it alters my opinion. That remains unchanged—gentlemen do not write so well as ladies."

She had read the letter, but there was not a single word in it about the will, no allusion to it, nothing that could give her the least clue as to the secret, and she was bitterly disappointed. Could it, after all, be fancy on her part? No; she remembered the words so well. She had read them a hundred times, "I am thankful that no one knows the secret of the will."

She would have given anything for a clue, but the more she sought the farther she seemed from her object. Suddenly

she remembered that there would be a letter waiting for her in London ; she knew that it would go to the little villa at Marpeth, and that the servants would forward it according to her directions. She asked Miss Cameron if she could be spared to run up to London for a day.

"Certainly. Your time is your own. Because you are kind enough to give the greater part to me, that is no reason why I should take it all. When do you wish to go?"

Margarita told her ; and she was touched when Miss Cameron added :

"I hope you will not be away long—it is not so much because I need your services as that I shall miss your society. I have grown so fond of you that I shall count the hours of your absence."

Margarita went, and at St. Martin's-le-Grand she found a letter awaiting her. Her heart had hungered for it, her soul had longed for it, and now that she had it it exceeded all she had hoped for. Every line breathed such passionate love, such intense devotion, such sorrow at being away from her, that for a time she forgot everything else in the happiness of knowing how dearly she was loved. One sentence re-aroused all her dislike to Adelaide and all her longing to find out the secret of the will, and it was :

"I wish that something unforeseen would happen to shorten my exile and bring me home to you."

His exile would be shortened if she could but find out the secret of the will—so she, in her infatuation, firmly believed.

CHAPTER XXXII.



HE Autumn had gone ; all the red and brown leaves had fallen ; the great trees stood with their branches bare, and the cold winds bent them ; the snow lay like a mantle over the earth ; King Winter was come with his crown of red holly. Once more Miss Cameron received a letter from Canada. This time there was a request for business details—when John Luck's lease would expire, and whether the Home Farm was to let ; and these two questions Lord Rylestone begged Miss Cameron to answer at once.

I must write my letter for Canada to-day," said Adelaide to Margarita.

"I see the mail leaves on Wednesday, and this is Monday—I have no time to lose."

But Monday was a tempting Winter day ; to remain indoors was an impossibility ; there was a gleam of sunshine on the snow, the sky was brilliant, and the air so clear and bracing that to breathe it was a luxury.

"I must go out," said Miss Cameron. "I do not think there is a fairer sight on this fair earth than the woods in Winter ; to-day there is such a rich purple light amongst the trees, such a delicate silver haze, such a network of hoar frost, that I cannot resist the temptation."

"You have forgotten your letter," said Margarita.

"No, I have not—nothing would make me forget it ; but there will be plenty of time when I return. You will come with me, Margarita ?"

Long before then Miss Cameron had abandoned a more formal style of address. She asked her young companion quite suddenly one evening what was her Christian name ; and, before she had time to think, Margarita had told her.

"Margarita," repeated Miss Cameron, "then let me call you by it. I do not like 'Miss Avenel'—it is so stiff and formal." So from that time she used it.

They went out together. But an accident happened to

Miss Cameron. She saw a beautiful spray of laurustinus, and tried to reach it. Either she had miscalculated the height at which it grew, or the ground beneath her feet was treacherous. She slipped and fell—fell with her whole weight on the extended hand, spraining it terribly.

A little cry escaped her lips, and then she rose. Margarita hastened to her.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said, anxiously.

"I have hurt my hand ; it is either bruised or sprained—and it is my right hand, too. What shall I do ?"

"We had better hasten home and send for a doctor," suggested Margarita. "I hope it is not sprained."

"It is very painful," said Adelaide ; "and I am a great coward as regards pain."

They hastened home, and Miss Cameron, although she called herself a coward, bore the pain bravely. The moment they reached Walton, Margarita sent to Lutdale for a doctor. He came, and announced that Miss Cameron had sprained her wrist very seriously.

"It is your right hand, too, Miss Cameron. You will not be able to use it for some weeks."

When he was gone, and the proper remedies had been applied, Adelaide looked wistfully at the little clock.

"It is nearly five," she said ; "my day has been a terrible failure. Margarita, you must please write to Lord Rylestone for me."

The book she was holding fell from Margarita's hand.

"Write to Lord Rylestone!" she said. "Oh, no ! I cannot do that !"

Miss Cameron did not see the deadly pallor that came over the beautiful face. She laughed at the tragic tone.

"Are you frightened ?" she said. "Have you never written to a gentleman before ?"

"Yes, but I cannot write your letter. I should not know what to say. I have never written a business letter in all my life. I cannot do it."

Miss Cameron laughed again.

"My dear Margarita," she said, "what a waste of earnestness ! What a tempest in a tea-cup ! Why should you frighten yourself ? I will dictate the letter, and you shall write it."

Margarita trembled so that she could hardly speak. Surely no one was ever placed in a more terrible dilemma. She could not persist in her refusal. Miss Cameron would not only be annoyed, but she would wonder greatly ; and perhaps her continued refusal might give rise to suspicion. As to writing, she dared not do it. She had never tried to disguise her handwriting, and Lord Rylestone would recognize it at once, and then there would be a terrible *dénouement*. In her unutterable dismay she wrung her hands, and Miss Cameron laughed again.

"My head aches—I am tired," said Margarita. "I am not in the humor for letter-writing."

"It is because the letter is to a handsome young unmarried gentleman," commented Adelaide. "If it were to our good old rector, you would not object. Now be reasonable, Margarita. Lord Rylestone would not have asked for this information unless he really needed it. I cannot write. If I called Mrs. Grame in, she would be hours over it. Surely you will not persist in what is a most ungracious refusal ? It is so unlike you, dear."

There was no help for it.

"I must write the letter to disarm suspicion," Margarita said to herself, "but it must never go."

(To be continued.)

SINCE Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.

THE DUCHESSE'S DIAMOND.



ONLIGHT at Versailles! Moonlight on the long façade of that stupendous palace, the plan of which Mansard conceived, and Louis XIV. executed, at a cost of nearly thirty-three millions of dollars. Moonlight on the magnificent park and gardens, the spouting fountains, the straight alleys, the clipped hedges, the wilderness of hot bloom, and dew and sultry odors. Moonlight on a pair of lovers parting in the gloom and stillness of a secluded acacia walk, with hands clasped in anguish, and faces pale as death.

Hark! A night-bird is singing mournfully in the depths of the dark path. A vagrant wind sighs along the alleys, and shakes down a shower of petals on the brocade court-train of the girl; on the powdered clusters of her bronze-black hair. Her lover bends over her—his fair head, his gold-embroidered uniform, the orders on his breast, shine in the light. His lips meet hers in one deep, prolonged kiss.

"I leave Versailles to-night," he murmurs, "to join the army. Something tells me, Marguerite, that I shall never return."

The point-lace sleeves fell back from her milky arms as she flings them passionately around him.

"Gaspard! Gaspard!"

"Listen to me. The king orders me to the Rhine, simply to keep us asunder. It is plain that he will never give his consent to our marriage. *Mon Dieu!* but I have one hope left—it is, that faithful service in the field may soften his heart to my anguish. Meanwhile I do not ask you to bind yourself by promise or vow."

She interrupted him with a gesture—this maid-of-honor to Queen Marie of Poland, this Marguerite de Guise, in whose veins the blood of princes flowed.

"I swear to you, Gaspard—"

"Nay, nay, swear nothing, except to love me always, even as you love me this night."

"I will—I will!"

He strained her to his breast.

The song of the night-bird in the park thrilled plaintively through the silence. A fountain near-by dropped showers of crystals into the round basin, like passionate tears.

"In all the world," murmured the count, "I have but two ties; in all the world there are but two beings, the thought of an eternal farewell with whom wrings my heart. The first is yourself; the other—"

He hesitated, dragged his face aside from her uplifted eyes.

"The other?" she echoed.

"Is—my brother."

"Ah, my count, how can that be? You have no brother."

He drew her deeper into the shadow of the acacia trees. He held her hands locked fast in his own.

"Attend. I have a brother, Marguerite, and I love him immeasurably—that is why I talk of him to you. Many years ago, in early youth, my father—the late Comte de Fay—secretly wooed and wedded the daughter of a peasant in his native province of Brittany. *Mon Dieu!* the matter, somehow, became public—all Paris rang with it. My father expiated his folly by three years' imprisonment in the bastille, to which his indignant relative consigned him by a *lettre-de-cachet*. His peasant-wife died at the birth of her boy, Tancrede. After the count's release, he received this child into his own household. Although he was never called by our name—for the issue of such a marriage could not be considered legitimate—he became my playmate, my fellow-

student. We loved each other fondly, but an unfortunate quarrel with my father parted us at last. Tancrede fled from Paris—from France. Years ago I lost all trace of him. But that he lives somewhere I feel assured; and, as I have already said, Marguerite, in all the world he is the only being, save yourself, that I love."

She did not answer; her eyes were fixed earnestly on his face.

He thrust his hand into his breast, and drew out something which, he held shut up in the palm.

"I leave Paris to-morrow," said the count; "I may never return. In case of my death I cannot bestow my title or my estates upon Tancrede. Neither can I bear longer to think of him as a wronged, nameless adventurer, wandering about the world. Here is something all my own. If you love me, Marguerite, take it—hold it in trust for him till he may return to France. Its value I cannot estimate, but it will insure him against all future want. Look!"

He opened his hand. In the hollow of the palm lay a marvelous thing, shaped like an almond, and shining as if all the stars of heaven had poured their lustre into it. It was a diamond—green as the eyes of the lion on the tomb of Hermias, which frightened away the fish from Cyprus. Its weight could not have been less than a hundred carats. Handsomely cut, absolutely without a flaw, and flinging out from all points vivid green and white lights, it lay burning in his hand—a strange, dazzling wonder, alive with fire and splendor—a coal torn—who could know when, or by whom?—from the altar of the genii deep in some Indian mine.

"I wrenched it with my own hand," said the count, "from the turban of an Arab sheik, while journeying through the East two years ago, on a mission for the king. Not far from the gates of Damascus, this Ishmael of the desert set upon me, intent on robbery and murder. *Ma foi!* His followers largely outnumbered mine, and I had a sharp struggle for my life, but the desert sand drank his blood at last, and I carried this jewel on my breast into Damascus. There is not in all Europe another like it. Marguerite, I wish to make you, my betrothed, the donor of this gift to the wronged, unhappy Tancrede, who holds the next place in my heart. Will you accept the trust?"

She hung upon his arm, trembling, pale.

"Yes, yes. But how solemnly you say all this. Are you, then, taking a last farewell of me?"

"God forbid! And yet—hark! some one is coming this way. You must not be seen here. Quick! Take the diamond! One kiss—one more—farewell, and God keep you, Marguerite!"

She shivered at the touch of the cold, green, glancing jewel, as he thrust it into her hand. Footsteps sounded close by in an adjoining walk. For one moment she was strained to his breast.

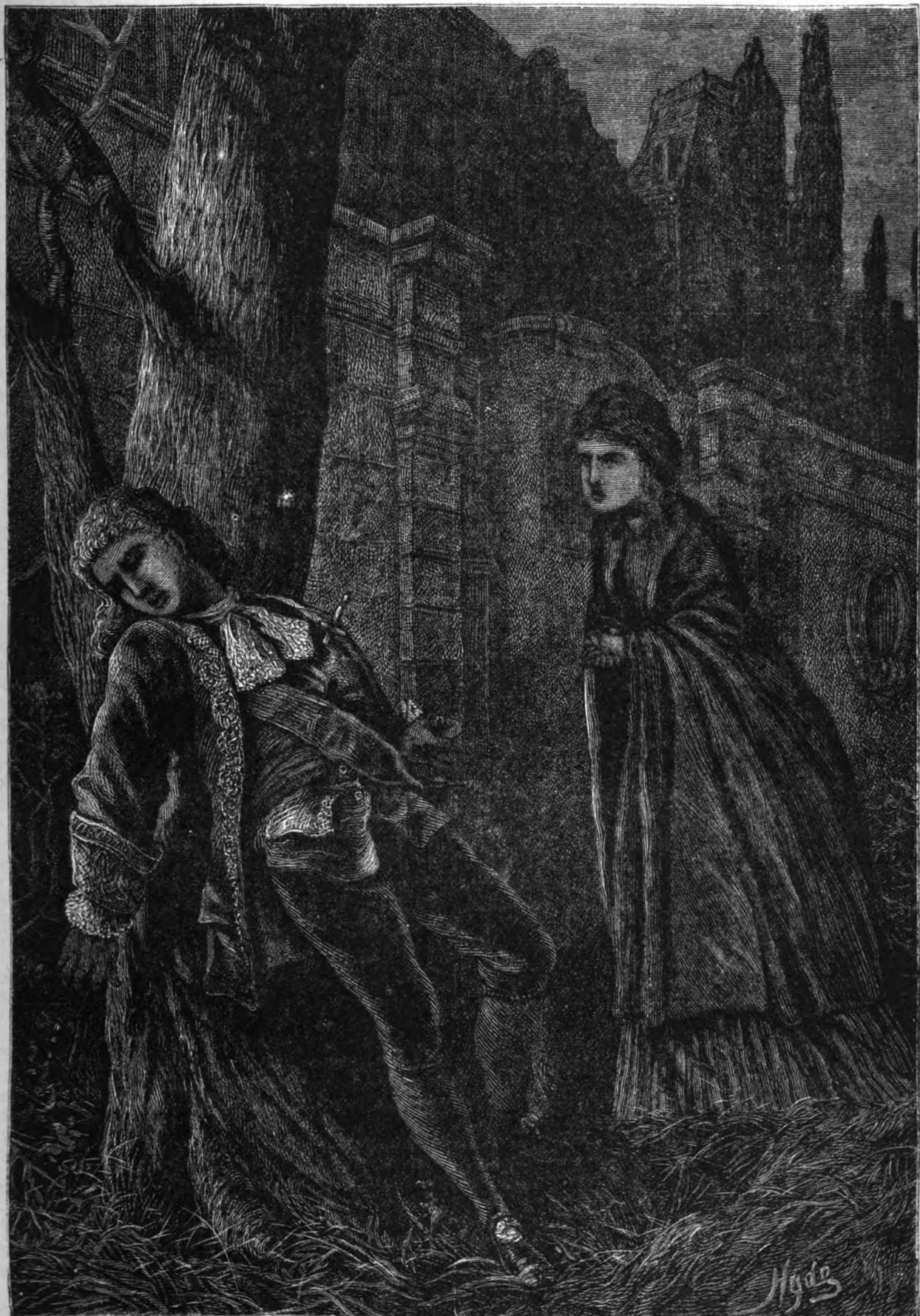
"I know the fate to which the king has already devoted you," he murmured; "but, whatever comes, do not forget to love me."

"I am *à toi* after, as before, death," she answered.

He embraced her passionately, then tore himself from her arms, and hurried off through the intricate walks of the palace-garden.

Under the flowering acacia trees, with the green diamond clutched in her hand, the queen's maid-of-honor fell to the earth in a death-like swoon.

Monsieur the count saw her but once again. This was at mass in the Royal Chapel on the following morning. Her face was cold and colorless as a star. Her superb, black-gray eyes drooped heavy with unshed tears. As she passed out of her pew in the suite of the queen, a knot of lace, with a rose attached, dropped unheeded from her corsage. The count snatched it up. Their eyes met. He grew pale as



THE DUCHESSE'S DIAMOND.—"PROPPED AGAINST THE TRUNK OF THE LIME-TREE, HE STOOD JUST AS THE HAND OF THE ASSASSIN HAD PLACED HIM."

ashes. She gave him an heartrending glance, an audible groan escaped her lips. It reached the ear of the king. He turned and regarded her with great displeasure.

"Mademoiselle, you are ill!"

"I've a sudden pain."

"Control yourself. Do you wish all Paris to know your secret?"

The royal party disappeared through the chapel door.

The count had looked his last forever on Mademoiselle de Guise.

Three months after, on a battlefield of the Rhine, that withered rose, that knot of lace, was found on his dead heart, drenched with its best blood.

When the news of his death reached Paris, King Louis XV. repaired in person to condole with the family of the Fays. He also made this announcement to Mademoiselle de Guise:

"I have found a husband for you. He is sixty years old, but good-tempered and enormously rich. It is the Duc d'Egmont. You are a ward of the crown, therefore it is our duty to see you settled."

Marguerite de Guise wedded the old Duc d'Egmont—the fattest man in France and the most stupid. She abhorred him.

Any allusion to the dead Count de Fay in her presence would cause her to swoon.

One night, in the apartments of the queen, where the king was playing *ombre* with some of his courtiers, the Prince de Salm, as malicious as he was ugly, thought proper to try the effect of this potent name upon her,

She was seated at a harpsichord, the light of the rock-crystal girandoles slipped down her powdered hair and golden-flowered court-dress.

De Salm stooped and whispered in her little ear:

"Madame, you are incomparably lovely. What a pity it is that Gaspard de Fay can find no successor in your heart!"

The unhappy duchesse fell to the floor in convulsions.

So indignant was the king with de Salm that he banished him from Versailles.

A few days after the Abbé Duhesme, confessor to the duchesse, was summoned to her hotel in the Rue de Grenelle, one morning before the sun was fairly up he found madame awaiting him in her bed-chamber, quite alone. She had dismissed even her maid. With a disordered white dress flung about her lovely body, she sat crouching on an ottoman, beside a burning log, shivering in every limb, although the weather was not cold. Her face was like ashes. Her dark hair hung dishevelled about her shoulders and bosom.

"Madame," said the good old priest, quite shocked by her appearance, "what can have happened?"

"Be seated," answered the duchesse, "and I will tell you. I have had a dream, monsieur, which disturbs me greatly. You and you only, can tell me what to do."

She ran to her dressing-table, drew from a secret drawer a tiny casket of sandal-wood, opened it, and lo! on a white velvet cushion therein, flashing like the sun itself—large, luminous, tinted like an emerald, but blazing with such light as no emerald ever possessed, lay the green diamond.

The duchesse related to the abbé the story of the wronged Tancrede, as she had heard it from her lover's lips, and the manner in which the jewel had been left in her care.

"Alas! monsieur," she said, with bitter tears, "it is a legacy to one whom I have never seen—whom I know not where to find. I dreamed last night of the count. He came to my bed-side, pale, sad. He looked at me with eyes full of sorrow and reproach. 'If you love me,' he said, 'why do you not seek out my other self, my Tancrede—why do you not enrich him with that which I left in your charge?'

All night long, monsieur, he stood there, piercing my heart with his upbraiding eyes—all night long I heard his voice ringing through my ears. 'Marguerite, you have forgotten my last request—you love me no more!'"

"Duchesse," said the abbé, "believe me, you have had an attack of nightmare—nothing more."

"No, no; it was a vision, abbé, and it lies like a leaden weight on my heart. Tell me, how—where can I find this lost Tancrede? How can I fulfil the behest of those dead lips, which are, which must ever be, dearer to me than all the living ones of earth?"

"I will at once institute inquiries regarding him," said the abbé. "It is likely that I may be able to learn something of him at once. Your duty, duchesse, is to find him, to deliver to him the diamond, and vex yourself no more about the matter." Tears gushed from her eyes.

"I know not why it is," she said, "but I feel as if some calamity threatened me. Even the sight of this gem fills me with terror. An evil spell seems lurking in it, ready to dart out at any moment, like the fang of an adder, and smite me to the heart."

"It must be worth an extraordinary amount," muttered the abbé, regarding the jewel with the eyes of a connoisseur. "The young man will find himself rich. Do not distress yourself further, duchesse. If he is in Europe, and above ground, I will bring him to you."

He took his departure, and the duchesse restored the diamond to the secret drawer, and prepared to receive the duke, who was to breakfast with her in her own apartments.

Presently his heavy step sounded in the corridor. Very red in the face, very rotund and wheezy, his fat, puffy hands shaded with point-lace ruffles, the ribbon of the Order of St. Louis suspended on his crimson velvet waistcoat, the Duc d'Egmont entered.

The duchesse had put on a dress of black and white damask. Her dark hair, rolled high on her forehead, fell in abundant masses over her shoulders. With an absent look on her romantic face, she sat unmindful of her husband's presence till he stood, curving his huge body in a bow, before her. Then she looked up with a shudder.

"Madame," said the duke, "you are pale this morning—something disturbs you."

"True, monsieur; I did not sleep well."

He heaved a tremendous sigh. He was as much in love with her as a fat man of sixty could be.

"Ah, madame! your beauty is exceeded by nothing, but your coldness. Will your heart never warm toward me? You exhaust my patience! How long must I wait for some return of the affection—"

"Stop! stop!" interrupted the duchesse. "Let us be sensible, monsieur. Pardon—you are too old for such folly, and I—I have no words to tell you how hateful the sound of it is to my ears."

"Madame, can a man ever reach an age when he is too old to love?"

"Yes, monsieur—when he himself has ceased to be lovable. But I decline to discuss the subject. My own heart is dead within me—as you must—as you do know."

He looked at her darkly, jealously.

"Parbleu! Be careful, madame, that in some unlooked-for hour it does not live again. A man may bear with a dead rival; but a living one—"

He touched the diamond hilt of his sword. Old, obese as he was, no man in France knew the use of that weapon better than he. The duchesse surveyed him with cold scorn.

"Monsieur, let us breakfast. Your talk is inconceivably stupid; it makes my head ache."

"And you," he groaned—"you stab my heart every day of my life, madame! But enough—you shall not find me

wanting in patience. I have given you a word of warning—nothing more. Madame, I kiss your hand."

From that hour henceforth he watched her ceaselessly.

The Queen of Portugal was dead. On this same day a funeral service was to be performed for her in the Church of Notre Dame. As matrimonial negotiations were then pending betwixt Madame Adelaide of France and the Prince of the Brazils, it was considered proper that the royal princesses and a retinue of courtiers should attend the grand ceremony.

In accordance with her rank, the seat assigned the Duchesse d'Egmont was in the front row, with the choicest nobility of the realm. Before the high altar stood a black *catafalque*, guarded by a sentinel. Through every arch and aisle of the sacred pile rang the magnificent funeral music. The choir was draped in black. Madame Adelaide had put on her most pensive expression, and all her ladies-in-waiting made haste to imitate her example. Everything inside the church was unspeakably sad, sombre, and solemn.

Presently the Duchesse d'Egmont advanced up the aisle. The pallor of her face—for rouge was prohibited with mourning—was angelic. She moved toward the *catafalque* to make her courtesy to it before taking her seat. To see her in the act, in the middle of the great Church of Notre Dame, was, it is said, an extraordinary sight.

As she inclined her young body with that matchless grace which no other woman in the kingdom possessed, her eyes chanced to fall upon the sentry standing by the tall, black *catafalque*. On his handsome figure, on his blonde, high-bred face, smote the light of the funeral candles. The duchesse started, stared at him one moment in utter silence. Then a piercing shriek broke from her lips. She sank senseless to the floor of the nave.

They carried her to the sacristy, and sprinkled holy water from the font upon her. In a semi-unconscious state she was conveyed to her house, in the Rue de Grenelle.

"Send immediately for the Abbé Duhesme," were the first words that passed her lips.

For the second time that day the good priest hastened to the presence of the unhappy duchesse. She was pacing her little oratory, her mourning attire not yet laid aside, her whole appearance betraying extraordinary agitation.

"Monsieur," she cried, "I have seen the Comte de Fay in uniform, under arms, in the Church of Notre Dame!" The abbé stood aghast. "Do not think me mad," she continued. "I saw him—I am certain of it; and I am more dead than alive. As I approached the *catafalque* he stood beside it, monsieur, in the uniform of the Gardes-Français. The candles shone full upon him. Could I mistake the blue eyes, the blonde hair, the face, the figure which none but he possessed?"

The abbé looked preternaturally grave.

"Duchesse, since our interview of the morning I have heard that in the Gardes there is a young soldier called Tancrede, the exact counterpart of the late Comte de Fay. Do you not see that it can be no other than his brother—the man of whom we are in search—the man to whom you must deliver the legacy of the green diamond!"

Her great eyes dilated; her face, if possible, grew paler than before.

"It is—it must be!" she murmured. "Alas! must I see him again? I am terrified—I am wretched, abbé!"

"Be calm," he answered, bent upon extricating her as soon as possible from her trouble. "I will obtain proofs this very day of his birth; I will also notify him of the count's bequest, and appoint some place of meeting where you can give the diamond into his hands."

"Great Heaven!" she cried, wildly, "do not—do not mention my name! Remember my husband—remember my position at court. Call me the friend of the dead count—no

more. He has for years been absent from France—he can have heard nothing of his brother's unfortunate passion."

"Trust me," answered the abbé, "no names shall be spoken in the matter. Choose some disguise in which you will not be recognized, and be ready to accompany me to-night to the Barrier of St. Jacques. Near by is the old church of St. Jean. It has a lonely, secluded garden, where the meeting can take place at ten o'clock. Your heart will be lighter, I am sure, when this unfortunate matter is once safely settled."

The face of the duchesse kept its deep pallor.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "you are right; the sooner it is over, the better. Very well, I leave it all to you. I will be ready."

The dress which she chose for this meeting with Tancrede was that which any tradesman's daughter of the Rue Temple might have worn. A short skirt of plain, dark stuff; a pair of buckled shoes; a little cap of fine muslin, under which her bronze-black tresses showered, unpowdered, over her dazzling bosom. Never in the glory of rouge and paniers and brocade, never when decked in all the pearls on which the republic of Venice loaned so much money to the D'Egmonts to carry on the war of the Low Countries, had the Duchesse Marguerite ever looked so beautiful. A crimson spot of intense excitement burned on either cheek; her languishing eyes shone with subdued light. She opened the secret drawer in her dressing-table, and took out the green diamond.

In the gleam of the lustres she held it upon her open palm for the last time—that emerald coal, burning and blazing with deathless fire. Myriad lances of light leaped out of its adamantine heart—were shed from it, as rain-drops from a cloud, in one perplexing, green dazzle. The duchesse thought of the old legend of the jewel, which Noah hung in the Ark to give light to him and his, as he sailed the universe of waters. She secured the diamond in its little sandal-wood casket, flung a long, dark mantle over her dress, and alone, on foot, with the Abbé Duhesme, set out for the Barrier St. Jacques.

It was a midsummer night. The moon, through masses of torn, white fleece, shone bright as day on the roofs and towers of the old city. It was just ten o'clock when the old abbé and his companion approached the Church of St. Jean. Through a masked door in the high wall, hidden by festoons of ivy, they entered the garden.

"If I do not greatly mistake," whispered the abbé, "the young man is here before us."

The duchesse began to tremble. They plunged through some rank green shrubbery and turned a vista-colored buttress of the old church. Silent as death lay the garden. Long, slanting, melancholy shadows of shrub and tree darkened it. Their feet sank deep in grass and wild violets. In the centre of the spot stood a clump of limes. Pacing impatiently back and forth beneath them, they saw the figure of a man—the soldier of the *Gardes-Français*—Tancrede.

How pale, how handsome he looked in that sad, sweet moonlight. The abbé thought involuntarily of the sons of God who came down of old to woo the daughters of men. He might truly have been called the Comte de Fay's other self, but his face wore an impassioned yet melancholy splendor, such as the more favored brother had never possessed. He was taller—fairer. He had hair of lighter tint—eyes darker and sadder in expression. Otherwise in form, in feature, in bearing, they were the same.

"Go forward," whispered the abbé to his companion; "I will remain here. Make the interview, I beseech you, as brief as possible."

Tancrede turned suddenly, and saw those two moving shapes among the trees. The duchesse advanced toward

him alone. The hood of her mantle fell back from her face—the moonlight shone full upon it. The young soldier stared at her like one dazed.

"Monsieur," she faltered, but turned giddy under his fixed look, and could not go on. He rushed toward her—supported her. His blonde face expressed the liveliest concern.

"Mademoiselle." O Heaven! It was the voice of the count himself! "You tremble—you are ill! Lean upon me."

The dead had come back! Her lost love stood before her, living, breathing once more.

"I am again a girl at Versailles," she thought, wildly, "and this is Gaspard, my one only love returned to me from the grave. Oh God! prolong this moment! Let me never leave this spot—let me die here at his feet!"

jewel which I now deliver to you, in fulfillment of a promise made to him then."

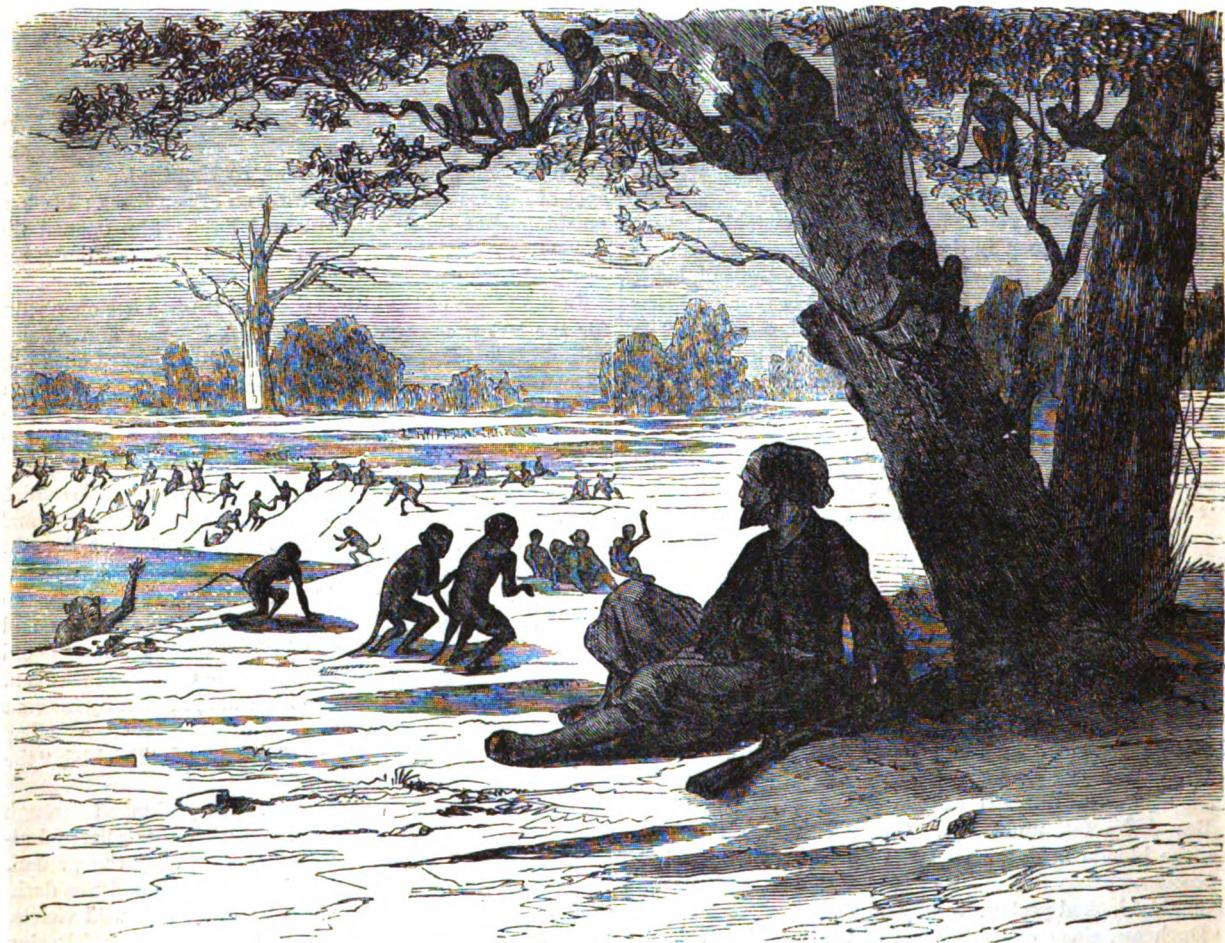
She put the casket which held the green diamond in his hand. He opened it—surveyed the splendid gem in silence. All its vivid glory seemed lost upon him. He looked from it back to the face of the duchesse.

"I see that you are an angel, but have an earthly name—what is it?" he said.

She hesitated, with the breath held on her parted lips.

"To Gaspard, your brother," she faltered, "I was Marguerite—only Marguerite."

"Marguerite!" he dwelt with lingering delight on the word. "It suits you well. You were his friend. Enough. Gaspard was the noblest, the best of men. To confess that he trusted and esteemed you, is also to say that you are all that is good—all that is estimable."



AN ADVENTURE WITH AFRICAN APES.—SEE PAGE 216.

As for Tancrède, dazzled by her beauty, stirred to the depths of his heart—he knew not why—by her agitation, he could only gaze upon her in silence.

"Is this mortal woman, or an angel of Paradise," he said to himself; "sent to console me for my wrongs and sorrows? It is worth life, it is worth death, to stand here and look in this face."

"Pardon, monsieur." The disguised duchesse drew back from Tancrède with inimitable grace: "you know why I am here. The letter which appointed this interview told you also of the Comte de Fay's legacy."

"True, mademoiselle—but you, who are you?"

She shuddered.

"A friend of your dead brother—one whom he trusted and esteemed—one to whom he confided, previous to his departure for the Rhine, your story, monsieur, and this

She could not speak. She was tingling from head to foot with rapturous pain. Every syllable, spoken in that voice which she knew so well, pierced her heart like a sword.

Overhead rode the cold, white moon. A bird twittered in the ivy on the buttress. The wind shook sweet odors from the violets in the grass at their feet. Tancrède regarded her fixedly.

"I understand!" he murmured. "Gaspard loved you—how could it have been otherwise?—but some difference in rank;" he looked at her humble dress—he evidently thought her some grisette. "Some considerations of birth forbade his union with you. He was a slave to the exigencies of his station—he could not stoop to lift you to his level. Tell me, mademoiselle, is it not so?"

She was speechless.



"The subject pains you," murmured Tancrede. "Pardon. I have read the riddle—I am content."

"Monsieur, where have you been since your flight from the house of your father—from the brother who adored you?"

"In every country of Europe, by turns, leading the life of a free-lance. A week since, I returned to France and entered the Gardes-Français. Here in Paris I first heard of the Comte de Fay's death."

A loud cough from the abbé interrupted them. This was a signal for the duchesse to cut short the interview.

"Monsieur, I must go now."

"So soon? One moment more! Surely you will let me see you again—you cannot, will not forbid me to think of you?"

"Alas! you know not what you ask."

"I shall come to this place to-morrow night—I shall await you here."

"Oh, hush! what madness!"

"Till we meet again I shall think of nothing but you."

Another cough from the impatient abbé.

"Let me go, monsieur. I have fulfilled my promise to the dead. May the diamond bring you fortune, ease, happiness."

He sank on one knee, snatched her hand, and carried it to his lips.

"Happiness! You mock me! Henceforth I can look for none save in your presence. Adieu, then, if it must be so! To-morrow night at the same hour."

"Do not follow me from this spot, monsieur; I forbid it."

"I will not. Fear nothing. I will not move till the clock of St. Jacques's strikes eleven."

He set his back against the lime-tree—crossed his arms on his breast. She cast one look upon him, then turned and fled through the shrubbery, and burst upon the waiting abbé, colorless, wild-eyed.

"Take me away!" she sobbed; "why did I come here. *Mon Dieu!* I am lost!"

The abbé was greatly disconcerted.

"You have revived too many sad memories in this interview," he said. "Let us return home, duchesse, and forget at once the whole unhappy business."

With that he conducted her through the masked door in the wall. They hastened back in silence and secrecy to the Rue de Grenelle. Alas!

The Duc d'Egmont left Paris the next morning for Versailles, but the duchesse did not accompany him; she was seriously indisposed. Languid and pale, she gave him, from her velvet sofa, one white hand to kiss at parting.

"*Mon ami*, you have a great deal of illness of late," said he, darkly. "Take care of yourself. I would that you were less unhappy."

"*Bon voyage*," murmured the duchesse. "I would that you were less stupid."

From that time the old church-garden by the Barrier St. Jacques became the trysting-place of two lovers.

Two lovers—one willfully shutting her eyes on present and future alike, terrified at her own madness, yet unable to retreat from the course on which she had entered. A woman, with the blood of princes in her veins, hastened night after night from rout and ball—from the magnificent galleries of Versailles—from the famous halls of Marly—from the presence of kings and councillors, to don by stealth the humble dress of a grisette, and, attended only by one faithful maid, hie to that lonely garden by the Barrier to pass one little hour of rapture with the man she loved.

Their passion was as strange and innocent as it was limitless. In the nameless soldier of the Gardes-Français, the Duchesse Marguerite worshiped a peer of the realm, dead months before. As for Tancrede, he knew not whence she

came nor whither she went. She had forbidden him to watch her beyond the garden wall, and her word was his law. They spoke but little. Their eloquent eyes alone revealed the secret of their hearts. Only once, in parting at the gate of their enchanted paradise, as he saw her slipping from him into the mysterious life of which he knew nothing, the heart of the man burst all bounds. He snatched her breathlessly back—he seemed to devour her pale, shrinking face with his lordly eyes. Before she was aware, he had her in his arms—he pressed her madly to his heart.

"Marguerite," he murmured, "I love—I adore you! I have no longer any existence—any world outside this spot. Nay, do not tremble. Dare you share such uncertain fortunes as mine? I ask you to love me. I ask you to marry me, mademoiselle."

The Rubicon was passed! A groan escaped her lips. She would have fallen but for his sustaining arm.

"No, no!" she gasped; "monsieur, you rave! Am I not your sister—your friend? Be content, I entreat you!"

A smile dawned on his lips. His face glowed with conscious power, with passion unutterable.

"Mademoiselle, that is good, but it is cold. Was it your heart which spoke then?"

"Release me, monsieur; my punishment is more than I can bear."

"Consider, my love. Are you angry with me? Do you hate me, Marguerite?"

"Hate you? O Heaven! I am like one perishing with thirst who sees a draught of water raised to his lips, and yet may not drink."

He bent and pressed his mouth upon hers.

"Riddles—riddles! I understand nothing of what you say, mademoiselle, save this: You love me!"

She broke from him, and fled breathlessly out of the garden.

It was the eve of St. Denis. In the Rue de Grenelle the duchess supped with the tiresome old duke. She looked bored and distraught, but he did not seem to notice it.

Presently he dismissed the attendants, and turned to his wife. Never had his heavy red face, in the shadow of its white periuke, looked so hateful to her as at this moment.

"Madame, you are losing health and color," said he, spitefully.

"I think not, monsieur; your eyesight is failing, that is all."

"I give you my word, madame, that it is so. 'Sdeath! You walk too much in the direction of the Rue St. Jacques. It was but last night that a servant of my household saw you alighting from a hackney coach near the old church of St. Jean."

"Monsieur!" The duchesse leaped to her feet; the blood ran into her face and out again; her superb eyes flamed on the fat man in the gold-embroidered coat and lace ruffles. "You watch me, then!" she cried; "you set your spies upon my track. Do not, after this, suppose that I can sit at the same table with you; do not hope for my forgiveness, monsieur! We are foes from this hour!"

He ground his teeth.

"*Peste!* As you will, madame. You have thrown the gauntlet to me. Do not blame me if I pick it up."

With one look of scorn and hatred, the duchesse gathered her robes around her and swept from the room.

Upon St. Denis's Day the choice nobility flocked to pay their court at Versailles, and attend the grand dinner. The Duchesse d'Egmont wore a black velvet dress with a sweeping train, embroidered with gold and scarlet nasturtiums. Her bodice, arms, bosom, the powdered masses of her dark hair, flashed with immense jacinths of the richest, the most dazzling flame-color. She wore no rouge; her face was like a pearl.

To these royal dinners, the public, admitted at one door, were allowed, in a rapid, continuous stream, to describe a quarter of a circle around the great table, and depart by an opposite entrance. The Duchesse Marguerite sat on the king's right-hand, near the first door—that is, in full view of the curious people. With her magnificent dress, with the matchless beauty of her twenty years, she was soon the centre of all eyes.

"I am sure," said the king, gallantly, "the Dames de la Halle will not look at me to-day."

Suddenly, at the first entrance, appeared a man, tall, blonde, handsome as Antinous, dressed in the uniform of a soldier of the Gardes-Français. He approached the royal table; his eyes fell upon the beautiful woman in the jacinths seated on the king's right. As if all power of volition had been stricken from him at the sight, he stopped short in his tracks—stood gazing upon her in wild amazement.

"Move on!" commanded in an undertone an officer of the *garde-du-corps*, posted at the end of the table.

He did not stir; he did not hear. Stopping the entrance to the hall, obstructing the passage of the public, there he stood, deaf, bewildered, dazed.

"Pass on!" repeated the officer, still speaking low from respect to royalty. "My faith! What ails you, dolt? Do you not see that you are stopping the door?"

The murmur of these words reached the duchesse. She looked up. Her eyes encountered those of Tancrède. A deadly whiteness overspread her face. In direct violation of the etiquette of Versailles, she raised her huge fan to conceal her agitation.

The king, who knew from the police of Paris everybody's adventures, was regarding both Tancrède and the duchesse steadfastly.

"Pass on!" reiterated the officer of the guard. "Madman, do you wish me to drag you from the hall?"

He did not hear; he stood like a statue. One word only broke from his lips—her name, pronounced in a voice of mingled delight and alarm:

"Marguerite!"

The *gardes-du-corps* seized him, and dragged him forcibly away.

A stifled scream burst from the duchesse.

Everybody at the royal table smiled, stared, tittered—everybody but the king; he turned quickly to the officer of the guard.

"Order the young man to be released!" he said, loudly. "Monsieur, he is dazzled by this display—perhaps by the sight of the queen"—bowing, with a smile, to his consort—"let him not be molested."

The duchesse drew a long sobbing breath. She cast one look of gratitude at Louis; then the banquet went on as if nothing had happened.

In descending the staircase of mesdames the king's daughters, when all was over and done, Madame d' Egmont saw the tall blonde figure, which she knew only too well, awaiting her in the vestibule below. Regardless of the eyes that were upon them, he stretched out his hand and touched her, as if he feared she might be some impalpable apparition.

"Is it you?" he cried—"is it really you?"

She gave him a despairing glance.

"It is I!"

"Why have you deceived me like this? What had I done that you should set yourself deliberately to the task of breaking my heart?"

His reproaches seemed to drive her frantic.

"Hush! oh, hush! To-morrow night—"

"In the garden of St. Jean?"

"Once more—but once more! Do not curse me!"

She passed on, and entered her carriage. Fortunately,

her maid, waiting in one corner, had fallen asleep. Weeping bitterly all the way, the duchesse returned to Paris.

On the following day Tancrède, the soldier of the Gardes-Français, received an appointment as Lieutenant of the Maréchaux de France. It was, without doubt, the gift of the king, obtained through the agency of Madame d'Egmont, whom his majesty loved as a daughter. That same night the duchesse retired early to her chamber, and dismissing all her servants, save the faithful maid who shared her secret, made ready to hold her last appointment with Tancrède, in the old garden of St. Jean.

She put on the same dress which she had worn at all these interviews. Outside her dressing-room stretched a long, narrow gallery, hung with velvet tapestry, and lighted by girondoles. At one end was a private door, by which the duchesse was wont to effect her exit from the house. Disguised in her long mantle, like a Dominican's cloak, with her maid at her back, she stepped out into this gallery, and had crossed half its length, perhaps, when she saw, or thought she saw, the figure of a man start out from the solid wall, and advance toward her.

The light of the lustres shone full upon him; his head was uncovered; his face, rigid, ghastly as death, wore a sad, reproachful look. The powdered blonde hair fell down on either side about it. It was Tancrède.

Struck with astonishment, the duchesse paused. He approached nearer—nearer yet; he stood for a moment close before her. His mournful eyes surveyed her in dumb up-braiding; then he glided by, and vanished into viewless air.

She did not shrink or faint; only stood silent, motionless, with both hands pressed convulsively to her heart.

"*Mon Dieu!* madame," cried the frightened attendant, "what was that?"

The duchesse rushed toward the private door.

"Come—come quickly!" she gasped, and they fled down the stair and entered a hackney-coach, waiting at a corner of the street. The maid thrust a pistole into the hand of the driver.

"Drive for your life!" she cried, and away they whirled to the Rue St. Jacques.

As they descended from the coach in the shadow of the church, the duchesse grasped the arm of her maid.

"I am mad with terror!" she cried. "I dare not enter that garden alone; you must go with me."

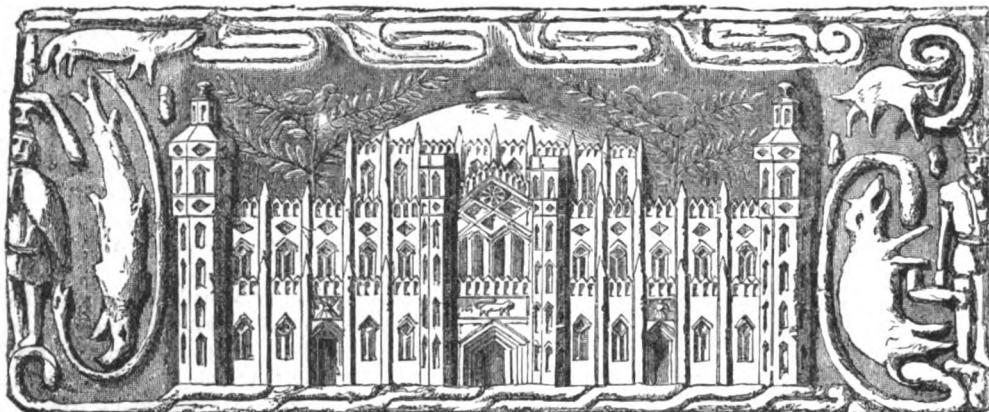
The masked door in the wall stood ajar. The duchesse passed through; her attendant followed.

The moon was out, the bright moon of October; it flooded with light the bistro buttresses, the fading shrubbery of the secluded spot. Through the long grass which rustled under her feet, the duchesse glided around the old church wall, and approached the lime-tree where Tancrède always awaited her.

He was there now. From afar her wild, anxious eyes caught the gleam of his military dress—saw his tall, blonde figure standing straight against the moonlight, the face turned expectantly toward the way which she would come. The duchesse ran toward him, with a cry of mingled joy and relief.

"Tancrède!" she cried—"Tancrède, oh, my love, forgive me!"

He did not answer. She pressed nearer; she looked in his face. A cold, blue pallor covered it. The eyes were fixed in a stony stare. Propped against the trunk of the lime-tree he stood, just as the hand of the assassin had placed him—the shadow of the church wall slanted across his breast and half concealed the long Italian dagger buried therein to the very hilt. Around his sword one hand was stiffened, as if in the act of drawing it from its sheath. There at the tryst, face to face with the woman who adored him, who had



QUIPO CASKET, OF INDIAN WORKMANSHIP.

wronged him immeasurably, he stood, stark, and stiff, and dead!

The fat duke had satisfied his wounded honor. The beautiful duchesse had played her pretty play, her rôle of grisette to the last act, and this was the end.

By order of the king, the whole disastrous matter was quickly suppressed; no one in the court circle dared talk of it, save in private. On the body of Tancrède—buried a few hours after in the garden of St. Jean—was found a tiny casket, containing a singular green jewel—a diamond of great size and brilliancy. This was afterward sent to the Duchesse d'Egmont, but she, being at the time a maniac, confined at Bicêtre, it was given to the king, who restored it to the heirs of the Comte de Fay. It subsequently disappeared from mortal ken, in that great Revolution which also swallowed up the lives and the fortunes of its possessors.

for which, especially in one of his profession, he certainly deserves credit.

QUIPOS, OR PERUVIAN CORD RECORDS, WITH THE CASKET.

OUR illustration shows the method in use among the Peruvians and Mexicans for preserving the memory of important events. It was of a more elaborate kind than the wampum belts in use among our Northern Indians. The word *quipos* means in Peruvian, a knot, or to knot. The cords were woollen, or rather, alpaca, and were dyed of various colors. Yellow signified gold; white, silver; red an army. What could not be expressed by colors was shown by the arrange-

ADVENTURE WITH AFRICAN MONKEYS.

A ZOUAVE in Algeria strolling out in the vicinity of one of the frontier towns, overcome by the heat, sat down under a tree near a small lake, and soon fell asleep. He was awakened at last by a noise as of a multitude, and supposed himself surrounded by some hostile band of Arabs. He instinctively, as he woke, grasped his rifle, but burst into a hearty laugh as he saw that his foes were an army of small monkeys, a few of whom had ventured near, and some had mounted the tree, but most of them were at a distance on the sloping bank of the lake. They were evidently a scientific society, debating who and what he was. They had not robbed him or molested him, fortunately, so that his case was not as bad as that of the peddler who was robbed while sleeping by a similar flock, and found on awaking that each monkey wore a nice red cap stolen from his pack. With the impetuous gesticulation of his race, he tore off his own cap and dashed it on the ground. Each monkey did the same. Seeing his



ment of the cords. The interpretation of these quipos was the task of the Quipo-Camayos, or Readers of Colored Knot Archives, a race now extinct, but a class who with the wandering minstrels, the more popular recorders of tradition, managed to keep the interpretation a living history.

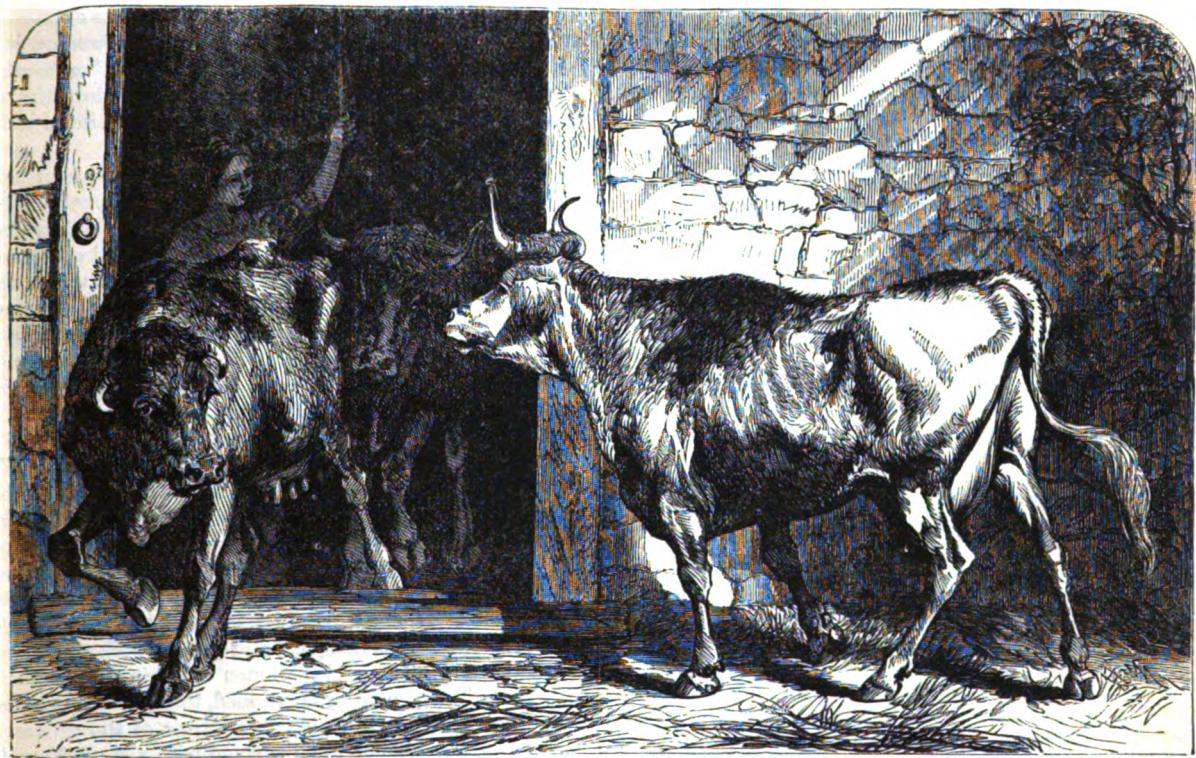
The Casket or case in which the quipo illustrated was kept, is no less curious as the work of some Indian artist in Peru, evidently after the Spanish occupation, but while the quipo was still intelligible, and prized as a chronicle reflecting honor on its possessor.

THE PRIDE OF A COW.

MANY animals show vanity: indeed, few of the feathered creation are there that don't show the appreciation of their own good looks, and doubtless they compassionate correspondingly their less showy neighbors. Jealousy is a very

keeping. Among other fine animals shown him was a fine white cow, and this creature, he was told, was the very personification of pride. As though she considered herself of pure blue blood, she claimed precedence in all cases; she always went ahead of the herd, the best bit of pasture was her exclusive domain, on which no other durst intrude. So far did she carry her pretensions, that if any of the other cows entered the stable before her, she would refuse to enter.

Anxious to see this with his own eyes, he desired to be taken to her stable at evening. The man, instructed how to act, drove in some of the other cows. The white cow drew up; not only did she refuse to advance, in spite of all encouraging words, but her whole frame swelled with anger and offended dignity. She kept lowing continually. At last, the cows within, as though conscious that they had forgotten their place, began to come out, and as they were driven out, the proud white, with an evident air of gratified pride, strode



THE PRIDE OF A COW.—“AS THEY WERE DRIVEN OUT, THE PROUD WHITE, WITH AN EVIDENT AIR OF GRATIFIED PRIDE, STRODE IN IN STATE.”

prevailing passion in animals, particularly in such as have been accustomed to be petted and caressed; for considering these tokens as their exclusive right, they show serious displeasure when their owners bestow any mark of attention toward other creatures. This is habitual to parrots, which scream with rage and attempt to fly at the individual whom the person they are attached to may happen to caress; and should the attention be shown to one of their own species, their anger knows no bounds.

One, in the author's possession, deliberately left its perch on such an occasion, and ascending that of its smaller rival, destroyed it before assistance could arrive, and screamed and crowed with exultation. Monkeys are also extremely jealous of each other as well as of individuals; an orang-outang in Paris, when ill and lying on the knees of its keeper, would allow no one, and particularly children, to approach him.

But pride is not so commonly displayed. A gentleman traveling in England had a letter of introduction to a person of some distinction whose whole estate was in excellent

in in state. It is almost impossible to convey the impression produced by this exhibition of downright pride. Hidalgo pride, in what many would call a dumb brute.

A LADY, now living in California, relates the following as an incident of her early life: “Traveling in a coach in a thinly settled part of Alabama with her parents, she gave utterance to the enthusiasm of a young girl at the romantic scenery. Her father apologized to a fellow-passenger for her exuberance. The stranger answered, ‘Do not check her: enthusiasm is a gift of God;’ and then he began in eloquent language to tell of the scenes he had gazed upon, and the lands he had visited, dwelling alternately on the majesty of the wilds of the West and the splendors of the highest civilization. The girl's fancy was all aflame, and she led the stranger to speak of foreign lands, and at last of Spain: until, forgetting himself, he spoke of scenes and narrated legends in words which disclosed to her his identity. Clapping her hands, she cried, ‘You are Washington Irving!’”

IN A CATHEDRAL.

[MIGUEL turns an honest penny by selling a scrap of information which comes in his way; settling a little private grudge of his own at the same time.]

Hush! it is he! be quiet, girl,
Push under your hood that one gold curl;
He will know us, be sure, if we stand and stare,
Kneel down, I say. (She is more than fair,
What with her cream-white skin, and her hair.)

Yes, it is warm; I am stifling, too.
The place is an oven, but what can we do?
If they stay, we stay. (How her great eyes flame!)
These Spanish women deserve their name—
Beautiful leopards no hand can tame.)

You see, my lady, I did not lie,
Nor yet was mistaken—no, not I.
I stole behind them, and heard him say,
"You will meet me, Love, at the close of day
In the great dark church—'tis the only way."

Then—being an honest sort of a man—
I thought of you, lady, and straightway ran
Down to the palace, and would not go
Till you heard my story whether or no.
(And so, *Don Cesar, I pay for your blow!*)

Ah! if those two fools only dreamed
Whose beautiful, baleful blue eyes gleamed,
Here in the shadow, a-watching them,
As a wild beast watches from out its den—
She will kill them both—but how, and when?

What! "go now?" I'm glad of the chance;
'Twas growing too warm; besides, there's a dance
Down at Jose's. Thanks for the gold.
May you live to be happy, and honored, and old,
And get you a lover whose heart's not so cold.

[Pausing at the church door.]

Mother of God! to-night shall see
The twenty candles I promised thee
Alight in a row: perhaps I may give
A ring, or a—stop—a man must live.
One really would think my hand was a sieve.

—ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

PEASANT LIFE IN SWEDEN.

OTH by law and by custom, the peasantry of Sweden, as of Norway, constitutes a distinct class. However wealthy any individual peasant may be, he still retains the dress and manners of his order, and, to a considerable extent, the customs of his ancestors.

In the times of the famous old Sea Kings, the Swedish *Bonde*, or peasant, held a position far superior to what he holds at the present day. With every degree of justice he called himself a freeborn man; for neither the feudal system nor vassalage, can be said to have ever existed in Sweden

or Norway; although it would seem, from some chronicles, that the great landed proprietors, held something like the power of life and death over their retainers. The peasantry of the olden time constituted the nation itself; many of the class being the leading men of the country. Until within the last few years the "Bonde Stand," or peasant class, formed one of the four estates of the realm; and the peasant, as its representative, was entitled to sit at the King's banqueting table in the garb of his order—a long coat of home-made woolen cloth. At the present day there are, properly speak-



ing, only two chambers or classes in the government. The members of the first are elected by the municipality of each province, and those of the second by almost universal suffrage. These latter are paid for their services; while the former must have a certain minimum property, and are consequently supposed to represent the wealth and the more conservative element of the nation.

But few of the peasantry of Sweden have surnames. The children merely take their father's Christian name in addition to their own. For example, if a man is named Sven Larsson, his son will be Jan, or Nils Svenson, and his daughter, Maria or Britta Svensdaughter. The confusion accruing from this would be great, were it not that in matters of business, the residence of the party is usually attached to his name. In the army to prevent the chaos that this custom would result in, fictitious names are given to the soldiers, such as those of various animals, birds, trees, &c.

It would be difficult to describe the costume of the Swedish peasantry, from the fact of its differing so widely not only in every province, but sometimes among parishes even. The only thing in this relation in universal use in Sweden, is the head-dress of the women—the "Hufond Duk" or kerchief, which, whether checked cotton, or rich brocade satin with its deep fringes, seems to set off a pretty face quite as well as a French bonnet.

Wingaker, near Lake Malaren, having obtained some degree of celebrity touching costume and manners, may bear a word or two in illustration. This place is said to have been formerly the abode of the Vikings. In outward appearance the inhabitants of Wingaker have long remained unchanged. They are in stature about the middle height; their face oval, their nose straight and their forehead so receding as to be, frequently on a line with it. The costume of the peasantry of this part of Sweden is very old. In 1749, they determined never to change it; and in 1755, their dress was defined, by royal mandate, both as regards form and color.

The every-day dress of the females consists of a yellow woolen petticoat, over which they wear a large close-fitting coat of white cloth, tucked up towards the back, with black cuffs and black collar; a red or yellow apron, and a handsome white ruff. Their holiday attire, is composed of an ordinary petticoat, green, close coat, with green jacket; or brown, close coat with blue jacket; white shirt sleeves; embroidered girdle of red morocco, and a many colored pocket. The costume of the unmarried and married women differ in the head-dress only; and it may here be mentioned, that it is the custom of both to conceal the hair. The head-dress of the unmarried consists of two rolls of linen covered with red cloth, underneath which the hair is hidden. On the forehead it is connected with two rows of ribbons. Over this head-dress the married wear a scarlet cap with flat crown and embroidered with orange-colored silk, and, over all, a white handkerchief. The bride's dress consists of a red petticoat, green apron, two or more silk ribbons hanging down from the back of the head; a few silk handkerchiefs stuck in at the girdle, an elaborately wrought brooch, or brass buckle, on the bosom, and embroidered gloves. The more wealthy girls, usually buy such a bride's dress long before they are betrothed, in order to be prepared when a suitor appears and triumphs; but those who are poor, get one from their future husbands.

The men in western Wingaker wear white, and in east, blue cloth coats with blue cuffs and narrow blue stripes on the collar, short, yellow leathern breeches, and white stockings, and, in rainy weather, blue cloth overcoats. These men, like those of other portions of Sweden, are inclined to be somewhat nomadic. They leave their farms to the care of their wives and servants for a considerable portion of the year, and visit the neighboring districts with whatever they have to dispose of; although, it is thought, with small profit, to themselves.

The circumstances of the Swedish peasant, vary greatly. Such as own their farms or hold them from the Crown are very well off; and even the cotter, who rents his plot of ground from another, and who has his cow and sheep, as seen in our illustration, "The Hut on the Clearing," has but little to complain of. The mere day laborer, however, is not comfortably situated; as when work fails him, he has nothing to fall back upon.

The houses of the Swedish peasantry are generally pretty commodious, having two habitable rooms at the least, and one for culinary purposes, &c. They are constructed of squared pine logs, placed lengthwise on each other, and firmly morticed together at the ends, the interstices being filled with moss. The roof commonly consists of shingle, covered with turf or layers of birch bark. At times the outbuildings are detached; but frequently they constitute three sides of a quadrangle, and the dwelling house the fourth. Large glazed windows are universal. The rooms, or rather room, for in Winter, the inhabitants seldom occupy more than one, are warm and comfortable, owing to a slide in the upper part of the stove chimney, which lets the heat escape, or throws it into the apartment at pleasure. Turf is burnt in most parts of the country; for coal is not to be seen in the rural districts.

On entering a Swedish house, which you do without knocking, you find yourself in a large room that serves for a sitting, dining and sleeping apartment, when you mostly find all the family assembled. The furniture consists of a large deal table, one or more spinning wheels, and some deal sofas, which, on the removal of the seats, prove to be beds capable of holding one or two sleepers. The master and the mistress, however, are provided with a veritable bed, generally in a recess with curtains. A lond-ticking clock and a small bookshelf are also added; while overhead, one sees a goodly store of bread strung on a pole—large, thin cakes, with a hole in the middle, which reminds one strongly of a lot of small grindstones. The floor is strewn with sprigs of spruce-pine, or of juniper, hacked into small pieces.

The apartment generally has an open fireplace, and when at night the whole is lit up with laths of blazing pitch-pine, which with the peasantry almost universally supply the place of candles, it gives the impression of home comfort, most grateful to the weary and chilled traveler. Within, or rather beyond this apartment, is the family Sunday clothes room, which is sometimes used as a sleeping apartment; but as there is never any fire in it, the honor of lodging in it is seldom coveted in Winter. The kitchen, which is of small dimensions, is generally between these two rooms. And here it may be observed, that it is the houses of the better class of peasantry that are now spoken of; the poorer are much inferior, although not so wretched as the miserable mud hovels to be met in the wilds of both Ireland and Scotland.

There is generally a little plot of land attached to the house of the Swedish peasant, but it seldom contains other than a few common vegetables. Usually, however, there is some strong scented herb to be found in it, a sprig of which is placed between the leaves of the psalm book, which is always carried to church in a clean white pocket-handkerchief.

There are no trees about the peasant's homestead, particularly in the more northern parts of the country. This, it is supposed, arises from the idea entertained by some of the inhabitants, that an open view is the most beautiful in the world.

The better class of the peasants live well, possessing abundance of rye bread, milk, butter, cheese, pork and often beef and mutton. These latter, however, are always salted; as the lower classes entertain something approaching aversion to fresh meat. Common vegetables, especially potatoes, are in constant use among them; although porridge, whether of rye or oatmeal, is the common food of the poor. Their usual beverage is water, or the smallest of small beer, which they

brew themselves. Goffee is generally found with them; but tea seldom or never.

Speaking generally, the houses and persons of the Swedish peasantry are not clean; and the practice of the whole family sleeping together huddled like pigs in one room, is most injurious to the health of the occupants. These latter seem to have a great aversion to fresh air, Winter or Summer, as the windows are almost invariably nailed down. They rarely take off more than their outer garments when they retire at night, and seldom wash themselves thoroughly more than once a week. They are generally early risers. Several hours before daylight one hears the whirr of the spinning wheel within doors, and the sound of the flail without. When well to do, they grow their own flax, and make their own linen. They also weave their own woollen clothes as well for the male as the female branches of the family.

The wealthier, when they kill cattle, generally slaughter a cow or an ox at least, together with two or three sheep and one or more pigs, in the Fall of the year. They mostly tan the skins, and at stated periods are visited by the itinerant shoemaker, who converts the leather into boots and shoes for the whole family.

In the rural districts now under consideration, the inhabitants are all versed in some handicraft or other. The peasant is, in fact, a tolerable mechanic, and there are few things he cannot turn his hand to.

In some parts of Sweden, particularly in the province of Bohus, a candidate for matrimony does not always court the maiden in person, but employs a "go-between," a "Bone-man," literally a prayer-man, to prefer his suit. This important personage, who is supposed to be intimately acquainted with the circumstances of both parties, proceeds alone in the first instance to the house of the young girl to settle the affair. Should the maiden say "ja," or yes, the following Sunday is generally appointed for the young pair to meet, who, in many cases, may never have seen each other previously. The boneman then presents his client to the fair one, and asks her if he has not found her a promising youth for a husband. The young couple stand apart, it not being considered etiquette for them to speak to each other at this stage of the proceedings. In the meantime the girl is occupied knitting, while her suitor looks as if he had fallen from the clouds.

When, however, matters have been satisfactorily arranged, the day is fixed for betrothal, a ceremony which always precedes the wedding. This takes place in the presence of the friends and relations of both parties. Rings are exchanged in the first place, when they take each other by the hand in confirmation of everlasting fidelity, upon which the company lay their hands upon the contracting parties, as witnesses to the solemn engagement. Afterward, presents are exchanged between the betrothed, the maiden presenting some trifle worked by her own hands, and her swain giving her, among other things, a prayer-book, on the cover of which is impressed, in golden letters, some appropriate Bible words, with a heart. With the wealthy, such tokens of affection are often engraven on a small silver plate.

The wedding seldom occurs until some time after the betrothal. On its near approach, great preparations are made at the house where the happy event is to take place.

Without doors the bride's spruce pines—that is, young firs fifteen or twenty feet in height, divested of bark and branches to near the top, which forms a sort of crown—are raised on either side of the entrance gate to the homestead in her honor.

As might be supposed, the wedding, which sometimes lasts several days, would be most expensive to the young husband; but such is not the case, for while he is expected to find the liquors, the several families invited contribute to the general stock of eatables.



THE JUL BUSKE, OR CHRISTMAS TREE, IN SWEDEN.

In some places the marriage is solemnized in the church; but for the most part it takes place at the parsonage or at the house of the *brud*, or bride. But in any case, when she, on the morning of her nuptials, puts on her bridal shoes, to which there should be neither buckles nor ties of any kind, if she hopes to escape the difficulties of childbirth, a silver coin is placed in each of them, in the belief that money will

then never be wanting to the young couple. When her shoes are on her feet, she must proceed to the cattle-house and milk one of the cows, so that milk may never fail in her new home.

Should the marriage take place in the church, the bride is attended by her tire-woman, generally the clergyman's wife, who places a coronet on her head, signalizing that she is



SYSKON SANG, OR BROTHER AND SISTER BEDS, IN SWEDEN.

queen of the day. She is also accompanied by bridesmaids and musicians, etc., while on her way to and from the sacred edifice.

Although the bride is gorgeously attired, the dress of the bridegroom differs but little from that worn by him ordinarily on Sundays. Toward the conclusion of the service, the bridal pair move up to the altar, and at a certain point kneel, when the clergyman performs the ceremony, which, though simple, resembles our own; the bridesmaids and men the while hold a canopy consisting of shawls over the happy couple. The services over, the bridal party leaves the church in much the same order as on its entrance; the musicians in front playing some gay tune.

On arriving at the home of the newly-married couple, all soon seat themselves at the banqueting-table, where the guests are ranged according to the degree of relationship they bear to the bride or bridegroom. In some instances the bride and bridegroom sit at separate tables. Each dish is brought into the apartment with a flourish of music; and the host himself, to show that he is lord of the occasion, moves about everywhere in his shirt-sleeves. One peculiarity of the wedding banquet is that a second plate is placed near to that of the bride, whereon she deposits a small portion of each of the viands of which she partakes, which plate is afterwards sent to some pensioner of the family.

The banquet over, the company amuse themselves as best they may—the old people with pipes and yarns, and the young with games of chance, riddles, and their most favorite dances.

The custom of dancing the coronet off the head of the bride is common in some places. With her eyes blindfolded, and while the maidens are dancing in a ring around her, she takes the coronet off her head and places it haphazard upon that of one of the young maidens, who, in consequence of having received it, is pronounced to be the first of the gay dancers who is to be married next. The bride then is lifted in a chair above the heads of her companions and, amid

tremendous cheering, she drinks a toast, implying a hope that all maidens may soon alter their condition.

The bridegroom goes through a somewhat similar ceremony. The bachelors form a ring about him, and he in turn dances with them all. He is then hoisted on to the shoulders of one or other of them, and from this commanding position bids adieu to the unmarried. The Benedicks now advance to take forcible possession of him, when a skirmish ensues, at times not a little detrimental to both his clothes and person.

The festivities over, the happy couple retire to the bridal-chamber, soon after which the guests, singing in chorus and accompanied by the musicians, enter the room. Both the bride and bridegroom receive the company while sitting up in bed, and, treat everyone—the bride presenting the females with a glass of wine, and the bridegroom dealing out to the opposite sex a glass of brandy; whereupon all the guests retire.

When, however, the party of guests is too large to be accommodated comfortably, the general company have recourse to a so-called *Syskon sang*, literally a brother and sister bed, as seen in our engraving. This bed consists of clean long rye straw strewn over the floor of the apartment, and in Winter facing the fire-place, whereon both sexes, clad of course in their daily habiliments, repose indiscriminately, and without the remotest idea of indelicacy.

In some parts—and it is said to be a very ancient custom—the bride, on the day after her nuptials, purposely absents herself from



MAY-DAY SPORTS IN SWEDEN.

the house. The bridegroom complains to the assembled guests that she has been stolen from him, and urges them to accompany him in pursuit. The pretended search takes place, and when the truant is found she is at once clad in her bridal-dress, of which she had previously divested herself, and escorted home again with great parade and ceremony.

The wedding festivities now usually last three days; but among the more wealthy peasants not unfrequently five or



A HORSE FAIR AT LUND, IN SWEDEN.

six. In some places the wedding-party, prior to its breaking up, ascend an eminence near to the house, and with shouts and hurrahs they enjoy themselves with *flipp*—a strong and inebriating liquor composed of brandy, ale, treacle, eggs, allspice, pepper, etc. At times a stone is erected on the spot in commemoration of the joyful event.

In various other portions of Sweden the wedding festivities differ somewhat in character from those just described. But our illustration of one of those gay processions in Warend, will convey a correct idea of this feature of the rejoicings generally.

Midsummer day in Sweden is called "St. Hans Day." Its eve is the most joyous night in the whole year. It is celebrated with bonfires, the thunder of cannon, and all manner of festivities. The bonfires, which are kindled upon eminences, were formerly called "Balder's Balar," being symbols of the obsequies of the god Balder, whose body, it is said, was consumed on an immense funeral pyre.

The great attraction of the evening, however, in the rural districts, is the *Maj Strang* or May Pole, shown in the engraving, and which is set up at Midsummer in every large hamlet, or near to the residence of some important landed proprietor. It consists of a straight and tall spruce pine tree divested of its branches, and often the thickness of a man's body at the base. At times, hoops, or pieces of wood placed crosswise are attached to it at intervals, while at other periods, it is provided with bows representing, so to say, a man with his arms akimbo. From top to bottom it is ornamented with flowers, gilt eggshells, leaves, and parti-colored strips of cloth. On its top is a vane or flag, commonly white or red, or which is inscribed the name of the Apostle John, or that of the hamlet, with date.

Some of these poles are thought to be symbolic of sun worship. The garlands being made to represent triangles and wheels with spokes; and it is known that these forms were used to represent the sun among the Phoenicians and the ancient Egyptians.

The raising the *Maj Strang*, which has been previously decorated by the village maidens, is attended with music, joyous exclamations, and the discharge of guns, and at times small pieces of cannon. People from all corners flock to it, and, forming a great ring, dance around it. When the dance is over, they sit down to enjoy themselves at an evening repast, where every care is forgotten, and pleasure rules the

hour. A traveler observes, in relation to this festival of St. Hans' eve, at Stockholm: "If one takes a walk in the streets of the capital on Midsummer's eve, he will be greeted by a curious sight. The shops decked with evergreens, and over the doorways triumphal arches, from the centre of which hang crowns composed of wreaths of blue-bottle; the floors and passages are strewn with fragrant meadow sweet, and in the courtyards are seen small umbrageous bowers.

The girls who row the passengers from one island to the other—Stockholm is built on seven—decorate their little boats with wreaths and boughs flushed with flowers. The dray-

men deck their drays and horses in like manner, and even the hack horses have their heads ornamented with bunches of leaves. At every step one meets a child, with beaming face, bearing a doll, a penny trumpet or the like, and in almost every instance, a tiny *Maj Stang* also.

On Christmas day in Sweden, every one makes a point to attend matins, which begin very early in the morning, indeed before daybreak. In the rural districts people gather and carry a huge blazing flambeau. On reaching the church, which is brilliantly lighted, all these flambeaux are thrown into a heap outside, soon creating a magnificent bonfire.

The services on this day, though conducted in the ordinary manner, are noticeable from the fact that the officiating clergymen wear long and loose flowing white robes, with a



THE "TOMTE GUBBE."



SOUTHERN SCENES.—THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

The peasantry of Sweden are, as a general thing, honest and trustworthy. They are true and faithful to their king and fatherland. The women have many good qualities. They are frugal, thrifty and good managers, and make excellent wives and mothers. They are, besides, warm hearted and charitable.

A want of chastity among the peasant maidens is, however, said to be a common failing. In the imputation there seems to be some semblance of truth; as a *faux pas*, such as we would look on with horror in this America of ours, does not appear to be visited upon them with any such severity. Until such time as she is betrothed, it is hoped that the Swedish peasant spinster guards her virtue with every degree of care; but after her betrothal and the exchange of presents, it is said by M. Holmberg, that "the lover considers himself entitled to the like privileges as the benediction of the clergymen would bestow." Perhaps, however, in the rural districts of Sweden, accidents of this character are not more common than in other countries, and that upon the whole, the Swedish peasantry will compare favorably with that of any other land.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE population of New Orleans is perhaps more cosmopolitan in its character than that of any other American city. It is the second port in the country for immigration, and receives much the largest proportion of the French, Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks who settle within our borders. The levee, which serves the double purpose of a protection against inundation and a landing-place for the innumerable steamboats and other vessels engaged in the river and foreign trade, is broad and level, and being the place where all the immense river traffic is received and dispatched, is naturally crowded with all classes of people, and presents a scene of constant activity.

Our illustration represents some of the typical characters to be seen at any time upon it, engaged either in passing a lazy hour, watching the busy life about them, or driving small trades as peddlers, venders of fruits and small wares, and similar employments. A score of languages and dialects may be heard in these crowds, and the scene is a novel and interesting one to the Northern visitor.

The negro "roustabouts" or deck-hands of the great Mississippi steamers, a distinct class by themselves, are ubiquitous amid the throng, and their many ludicrous peculiarities afford a most amusing subject for observation.

The illustration gives an accurate idea of what may be seen daily at almost any point along the levee.

CUTTING AND HAULING SUGAR-CANE IN LOUISIANA.

Our illustration, from a sketch made near New Orleans, represents the process of cutting the sugar-cane, preparatory to grinding it in the mill, and gives a thorough idea of how this work is carried on.

The cane is first stripped of its lower leaves, the top is cut off with a long knife, and then with a hoe the entire stalk is cut off close to the ground. The cane is always propagated by cuttings, and the details of cultivation vary considerably in different countries; but wherever it is grown it must have a very fertile soil. It is known to have attained its full growth by "arrowing," a term applied to the shooting up of a long joint (sometimes six or eight feet in length), which, if permitted, would bear the flower cluster. This shoot is called the arrow, and its appearance indicates that the cane should be topped, or cut up at once, to prevent the accumulated sugar in the juices of the plant from being expended in the production of flowers. In climates where the season is short, the cane does not "arrow," and the time

for cutting is governed by the probable appearance of frost.

In Louisiana the cane begins to ripen at the bottom in August; as each joint ripens the leaf belonging to it withers, and when it is time to harvest it the upper part is cut back to a joint upon which the leaf is dry, and the crop is cut off at the ground.

As soon as the canes are cut they are gathered into bundles, which are hauled in carts to the mills and ground. There are many forms of mills, some of which are exceedingly rude, slow, and inefficient; but powerful mills, driven by steam, are employed upon the larger estates, the crushing apparatus usually consisting of three heavy cast-iron rollers. The canes are usually passed twice through the mill. About two-thirds of all the juice is extracted, and the crude liquor contains, besides sugar, woody fibre, soluble salts, albumen, caseine, wax, etc. The juice is immediately treated with lime or sulphurous acid, and heated to 140 deg. in large copper pans or clarifiers. The clear liquor, after cooling, is drawn off for concentration by boiling, again clarified, and transferred to large wooden vats, called coolers, for granulation. These operations have been variously modified, and many different processes employed under patented methods of manufacture.

During the gathering and crushing season the negro hands are allowed to gratify their appetites at pleasure, and they generally become fat and hearty from the quantity of the juicy cane they manage to consume.

ADVENTURE WITH DYAK PIRATES.

BEFORE some of you were born, and before any of you can recollect, I first set foot in Singapore—a poor place then, which had to sing small on that tiny island between Batavia and Hong Kong. It had not more than two thousand inhabitants, and the town was nearly hidden in a mangrove swamp. Of the hundred and twenty thousands of Chinamen who now curse the place, there were scarce as many scores, and the white population hardly existed. But Singapore was always a pushing place—every man scheming and intriguing in this or that neighboring state where he had no right on earth to meddle.

And the firm in which I was a junior partner did not stand behind its rivals in folly. We lent money here, we encouraged rebellion there, we recruited, we sheltered—in fact, our house carried on the game royally. In furtherance of some such business, one day I found myself obliged to run across to Brunei. Seeing what my mission had for its object, I was obliged to charter a native boat. And to you men who have not visited the Straits, that craft would have seemed an object as droll as this world can show. She was about thirty to forty feet long, decked from bows to stern with "ataps," or palm-thatch, tied upon teak timbers that met each other in the middle of the dock. Through a square hole aft one could descend into the cabin, an apartment six by four, and three high. Another hole forward opened above the hold, which was filled with "notions," the speculation of the crew. No bulwarks, and when she sailed upon an even keel one was obliged to sit astride upon the middle ridge of the "ataps," as upon the roof of a dog-kennel. But her fashion of sailing was upon beam ends, and in that condition one slope of the deck became horizontal, of necessity. Scorpions and centipedes in numbers chased the cockroaches and other vermin in our very sight.

Malays believe that venomous reptiles become harmless on board ship, unless fresh importations, and certainly I saw no accident occur. On the fourth day we sighted the mountains of Borneo, and coasted round toward the capital. I was horribly tired of my uneasy couch upon the "ataps,"

for of course it was impossible to go below, and the view of those grand blue hills was most cheering. They hung high up in the clouds long before the low land grew visible, but at length the olive shadows of the wilderness filled that gap between cloudy mountain and blue sea, bordered along the coast-line by a pale-green sweep of mangroves, and, nearer still, by a long smooth belt of snowy sand, divided by a wall of weed, built up evenly by every tide. Pleasantly we coasted along, past Tanjung Datu, past Tanjung Upi, and at length, on the seventh day, came in sight of the dread Batang-Lupar River.

It was not the season usually chosen by the pirates for excursions, and we had hopes of passing unseen; even at the worst, we felt confident that these prudent marauders would think twice before risking a collision with white authorities; and though not unconscious of an excited thrill in turning my glass upon the reedy mouth of that terrible stream, I could not but feel contempt for a horde of savages. I knew they scoured these coasts with desperate and incredible ferocity; but I could not believe that the flag, which my "serang" displayed fore and aft and at each masthead, could possibly be treated with contempt by any pirates.

Such were my views on retiring to my berth, while slowly forging past the Batang-Lupar, on a night so soft and shining one might have thought the starry floor of heaven itself hung lower and more tenderly over that lovely land. Ah, you boys! It is not only the capacity for pleasure one loses in growing old; more than this we lose—the power of interpreting Nature's lesson.

After the moon rose, our wind blew slacker and slacker till it died away. Then the Malays grew nervous, and found themselves in a little silent group, crouched upon the atap-deck amidships. They gazed anxiously toward the wood of cocoanuts which glittered like water in the moon-rays. They whispered softly among themselves, and now and again the Reis lifted up his voice, and chanted some verses from the Koran.

Very solemn and weird it was to hear the sudden outbreak of that droning cry in the deep stillness, but such sounds were little in accordance with the character we desired to retain, and so I warned the crew. But the Reis answered, reverently, "We are in great danger, Tuan. You have trust in your flag." I could make no reply to that rebuke.

The night wore on. I dozed feverishly stretched upon the ataps. All at once, toward one o'clock, a murmur and a hurried movement of the crew awoke me. One and all had sprung to their feet. Some were staring with fixed eyes toward the river mouth; one or two hurried about the tiny deck, wringing their hands and muttering; but the Reis and the serang and the elder men were down upon their knees, with heads low bent, and faces turned to the Holy City. There was no tumult and little sound; only a low, inarticulate murmur, and a soft rustling of the "ataps" under restless feet.

I glanced toward the shore. Stealing out from the mangrove-belt, between two grassy tongues of land, swift as seabirds and as noiseless, appeared the war-praus of the Serebas. A train of fire swept after them, and the glassy sea seemed to spring up in flame to meet their hundred paddles. Two praus there were, each containing full fifty men. To resist was evidently hopeless, and the Malays made no preparation. I still endeavored to retain my faith in our flag, and with a sickening heart watched the praus' course.

Our suspense was short; within five minutes we could hear the dull, faint clank, and see monstrous figures. Then, in an instant, the horrid yell of those fiends burst out terribly in the night. Then I knew our lives were over. I sat down on the "ataps," dazed and half-unconscious.

They paddled in silence after that sudden uproar, and the

heavy boats fairly leapt along the waves under the eager beat of those strong arms. I watched their deadly approach without the power of making any effort to escape or to defend myself.

It was a ghastly time. I noted their glossy yellow skins as they drew nearer, the wild eyes almost protruding from the brows, the coarse mouths stained scarlet and black with "penang." I marked the sparkling of their long brazen gauntlets, covering their right arm from knuckle to elbow; of the score of rings adorning the outer edges of each ear from top to lobe in graduated size. I saw the weapons of every warrior beside him, parang or cris or sabre, mostly hung with long-dried scalps. All these things I noticed in one stupid gaze as they rushed toward us.

At fifty yards' distance, one of the richly-dressed Malays presented his rifle, and shot our Reis through the head.

The praus glided over to either side, and the warriors sprang down upon us.

It was a crush and press of fiends, hacking, hewing, and thrusting, with a murderous clamor and bloodthirsty mirth, with a clashing of arms, and a screaming of the wounded—a hellish delight of carnage.

I had hurried to the tiller, and there taken my stand. The crew was mostly cut down in the attitude of prayer, but two who jumped overboard were not pursued, save with laughter.

Standing in the stern, I was not meddled with, while any resistance remained; but when their murderous work was completed, a rush aft took place.

I presented my gun, and cried that the first approaching was a dead man. Then they perceived my color, for my face was white enough, I guess. The foremost, a handsome Malay, in gold-worked "sarong," kain bandarn of gold-cloth, and ivory-hilted cris, paused suddenly and cried, in tones of astonishment and terror: "Orang putih—weh!"

The few Malays halted and looked at one another, but the wild Dyaks, drunk with blood and careless of any danger, moral or other, still pressed yelling toward me in spite of their frenzied protests.

One, whom I believed to be a Dyak, a stalwart warrior profusely adorned with golden ornaments, broke through the ring, and in self-defense I shot him.

Then such a rush ensued, I thought my last moment arrived. But while presenting my gun again, two naked arms closed round me, and held me fast. In an instant I was thrown over, and my weapons snatched away.

"The Tuan Pamantua!" screamed the breathless Malays. "Hear him, friends! He is wise!"

Then my assailant, standing in front of me, spoke a few words to the horrid crew, and one and all sat instantly down upon the blood-stained ataps.

The chief bent toward me, and gave me his hand smilingly. I rose. The crowd made way for us silently, and we stepped across to the largest prau.

When we stood on the prau's deck, the Malays rose and followed us, with some twenty of the Dyaks more immediately attached to the Pamantua, two of whom carried each a dripping head slung to his chowat or waistbelt. The paddlers went below, and in an instant we shot off from the fated craft, which the others were attaching to the smaller prau. The Pamantua kept me beside him, looking occasionally into my face with that frank and pleasant smile which is habitual on the Dyak features when unmoved by violent emotion.

But we sped along up the river for two or three hours more, until reaching a small landing-place on the right bank. The Pamantua gave me his hand, and we leapt ashore. I stood still and demanded to know my fate. "We will send you across to Pontianak," said one of the Malays, "or forward you by sea. You are safe. The Pamantua has given



SOUTHERN SCENES.—CUTTING AND HAULING SUGAR-CANE IN LOUISIANA.—SEE PAGE 226.

his word for you." We resumed our march, and for an hour I balanced myself like a tight-rope dancer upon a Dyak high-road !

Their houses they elevate on posts twenty to thirty feet from mother earth. Their roads they raise on trestles three to ten feet high. Their bridges they hang from the tallest trees in the neighborhood. I have seen Dyak bridges so delicately yet firmly suspended a hundred feet above the water, that with twenty men upon them they sway in the lightest breeze. I have seen Dyak houses—one building, mind you—a thousand and odd feet long. But it is of their suspended roads, "batang" paths, as they are called, that I would speak. These consist simply of a single line of trees felled end to end, as the crow flies, through the forest. The crown and branches are lopped off, and the "batang," or trunk, is raised upon two huge stakes forming a St. Andrew's cross. To barefoot natives they are marvelously convenient, always dry, very lasting, and beyond the reach alike of prickly grasses and poisonous snakes. But to a booted white man it will be believed this tight-rope mode of travel is by no means comfortable. For an hour we journeyed, and scarce a word was spoken; for even these wild Dyaks, as I think, felt the deep solemnity of nature. But at length, toward dawn, a shouting was heard in front, and we came out beneath an enormous building which threw a shadow black as ink upon the surrounding forest. A dusky crowd pressed yelling round me as I followed the Pamantuah toward the notched log serving as a staircase. The chief led me up to his own hearthplace, and at a word from him I was left in peace. Though ignorant of the Dyak patois,

I could understand that these ferocious savages were narrating their heroism with no slight exaggeration.

But very suddenly the babble of triumph, of laughter and rejoicing, was broken by a wild and thrilling cry: "Mati! Oh, my brother!"

And the crowd swayed to and fro as in furious struggling. I sprang to my feet, for the words were

the rovers of Sulu here, you should not hurt one hair of this white man's head. Bind up your forehead, orang, or you will lose too much of that hot blood which threatens so readily. Go!"

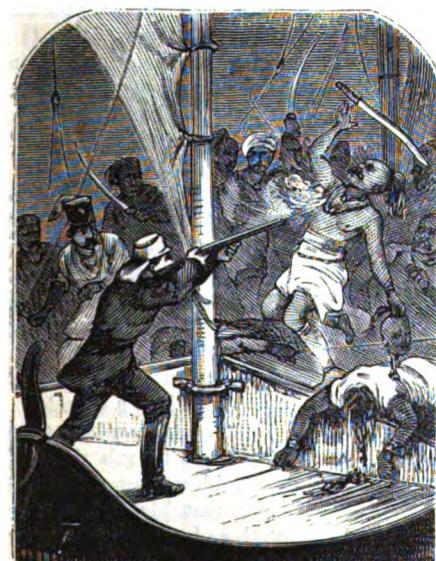
The 'Lanun stood still for an instant. Never through eternity shall I forget his ghastly face, blood-dabbled, foam-streaked, working with all fell passions. All knew the signs upon his deathly face; but before one step was taken, one arm raised in defense, he seized a heavy parang, and with a yell dashed into the crowd.

There were many young girls there in all the bravery of golden waist-belts and silver gauntlets and armlets of costly shell. They went down in a heap before his blind fury. The air was full of blood and pitiful screams. Men fled in superstitious terror before the Amok. One sweep he made

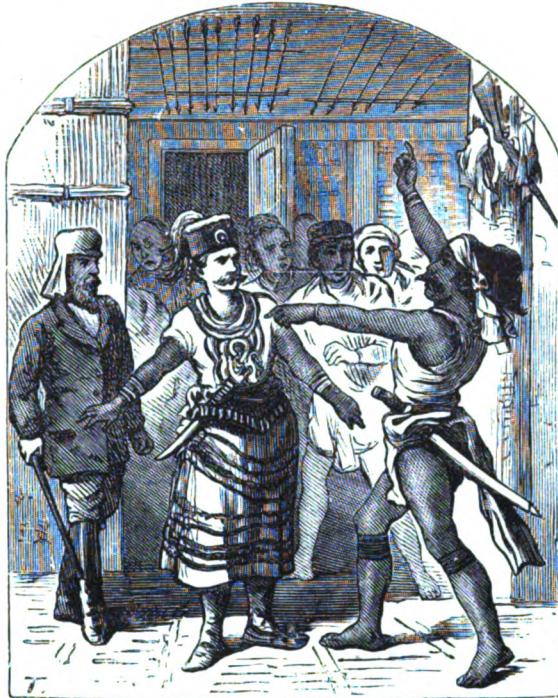
down the house, overthrowing every soul, without pity for age or sex, or fear for the most renowned.

The Pamantuah had been overwhelmed in a crowd of fugitives, he marked the Amok standing as in hesitation, upon the lintel, he bounded across the prostrate bodies, and, with one strong blow he severed the

'Lanun's muscles at the knee,



ADVENTURE WITH DYAK PIRATES.—"A STALWART WARRIOR BROKE THROUGH THE RING, AND IN SELF-DEFENSE I SHOT HIM."



ADVENTURE WITH DYAK PIRATES.—"JUSTICE, PAMANTUAH! SCREAMED THIS TERRIBLE APPARITION. 'THE WHITE MAN KILLED MY BROTHER, AND I DEMAND HIS LIFE!'"

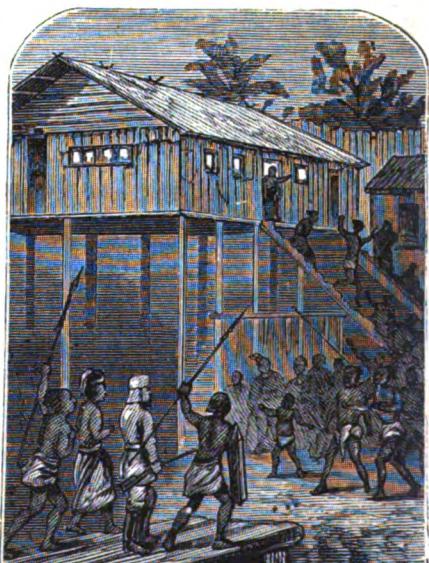
Malay, and foreboded danger.

The Pamantuah himself broke away and bounded to my side, just as a tall warrior broke the opposing circle, and stood panting before us. Blood streamed down his face from an old wound of which the bandages were torn away, and mingled with the foam about his mouth. Eyes so distended and blazing that they scarce seemed human glared upon me.

"Justice, Pamantuah!" screamed this terrible apparition. "The white man has killed my brother, and I demand his life."

The chief laughed low but scornfully.

"It is a new thing, men of Serebas," he said, "that a beggar should threaten the meanest of us. You served me with your brother and your slaves, for a just share of the booty, and I say to you, S'Ali the Amok, that though you had all



ADVENTURE WITH DYAK PIRATES.—"A DUSKY CROWD PRESSSED YELLING ROUND ME AS I FOLLOWED THE PAMANTUAH."

and as he fell backward left his skull to the neck, and the body fell with a dull thud on the earth below.

That was the most terrible case of Amok madness I ever saw. It passed in an instant—the outbreak, the horrid noise, the murders, and the vengeance; but killed outright, or hurt beyond hope, by slashes of the deadly Kayan sword, were four women and three men; wounded, ten women and four men.

Arms and hands had been lopped off at one blow, as with an ax, and I tell you that though I had heard many a time what fearful weapons those "parang latoks" were, I had not believed, nor could any man, one-half of the real terror of these long, pointless swords of iron, concave on one side, and convex on the other, the blade with a sort of twist in it, only to be seen in looking along the back, but declared by mechanicians to be of vast importance in giving to the stroke that incredible power which makes the marvel of the "parang latok."

Gentlemen, I have told my story, for they passed me safely round the Pontianak, and thence I took ship for Bruni. Has any one else any experience of the sort interesting to us?

COACHES AND COACHING.

PAST AND PRESENT.



THE recent remarkable revival of stage-coaching, which, springing up in England about ten years ago, has at length reached this side of the Atlantic, and infected our golden youth with a mania for assuming the duties of Jehu, renders opportune some account of the origin, progress, and decline of this mode of travel.

Although wheeled vehicles were known both to the Asiatic and the classic nations from the earliest historic periods, during the Middle Ages the only riding practiced was on horseback; and when near the close of the fifteenth century, carriages began again to appear, they were looked upon as fit only for women and invalids.

Frederic III. of Germany, it is said, came to attend the Council at Frankfort in 1474 in a close carriage. At the tournament at Ruppin, in 1509, the Electress of Brandenburg appeared in a coach completely covered with gilding, and the Duchess of Mecklenburg in one hung with red satin. Twelve other coaches brought to this tournament were gorgeously decorated with crimson and gold.

Despite edicts prohibiting their use to any but the highest orders in the State, the use of coaches soon became popular, and gradually extended to all the countries of Europe. The lack of carriage roads, and the narrow streets of the chief cities were, however, serious impediments to their employment, and as late as 1550 there were but three coaches in Paris. When Henry IV. was assassinated by Ravaillac, in 1610, he was riding through the city in his coach.

A sort of carriage called a whirlcote was known in England in the time of Richard II., but its use was probably very limited, owing to the want of passable roads. Sir Thomas Chamberlayne, who was ambassador to Charles V., Philip II. of Spain, and the King of Sweden, has been credited with the introduction of coaches into England, and it is also attributed by some writers to the Earl of Arundel, in 1555; but the accuracy of both assertions is more than doubtful. Stowe tells us that they were introduced in 1564 by a Dutchman, who afterwards became Queen Elizabeth's coachman.

It was not until a short time prior to the settlement of New England that carriages became familiar, and for a century later their use was mainly limited to the aristocracy and wealthy classes.

Coaches began to be kept for hire in London in 1625. In Edinburgh there were twenty hackney coaches in 1673, while in 1752 there were but fourteen, and in 1778 only nine. This reduction was due to the wretched condition of the roads and the narrowness of the streets, which rendered carriages almost useless, and caused sedan chairs to be substituted for them.

In the interior the only conveyance was the clumsy stage-wagon, used for carrying goods, at the back of which was reserved a covered space for six or eight passengers, who sat upon straw on the floor. In the reign of Charles II. stage-coach traveling was so poorly conducted that two days were spent in going from London to Oxford, fifty-eight miles; and in 1703, when Prince George of Denmark went from Windsor to Petworth, about forty miles, the journey occupied fourteen hours. In the middle of the eighteenth century the journey from London to Birmingham by stage-coach occupied three days, yet the distance is but 116 miles.

It is curious to note that even in the matter of stage-coaching, the long-sustained rivalry between Liverpool and Manchester characteristically displayed itself in the middle of the last century. Manchester advertised a coach to travel thence to London in four days! However incredible this might seem, the proprietors assured the public it would be done. Whereupon Liverpool started a coach to do the greater distance between that city and London in three days, and beat the Manchester coach, with its five miles an hour, off the road. Speed, however, was so little encouraged, that some owners of slow coaches in the last century had, as a motto on their panels, "Sit cito si sat bene." One of the obstacles to speed was to be found in the miserable state of the roads. It is stated that a gentleman in Somersetshire, ordering a carriage of a London coachbuilder, was obliged to send him the measurement between the ruts of his roads, that he might have the wheels arranged to run in them. The other obstacle was to be found in the interest taken in travelers and their property by highwaymen.

These were the "gentlemen of the road," not vulgar foot-pads, and generally both well-armed and well-mounted, but often with more show of daring than real courage. They reckoned on travelers being terrified at their appearance and their demands, but a tough customer, who could support his resolution with a pistol, usually damped their valor. It is quite a mistake to believe in the bravery of these swaggering rascals; of bluster and bravado they had enough and to spare, but they were by nature sneaks, and when they got to Tyburn, whither most of them went at last, they, with few exceptions, "died," as the papers used to put it, "in a very proper state," which was one of abject and uncontrollable "funk." They were rare hands at robbing post-boys carrying letters, often with remittances; but their vocation passed away just as they had the strongest provocation to continue it. In 1784 the mail-coach came into use. Each coach carried a guard for the protection of passengers and freight. The latter partly consisted of thousands of pounds entrusted to the keeping of the guard by bankers; also plate-chests and jewelry. The guard had a blunderbus and pistol just in front of his seat, and he knew how to use them. Attempts were occasionally made to rob the mail, but the guard, generally speaking, blazed away from his dangerous elevation with such effect that highwaymen who escaped being killed grew disgusted, and, for the most part, the mails were let alone. Enclosures of land, moreover, began to create obstacles to escape. So, in time, robbery on the highway ceased to be profitable, and when the old highwaymen died out, at the gallows or elsewhere, they had no

successors in their calling; that is to say, there was a change in the methods of despoiling people of their property. Some of the old spirit, with much more than the old guile, has perhaps been shown on the occasions, not infrequent of late years, of the stoppage of railway trains and robbery of express cars, but to find the genuine, unfeeling, rascally highwayman, we must search the precincts of the stock exchange.

The first regular public conveyance between London and Edinburgh was established in 1785, when "a two-end glass coach machine, hung on steel springs, exceeding light and easy," was advertised to go through in ten days in Summer and twelve in Winter, lying over on the intervening Sunday at one of the towns on the route. The modern English mail coaches, running over splendid turnpike roads, making ten miles an hour, and changing horses at every stage, were the finest in the world; but were long since superseded by the railways that cover the country with a vast network of iron. The "palmy" days of English coaching were probably from 1830 to 1838.

In this country, Benjamin Franklin, then Deputy-Post-Master General, astonished the people of the colonies in 1760, by proposing to run a stage wagon, to carry the mail, between Philadelphia and Boston, starting from each city on Monday morning, and reaching its destination by Saturday night.

The American stage coaches, by repeated improvements, have become models of perfect construction, combining strength with lightness and gracefulness of form, together with comfort to the passengers, in a manner unequalled in any part of the world. They are unlike the English coaches in shape, and are made for carrying nine passengers upon three seats inside, two with the driver upon the "box" in front, and three upon a seat behind this on the front edge of the top. Concord, N. H., is the chief seat of the stage-coach manufacture, and "Concord" coaches are famous throughout the continent.

The present revival of stage-coaching began in England in 1866, when the "Old Times" coach was put on the Brighton road. The Four-in-Hand Driving Club, of London, was organized ten years earlier, in April 1856, but, being a private and very exclusive association, was of no utility to the general public, except as a spectacle.

About a dozen coaches now leave London daily, during the Summer season, or rather from May to October. All the drivers of these splendid coaches (*butterflies*, as such coaches are called in stable slang) which are now on the road and run only short journeys, are amateurs; in other words, they are gentlemen-coachmen. Both sets of drivers may be credited with equal knowledge or ignorance regarding "the angle of inclination of the line of traction," but the old professional driver had in his "knowledge-boot" the practical experience which served the same useful purpose. He would take a coach laden with heavy baggage, piled high above the heads of himself and passengers, full gallop round sharp corners or perilous curves. He knew to a hair's-breadth what was to be done, and his horses knew what was required of them. They seemed to take a pride in surmounting all road perils, making light of them, yet flinging up their heads with a sort of proud consciousness that there was something in them, and in him who had them in hand, which was not common to every team on the road. Very rarely indeed were accidents to be heard of, which could be traced to the professional coachman. It was when he entrusted the reins to an amateur, that the passengers were likely to come to grief; but even this was often averted by the quick eye and ready action of the professional driver. No doubt some gentlemen-drivers were, and a few are, as perfect in the art as those who were brought up to it, but there is a tendency in many of the amateurs to leave a good deal to

the team. Things look well enough, and go easily on a straight bit of road; but when unexpected difficulty supervenes, the horses, failing to feel the necessary telegram along the reins, seem divided in opinion, and inclined to take opposite directions.

"To be a coachman," remarks an English writer, "you must take your degree; for driving four horses is an art, and a 'very pretty hart,' as was said by that excellent coachman, 'Chester Billy.'" It used to be said that lords and gentlemen who took to the box showed their intelligence by practically avowing that nature made them for more humble purposes, but they so often spilt their coachload that it was obvious they were not fit even for coachmen.

Among the English gentlemen who have proved that, should a bad time come, they might earn what is called "an honest bit of bread" for themselves and families by taking coachmen's wages, are the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Blandford, the Earl of Bective, Lord Carrington, Lord Norreys, Lord Guildford, Lord Macduff, Lord Aveland, Lord Londesborough, Sir Henry de Bathe, with various colonels, majors, captains, and plain "misters."

Some of the more wealthy of these are proprietors only, but the greater number are amateur coachmen. These might be worse: one who has nothing to do is wise if, rather than do that, he drives a team of four.

Till within the last three or four years, a man was to be seen every afternoon, and in all weathers, driving a four-in-hand out of London, generally going at a spanking pace, westward. He was always alone, and no one was ever seen to speak to him. He came rattling back at nightfall, and, as he swept rapidly over the road, people used to shake their heads, as if there was something uncanny in driver and equipage. The popular idea was that he enjoyed an allowance left him by his father, on condition of his daily driving four horses a certain distance out of, and back to, London. He and the weird turnout have disappeared, but perhaps they are still wildly careering over some asphalte road in Hades.

In the old days, when the lords of creation took to driving, they were followed in the fashion by the ladies. Dr. Young has illustrated this fact in the fifth of his "Satires (which are less read than they deserve to be) On Women":

"More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
And, as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong!
Graceful as John she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harnessed monarchs, if they please.
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit;
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit."

Satire did not reach the gentlemen-coachmen till long after—namely, in Holcroft's comedy, "The Road to Ruin," which was first acted at Covent Garden, in February, 1792. In that popular piece mercurial Lewis, as *Goldfinch*, with his top-boots, capes, whip, slang, and his cant cry of "That's your sort!" exposed the follies and other characteristics of the amateur coachmen to the hilarious delight of crowded audiences.

The passion for driving, and that for having a first-rate turn-out, may be said to have prevailed at an early period in Britain. It is worthy of note that Cicero, writing to a friend in Britain, remarked that there was nothing worth bringing out of the island but chariots, of which he wished to have one for a pattern. Perhaps this warrants the modern Britons in flattering themselves that they take precedence in coaching of all the world. Later, to possess a chariot was, like Thurtell's gig, to possess a visible testimony of respectability. "The world," says Stowe, "runs on wheels with

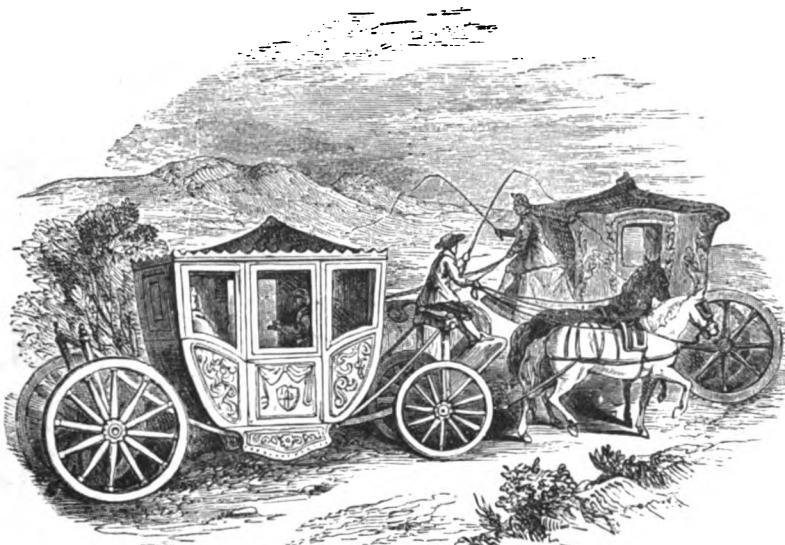


THE LONDON FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB PARADING IN HYDE PARK.

many, whose parents were glad to go on foot." Rivalry in the splendor of the turn-out was not rare. When the Duke of Buckingham, in 1619, set the example of being drawn by six horses, the Earl of Northumberland would not let his dignity be drawn by less than eight. It is more worthy of remark that in the last-named century coaches were in such general use with the wealthy squires and noble

landlords that moralists took alarm at the fact. Coaches, it was said, gave facilities for coming to town, where squires, lords, and their families (says Croessel of the Charter House) "must go to the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure that they are uneasy for ever after." The drama had its shaft of satire to fling at most extravagant follies; and Cibber, in "The Provoked Husband; or, a Journey to London," has put into the mouth of honest John Moody one of the raciest descriptions extant of a journey to the metropolis in the family coach, drawn by the family horses. The wagon-journeying, and the frolics in the straw of lively ensigns and coqueting damsels have been even more happily satirized by Fielding. The wayfaring of a young couple on horseback, the nymph on a pillion, with her hand on the belt of the swain who was in the saddle, had something so pretty, pastoral, and poetic in it, that satire could not reach it. There was something like dignity in it, even when the riders were aged. It was a mirthful method of locomotion, and there was seldom an instance when it could be said of such method, "Post equitem sedet atra cura."

Coach-carried travelers, riders on horseback, single or with a lass or a lady on the pillion, carriers of goods, and bearers of letters, found no lack of inns in London in the seventeenth century, when wayfarers wended thitherward for pleasure or business. We doubt if any of those stirring and crowded hostgeries now exist, save one. Of the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane, where Archbishop Leighton had his wish granted of dying in an inn, away from home, there exists nothing but the name; a shed, or little better, calls itself "The Old Bell Inn Book-ing-office." But, down a short side street on the opposite side of the way, you may still find the Oxford Arms, in its ancient form. It was a place of great resort in Charles the



ENGLISH COACHES—TIME OF CHARLES II.

Second's days, and there is much carrying business transacted there still. The balustraded galleries round the yard are intact, though dirty and decayed. The chambers opening on the galleries are no longer occupied by travelers who come and go, but by "lodgers," to whom the rooms are let for fixed terms. Despite the confusion, the dirt, and the decay, he who stands in the yard of this ancient inn, may

get an excellent idea of what it was like in the days of its prosperity, when not only travelers in coach or saddle rode into, or out of, the yard, but poor players and mountebanks set up their stage for the entertainment of spectators, who hung over the galleries, or looked on from their rooms—a name by which the boxes of a theatre were first known. They who would look back, as it were, on an old bit of life should lose little time, for old London is disappearing with marvelous swiftness from amidst the bricks, mortar, cement, stucco, and costly untastefulness of the newer city. We are inclined to believe that there are more pack-horse roads, and even pilgrim roads in England, yet serving the purposes of pedestrian travelers, than there are inns, where such old travelers used to be received.

The following amusing story of a successful swindle in the old coaching days is told by a veteran mail-guard:

"In the pretty village of Ivybridge, Devonshire, on the main road from Devonport to London, stood R.—'s small, snug hotel, one of the regular stopping places of the 'Quicksilver' mail. One day a gentlemanly man, dressed in one of those long coats which buttoned down well towards the feet, and which at that time were fashionable, called at this hotel and engaged a room for the night. After a capital dinner and mine host's best wine, he sent the waiter to ask if the landlord would join him in a cigar and a glass of grog, and so a pleasant evening was passed; the two parted at bedtime, mutually pleased with each other, and the traveler, giving orders to be called early in the morning, retired to rest. Punctual to his orders a servant called him in due course,

but great was the former's consternation when he was re-summoned and informed by the gentleman that his breeches had been stolen during the night. Here was an embarrassing position for the inmate of a respectable hotel to be placed in



ENGLISH COACHES—TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

But Mr. R. speedily came to the rescue. In fact the credit of his house demanded it, and a pair of his best breeches were placed at the stranger's service. So far all was satisfactorily arranged, but Mr. R.'s troubles were not yet over, and when the traveling gentleman informed him that in one of the pockets of the stolen breeches a £5 note had been placed, he had no other course, to save the honor of his house, than to find another instead of the one lost. And so the gentlemanly traveler departed in peace, or rather in Mr. R.'s breeches, with the £5 note safely in his possession, after having taken a friendly farewell of Mr. R., who again and again expressed his regret at the unfortunate occurrence which had taken place. Of course Mr. R. determined to discover and punish the daring thief, and instituted the most searching inquiries. He never found the thief, however, but he learned that the strange gentleman had sold his breeches at Ashburton the day before he honored his hotel with a visit, and that the reason he could not find his own breeches in the morning was because he had none on when he entered the hotel, his long coat so completely hiding his legs, that no one suspected his "Bryan O'Linn"-like attire. So R. gave away his best breeches, and paid the obliging stranger £5 for taking them. Somehow he never took kindly to travelers in those long-buttoned coats afterwards."

Stage-coaching can hardly be said to have ever had an existence in France, or elsewhere on the continent, for the old-

time *diligence*, like its modern namesake, was a heavy, cumbersome, unwieldy vehicle, unworthy of comparison with the dashing English mail coach.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century there were not fifty carriages to be seen in Paris; in the reign of Louis XIV. all the world possessed them, as otherwise they would have been unable to

present themselves at court. No longer could they go to the palace on horseback, although the privilege was still allowed to certain members of Parliament. This, however, ceased entirely about the middle of the reign of Louis XIV.

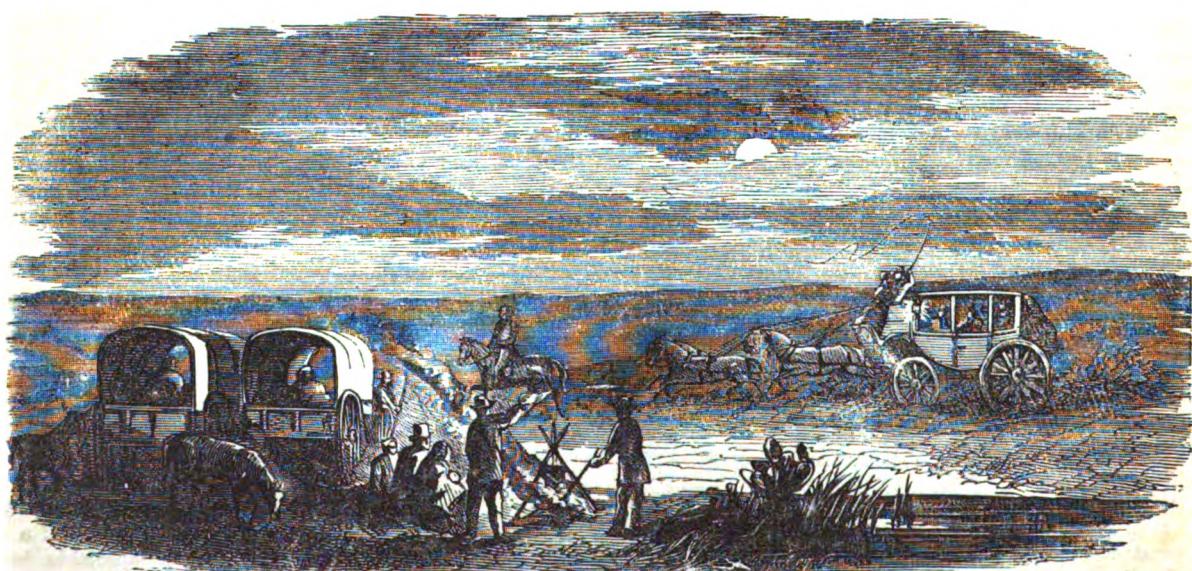
The adoption of this general use of wheel carriages produced a great change in the habits of social life, and had much influence on the political state of the country. The state of public roads, which the necessity of traveling on horseback imposes, must immediately influence all military movements and all communication of intelligence, must triple the expense of all commercial transfers, and prevent, or render difficult, all merely social meetings, except between the nearest neighbors.

When Laporte, the *valet-de-chambre* to Anne of Austria, tells us that in the Winter of the year 1635, between Piteaux and Paris, on the route of Orleans, the road was so bad that the queen was obliged to sleep in her carriage, because neither the mules nor the carts that carried her baggage could possibly arrive, we may conceive how little Winter traveling there could have been in France.

Although coaches were already known and used in Paris,



A SWISS DILIGENCE.



THE OVERLAND MAIL.

they were so unlike the modern vehicles of the same name, that the pleasures, engagements, and assignations of the young men were still pursued on horseback; but at the end of the reign of Louis XIV. the luxury of carriages was so universal that riding among the young men was confined entirely to the *ménage*, to hunting, and to their military life. A change of dress had, indeed, necessitated a change in their mode of conveyance. The military costume was no longer that of the court; their boots and cloaks had disappeared, except when with their regiments; and the knots of ribbons, the short sleeves, the long ruffles, the lace, fringe, and embroidery, and the flowing periwigs now general, were perfectly incompatible with an evening ride from the Louvre to the Marais.

Fatal rencontres frequently took place from disturbances in the streets. The Comte de Soissons and the Prince de Conti's coaches meeting in a narrow place near the Louvre, by the bad driving of their coachmen jostled against each other; their followers soon came to blows, and so much ill-feeling was engendered, that the next morning both gentlemen assembled their friends and followers, the Duke de Guise joining his brother-in-law, the Prince de Conti, and the Prince de Condé with the Comte de Soissons, his uncle, and they came out into the streets with at least three or four hundred mounted men, and engaged in a desperate and bloody affray.

The *diligences* now in use are, from their great weight and clumsy construction, only adapted for use on smooth roads. They are formed in three compartments, the front one, called the *coupé*, having a seat for three persons, facing forward; the middle compartment, the *intérieur*, has seats for six, like a hackney-coach; and behind this is the *rotonde*, with seats for six or eight passengers, who sit with their backs to the sides of the carriage. On the front part of the top is the *banquette*, sometimes covered with a hood, with seats for four passengers. The driver rides one of the horses, of which five or six are commonly employed.

Of American stage-coaching, prior to the introduction of railways, little can be said in praise. With the possible exception of a few short routes in the Eastern and Middle States, stage travel was rendered extremely tedious by the bad roads, while the general equipage was much inferior to that of the English lines.

The opening of the Overland Mail Route to California, in 1858, marked the introduction of a new system; speed, comfort, and safety came to be the distinctive features of the lines managed by the Overland Mail Company; and although that corporation ceased to exist with the completion of the Pacific Railroad, its methods were followed by other lines, and now of all modern stage-coaching the best the world can show is to be found on the local mail routes in the States and Territories of the Pacific coast.

Using the "Concord" coach, drawn by six wiry, half-bred and wholly wild mustangs, the practiced driver will keep up a steady gait of ten or twelve miles an hour, whirling around sharp corners, and skirting frightful precipices at the same tremendous pace. A ride on the box seat beside one of the "crack" drivers is apt to be too much for weak nerves, yet accidents rarely happen, and the chief inconvenience experienced arises from the unwelcome attentions of the "road agents," the successors of the old-time highwaymen.

Before the opening of the Pacific Railroad the coaches made the distance from Virginia City, Nev., to Placerville, Cal., 154 miles, in fifteen hours and twenty minutes, including a delay of half an hour for supper, and sixteen shorter stops to change horses. Every one has read of the late Mr. Greeley's famous coach ride, and of Hank Monk, the driver, who was bound to get him through "on time." As nearly every tourist who visits the Pacific slope writes a narrative of

his experiences, and invariably includes the anecdote referred to, it is unnecessary to repeat it here; the curious may find it in the veracious chronicles of Mark Twain.

The London Four-in-hand Driving Club, the pioneer of all similar organizations, was formed, as previously mentioned, in 1856. Its formation was due to the late Mr. William Morritt, whose four dashing roans and handsome yellow coach were long well-known on the road. The club rules require coaches to keep their places in line when parading, and turning out to pass a coach ahead is prohibited, unless the latter is standing still. The pace is not to exceed ten miles an hour. The order for starting is arranged by lot. Hyde Park is the starting point. The club is limited to thirty members, and should a member be absent for a whole year he ceases to be a member. The first "meet" of the club the present season occurred on May 24th, when seventeen coaches were in line.

The growing taste for the road, and the exclusiveness of the Four-in-Hand Club, led to the formation, in 1870, of a new driving club, called the "Coaching Club," which started under the best auspices. It was a success from the start, for at its first public appearance twenty-two coaches paraded, and it has since continued to flourish. At the first meeting of this season, on May 20th, no less than thirty-two coaches turned out, and the display is said to have been the finest of the kind ever witnessed in London.

Coaching, as an elegant amusement, is in this country confined wholly to the vicinity of New York, and is of such recent introduction that its history may be summed up in a few words.

The first attempt to form a four-in-hand club here resulted in failure; the club fell into financial difficulties, and its property was recently sold at auction to satisfy creditors. The present organization, known as the New York Coaching Club, has been more successful.

The first parade this season took place on April 22d, when six handsome drags appeared in line. Starting at Madison Square, they drove through Fifth Avenue and the Central Park to Stetson's; then returning passed down the avenue to Washington Square, circling the fountain, and thence back to Twenty-sixth Street and Broadway, where the parade was dismissed.

The glittering spectacle attracted an immense crowd of people. The "gentlemen-coachmen," who on this occasion "tooled" their teams with great skill along the crowded avenue and through the thronged drives of the park, were Colonel William Jay, president of the club; James Gordon Bennett, vice-president; Frederic Bronson, Colonel Delancy Kane, Leonard Jerome, and William P. Douglass.

The club is said to be rapidly increasing in numbers, and several members are having coaches built by city makers, most of those thus far seen here being of English manufacture. The sport is, however, too expensive ever to become popular, and will be monopolized by the few on whom fortune has showered her favors with a liberal hand.

Colonel Delancy Kane, who is one of the most enthusiastic members of the club, and who last year ran a coach from London to Virginia Water, twenty-eight miles out, put his handsome canary-colored coach on the road May 1st, and has since run it regularly, at first to Pelham Bridge, and more recently to New Rochelle, making the round trip once daily.



ENGLISH HACKNEY COACHMAN
OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

The experiment has been highly successful, the coach carrying full loads every trip, with seats engaged four or five weeks ahead. The rate of speed maintained is ten miles an hour, including stoppages, and twenty horses are kept to run the coach.

No pleasanter manner of spending a holiday can be imagined than to take the box-seat, and be driven rapidly over the capital roads of Westchester County, the merry notes of the guard's horn waking the echoes of hill and dale, and the fresh morning air having all the exhilarating effect of champagne.

In closing this somewhat desultory sketch we cannot do better than quote the following imitable description of a stage-coach journey in England in "the old coaching days," a pen-picture familiar to all readers of "Pickwick."

"They have rumbled through the streets, and jolted over the stones, and at length reach the wide and oven country.

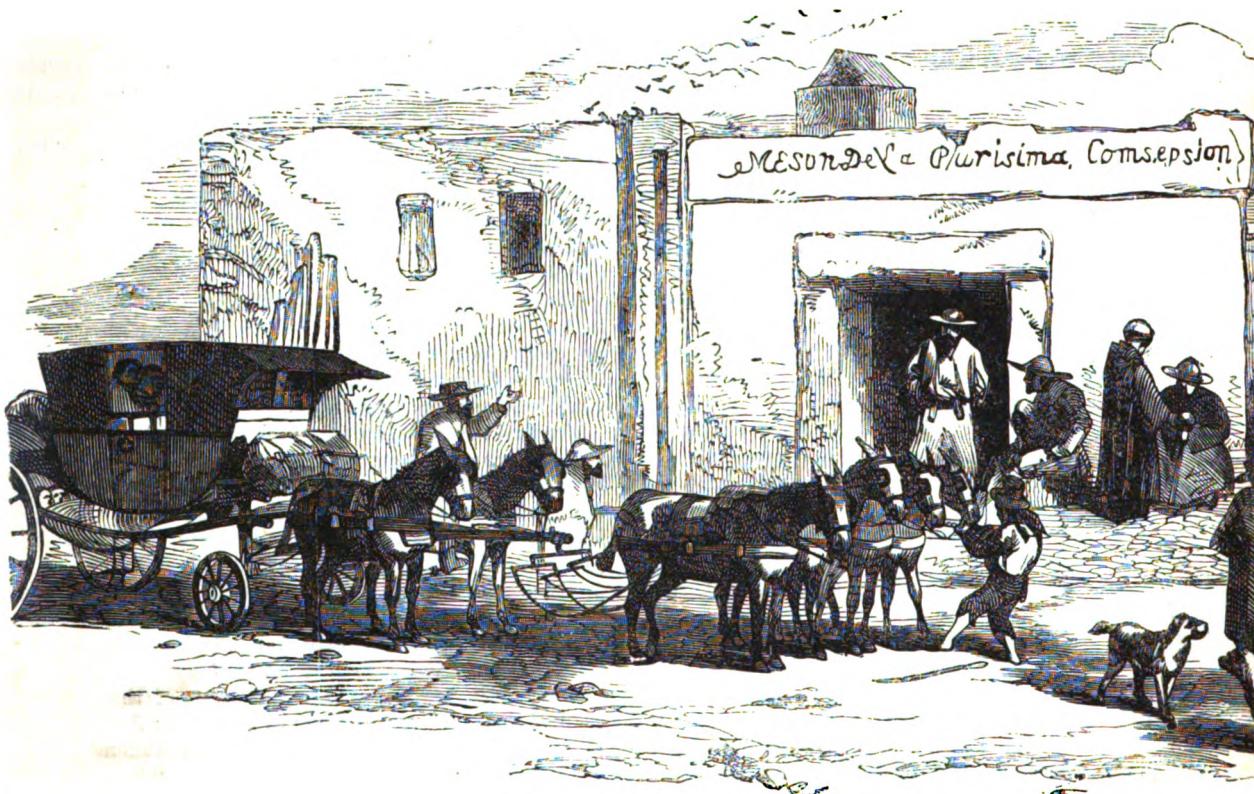
the whip again, and on they speed, more merrily than before.

* * * * *

"And now the bugle plays a lively air as the coach rattles through the ill-paved streets of a country town; and the coachman, undoing the buckle which keeps his ribands together, prepares to throw them off the moment he stops.

. . . They pull up at the inn-yard, where the fresh horses, with cloths on, are already waiting. The coachman throws down the reins and gets down himself, and the other outside passengers drop down also, except those who have no great confidence in their ability to get up again; and they remain where they are, and stamp their feet against the coach to warm them—looking, with longing eyes and red noses, at the bright fire in the inn bar, and the sprigs of holly with red berries which ornament the window.

"But the guard has delivered at the corn-dealer's the brown



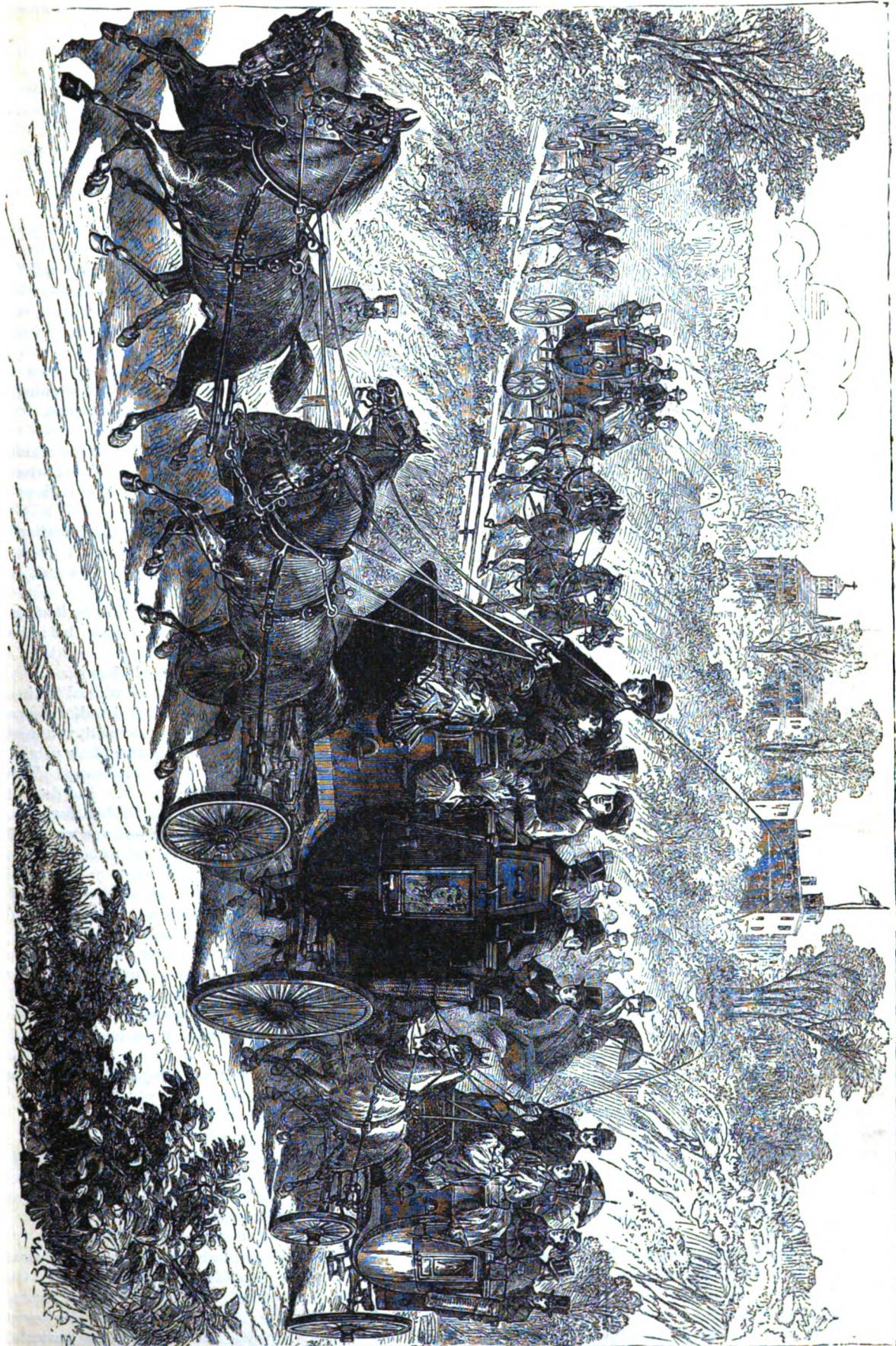
A MEXICAN MAIL COACH.

The wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground; and the horses, bursting into a canter at a smart crack of the whip, step along the road as if the load behind them were but a feather at their heels. They have descended a gentle slope, and enter upon a level, as compact and dry as a solid block of marble, two miles long. Another crack of the whip, and on they speed, at a smart gallop: the horses tossing their heads and rattling the harness, as if in exhilaration at the rapidity of the motion; while the coachman, holding whip and reins in one hand, takes off his hat with the other, and resting it on his knees, pulls out his handkerchief, and wipes his forehead: partly because he has a habit of doing it, and partly because it's as well to show the passengers how cool he is, and what an easy thing it is to drive a four-in-hand, when you have had as much practice as he has. Having done this very leisurely (otherwise the effect would be materially impaired), he replaces his handkerchief, pulls on his hat, adjusts his gloves, squares his elbows, cracks

paper packet he took out of the little pouch which hangs over his shoulder by a leathern strap, and has seen the horses carefully put to, and has thrown on the pavement the saddle which was brought from London on the coach-roof, and has assisted in the conference between the coachman and the hostler about the gray mare that hurt her off-fore-leg last Tuesday. . . . The coachman shouts an admonitory 'Now, then, gen'l'm'n!' the guard re-echoes it, 'All right,' and off they start. Shawls are pulled up, coat-collars readjusted, the pavement ceases, the houses disappear, and they are once again dashing along the open road, with the fresh, clear air blowing in their faces, and gladdening their very hearts within them."

It is not easy to improve upon such perfect word-painting; and, although since coaching became a fashionable pastime old-fogydom has rushed into print and regaled us with astonishing "yarns" *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, which, being interpreted, means, "of coaches, coachmen,

THE NEW YORK FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN CENTRAL PARK.



guards, and horses ;" or, if literally translated, may be rendered, "of the omnibus, the return 'bus, and the 'bus that was cursed for stopping at the ale-houses," we must still turn to the pages of "the master" to catch the salient points of coaching in the olden time.

CURRENT JELLY.



AGGIE SMITEN'S mother was an invalid, and Maggie Smiten was in a muss. This was not to be wondered at, for the day was hot and sultry, and everything had gone criss-cross.

In the first place, Mrs. Smiten, who had a mania for fruit preserving, had progressed as far as the partial straining of a bushel or less of dead-ripe currants for jelly, had been compelled to leave all and go to bed.

Maggie had made elaborate preparations for a picnic this same day, but of course the currants must not be allowed

to go to waste, and the disappointed girl had just dispatched a note to the master of ceremonies, informing him of her mother's illness, and her inability to join the festivities. This was very provoking, and when we add to it the fact that Maggie had begged her mother the day before to defer the preserving until after the picnic, it becomes doubly so.

Maggie felt injured—defrauded of her right, and this was but natural.

"It is the third time this Summer I have been disappointed," she muttered, between her pearly teeth; "and then—"

These two last words contained a secret, and the principal secret of her disappointment as well. The fact was, Maggie had quarreled the preceding evening with somebody whom way down in the depths of her heart she was very fond of. This somebody was the young minister, who had been filling the pulpit for the aged pastor, who had ministered in this country town for more than half a century, and who now sought necessary recuperation with his children in the West.

"What do you say—quarreled with the minister?" inquired a shocked elder. "Surely the minister did not quarrel."

Oh, no! He only looked hurt and dignified, but had answered the saucy minx never a word—and this was the proper way to treat her, which fact, by-the-way, the young D.D. seemed to thoroughly realize.

What motive or set of motives can form the foundation of the behavior which young women so frequently affect toward those of the opposite sex they really care the most for?

The amount of snubbing that Maggie had practised upon Harvey Hibben was quite beyond the usual amount in such cases.

The night before, Mr. Hibben had accompanied Maggie home from a musical party, given by a friend, and this was what happened on their way to the Smiten homestead:

"I think it very stupid," she said, "to have a picnic, and then come home like a lot of whipped children at sunset. A moonlight sail would be a proper ending of a pleasure excursion like this."

No answer. Maggie had overheard her companion helping old Mrs. Harris veto such an arrangement, and as this was the only tangible point for disagreement at that time, she proposed to make the most of it.

"I think those who want to go sailing after the picnic should be allowed the privilege. I shall move to-morrow

that all the old fogies land when they get ready, and the rest of us, who know what a good time is, go on our way. I don't think that fussy Mrs. Harris should be allowed to control the movements of the whole party. Do you?"

This with a little spice of malice, which her companion was not slow to notice.

"As you heard every word of my conversation with Mrs. Harris, and know precisely how I stand in the matter, it strikes me your question is slightly unnecessary."

"Why don't you add impertinent also?" interrupted the minx, with flashing eyes.

"Because that is hardly the proper name for it."

"I suppose you have a word that will just fit?"

"I don't think of any just now. I can give you my reasons, Miss Maggie, if you like, for agreeing with Mrs. Harris about the impropriety of the moonlight sail."

"Your reasons are quite obvious. The diplomatic evidently predominates in your nature. It won't do, of course, to offend so influential a church member as this old marplot. It is plain enough."

Not a word more was spoken, until, five minutes after, Maggie said, in a very dignified tone, "Good-evening, Mr. Hibben," and, without awaiting for a response, tripped lightly up the garden walk and entered the house.

Maggie's conscience had tormented her all the night, and the only comfort she could extract from her behavior was, that Harvey Hibben wouldn't think she was in love with him.

"I suppose he thinks every girl in the town is after him; and they do act like a set of fools, anyway. I guess he'll leave me out after this," muttered the foolish girl, as she tossed and turned and tried to sleep.

"Is Mr. Hibben going?" inquired Mrs. Smiten, as she prepared to go to bed again at ten o'clock the following morning.

"Yes, Mr. Hibben is going," snapped Maggie.

"I don't see how you can be so cross," whined the invalid. "If you knew how I suffered with this dreadful neuralgia, liable to be taken down with it at any moment, you wouldn't show so much temper about a little matter like a picnic."

Maggie made no answer. What could she say? The picnic was not a "little matter" to her. She had determined the night before to apologize to Mr. Hibben for her rudeness, even at the risk of having him think the worst, viz., in love with him; but now she must remain at home, nurse her mother, and make currant jelly instead.

Maggie surveyed the luscious fruit with unqualified disgust. Just then merry voices were heard outside the door, and "Maggie Smiten" was vociferously called for.

There they were, a gay party of thirty or forty, bent upon dragging Maggie along with them whether she would or no.

Mr. Hibben looked very bright and happy beside Belle Seymour, and Belle Seymour's expression said, more plainly than words, "I've got him, girls. What are you going to do about it?"

"Why can't you go, Maggie?" inquired Belle, evidently trying hard to look sympathetic.

"Is it *really* impossible?" inquired the minister.

Maggie's eyes filled with tears.

"If he hadn't spoken so kindly," she told herself in confidence afterward, "I could have managed it well enough; but I wasn't crying for him, anyway, though I suppose he will think so—men are so conceited."

"Why can't you go?" persisted Miss Seymour.

"Because mother is sick, and I have currant jelly to make—that's why. Don't say anything more to me, please. Go on, and don't bother about me. I hope you will all have a real nice time;" and Maggie closed the door upon her tormentors, and then cried till her eyes were as red as the currants that awaited the pressure of her little fingers.

Maggie went to work after the manner of a true heroine ; but it was very plain to be seen that a subject of deeper interest than the manufacture of currant jelly engrossed her.

The fruit was strained in a jiffy, the sugar weighed and added in another jiffy, and when Mrs. Smiten appeared on the scene of action, three hours after, the crimson liquid was already in process of cooling.

"Why, how quick you have finished, child!" were the lady's first words as she critically examined the work of her daughter's hands. "I am so sorry you hurried so! My head is so much better, I could have helped you this afternoon."

The only answer Mrs. Smiten received was, in reality, no answer at all, for Maggie simply said :

"Mother, I am going to the picnic."

"What! at this late hour? What will folks think?"

"That the jelly is done, and you have gotten over your neuralgia, I suppose. What else is there to think?"

"That you are very anxious to be there, I suppose ; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if some of 'em should say that the minister was at the bottom of your anxiety!"

What wet blankets mothers do throw over their children sometimes!

"Let them," replied Maggie, wrathfully. "They will probably see before night how much truth there is in their surmises, and—"

"Maggie Smiten, now don't go to showing off. It'll be just like you to do something ridiculous," interrupted her mother.

Poor Maggie! those hasty, most inappropriate, and entirely uncalled-for words had the effect upon the young girl that a sharp cut of the whip might have upon a restive, high-spirited horse, goading him on to fresh mischief.

Mrs. Smiten continued :

"Mrs. Bennett told me last evening that the minister walked home with Frank the other night, from prayer-meeting, and told him that he never in all his life came across such a set of girls as there are in this town. He says they call upon him in his study, tag after him when he comes out of evening meetings, and really are the pests of his existence."

"Are they?" inquired Maggie, with peculiar emphasis.

"He says, too, that he shall be more thankful than words can express when the old gentleman gets back."

"He seemed contented enough with Belle Seymour this morning," growled Maggie.

"Oh, yes; Belle—I believe he did make an exception in her favor. He thinks her very lady-like and kind-hearted. Her father has money, you know."

Fifteen minutes after, our young lady was being propelled over the river in a row-boat by a sunburnt urchin, whose eyes danced with delight at the prospect of rowing the "pretty Maggie Smiten" to the picnic grounds.

"There they be," he said, as white dresses and gay-colored ribbons appeared in sight. "You can land right here, and just there at the left you will see a path that'll lead you straight to the grove."

The little beach was hard and pebbly, and Maggie, in no hurry to join the party, walked slowly along by the water's edge, quite regardless of the instructions of her guide. Her mother's words rang through her excited brain.

"What do I care?" she asked herself. "I never went to his study, never tagged after him—indeed, I believe I have done nothing but systematically snub him ever since our first interview; and yet he has always been polite to me, and very careful of my feelings. It is outrageous, though, to condemn all the girls as fools."

Just then a voice broke the stillness.

"Why, Mr. Hibben!" it said, and then repeated in mugh-

ingly shocked tones, as if once were not enough, "Why, Mr. Hibben!"

Maggie looked about her in alarm. The voice seemed to come from above, but there was no one visible.

"But you wanted to go to the beach?" replied her companion.

"Yes; but I didn't know it was so poky. I never can climb way down there in the world."

"Then you can't do the beach this afternoon, unless you want to walk a couple of miles."

"Through the woods, Mr. Hibben?"

"Through the woods."

"Oh, that will be delightful!"

"This path here to the left leads straight through the woods to the other side of the beach, and around to our camping-ground. You couldn't get lost if you tried."

"Then, you are not going?"

"No; I have walked enough for one day."

Maggie held her breath, so as not so lose one word that Miss Seymour might answer. For a moment there was utter stillness. Then Belle said :

"If I could climb like Maggie Smiten, I would venture down there; but it's no use, I can't."

"Miss Smiten is a very accomplished young lady," said the minister.

"Do you call climbing an accomplishment?"

This in a contemptuous tone.

"Miss Smiten is vital. I like all the qualities that spring from such healthfully vital natures as hers."

"This vitality is the cause of her dislike to you, I suppose."

This more contemptuously still.

"Perhaps. I think, though," this very slowly, "the cause of Miss Maggie's dislike lies in the fact of her not understanding me, and the foolish and unwarrantable gossip of the neighbors. I like her, notwithstanding; and it was a real disappointment to me that she could not be with us to-day."

Maggie was now in a flutter. Of course she was quite hidden from view; but these rare words of commendation had a strange effect. What did she do? She listened no longer, and, silly child that she was, stretched herself out on the soft turf, buried her face in her hands, and cried. Had she known what was going on above, she would have left her hiding-place without loss of time.

"Perhaps you would like to go down to the beach?" said Belle, after a long pause.

"I should if you will allow me—will you excuse me for a few minutes?"

"Oh, certainly!" answered Belle, with considerable *hauteur*. "I think, though, I had better return. Ma may be worried about me."

Very quietly and swiftly the young minister picked his way down the rocky ledge, and, in less time than it takes me to write it, stood by the side of the unconscious Maggie.

"Miss Smiten!" he cried.

Maggie bounded to her feet.

"Then, you are not hurt?" he continued. "Do please tell me what this all means?"

"It means that I have unintentionally heard every word of yours and Belle Seymour's," she replied, trying in vain to dispose of the big bunch in her throat. "And that I am ashamed of myself—and—and—" this was a bitter pill for the proud Maggie—"and hope that you will forgive me."

Then she cried again.

A pair of little hands were encircled by a pair of large ones, and quite hid from view.

"I shall begin to think by-and-by, if you don't stop crying, Maggie, that you think as much of me as I do of you," as they walked slowly to the grounds.

"And why not?" was the frank reply.



CURRENT JELLY.—"VERY QUIETLY AND SWIFTLY THE YOUNG MINISTER PICKED HIS WAY DOWN THE ROCKY LEDGE, AND IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES ME TO WRITE IT STOOD BY THE SIDE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MAGGIE."—SEE PAGE 238.

But what use to prolong the love-making. They went up to the picknickers arm-in-arm, and, of course, started everybody to talking.

Where had they been? and was it planned beforehand? and what did it mean? Belle Seymour's face was all of a blaze, and Mrs. Seymour thought that Mrs. Smiten ought to be told that she must keep an eye on her daughter.

But they are married now, and Mrs. Harvey Hidden is the pet of the parish over which her husband presides.

THE MAGIC HAND---AN ICELANDIC LEGEND. A FAIRY STORY.

THERE is an island on the coast of Iceland, called Skrudur, which was formerly held by trolls or fairy giants. One day a beautiful maiden disappeared; and this was not the man's only loss; for, after he had lost his daughter, it happened that every Winter, for several years, his best wethers always disappeared.

As a matter of course, people shunned the island as much as possible; but once, in the Winter, some fishermen were caught in a storm at sea, and were compelled to take shelter under this rocky island. When they had fastened their boats, they sat down near the beach, drenched as they were,

and to while away the time, sang songs about the Virgin Mary—when suddenly the rock opened, and a gigantic hand came out, with a ring on each finger, and the arm clad in a scarlet velvet sleeve, which thrust down toward them a large bowl full of stirabout, with as many spoons in it as there were fishermen.

At the same time they heard a voice saying, "My wife is pleased now, but not I."

The men were at first terribly alarmed, but at last, as the stirabout looked so good, they said grace devoutly, and being hungry, soon dispatched it.

When the men had eaten the stirabout, the bowl disappeared into the rock in the same way as it had appeared. The next day the storm had abated, and they rowed safely to the mainland.

At the same season in the year following, the fishermen were again driven to seek shelter on this island by violent winds; and while they sat near the beach, being less timid and more reckless this time, they amused themselves by singing songs about Andri the Hero; when the same hand appeared from the rock, holding out to them a great dish full of fat-smoked mutton, and they heard these words, "Now I am pleased, but not my wife."

So the fishermen ate the meat, and the dish was taken back into the rock. Soon afterward the wind fell, and they were enabled to row safely to shore.

Some years passed away, until Bishop Gudmundur visited that part of his diocese, in order to bind the malignant monsters in rocks and waters and mountains, by his prayers. When he came to Hólmur, he was asked by the priest to consecrate the island Skrudur; but the same night the bishop had a dream, in which a tall and splendidly-dressed man came to him and said, "Do not obey the priest's injunction, nor consecrate Skrudur, for it will be very difficult for me to move away with all my chattels before your arrival. Besides this, I may as well tell you, that if you come out to visit that island, it will be your last journey in this life."

So the bishop refused, on the morrow, to consecrate the island at all, and the troll was left in peace.

PICKEREL FISHING.

PICKEREL fishing may justly be called the piscatorial sport of America. There are but few localities in which that delightful and gamey fish is not found, and but few followers of the rod and reel who are not posted in its ways and habits and somewhat adepts in the modes of entrapping the graceful and savory swimmer of our fresh water seas.

Fishermen frequently fall to loggerheads about the pike or the pickerel, but it is simply on the designation. The

English pike is identified with our pickerel, but the fishers upon our Northern lakes have a fish which they call pike, but which is not even first cousin to the green and golden-backed pickerel of the ponds.

The pickerel is one of the most ravenous of fish, and for that he gets the name of the fresh-water shark, but this hungeriness making him bold, also makes him an easy prey to the angler, who has several ways of entrapping him, the favorite of which is trolling, or spoon fishing, though sometimes this method is followed with line bait, or minnows. A celebrated English fisherman gives this as a well-tried mode by which he declares that he loses less fish than by any other:

"To have a float made of cork, six inches in diameter, cut thin. Through the centre of this a white peg is driven, with a wire loop at each end. Having sounded the depth of water, and baited the hook so as to hang just clear of the bottom, which can easily be regulated by the wire loops through which your line has been passed, fix the line by giving it a turn or two round the end of the peg above water; and fix the end on the shore either by pegging it or tying it to a bough. In this manner you can attend to six or eight lines at once, so increasing your chances of fish."

This may seem a tame way of fishing, but it is much like our American mode of raft fishing, wherein a dozen lines are kept going at once by one man.

The favorite places for pickerel in the neighborhood of New York are Lake Hopatcong and Greenwood Lake in New Jersey, or any of the ponds or lakes of this State, in almost any of which, at this season, a skillful fisherman will catch 100 pounds in a day.

THE SNAKES' BROTHER.

I COULD no longer doubt it—I was nervous.

I was alone. I had been alone during two days and nights, indeed, and the scene of my solitude was an old-fashioned country house, very far down South in Dixie. Is it necessary to say that it was a haunted house—haunted by a procession of gentlemanly spectres, and thin visions in brocade and high-heeled boots; by my great-uncle Alfred, who had died there in the parlor—by his own hand, alas!—and by my great-uncle's great-grandfather, who fell in a duel; and by others of the stock who had made more peaceful exits, and who were reported by successive generations of wide-eyed darkies to be visible when the darkness hid more agreeable spectacles? Not that I believe in ghosts. Oh, no! The truth was, I was nervous.

In the sitting-room, I tried to read *Impossible!* Half

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seen, their figures kept guard at my side, though they fled at the lifting of my eye-lashes. Walking in the Gray Saloon proved much too stimulating to the imagination; the piano could not tempt me; my work-box had no charms. At last I betook myself to the back gallery.

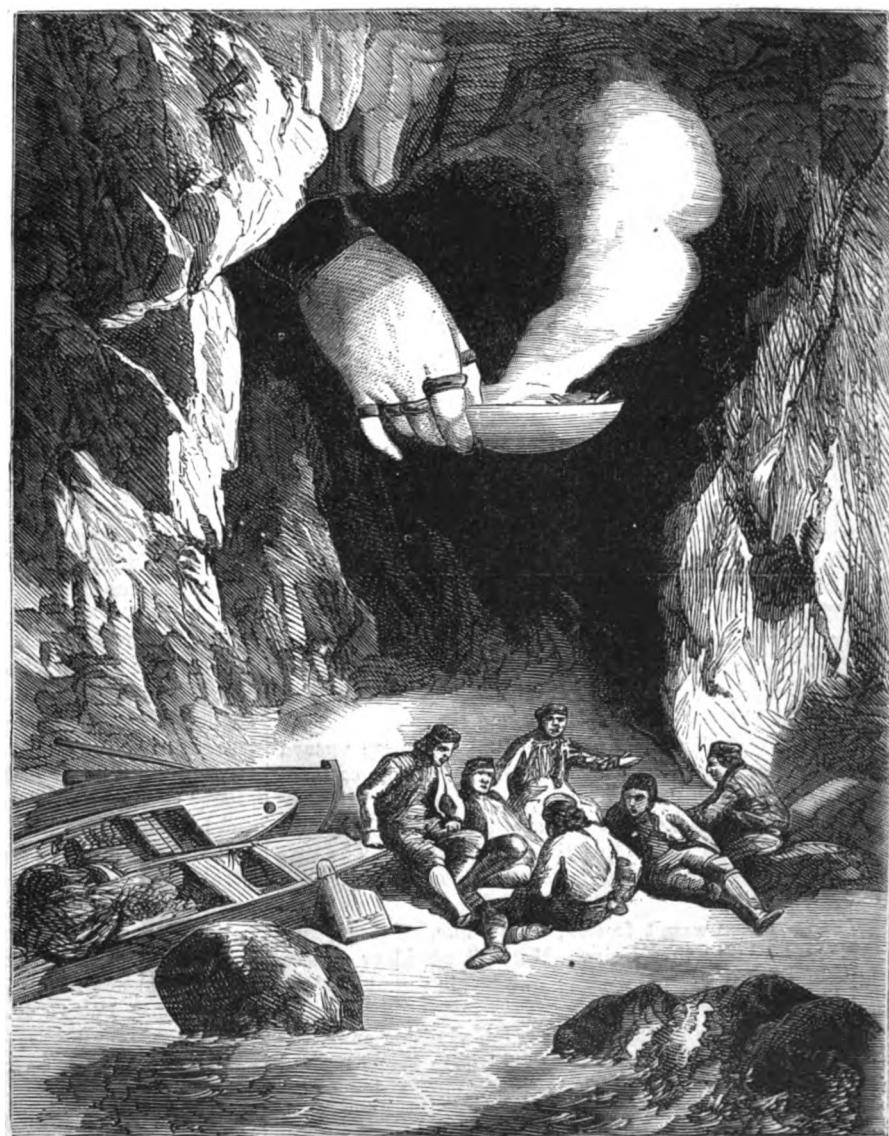
This gallery was broad and long, and facing the moon tonight; also it looked upon the garden. And the garden tempted me—drew, taunted, and defied me. There was not one ragged hollow amongst all its scented vaults of shade, there was hardly a leaf or a grass-blade that I did not know, and in the daytime haunt full lovingly. But now, with this soft, white radiance flooding it in parts, and passing over the sweet secrets of dark places, it looked too mysterious, too full of possibilities. So I paced the gallery with longing eyes, turned over my shoulder toward the garden.

Suddenly a low, sullen, rasping sound; "Oh, heaven!" from me, and my hand on my heart.

But it was only the gray mother-cat, who had leaped delicately down from the low-branched cedar at the end of the piazza; and she staid no questioning. She disappeared over the balustrade, and melted into the shadows.

And now I formed a resolution.

If a gray cat, with no determinable ancestry, was not afraid of night or moonshine, did such craven terrors become



THE MAGIC HAND.—"SUDDENLY THE ROCK OPENED, AND A GIGANTIC HAND CAME OUT, WITH A RING ON EACH FINGER, WHICH THRUST DOWN A LARGE BOWL OF STIRABOUT."

the daughter of the long line whose blood I boasted? Perish the unworthy thought!

I would call Patty—yes, I thought, on the whole, that I would prefer to call Patty—and would walk in the garden forthwith.

So I called Patty. And it appears to me that this is a suitable point at which to inform the reader who Patty was. She was a plump, pretty little black-eyed mulatto girl, who lingered in the corridors and sitting-rooms, to pick up scraps and handkerchiefs, and newspapers and fans, and occasionally to be transformed into a consolidated flying squadron of light artillery, to terrify the dear, fluffy little new ducks and ugly new chickens, when they transgressed that dead line known as “the duck’s walk.”

I have indicated her duties on “week days,” when she had her hair wound carefully with narrow pink braid into fifty short, stiff pigtails, when she was clothed in a brown cotton dress and high white apron, and was barefoot. On Sunday, however, the braid being taken off of her impatient locks, these were combed by her mamma into two vast puffs, suggesting an alarming case of retarded hydrocephalus; a bright, pink muslin endued her form, which was further adorned by a ruffled waist-apron, and she wore, in addition, white stockings and laced shoes. She was then entirely given up to the contemplation of her own magnificence.

Unlike the “wild Irish boy,” Patty came when she was called; and I set out on my promenade, her bare feet patterning contentedly behind me.

Satisfied with human companionship, I forgot my fears, and paced along happily enough. Stooping now underneath the jasmin vines that waved above the path, pausing to breathe the fragrance fresh with dew that welled from their tiny cups, caressing the great, tarnished red roses, and frightening odd, pretty-winged insects from their hiding-places in them, and in the moonshiny lilies. Very lingeringly, very meditatively I walked, in a sweet half-trance of fragrance and moonlight and reverie.

Presently a sigh, a deep sigh from Patty, startled my inattentive ear. I interpreted it in a moment. Even she, the untaught child of nature, thrilled as I did to this sweet aspect of Universal Pan. She, too, felt the delicious sadness of the place and hour.

“Patty,” said I, very gently, “this is beautiful here. Is it not?”

“Yes’m; it’s toler’ble pretty,” said Patty, with rather a disparaging accent, I thought.

“Do you think you ever saw a spot more charming than this, child?”

“The upper plantation is a good deal the prettiest!” Patty answered, animatedly. She added, immediately: “That’s where the red-apple orchard is. Them ‘ere red ones is better’n them ‘ere white ones! But they’s *figs* in this garden!”

I felt grieved, disappointed in Patty. But there seemed no use in reproofing her want of aesthetic feeling; so I answered, simply, with some emphasis:

“I am afraid, Patty, that you are not telling the truth! How can there be figs at this time of the year? The first figs were frosted, and the second crop is scarcely larger than a hickory nut.”

“Some of ‘em wasn’t frosted, Miss Annie, an’ they’s ripe now. Henry said they’s ripe. He ain’t afraid er snakes. Snakes stays in the fig-bushes; but he ain’t afraid of ‘em, and he gits the figs.”

This last clause in a tone of mournful, admiring envy.

We had reached the arbor now, and within it and beyond it was darkness—delicious darkness, perfumed, dewy, profound. But the suggestion of snakes deterred me. I turned round.

“Who is Henry, Patty?” I asked, encouragingly.

“He’s the snakes’ brother,” she answered, simply.

“He’s *what*?” I said.

“He’s the snakes’ brother.”

I sat down on a garden-seat, placed on a clear, graveled space in front of the arbor, and regarded Patty attentively. In all her charms confessed, she stood complacently, her black eyes twinkling in the moonshine from beneath the radiating black and pink pigtails. She occupied herself in picking up little bits of gravel with her bare toes, her versatile mind apparently satisfied for the present with that amusement. I looked at her for some time with a serious air, which I thought calculated to impress her. Then I said, gravely:

“Patty, do you not go to Sunday school?”

“I goes to day school and to Sunday school, too. I goes to Mom Dafferney. Mom Dafferney teaches ‘em bof.”

I am sorry to say that Patty did not seem impressed by my manner.

“Does not Maum Daphne teach you that it is wicked to tell lies? And don’t you know that it is wicked to tell lies? And don’t you know that Henry cannot be a—a snakes’ brother? Why do you tell me such a naughty story?”

“It ain’t no story, Miss Annie. He is the snakes’ brother—he says he is. He ain’t afraid of ‘em, if they runs across his toes; and that’s ‘cause they’s his brothers. He jess picks ‘em up, an he takes and pulls they teeth outer they mouths, an’ then he puts ‘em in his pocket. An’ he can find one every time he wants one. An’ it’s ‘cause they’s his brothers, ‘cause he says they is.”

In the interest of this relation, Patty dropped the last gray gravel from her prehensile toes, and her belief and earnestness were unquestionable.

With a severe and monitory accent, I asked her if she had ever seen Henry pick up snakes, and pull their teeth out?

She said she had seen him twice.

“How does he find the snakes?”

“He jess smells ‘em, an’ then they comes, an’ he picks ‘em up.”

This, delivered with the same air of good faith, was, as far as I knew, an equally incredible and unusual method of procedure amongst those who profess the power of snake-charming.

I sat still, considering Patty judicially, and pondering. Presently that untroubled young woman resumed her recital unquestioned.

“He don’t care where he is—if he’s in the kitchen, or the stables, or Mom Car’line’s house.”

“Did Maum Caroline ever see him?” I cried, a little too eagerly for absolute and instructive incredulity.

“Mom Dafferney did, an’ she jess hit him till he hollered. He was goin’ to say his ‘rithmetic, and she seed something wriggle under his jacket, an’ she says, ‘What’s that, Henry?’ an’ he says, ‘I jess now smelt a snake, Mom Dafferney;’ an’ jess as soon as he said that, the snake came outer his pocket, an’ it dropped in Mom Dafferney’s lap, an’ she hollered, and Henry laughed, and Mom Dafferney got up and hit Henry, and he hollered, and the snake it run away.”

“And what did the rest of Maum Daphne’s pupils do?” I inquired, with much severity of manner. “Did they laugh, or ‘holler,’ or run away?”

“We jess sot still. She’d a-hit us if we’d a-hollered.”

Really, I felt myself at a loss. And while I sat pondering the best means for lifting the bushel from my light, and illuminating Patty’s literally Egyptian darkness, she resumed:

“One day he was up to the upper plantation—that’s where them ‘ere red apples is—an’ he was in the orchard. He was eatin’ apples,” said Patty, in a tone of tender melancholy; but she recovered her wonted vivacity immediately, and continued, “an’ while he was eatin’ ‘em, a snake come there,

an' it got up onto the fence behind him, an' it stood up there and whistled."

"It did *what*?" I cried, indignantly. "The snake *whistled*? You mean it *hissed*!"

"Henry said it stood up onto the fence an' whistled," Patty answered, quietly, superior to correction. "An' then it jumped down, an' run at him, an' took a hold of his heels—"

"And bit him, I hope," said I, viciously. "No. I understand that he stooped down and pulled out its teeth, and put it in his pocket, of course."

I rose with an irritated consciousness of unavailing superiority. I said—a little crossly, I'm afraid—that it was growing chilly, and we would go in; that I was sorry to find Patty disposed to forget Maum Daphne's good lessons.

Then Patty's bare feet pattered behind me, just as contentedly as at first, past box-trees and roses and jasmins, past the trees and the sward, and the deep, deep shade of the courtyard, back to the gallery again.

The clock in the lower landing struck nine as I entered the silent hall. The yellow light, in two long lines, streaked and flickered on the polished floors. The lights still burned in dining-room and sitting-room, and the wide-open double doorway of the Gray Saloon led the eye and the imagination amongst weird shadows. The old house was very still. And only nine o'clock!

"I'll stay out here a while, I think," I remarked, indifferently. "You may sit there on the steps, child."

So Patty perched on the top step, half hidden under the lowest boughs of a gray old fig tree that, cumbering the ground for many a sunny year, had still remained barren. It had germinated and grown and flourished in the too deep shadow of the house. There, at ease and cheerful, sat Patty, playing with the broad furry leaves, and patting on the step, very delicately, with her foot, in rhythm to a sort of measure she made with her breath. It was not whistling, nor singing, but something between the two.

I, meantime, with the great solitary house behind me, with the solemnly silent night to pass, that must be waked, and slept, and dreamed, and listened, and trembled through, felt upon me the weight of a more immediate responsibility; for, without professing philosophy, I had an intention of delivering a lecture from the portico. After some thought, I attacked Patty once more.

"Patty, where does Henry live now?"

"Down to the machine-shop, with a lady what washes," said Patty.

"Does he ever come up here?"

"He's up here now," Patty answered, giving up her tune; "he's out to Mom Carline's house."

Triumph quivered through all my veins. Argument would be wasted on Patty, but demonstration was another thing. And if, after all, he *should* prove—that is to say—I would certainly be wrong to let the opportunity slip. But whatever was to be the result, that shadowy gallery, with vines and trees and fig trees pushing in, was no place for the experiment. I rose, rather languidly.

"Patty," said I, "go out to Maum Caroline's house, and tell Henry that I would like to see him. You can come back with him, and bring him up to my room. Don't say anything to him about snakes."

Patty vanished.

As I walked up the long stairway, I recalled "What I knew about Snake-charming."

Since the war, I had fulfilled the curse of Cain. I had been a wanderer (and a very willing one) upon the face of the earth. I had been even in Egypt, and at Cairo I had seen a snake-charmer. You understand that we felt it our duty to see everything. So we had climbed all the steps in the castle, and tired ourselves dreadfully; and had looked down

Joseph's Well, and said, "Dear me!" and tried to believe in it; and had shrugged our shoulders at the mosques and worshipers; and had gone to one Coptish church, and had been, of course, highly edified; and had admired the Eastern Gate very much; and we had been impressed by the three hundred and seventy—or seventeen, I have forgotten which—arches in the aqueduct; and then we saw a snake-charmer. It was impossible to separate his art from the remembrance of the cunning-eyed, swarthy professor who had exhibited his mystery for the consideration of bucksheesh.

But I reminded myself it would be folly to expect that Henry should come hither habited in flowing caftan, in voluminous libas, or even in a (particularly) wide-sleeved kamis. I contented myself with fancying the same lean, lithe body, the narrow temples, the piercing eyes, and wild, quick movements of my talented Egyptian. I remembered that, on the occasion, all possible precaution had been taken to discover the presence of snake or serpent before the Dervish—a Riface Dervish, if my memory serves me—was admitted. I recalled his intense glance when he came in—he was barefoot, and his long, loose outer garment had been taken from him—and his immediate absorption in his work.

In this instance it was the *man*, and not the snake, who had "whistled," making an odd chuckling noise with his teeth in addition, and at intervals striking the floor with a palm stick, turning swiftly from side to side of the apartment, and using a sort of wild adjuration.

Of course we all expected a snake; and equally, of course, a hideous, creeping thing—dim in-color like a copper-snake, but having two or three scarlet lines near the flattened head—crawled presently, or seemed to, from behind Colonel H—'s portmanteau, which had been moved at least half a dozen times in the course of the preliminary search.

It was natural that we should all scream—there were three ladies present—and we *did* scream, and shuddered, and laughed, and were disgusted and a little frightened, and clustered around Colonel H—, who regarded the snake and the charmer and us with a countenance that would well have become a good-natured, slightly sarcastic pinch of snuff. This, the oleaginous, brown-skinned familiar seemed to perceive: he gave voice to one or two short, indescribable howls—I don't know what else to call the sounds that came from his bronzed throat—and actually he seized the miserable snake, and with a horrible misplaced defiance, squeezed its neck, to make it display its fangs, and then tore it into several pieces *with his teeth*!

I represented to myself that it would be, happily, idle to expect all the details of this exhibition. But I thought it as well to examine the two closets, the bureau-drawers, and the wardrobe—having chosen my own room, as affording fewer receptacles for a sleight-of-hand conveyed snake than any of the lower apartments.

These precautions having been duly taken, I sat down to wait.

I waited so long that it began to seem probable the charmer had declined to come; but at last a modest tap disturbed the silence, and they were bidden to enter.

Patty came in alone.

"Why, where is Henry?" I began.

"He's outside de door. He won't come in, 'cause he's 'fraid."

"Really, he need not be. It is I who should be timid, if anybody."

And I lifted up my voice, and appealed to the snakes' brother to enter at once, and undismayed. An awkward, scuffling sound being the only reply evoked, I went to the door myself.

The contrast with my reminiscences, which was there presented, struck so sharply upon me, that I think I could not have borne laughing outright, but for fear of putting the



PICKEREL FISHING.—SEE PAGE 240.

magician to sudden flight. And I remembered, too, how "the gods sometimes go in rage."

This dealer in mysteries was a very black, round-bodied little negro boy, of eleven or twelve years, I should suppose, whose countenance exhibited, just now, a comical mixture of self-confidence and bashfulness.

His form was encased in a pair of wide white trowsers, a good deal torn, which hung sideways, upheld by a single suspender, and exhibited a plentiful lack of buttons. His feet were bare. Pins scantily supplied the place of other fastening upon his shirt. And his society toilet was completed by a military cap, which I suppose to have been the

shamefacedly, and to his cap, which he twisted in his hand, still reclining against the wall, in a most uncomfortable manner.

"Well, do you think if you should come into this room you could find one? If you will find one there, that you did not bring with you, I shall give you some money, for showing me a thing so curious. Will you come?"

The child of obscure affinities signified his willingness to follow me, and I led the way into the room.

It was for Patty's behoof and edification that Henry had been summoned; but I really began to feel some interest, separable from missionary instincts. The absolute want of



THE SNAKE'S BROTHER.—"HE WAS IN THE ORCHARD, AN' A SNAKE COME, AN' HE STOOPED AN' PULLED OUT ITS TEETH, AN' PUT IT IN HIS POCKET."—SEE PAGE 241.

glory and crown of his wardrobe, without which his appearance, even at midnight, would have been felt impossible.

He leaned against the wall, half hiding his face, and scraped the floor with the brown foot.

"Your name is Henry?" I asked, still calling upon my muscles for a serenely composed and gentle countenance. "Patty has been telling me of some wonderful things you can do—with snakes, you know. That you can find them anywhere, and are not afraid of them. Is that true? Can you do so?"

"Yes, I kin," the magician answered, succinctly and

mysterious preparation, and of elaborate profession, suggested a doubt as to my own infallibility, and along with his perfect willingness to undertake the task, the boy's awkwardness and simplicity were arguments in his favor.

Then—I suppose it will appear absurd!—I had been born and brought up amongst the superstitions of negroes, and I shall surely not live long enough for reason to annul their influence. I began to reflect that "there are many things in heaven and earth, Horatio"; and my wanderings had taught me how much that is strange and good is to be found —*si modica caenare times olus omne patella.*

So, taking my seat, I looked at the boy, with full as much curiosity as Patty displayed, only I think there was a little more confidence in her heightened expectation.

Henry stood awkwardly silent in the centre of the room, and regarded his cap.

"Had you not better put your cap down—it is a *very* handsome cap!—on the chair by the door? What do you do first? How do you find the snakes?"

"I jess listens till they comes."

"Oh, you do! Don't you smell them, too, sometimes?"

"Ef it's cloudy I does."

Will somebody please to remark the depth of the instinctive knowledge of ratiocination displayed in such an answer? It was so absolutely senseless, that I was convinced of his good faith on the instant.

"He believes in himself, at any rate," thought I, with high satisfaction, and watched every movement eagerly.

Patty, meantime, made the prettiest little breathless picture of ecstatic horror imaginable. She swayed herself as the snakes' brother moved, and devoured every action with her shining black, black eyes.

On his part, the snakes' brother imparted a monitory hitch to his single suspender, bent his body into a curve, and looking intently about him, crept noiselessly about the room. He stopped now and then, to put one hand up to his ear, apparently listening.

You may be sure there was no noise to distract him. "Demonstration" had quite slipped out of sight; Patty's conversation became momentarily more problematical. I leaned forward in my chair, watching with unfeigned anxiety.

Presently the charmer looked up at me, with a slight lighting of his rather stolid, good-natured face.

"What sorter snake would you ruther have?" he said, in a hoarse, half-whisper.

I shuddered a little, and Patty gasped and stifled a giggle.

"I—don't know that I care. A little one, I think, though."

"Well, I hears one; but it's a right smart big 'un. Do you want to see it?"

"Oh, yes!" Very nervously. "I hope it is not a copper-head or a rattlesnake?"

"It's right up there by you," said the boy, as if he expected me to move. But I did not, because I would not, and he came toward me, creeping, as though he thought it might evade him at last.

He paused directly beside me.

A sudden flat, heavy, horrible sound at my feet, and "Oh! oh! oh!" in gasping accents of inextinguishable horror from my speechless lips. I shivered and shook, and tried to move, and could do no more than choke back a scream.

Patty danced on tiptoe in a glee of delight and terror. The snakes' brother fixed his eyes on my face, and quivered.

There it lay. A snake—the common dull-white house-snake—black-marked, velvety, hideously graceful, loath-somely handsome, and I stared at it and quivered, and shut my eyes and quivered still.

A lively satisfaction diffused itself over Henry's countenance.

He lifted the long, writhing horror; he said something about a "quarter"; it is impossible for me to state precisely what.

"Take it away! I will send you the money—only take the thing away!" I cried, finding speech at last.

But Henry demurred. "The vast invincible Now" was evidently more to him than the most golden future.

"Pray go—go at once!" I implored, curiosity as to means being deferred, like the more laudable inquiry of Agrippa. All that I now desired of the snakes' brother was his immediate absence.

Just here the door was opened, and Maum Caroline's majestic figure and rather cross countenance were discovered. I suppose she had knocked unheard.

"Ef you think dese childun done made noise enough in de house—mistiss bein' away—I'll take 'em down with me, Miss Annie," said Maum Caroline, as, conscious of my derogation, and ashamed for, as well as vexed with, me.

"Oh, Maum Caroline, I'm so glad you have come! Just see! Henry found that—that snake"—another shudder—"just beside me. It almost dropped into my lap!"

Maum Caroline made a tragic swoop, and seized the unfortunate magician. She held him fast by what was left of his shirt-collar.

"You terrageous little lyin' rascal!" cried Maum Caroline, with energetic disregard of polite euphemisms. She held him at arm's length, and shook him; not as hard as she wished to—I saw that—lest she should shake the snake from his grasp. "Won't you never git cured er playin' your scourgeous tricks on childun, an'—an' young ladies that's got no more sense er your meanness than to believe you? Won't you—eh? Tell me that!"

At every apostrophe a new shake; the snakes' brother, meantime, presenting a most forlorn and apprehensive aspect.

"He's had that 'ere snake in a box this year an' more," continued Maum Caroline, "an' the Lord He knows how many fools he's scared with it—not to say as they was all fools, either," Maum Caroline interpolated, with, perhaps, a strained sense of courtesy, "for I'm afraid the Evil One himself helps you in your 'ceptions."

And here another shake, addressed more to Henry's moral than his physical sense, for it was plain that even Maum Caroline was somewhat affected by the vicinity of the snake that the boy held fearlessly, tightly clasping it around the neck.

"Now go!" continued his mentor, assisting his exit by means of her grasp on his collar; "go, and fall down on your sinful knees, and ask the Lord to pardon your meanness."

"Maum Caroline," I interrupted, timidly, "it was not Henry's fault. I sent for him. I wanted to see if he really could find snakes"—my head would droop a little, it seemed so childish—"and I told him I would give him something if he would; and he did."

Maum Caroline, holding Henry outside the door with one hand, turned over her shoulder a look of silent pity. I felt very much ashamed of myself.

"I'se got nothin' to say, Miss Annie. Of course I ain't. It ain't my place," said Maum Caroline, with severe humility. But she added, more kindly, "I know you been away from your own people a long time, and change is to be 'spected."

"Yes, Maum; and have I not longed to see them—to see you, too—until I thought my heart was breaking? And won't you please—you know I promised, Maum Caroline—give him, and tell him not to scare any more children or—or anybody else?"

"Henry!" said Maum Caroline, raising her softened voice to a high judicial key, "does you promiss never to do so no mo'?"

No answer, but the same awkward shuffle of the feet.

"Promise, Henry," said I, persuasively, from my side of the door. I had brought this on him. "It is more than a quarter, Henry."

"Does you promise?" repeated Maum Caroline, impressively.

"Yes, I does," shamefacedly, from Henry's side of the door.

Then they went away. But Patty lingered. I felt that I had not accomplished what I intended. I was disappointed

in myself—the most irremediable of all disappointments. But I made one last effort to regain my own good opinion. I assumed a brisk air.

"Well, Patty," I said, with such confidence as I could command, "how do you think that Henry found *that* snake?"

"Oh!" said bright-eyed Patty, wonderingly, "didn't you see him jess a-listenin' till he heared it?"

"Ah, yes, I did see him," I answered, with quiet indifference. "Here is a bright ribbon to wear with your pink dress on Sunday, Patty. Now, run downstairs. Good-night."

Patty went off very radiant. As for me, I wondered, as I laid down, if Confucius, and Socrates, and Luther, and the other great moralists and reformers, ever felt the hollowness of things as I did.

But next day the Chatelaine and the dear cousins came back, and being no more idle, I kept out of mischief.

WASHINGTON PARTING FROM HIS MOTHER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE mother of Washington! There needs no eulogy to awaken the associations which cling around that sacred name. Our hearts do willing homage to the venerated parent of the chief,

"Who 'mid his elements of being wrought
With no uncertain aim—nursing the germs
Of godlike virtue in his infant mind."

The contemplation of Washington's character naturally directs attention to her whose maternal care guided and guarded his early years. What she did, and the blessing of a world that follows her, teach impressively—while showing the power—the duty of those who mold the character of the age to come. The principles and conduct of this illustrious matron were closely interwoven with the destinies of her son. Washington ever acknowledged that he owed everything to his mother—in the education and habits of his early life. His high moral principles, his perfect self-possession, his clear and sound judgment, his inflexible resolution and untiring application, were developed by her training and example. A believer in the truths of religion, she inculcated a strict obedience to its injunctions. She planted the seed and cherished the growth, which bore such rich and glorious fruit. Lafayette observed that she belonged rather to the age of Sparta or Rome than to modern times; she was a mother formed on the ancient model, and by her elevation of character and matchless discipline, fitted to lay the foundation of the greatness of him who towered "beyond all Greek—beyond all Roman fame."

The course of Mrs. Washington's life, exhibiting her qualities of mind and heart, proved her fitness for the high trust committed to her hands. She was remarkable for vigor of intellect, strength of resolution, and inflexible firmness wherever principle was concerned.

Devoted to the education of her children, her parental government and guidance have been described by those who knew her as admirably adapted to train the youthful mind to wisdom and virtue. With her, affection was regulated by a calm and just judgment. She was distinguished, moreover, by that well marked quality of genius, a power of acquiring and maintaining influence over those with whom she associated. Without inquiring into the philosophy of this mysterious ascendancy, she was content to employ it for the noblest ends. It contributed, no doubt, to deepen the effect of her instructions.

The life of Mrs. Washington, so useful in the domestic sphere, did not abound in incident. She passed through

the trials common to those who lived amid the scenes of the Revolutionary era. She saw the son whom she had taught to be *good*, whom she had reared in the principles of true honor, walking the perilous path of duty with firm step leading his country to independence, and crowned with his reward—a nation's gratitude; yet in all these changes her simple, earnest nature remained the same. She loved to speak, in her latter days, of her boy's merits in his early life, and of his filial affection and duty; but never dwelt on the glory he had won as the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of a great republic. This was because her ambition was too high for the pride that inspires and rewards common souls. The greatness she discerned and acknowledged in the object of her solicitous tenderness was beyond that which this world most esteems.

Mrs. Washington was descended from the respectable family of Ball, who came to this country and settled on the banks of the Potomac. In the old days of Virginia women were taught habits of industry and self-reliance, and in these Mrs. Washington was nurtured. The early death of her husband involved her in the cares of a young family and limited resources, which rendered prudence and economy necessary to provide for and educate her children. Thus circumstanced, it was left to her unassisted efforts to form her son's mind, those essential qualities which gave tone and character to his subsequent life. George was only twelve years old at his father's death, and retained merely the remembrance of his person and his parental fondness. Two years after this event, he obtained a midshipman's warrant; but his mother opposed the plan, and the idea of entering the naval service was relinquished.

The home in which Mrs. Washington presided was a sanctuary of domestic virtues. The levity of youth was there tempered by a well regulated restraint, and the enjoyments rational and proper for the age were indulged in with moderation. The future chief was taught the duty of obedience, and was thus prepared to command. The mother's authority never departed from her, even when her son had attained the height of his renown; for she ruled by the affection which had controlled his spirit when he needed a guardian; and she claimed a reverence next to that due to his Creator. This claim he admitted, mingling the deepest respect with enthusiastic attachment, and yielding to her will the most implicit obedience, even to the latest hours of her life.

Educated under such influences, it is not to be wondered at that Washington's deportment toward his mother at all times testified his appreciation of her elevated character and the excellence of her lessons.

"On his appointment to the command-in-chief of the American armies," says Mr. Custis, "previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation remote from danger and contiguous to her friends and relatives. Then, listening deferentially to the counsels and exhortations of that venerable guide, he went forth, the good son of a good mother, to battle for the right."

THE PREDICAMENT OF MAJOR MURRAY.

THE Highlanders possessed naturally a great aptitude for war. It has been said that hunting is the nearest approach to war in times of peace, and the Highlander, when not engaged in war, devoted himself to hunting, fishing, and the practice of athletic sports and manly exercises. He was a deer-stalker before deer-parks were invented, when deer-stalking was something different from the easy slaughter now known by that name; he was accustomed to bear hunger, thirst, and fatigue without complaint; to sleep in the



WASHINGTON PARTING FROM HIS MOTHER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.—SEE PAGE 247.

snow with no other covering than his plaid; to encounter the members of a hostile clan with no other weapon than his broadsword. He possessed the virtues and physical qualities that fit men for war. He was impetuous in attack and cool under fire. In the hour of danger he exhibited such courage and presence of mind as nothing could daunt.

At Fontenoy and elsewhere he has thrown himself on the ground as the enemy began their fire; when their bullets had whistled harmlessly over his head, he would rush forward till his musket almost touched their breasts, and pour in the deadly discharge; he would then retreat, receive their fire as before, and advance in the same manner. If he had not been possessed of the greatest coolness and self-possession, such a mode of fighting could only have led to inextricable confusion.

From an old pamphlet published in 1745 we learn that a Highlander of the Forty-second regiment killed nine Frenchmen with his broadsword at Fontenoy, and would, probably, have added to the number of the slain if he had not lost his arm.

In a skirmish with the Americans in 1776, Major Murray, of the same regiment, being separated from his men, was attacked by three of the enemy. His dirk had slipped behind his back, and, being very corpulent, he could not reach it. He defended himself as well as he could with his fusil, and, watching his opportunity, seized the sword of one of his assailants, and put the three to flight. It was natural that he should ever retain that sword as a trophy of victory.

This was not the only case where the major's obesity stood in his way. It gave rise to an amusing incident during the attack on Fort Washington in 1777. The hill on which the fort stood was almost perpendicular, but the Highlanders rushed up the steep ascent like mountain-cats. When half way up the heights they heard a melancholy voice exclaim,

"Oh, soldiers, will you leave me?" On looking down they saw Major Murray, their commanding officer, at the foot of the precipice; his extreme obesity prevented him from following them.

They were not deaf to this appeal; it would never do to leave their corpulent commander behind. A party leaped down at once, seized him in their arms, and bore him from ledge to ledge of the rock till they reached the summit, where they drove the enemy before them and made two hundred prisoners.

Major Murray was not the only corpulent warrior among those Highland soldiers. Sir Robert Munroe, of Fowlis,

who commanded them at Fontenoy, was so fat that his own men had to haul him from the trenches by the legs and arms; he advised them to fall flat to the ground when the enemy fired, but remained erect himself, remarking that it was easy for a man of his weight to lie down, but not so easy to rise.

Major Murray interested himself greatly to save young Asgill, who was sentenced to death by our military authorities in retaliation for the brutal murder of one of our officers by the Tories, and the young officer undoubtedly owed his life to the major's exertions as much as to French interposition. The brave but un-



THE PREDICAMENT OF MAJOR MURRAY.—"IT WOULD NEVER DO TO LEAVE THEIR CORPULENT COMMANDER BEHIND."—SEE PAGE 247.

unwieldy major died soon after of apoplexy, esteemed by friend and foe for his many amiable characteristics.

THE PATIENT GRISELDA.

The most popular of all Boccaccio's novels—the narrative which our Chaucer reproduced in the "Canterbury Tales," as the Oxford Clerk's Story, and which was retold in many forms in every land of Western Christendom as a precious illustration of wifely excellence—shows the execrable nature

of the submissiveness required from the wives of feudal Europe.

Here are the chief facts of the story. The young Marquis of Saluzzo fixes his affections on a lovely girl of humble and needy parentage. King Cophetua's obsequious lords did not proclaim his beggar-maid "more beautiful than day" until they had seen him, in robe and crown, step down to greet her. The Marquis of Saluzzo's courtiers were of Poloni's kind; and on learning that the plebeian Griselda Janicola had won their master's heart, they were quick to declare her worthy of it. The marriage of the marquis and the maid is celebrated with acclamations, and instead of being disappointed with his choice, the young lord finds her a miracle of goodness—gracious, intelligent, witty, zealous in pleasing, charitable, religious, and in every particular ready to obey him with unqualified cheerfulness. Nothing occurs to lessen their happiness, save that Griselda's first-born child is a daughter, when, of course, her husband wished it to be a boy.

Solely in order that he may prove his wife's submissiveness, and see whether it is possible to goad her into rebellion, the marquis tears this infant from her breast, and, sending it to Bologna for education, causes Griselda to believe that he has murdered the babe. Without a murmur Griselda gives the baby to the agent of her husband's cruel purpose. "Take it," she says, meekly and tearfully to the robber appointed to carry off her darling, "and do what thy lord and mine has commanded; but prithee leave it not to be devoured by the fowls or wild beasts, unless it be his will."

She hopes that the murdered babe may be decently interred; but she will not murmur openly, though it be thrown to the wolves at her lord's orders.

On the return of her lord, the bereaved mother receives him as gladly as ever, whilst believing him to be the murderer of his and her offspring. Ere long Griselda has a son, on whom she lavishes the love of a heart rich in maternal affection. This male child is treated like the sister—sent off to Bologna for education—whilst his mother is made to believe that her husband has murdered him. On learning from the marquis that he intends to "dispose of this child as he did the other," the model wife replies, "My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, without the least care for me; for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to you." The barbarous removal of her two babes in no degree lessens Griselda's love of their apparent murderer. For years she lives to all appearance sufficiently happy in the faultless discharge of her wifely duties, when the marquis—not because he has conceived an aversion for her, but merely that he may yet further try her goodness—tells her that he means to divorce her, on the strength of a Papal license permitting him to put her away and marry a woman of suitably noble birth. She must go at once back to her father's hut. Taunting her with the poverty from which he took her, he says ironically that she may have for her maintenance all the money that she brought to him. "My lord," the inimitable wife answers, "I was always sensible that my servile condition would no way accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been, I own myself indebted to Providence and you; I considered it as a favor lent me; you are now pleased to demand it back; I therefore willingly restore it." She humbly returns to him the ring with which he wed her, and the very clothes that she is wearing. She does not even venture to retain a single garment for the concealment of her nakedness, until she has besought him to let her "carry away one shift over and above her dowry"—of nothing. The marquis allows her to keep this one article of dress. Then he turns her out of doors, penniless and forlorn, to creep back to the hovel from which he took her. Thus repudiated, Griselda con-

tinues to admire and love the man who has driven her from his door. Yet more—she is still ready to obey him, though he has relinquished all marital authority over her. The preparations for the celebration of the marquis's second marriage—with a damsel of fit beauty and lineage—are being pushed forward, when he sends for Griselda, and bids her, in the character of his menial housekeeper, superintend the domestic arrangements for the reception of her successor. "I am going," says the marquis, "to bring home this lady whom I have just married, and intend to show her all possible respect at her first coming. Thou knowest I have no woman with me able to set out the rooms, and do many other things which are requisite on so solemn an occasion. As, therefore, thou art best acquainted with the state of the house, I would have thee make such provision as thou shalt judge proper, and invite what ladies thou wilt, even as though thou wert mistress of the house; and when the marriage is ended, get thee home to thy father's again." Griselda answers, "My lord, I am ready to fulfil all your commands." Having thus accepted a servant's office, she does the work of the place thoroughly, and, in her servant's dress, in due course welcomes her new mistress with cordiality and dutifulness. On being asked insolently by the Marquis what she thinks of his lovely bride, the divorced wife—for the first time showing how acutely she has felt his cruelty—answers, "My lord, I like her extremely well; and if she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest man in the world with her; but I most humbly beg that you would not take those heart-breaking measures with this lady which you did with your last wife, because she is young and has been tenderly educated, whereas the other was inured to hardship from a child." It is inconsistent with his insolent character that the Marquis of Saluzzo took this reproof patiently. Perhaps he felt that his divorced wife had more right to speak freely than she possessed in the days of her coverture. Perhaps he thought that he owed some leniency to the woman whom he had treated so barbarously. Anyhow he replied to her approvingly; forgave her in respect of everything he had done against her peace of mind; informed her that the bride was her own daughter, and that the bride's brother was her own son; explained that, whilst she supposed them dead, her children had been suitably educated at Bologna; and told her that she was as much his dear wife as ever she was. Instead of apologizing for his cruelty to her, he hints that she ought to be grateful to him for governing her so judiciously. Having freed himself from the imputation of murdering his own children, he does not seem to imagine it possible for men to charge him with outrageous inhumanity to his wife. Of course, the Marquis and Griselda live happily ever afterwards.

Though it is asserted that the story of Griselda was founded on fact, no one can suppose that the Marquis of Saluzzo was a realistic type of the mediæval husband, or that the wives of any land of feudal Europe were generally capable of the submissiveness which distinguished the fictitious heroine. The delineators of Griselda's character point to it as exceptionally virtuous, and contrast it humorously with the unruly disposition of ordinary womankind. Instead of being extolled or deemed altogether excusable, the marquis's marital conduct is allowed by his historians to have been culpably deficient in considerateness and humanity. But the persons of both sexes in old time, who reprobated his cruelty, concur in applauding Griselda as an exemplar of wifely excellence. Her submissiveness to a tyrant, whom she believed to be a murderer, did not exceed the patience and docility which were appropriate to the feudal ideal of perfect wifely excellence. Even by those who ridiculed it as extravagantly untrue to real life, it was held to be a pattern of the complete obedience due from wives to their lords.

This is the fact which gives the heroine what may be termed her historic significance and value. To those of our ancestors who made her acquaintance in pre-Elizabethan times, it never occurred that she was a wicked woman for allowing, without struggle or protest, her babes to be taken away from her to be murdered ; that she was a heartless wretch in continuing to live peaceably with the man whom she believed to have murdered them ; that she was a mean-spirited slave for walking quietly out of her lord's house, at his bidding, with only a shift on her back, and again, at his order, returning to his palace to be his domestic servant without wifely rank ; that she rendered herself even yet more despicable by resuming her lawful position without a single exclamation of disgust at his barbarity. And yet, according to modern notions of womanly goodness and courage, the peerless Griselda was a mean slave, heartless wretch, and wicked woman. That such a character was applauded in feudal England and deemed a model for wives, tells us more than any laws and sermons of woman's abasement in past days.

That patient Grissel's character, apart from the humor and satire of her story, was seriously thought an example of womanly goodness, there is evidence in the praise bestowed by grave writers on feminine submissiveness that strongly resembles the enduring temper of the meek marchioness. I will not horrify my gentler readers, and provoke their disapprobation, by giving them even an outline of the revolting circumstances under which Clara Waldauve, of Bruges, obeyed and *served* her conjugal master. But sterner inquiries into social history, who wish for further enlightenment on the subject, may seek it in the treatise which the courtly ecclesiastic and "right famous clerk," Lewes Vives, produced for the edification of the most fastidious and delicate gentlewoman of the sixteenth century. It is enough to say that the "model wife" of the confessor's narrative receives his unqualified commendation for the alacrity with which she discharged duties that in these days no man would venture to impose on a lady, and for the cheerfulness with which she endured a servitude of an utterly abominable kind. It illustrates the change which three centuries have wrought in taste and manners, that we only thus allude to a story which the ladies of Henry VIII.'s court were invited to study for their spiritual benefit.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S DRIVE.

FATE picks out and sets the unhappy up in a carriage for the poor, but content, to see them. But this truth is not so apparent in Italy or France as in England.

In the matchless and magnificent turnouts, gay with color and gorgeous trappings, pouring down the avenues of wood that echo with music, rounding the corners of watered ways that wind in terraces set with walls of roses, hung above the sea, you have much to look upon besides the tired masks of flesh and blood that but half hide the soul with its sea of troubles.

In England, in the great drive of Hyde Park, you have little to behold but the faces there. Such sad faces ! The most mournful sight to me is that of an Englishman driving in Hyde Park for pleasure.

He sits as if he was bolstered up in bed, and his physician was feeling his pulse. He is so stiff that you might imagine him chiselled from some sort of very ugly stone, hat and all. You had almost as well expect to see a Grenadier guardsman lift his bearskin cap as to see an Englishman's hat move from his head, unless a royal personage appears, while he takes this mournful round in the great ride of the kingdom. The marble head of Julius Caesar is about as likely to fall from the shoulders of the bust in the British Museum, as is the head of an Englishman to turn to the right or left as he sits there,

holding his hands so stiffly, looking so stern, so pitiful, as if he was expecting every moment to hear that melancholy physician say that he must die to-morrow.

The poor stand on the outside, fifty deep, and look on in silence at this pageant of black solemnity. All London is there in the sea on. The carriages are at least four deep. They are packed in like sardines ; there is not room enough left for a baby-cart. They move at one and the same mournful pace the whole string 'round. They look in the same direction ; they wear the same clothes, the same sad, woe-begone, and melancholy look, the same doleful, doomed expression the whole drive through—the indescribable expression of melancholy.

Once upon a time a careless little country girl, full of sunshine and good health, came to town in an open wagon with her parents. It was her first sight of London ; and she stood up by the side of her red-faced, good-natured mother, clapping her little red hands and shouting out her delight at whatever took her fancy.

The little party struck Hyde Park near the great Marble Arch about three in the afternoon in the full blossom of a London May.

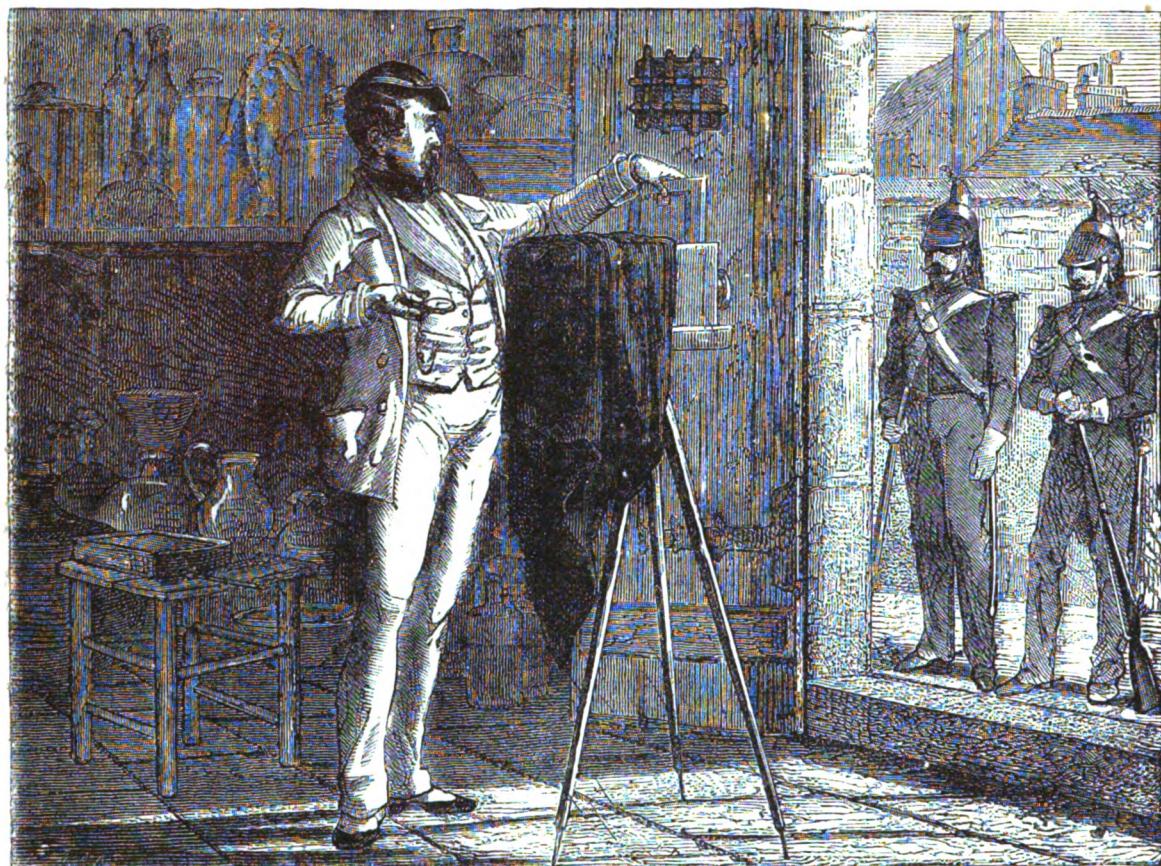
The child looked in, tiptoed up, looked again—and then she made it out in a moment. She knew perfectly well what it was now. She tiptoed up again, clapped her hands in a sweet shy tattoo, shook back her curls and called out :

"Oh, mamma, mamma ! see, mamma, what a pretty, pretty funeral !"

AN EVENTFUL INTERVIEW.

PRINCESS SALM-SALM, in her newly published "Ten Years of my Life," records the eventful interview with Benedetti in the garden at Ems, in the Summer of 1870. The regiment of the Prince being then quartered at Coblenz, the Salm-Salms chanced to witness this historical incident. On the evening of July 8th, the Princess was seated at table next the King, when he expressed his anxieties to her about Prince Hohenzollern's acceptance of the Spanish Crown. Next day they dined with the Queen in Coblenz, and after dinner they left for Ems, in the middle of a garden party given to the Coblenz people. They were caught in a heavy shower on their way from the Ems station to the Promenade at the Kursaal, when the King good-naturedly consoled with them on the damage their gay plumage had sustained. "Just when the King left us, and went away with Count Lehndorff, the French Minister, Count Benedetti, stopped his Majesty, and said something to him, on which our noble sovereign became two inches taller, and his kind face acquired an expression which I had never before seen on it. Making an impatient motion with his hand towards Count Lehndorff, he went away alone, leaving the oily Frenchman quite petrified." It will be seen that many of the Princess's recollections are really valuable as contributions to history, while her experiences and adventures are told so as to make them very agreeable reading.

CHANTREY, the sculptor, dining one day with Rogers, the versifying banker, "took particular notice," writes Macaulay, "of the vase and the table upon which it stands, and asked Rogers who made the table. 'A common carpenter,' said Rogers. 'Do you remember the making of it ?' said Chantrey. 'Certainly,' said Rogers, in some surprise. 'I was in the room while it was finished with the chisel, and gave the workman directions about placing it.' 'Yes,' said Chantrey, 'I was the carpenter. I remember the room well, and all the circumstances.' A curious story, I think,—honorable both to the talent which raised Chantrey and the magnanimity which kept him from being ashamed of what he had been."



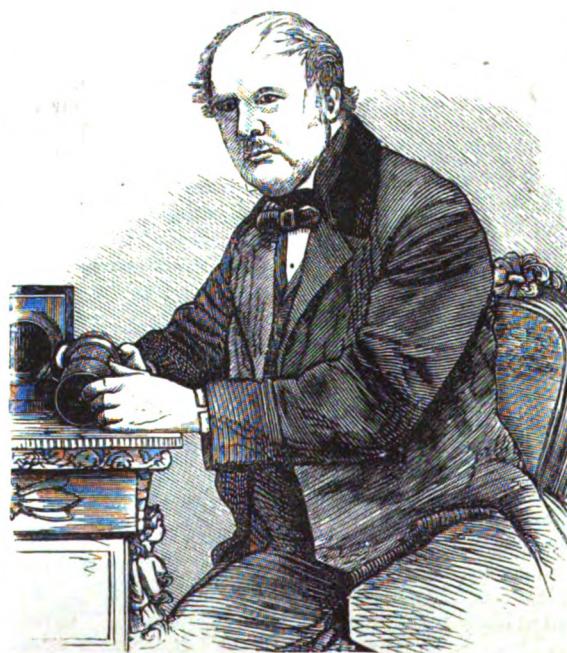
NIÉPCE DE ST. VICTOR TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS OF FRENCH SOLDIERS.

HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

By PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY.

AS EARLY as 1802, Sir Humphrey Davy, made numerous attempts to obtain images on paper, and the illustrious Wedgwood entered with zeal upon similar researches. The two succeeded in procuring by means of paper sensitized with nitrate or chloride of silver, silhouettes or inverted pictures; but the time required for the exposure, rendered the process very tedious, and they had no way to prevent the image from finally disappearing on the blackened surface. More than thirty years later, in 1834, Mr. Fox Talbot, antecedent to the discovery of the Daguerreotype, also commenced a series of experiments in the same direction, making use of paper and of the camera obscura. To him we are indebted for the discovery of one of the most important agents to be employed in photography, namely: gallic acid as a developer. The action of the light on the paper sensitized by iodide of silver, is not appreciable after the paper is removed from the camera. The image is latent, and it is necessary to have some agent to

develop it into view. Such an agent was found in gallic acid by Fox Talbot, and this proved to be one of the most important steps in the new art. Daguerre had found in the vapor of mercury a proper agent for bringing out the image on the silver plate, and Fox Talbot discovered in gallic acid an equally potent agent for images on paper. This will place the name of the distinguished English amateur next to that of Daguerre, in the order of precedence in contributing to the final success of photography. Fox Talbot was prosecuting his researches with great zeal when he was surprised to read the announcement of Daguerre's famous discoveries in France. He immediately sent to the Royal Society of London an account of his experiments, and in the March number of the *Philosophical Magazine* for 1839 an article was published containing a full description of the work he had done. He gave the name of calotype to the new process. On the 7th of June, 1841, in a letter addressed to M. Biot, and read by that distinguished savant to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, Talbot gave another account of his method for obtaining photographic prints on paper. Coming as this announcement did so soon after the publication of Daguerre's discovery, it



FOX TALBOT.

did not attract the attention that it deserved, and it was in a fair way of being forgotten, if a Frenchman named Blanquart Evrard had not repeated the experiments, and sent a communication, with very satisfactory results, to the Academy sometime in 1847. About the same time another Frenchman, M. Bayard, succeeded in preparing pictures by the direct action of the sun on sensitized paper, having been led to make the trial in a singular way. His father, who was a judge in an interior town, was much devoted to gardening, and was particularly proud of the peaches he was able to raise. He was in the habit of sending some of the finest peaches as presents to friends, and in order to prove uncontestedly that they came from his own garden, he cut his initials in paper and wrapped the envelope around the peach, and left the fruit exposed to the sun. The action of the light was to transfer the initials to the fruit, exactly as an image is copied on sensitized paper. The son of the judge was led, by observing the success of this experiment, to try other methods of copying models, and was so successful as to make some remarkably good prints, which were exhibited by Professor Despretz in his lectures in Paris. The process he followed, was the one that had been discovered and announced by Talbot. Daguerre and Fox Talbot, were each so fortunate as to become a developer for their respective processes, but a fixing agent was the next desideratum in the march of events. The honor of having discovered a fixing agent is claimed for several investigators, but is usually conceded to Sir John Herschel.

Fox Talbot's paper process, thus perfected by the discovery of a fixing agent, may be briefly described as follows: A sheet of paper is sensitized by immersion in iodide or bromide of silver, and is placed at the focus of a camera—the image formed by the objective impresses itself upon the paper according to the intensities of lights and shadows—but it remains invisible until treated with gallic acid. The gallic acid combines with the oxide of silver set free by the action of the light, and produces an intense coloration. In those parts where the light has not acted no change is produced. An image is thus developed which is the reverse of the model from which it is obtained.

Now comes in the fixing agent. This is the hyposulphite of soda, which dissolves out all of the salts of silver that have not been acted upon by light, and leaves the image intact. A picture is thus obtained in which the lights of the original are reproduced in black and the shades in white; it is an inverted image, or *negative*, as it is called. If,

now, this negative is placed on a sensitized sheet of paper in a printing frame, and the sun is allowed to shine through it, a proof is obtained in which the lights and shadows correspond to the original, and which is called a *positive*. The positive picture is worked and fixed in the same manner as the negative. It is

hardly necessary to add that the same negative will serve for the printing of an indefinite number of pictures.

The difficulty of obtaining paper free from coarse grains and perfectly transparent, was always felt in the early stages of Fox Talbot's invention, and the calotype had a short-lived existence. It is now rarely employed in photography.

The next

problem was to substitute glass for the paper, and this was solved by Niépce de Saint Victor, cousin of Nicéphore Niépce, the associate of Daguerre in the original discovery.

Saint Victor was sent with his regiment to Paris in 1845, with the rank of lieutenant, and was stationed in the barracks of the Faubourg Saint Martin. In one of the cells of the large building he contrived to construct a rude laboratory in which to carry on his important experiments. He endeavored to find a suitable substitute for the coarse-grained paper, and was so fortunate as to think of glass and albumen. On the glass plate which was intended to receive the negative image, he poured a thin coating of albumen in which he had dissolved a small quantity of iodide of potassium. When this was dried it presented a smooth, uniform, polished surface, much better than the finest paper could afford. The prepared plate was sensitized by being plunged in a bath of nitrate of silver, and after exposure in the camera yielded what is now universally known as a glass negative.

The enthusiastic experimenter impressed the soldiers under his command into serving as models for the pictures he desired to take, and was very soon successful in taking portraits which attracted the attention of his superior officers, as well as of the members of the Academy of Science. The revolution of 1848 put an end to further progress, and the mob, which does not stop to consider the distinction between warlike weapons and apparatus of research, soon made havoc of the laboratory and all its valuable contents of lenses, chemicals, plates, and pictures, leaving no trace of what had been accomplished; but they could not suppress the information that had been published, and the glass negative remained as a fixed fact for the benefit of the world.

In 1855 Saint Victor was appointed by the Emperor Napoleon to the post of commandant of the Louvre, but in accepting this confidential position he was obliged to forego all claims to further promotion in the army, and to have his pay as an officer considerably reduced. As the new position afforded him suitable quarters and ample leisure for the prosecution of scientific researches, he readily acquiesced in the conditions imposed by the acceptance of the post. After taking up his quarters in the Louvre, he devoted the greater part of his time to attempts to photograph colors, but his



M. AUGUSTE POITEVIN.



SPECIMEN OF THE FIRST GALVANO PLASTIC PHOTO-ENGRAVING, OBTAINED BY POITEVIN IN 1855.

most important contribution to photography must be pronounced to have been the introduction of albumenized plates, or glass negatives. The next great step in our history was the substitution of collodion for the thin film of albumen. We must recall the fact that in 1846 Schoenbein succeeded in converting ordinary cotton into tri-nitro-cellulose or gun cotton by the action of mixed sulphuric and nitric acids. The explosive character of this substance was what chiefly occupied the attention of the Emperor Napoleon, and it was left to an American to attach other and much more important uses to it. Dr. John P. Maynard, of Dedham, Mass., published in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* for 1848 an account of soluble gun cotton, to which, in consequence of its gluey character, he proposed to give the name of collodion. He prepared this by dissolving the tri-nitro-cellulose in a mixture of alcohol and ether, and proposed to use it for medical purposes. After Saint Victor had introduced the albumenized plate, a substitute for the albumen was deemed desirable. In an article which appeared in January, 1851, M. Gustave Le Gray announced that he had employed collodion for photographing on glass, but gave no details of the process. The same year Mr. Archer, a photographer of London, published a very complete description of the means and processes necessary to be observed in the use of collodion in taking negatives. His method was at once universally adopted, and the name of Archer must be inscribed on the list of important contributors to the art of photography. The collodion film on a glass plate continues to afford the best method for the production of negatives that has been invented down to the present time. The direct use of this film as a positive soon followed, but is of secondary importance.

We come now to record another grand discovery, which in its results has proved of equal importance with the original invention of photography. It was in 1855 that M. Auguste Poitevin discovered the action of bichromate of potash to render gelatin and other analogous bodies insoluble after exposure to light. Upon this simple observation are based all of the modern processes of Photo-engraving. Photo-lithography, heliography, woodburytype, albertype, all are founded upon the discovery of Poitevin. Photo-lithography, according to Poitevin, consists in covering the surface of a lithographic stone with gelatin previously mixed with bichromate of potash.

It is allowed to dry in the dark, and a negative *cliché* is placed over it and exposed to the action of the light; the bichromate becomes insoluble in the light, and by means of a sponge the parts unchanged by light are removed, leaving the altered portions in relief. The surface can now be inked, and an impression taken in the lithographic press in the usual manner. A great improvement was to obtain a gelatin film and transfer it to metal, and then by galvanoplasty obtain a metallic *cliché* for printing. The illustration on page 253 shows the earliest specimen obtained by Poitevin in 1855. It is much inferior to what can now be made, but serves an interesting purpose to illustrate the historical progress of the art. In the art department of Mr. Frank Leslie's printing house in New York City, the discovery of Poitevin has been brought to great perfection. The superb cuts which adorn the numerous publications of this enterprising firm, and which afford so much instruction and entertainment to hundreds of thousands of readers, are chiefly obtained by a modification of the gelatin process, which admits of the deposition of copper upon the *cliché* without the necessity of further transference. It is the art of photography carried to perfection, and is at once of incalculable advantage to mankind, as it brings the best productions of our artists within the reach of all.

In the sketch thus given of the history of photography mention has only been made of a few of the leading contrib-

utors to the general result, but there are many persons who have made important contributions whose names we have been obliged to omit for want of space. The chief credit in our story has been ascribed to chemists, but the physicists, who have given us our lenses, are equally entitled to recognition, as without the apparatus they have afforded us the finest chemicals would be of little avail. The history of the construction of the lenses and the account of the practical manipulations of the art of photography may very properly be postponed to a future article.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

POTASH INDUSTRY.—As an offset to the soda lakes of the United States, there have been found in Germany seemingly inexhaustible mines of potash, the production from which has occasioned a complete revolution in the potash industry. At Stassfurt and Leopold Hall, although the whole business has sprung up within ten years, the decomposition and utilization of the potash salts has superseded all other methods of production. There are employed at these places in this branch of industry, besides 1,100 miners in two mines, on the average, 3,000 workmen. The rise and progress of the Stassfurt industries is justly regarded as one of the most remarkable illustrations of the value of truly scientific knowledge in furtherance of any art. The whole business is based upon a profound geological calculation of the relative position of the strata in that locality, and in the highest chemical knowledge in the proper method for working up what were at first regarded as waste products. There is nothing empirical connected with the operations, but, on the contrary, everything is based upon pure science. Twenty years ago the entire amount of potash coming into commerce was made from the ashes of plants. Whole forests were laid waste to supply the demand, and the permanent injury to whole regions of country was immense. All this is now changed, and a much purer article is made out of the crude salts of Stassfurt, and our forests can be retained to enrich the soil.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SODA.—It could hardly be fairly expected of an article that has been known and used since the earliest times, that many improvements could be made in its manufacture, and yet, even with soda, there has been quite a revolution of late years. One of the improvements consists in the employment of a revolving oven by means of which a thorough mixture of the ingredients is accomplished, and a larger yield obtained at less expense. But the most important modification consists in the introduction of the ammonia soda process, by means of which an excellent 98 per cent article is at the present moment actually produced, which can fairly compete in cost and quality with the Leblanc soda. As if, however, to cast in the shade all human agencies of this kind, we have in the United States lakes of native soda, manufactured in nature's laboratory, in such quantity that it is reported that the Western market can soon be supplied from this source.

HONORS TO DR. DRAPER.—At a recent meeting of the American Academy of Science, at Boston, the president, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, presented the Rumford medals of gold and silver to Dr. John W. Draper, for his important discoveries of the intensity of the chemical action of light, afterwards adopted by Bunsen and Roscoe in their researches; but more particularly for his elaborate investigation, in 1847, in which Dr. Draper anticipated several important facts in spectrum analysis, now deemed of the greatest value. This recognition of the great merit of Dr. Draper's researches, although somewhat tardy, is nevertheless very gratifying to one who is now considerably advanced in years, and in whose case further delay would have imperiled his chances of surviving to see full justice done him.

ARTIFICIAL VANILLA.—We were formerly compelled to have recourse to tropical countries for a supply of vanilla for flavoring, and the expense was very considerable. All this is now changed, as a method has been discovered, by means of which it can be produced in any quantity from the sap of pine forests. By a strange freak of science we can also now make, artificially, oil of wintergreen, bitter almond oil, and mustard oil, and a large number of organic acids. It is scarcely too much to expect that before many years, at the same rate of progress, we shall have artificial cane sugar, and many valuable alkaloids.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—There is exhibited in Philadelphia a relic said to be of the first engine ever erected on this continent. It was imported from England in 1753 by Colonel John Schuyler, to be used for pumping water from his copper mine, near Newark, N. J. It was brought out by Josiah Hornblower, an engineer, who remained in this country, and from whom the Hornblower family of New Jersey are descended. The engine is of the Newcomen pattern, before Watt had invented the separate condenser, and the use of high-pressure steam was possible.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.—A joint meeting of civil and mining engineers was recently held in the city of Philadelphia, continuing for two days. The number of addresses or written papers on the subject of technical education, from members of one or both of the societies, and from distinguished foreign engineers, was about twenty-five. They are to be collected and published for wide circulation. There was one point which was agreed upon with striking unanimity, and that was the impropriety of conferring the degree

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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR INDIANS?



A GROUP OF PROMINENT SIOUX CHIEFS.

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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR INDIANS?



HAT vast empire in the East, of which the Queen of England has just been made the empress, and which is known as British India, consists of a population of 190,000,000 persons, divided into many distinct kingdoms, which are governed by native princes who inherit their thrones from ancestors who were powerful rulers long before the race from which Queen Victoria is descended had set foot upon

British territory. These Indian rulers are mostly men of large possessions; they have great armies at their command; they manufacture their own arms; and have immense resources within their own territories; yet these powerful nations are kept in perfect subjugation by a mere handful of English soldiers. The whole British population of India, according to the census taken last year, amounted to but 90,000 persons. But England rules the 190,000,000 of native Indians by this mere drab of British population. When a rebellion has broken out in any of the Indian provinces we have seen with what masterly ability it has been suppressed, and how promptly and completely such an atrocity as the Cawnpore massacre was avenged, and the rebellion, of which it was the commencement, brought to a close.

When the blunders and failures which have attended the administration of our Indian policy is contrasted with that of England in her eastern empire, it is not in the least comforting to our national pride, but, on the contrary, it might well cause us to hang our heads in shame. We have a population of full 45,000,000, exclusive of Indians maintaining tribal conditions, who are, according to the calculations of the Indian Commissioners, but 279,337 in number. This is, no doubt, a liberal estimate, for they were, according to the census of 1870, 357,981; the decrease in their numbers is very great, being more than twenty per cent. in five years.

Our Indians are brave, bold, and shrewd in their methods of warfare; but they are utterly destitute of all the means of modern warfare, except such as our Government furnishes them. They have no armories, no permanent homes, no organized government, no manufactories of any kind; they can neither read nor write; they are ignorant of engineering; they have neither carriages, nor roads, nor telegraphs, nor boats for the navigation of rivers; nor do they possess any of the advantages which render civilized men so potent in overcoming all the obstacles of nature and in exterminating their enemies. Our Indians are the same untutored savages that they were when our European ancestors landed on these shores and began to appropriate the land for their own uses, except that they have learned to use the rifle with deadly effect, and have gained a sufficient knowledge of some of our arts to suffer from their demoralizing influences, without deriving any benefits from the good objects they were intended to accomplish. While we have multiplied and prospered, they have steadily diminished in numbers; but their savage instincts and habits have remained unchanged, and as we have grown mightily in power, adding constantly to our means of aggressive warfare, we have found ourselves confronted with a savage foe, whose ability to inflict injury upon us seems to have increased as he has diminished in numbers and been restricted in territory. To cope with the savages now appears to be more difficult than it was in the time of that sturdy fighter King Philip, of Mount Hope, and our Indian wars are now vastly more costly than they ever were before, and more disastrous in the sacrifice of our men. Certainly no such disaster ever before befel our army as the slaughter of the gallant Custer and his entire command by

the Sioux under the redoubtable warrior Sitting Bull, or Crazy Horse, for it seems to be uncertain which of the two chiefs were in command in that terrific encounter. The destruction of the entire command of Major Dade, in Florida, during the last Indian war in the Everglades was not less tragical, but the force of Dade was not one-third that of Custer's, and, in the meanwhile, we have been constantly engaged in reducing the Indians, in appropriating their hunting grounds, in compelling them to retire within the reservations assigned them, and in making treaties with them. But, though so much nearer to extermination than ever before, they are not in the least degree less warlike or less troublesome. The difficulty with them is inherent, and as it has existed from the beginning it is likely to continue to the end, although there must come a time when the small remnants of the once powerful tribes will become as quiet and inoffensive as the Marshpee Indians in Massachusetts, the Chinneooks on Long Island, or the other remnants of aboriginal tribes that still exist in the central part of New York. The Sioux are in a fair way of being completely exterminated, and some future romance will make a pathetic story of the last members of their tribes; but they are now the fiercest and most formidable Indian foe we have to contend with. However just may have been the revenge they took upon the invaders of their territory, their treachery and cruelty will not be forgotten, and they will pay dearly for the precious lives they sacrificed.

We have learned something from experience, though the lesson has been a most trying one to us. Events have taught us the uselessness of making treaties which neither side had the power to enforce, whether they had the will or not. For our Government to make a treaty with a wild tribe of savages whom we had to treat as wards, and whose property we first took possession of by force, and then consented to pay for on terms which they dared not refuse, and had no power to resist, was a very absurd proceeding; but it was by following this course that led to all of our Indian troubles, and at last Congress opened its eyes to the supreme folly of the past policy of Indian management.

If Congress had been a little more active in passing the resolution that no more treaties should be made with the Indian tribes, the trouble with the Sioux might, and probably would, have been avoided. But we had, unfortunately, entered into a treaty stipulation with the Sioux eight years ago, when it was necessary to prevent the Indians from making predatory attacks on the parties engaged in the construction of the railroads across the Continent to the Pacific.

Nearly the whole territory from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains was in undisturbed possession of the Indians, who had the buffalo for their companion and support. They were not disposed to yield their right to the territory which had always belonged to them, and they looked with evil eyes upon the advancing army of engineers and laborers who foreshadowed the coming of the iron horse, which would frighten away the game upon which they depended for subsistence. There was nothing to be done on our part but to fall back upon the old expedient of a treaty, and a treaty with the Sioux was accordingly entered into, the representatives of our Government being General Sherman, General Terry, General Augur, General Harney, and other eminent military men, who had opportunities for knowing something about Indian warfare.

Associated with them were certain civilians, and the terms of the treaty then formed were, that a tract of territory since become famous as the Sioux Reservation, should be "set apart for the absolute and undisturbed use of the Indians, who were represented by their chiefs, among whom was one with whose name of Sitting Bull we have since become so familiar.

If Jove laughs at lovers' oaths, what a loud guffaw there

would be if Olympus were now among the entities of creation when a new Indian treaty were negotiated!

The treaty which was entered upon with the Sioux only eight years ago, stipulated, among other clauses, that "The United States now solemnly agrees that no persons except those herein designated and authorized to do so, and except such officers, agents, and employés of the Government as may be authorized to enter upon Indian Reservations in discharge of duties authorized by law, shall ever be permitted to pass over, settle upon, or reside in, the territory described in this article, or in such territory as may be added to their Reservation for the use of said Indians."

There was not the least necessity for making such a treaty as this. It was making a compact which could not be kept, and which the high contracting parties, on one side at least, knew perfectly well never would be kept. By another article in the treaty it was further stipulated that certain military posts in the neighborhood should be abandoned, and that the roads leading to them and to Montana should be closed. Certain tracts were to be retained by the Sioux for hunting-grounds "so long as the buffalo may range thereon in such numbers as to justify the chase." There were many other specifications of privileges which the Sioux should enjoy, and which were all agreed to with equal solemnity with the others.

But it is only eight years ago since this solemn treaty was signed, and already we are lamenting over the consequences of its gross violation on our part.

"In consideration of the advantages and benefits conferred by this treaty, and the many pledges of friendship by the United States, the tribes who are parties to this agreement stipulate that they will relinquish all right to territory outside the specified limits, and that they will refrain from acts of hostility against the whites, and that they will withdraw all pretense of opposition to the construction of the railroad now being built to the Pacific Ocean."

So far as we have been able to discover, the Indians kept their part of the agreement; if there were any acts of violence toward the whites they were not of a serious character, and were the acts of individuals, unsanctioned by the chiefs. Indeed, there were strenuous efforts made, at the risk of his own life, to prevent an attack upon the Red Cloud Agency, which would probably have led to the slaughter of all the whites stationed there.

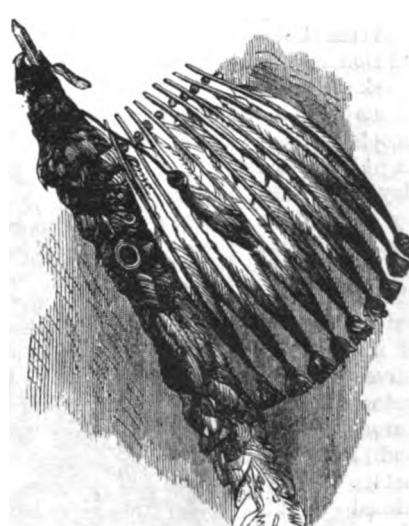
The Government must be acquitted of any intentional violation of the stipulations in the treaty, although that part of them concerning the establishment of schools, and enabling the Indians to make provision for their own subsistence were by no means fulfilled. Wherein the Government was most to blame, however, was in neglecting to take the necessary measures to prevent the violation of the treaty by irresponsible adventurers. The Black Hills constitute a part, and it is believed by many the most valuable part, of the Sioux Reservation. But the whole region, which abounds in valuable timber, is well watered, and presents many attractions for the agriculturist, apart from the mineral treasures which the hills are supposed to contain, has been forcibly taken from the tribes for whose use and enjoyment it was so solemnly set apart. Nearly two years ago a reconnaissance was directed to be made through the Black Hills region by a military force under the command of the now deeply-lamented General Custer. The unfortunate consequence of this altogether unnecessary expedition was the report of gold mines having been discovered among the hills. After this discovery there was no use in attempting to prevent a rush of gold-diggers into the territory. Proclamations were issued forbidding the entrance of any adventurers within the territory, and General Crook was sent to see that the proclamation was complied with. A commission was appointed to negotiate for the purchase of the Black Hills,

but it was unsuccessful, in consequence of the opposition of Sitting Bull, and then the stream of adventurers set in again, and the number of gold-miners and traders that invaded the territory is estimated at more than ten thousand—since, estimates made the number as high as twenty thousand. The Government, finding it altogether useless to attempt the removal of such a multitude, concluded not to make the attempt; but it took the very course best calculated to aggravate the trouble by sending an expedition under Prof. Janney to examine the hills and report whether they contained gold or not. The reports that followed, though not of an official character, were well calculated to inflame the minds of the Western people, who continued their invasions of the territory which had been so solemnly set apart for the exclusive use of Sitting Bull's people. The immigration of miners and prospectors was so rapid that no less than two cities were laid out, one of them named in honor of the unfortunate Custer. General Crook made an agreement with the adventurers, as an inducement for them to abandon the territory, that they should have the privilege of returning and taking possession of their claims as soon as the bargain for the sale of the hills to the Government should be consummated. But, unfortunately, the proposed bargain could not be completed. The Indians had learned not to put any trust in treaties, and they resolved to hold on to what they had got. The fights that since occurred have been the natural results of the treaty of 1868, which has already been grossly violated, and, sooner or later, must be wholly abrogated.

It is a curious circumstance that in the report of the Special Commission appointed to investigate the affairs of the Red Cloud Indian Agency, last year, the Commissioners say that "the temper and feelings of the Indians have undergone a very favorable change toward our people and Government. . . . That the fact is so, is attested by the uniform opinion of every officer of the army, and every trader and other person who has been examined upon the subject. The iron bond of their tribal organization is rapidly weakening, and the most eminent and distinguished chiefs now hold their positions by a precarious tenure." And then the Commissioners gravely add, "We believe the day has gone by when a formidable Indian war can ever again occur in this country."

But the report had scarcely been published when the whole country is startled by the announcement of the most formidable Indian war that the country has known in fifty years; when defeat after defeat has been suffered by our forces, and the generals in command are beseeching instant relief from the Government to save them from utter destruction.

The Special Commissioners who investigated the affairs of the Red Cloud Agency, seem to have become fully convinced of the bad policy not only of making treaties with the Indians, but of putting them upon reservations of valuable lands which the advance of population and the general progress of the country require for the uses of the people. The



AN INDIAN CALUMET, OR PEACEPIPE.

recent Act of Congress which declares that no new treaties shall be made with the Indians, is the most important measure that has been adopted looking to an improvement in our Indian policy. But the treaties already in existence must be faithfully observed until they can be legally set aside, let the consequences be what they may. It is said, and very justly, that the criminal laws of the

United States should be extended over all the reservations, and that when an Indian subject shall commit an offence, he shall be made subject to the police and criminal law of the State in which the offence was committed. The individual responsibility of the Indian as a member of the community must be recognized, and the absurd fiction of tribal sovereignty abolished.

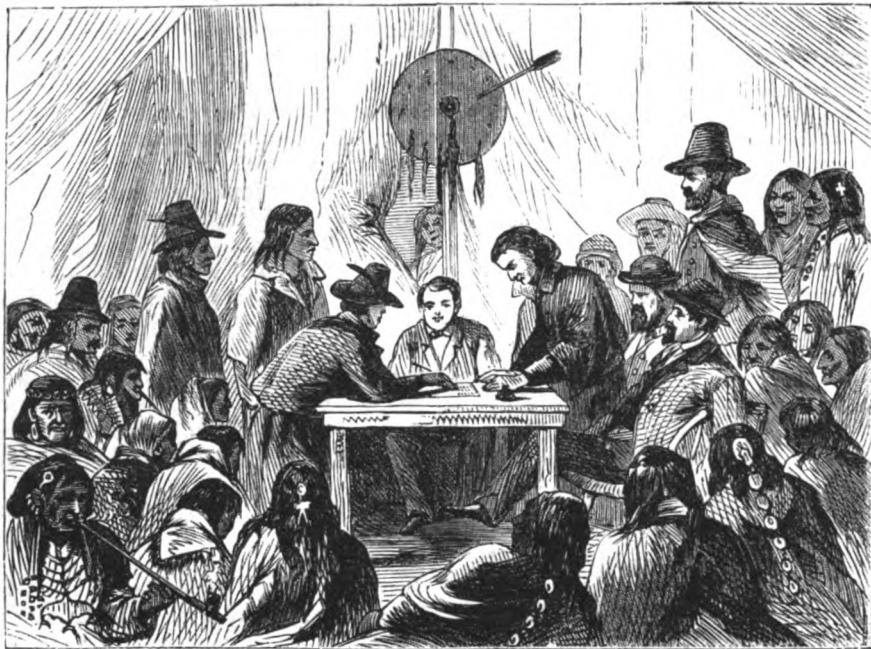
The Commissioners do not appear to have been at all affected by the sentimentality which has so long blurred the perceptions of every one who had to deal officially with the Red Man. The Indians are, strangely enough, becoming more expensive as they diminish in numbers, and they require almost as great an outlay for their support and management as the whole of the Government, Army, Navy, Civil and Diplomatic service did fifty years ago. The Commissioners believe they speak the sentiments of the people, when they say that "it is time that we should now adopt a fixed policy in regard to that (our Indian) population." There is not the slightest doubt of it; nor is there any that the Commissioners also speak the sentiments of the people in saying that "the day has gone by when the blanket should be furnished to the Indian as extensively as it now is. It serves to perpetuate his barbarous costume and his idle habits. If furnished with clothing at all, it should be

ever perform any useful labor, or do anything so degrading to his nature as cradling wheat or digging potatoes. Put the noble savage into a pair of trowsers, and compel him to cover his broad back with a serviceable jacket devoid of ornaments of any kind, and he would feel less repugnance to honest labor. But war paint and feathers are altogether incompatible with industrious habits. The negro is imitative in his disposition, and is happy to dress like a white man, but the Indian is not at all imitative as to our social habits, and we have been guilty of the supreme folly of encouraging him in his savage ways, by giving him blankets to wear instead of supplying him with shirts, coats and trowsers.

An experiment was made in the reservation in Southern Kansas, by which some white contractors must have made a good deal of money, to do something toward civilizing the Kaw Indians, by building nice little stone cottages for them to live in, and appropriating to each one a piece of land to

raise corn and vegetables upon. They were much better houses than the majority of our Eastern farm laborers live in, and vastly superior to the log cabins which most of the Western settlers built for their families. But the Kaws preferred their wigwams to the nice stone cottages which the Government provided for them.

Admirably well said. Whoever may have seen the Indian on his native plains sitting at the entrance of his wigwam, or upon the back of his wild steed, and clothed in the blankets which are annually distributed to him, must have felt how unreasonable it would be to expect that such a picturesque savage



KIOWAS AND COMANCHES SIGNING A TREATY IN 1867.



SATANTA MAKING A SPEECH DURING THE NEGOTIATION OF PEACE.





SIOUX ATTACKING AN EMIGRANT TRAIN.

they could wrap themselves up in the warm blankets that were given, they cared nothing for the comforts or conveniences of a house designed for civilized families, so they turned their horses into the houses, took off the doors and took out the windows, and sold them for whisky, and lodged in their wigwams.

The attempt to house the noble red man was premature; he had not gone through the preliminary stages of civilization which rendered the comforts of a solid dwelling necessary.

It was specially unfortunate that there should have been no survivor of the battle in which the gallant Custer fell, surrounded by his brave companions, for we are not likely ever to learn the nature of the attack that was made upon them, nor why it was that so thoroughly an experienced Indian fighter could have been lured into the trap that was set for him. There have been reports that the fatal mistake was made by Custer of listening to the story of a treacherous half-breed scout who had been sent forward the night before, and who led the doomed men to their destruction. The preparations made by the Indians showed their cunning, their strategy, and their skill. The work was perfect, and the result was the most disastrous known in the records of Indian combats.

In relation to the supposed leader of the Indians, Sitting Bull, who was at one time reported to have been killed, it appears that he was not personally engaged in the fight, and that the chiefs who took the lead bore the picturesque titles of Crazy Horse, Kill Eagle, and Black Moon. This Kill Eagle is a new name, and he is said to be a chief of the Blackfeet tribe. He had no business to be among

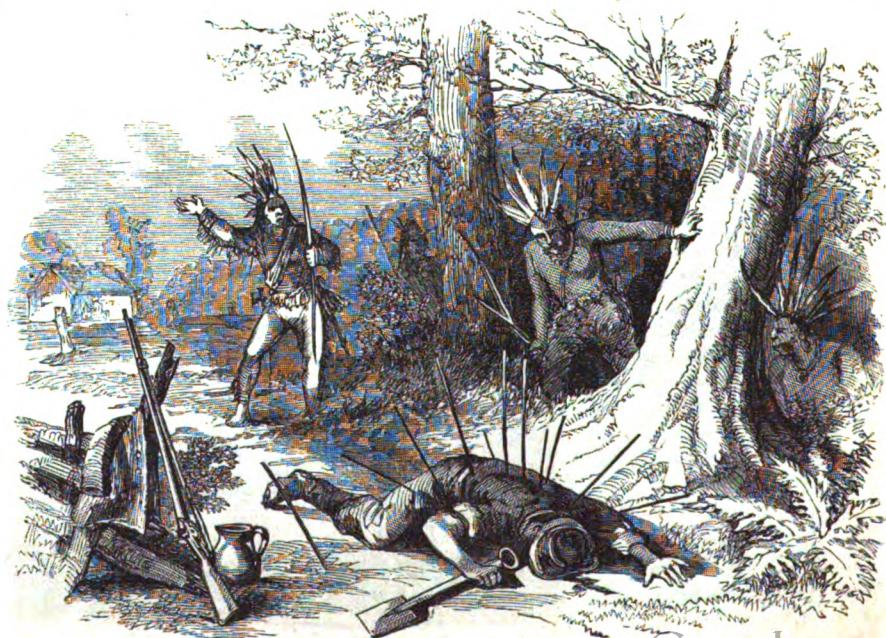
the tribes who were under the command of Sitting Bull, but he was doubtless ready to join in any undertaking where there was an opportunity for using his tomahawk and scalping-knife. The Indian is nothing if not a fighter, and he gains confidence in his own prowess from finding himself so often in the presence of whites who are utterly unable to protect themselves against his ferocious attacks or his subtle ways in approaching and surprising the homes of the pioneers, who have converted the dreary forests and wild prairies of the continent into fertile farms and populous towns, filled with thrifty and prosperous inhabitants.

The sufferings of the nameless pioneers who have perished by the tomahawk of the stealthy savage are among the traditions of the border settle-

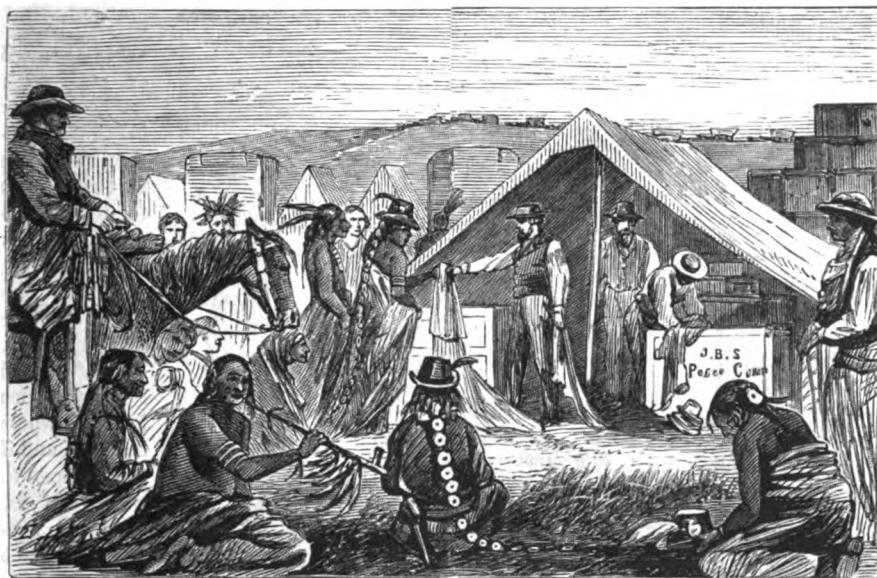
ments, but very little of them has found a record in our history. We know enough, however, of Indian fighting to shudder at the thought of the terrors which must fill the hearts of the unhappy settlers in the far West when they are attacked by these merciless foes.

The Commissioners, from whose report we have quoted already, express the opinion, which will be shared by the majority of our people, that "too much deference has been shown to the whims and caprices of the Indians, in some of our important transactions with them." And this has undoubtedly been the cause of much of the trouble which we have had with them.

It is the testimony of men who have had abundant opportunities for forming correct opinions on the subject, that the Indian must be made to fear before he can be made to obey. This, indeed, is true of all men, to a certain extent, but it is particularly true of uncivilized men in all climes. It is by



SCENES OF THE SIOUX WAR OF 1865.—SETTLER PIERCED WITH ARROWS.



THE AGENCY SYSTEM.—ISSUING CLOTHES TO THE INDIANS.

acting on this assumption that the British Government has been able so successfully to maintain its power in India and in other parts of the East. The horrid punishment of blowing the rebel Sepoys from the mouths of cannon was well calculated to inspire them with a dread of the power that could indulge in such cruelties. Our own course with the Indians has been of a directly opposite character. As the Red Cloud Commissioners say, the Indian eats our bread and wraps himself in our blankets with no other emotion than that they are gifts extorted from our fears. Much of our policy has convinced him that our liberal supplies of provisions to him are dictated by cowardice and cupidity, and the declaration of men in authority, whose words are repeated to him, that it is cheaper to feed him than to fight; he will be sure to fight us unless we do feed him, and clothe him too.

General Crook, who has had such good opportunities for becoming well acquainted with the nature of the Indian, told one of the Commissioners that it would be simple humanity to him to send such a display of military force as to excite in him a fear of the Government, and compel him into a prompt obedience to its commands. This was the advice of a soldier, who, from his professional experiences, could have no other idea on the question of how to civilize the Indian than doing it at the point of the bayonet. It was in quite a different spirit, however, that General Sherman, as soon as he arrived in Savannah, after his famous march from Atlanta to the sea, took up his pen and wrote a letter to the Secretary of War proposing a new method of civilizing and improving the emancipated slaves in the Atlantic States. General Sherman wanted permission to seize upon all the blacks he could find, force them upon the Sea Islands, off the coast of Georgia, and there keep them, prohibiting all intercourse with them, by way of testing their capacity for self-improvement.

Preposterous as such a scheme would have been, it was nothing more than a repetition of the policy of our Government from its foundation to the present time in the treatment of the Indians. It seems never to have occurred to General Sherman that if the same kind of an experiment had been tried upon him that he proposed for the emancipated negroes, instead of being at the head of an army he would have been in a condition not much above that of a freedman, though he would have had the advantage of being the descendant of a well educated ancestry. When we see what unceasing labor and careful attention are required to educate one of our ordinary children, who has all the benefits

to be derived from the highest social refinements; how he has to be sent to day-schools, to Sunday-schools, to high schools, to academies, to church, and to the lyceum, before he can be admitted to a college or a university; how, after he has received all the improvement possible by means of daily tuition at the hands of learned professors and doctors, he is at last pronounced in a fit condition to enter upon a course of special studies preparatory to the adoption of some profession by which he may be qualified to keep himself out of a prison or a poor-house, and to earn a decent living; and how, after all this troublesome and expensive training, it is still, in most cases, thought necessary to send him on a year or two's travel through Europe to complete his education, and make him competent to enter upon the real battle of life and become a self-supporting citizen, could anything more sublimely preposterous be imagined than the practice of our Government in shutting up our Indians on reservations, preventing from all intercourse with the rest of mankind, and expecting that under such a system they would attain to a sufficiently high condition of civilized society to be admitted into the great sisterhood of States that compose our glorious Union?



ISSUING SUPPLIES TO THE INDIANS. Digitized by Google

The inevitable effect of this system of reservations has just now been most forcibly and tragically exhibited in the Sioux war, the cost of which to the country will be beyond computation, and the increased taxation growing out of it will be an added burden to the nearly unbearable load which our honest laborers and their posterity must contrive to carry. But

the Sioux trouble is an exceptionable affair, which was precipitated by the unfortunate discovery of gold in the gorges of the Black Hills. But for that circumstance it might have been a decade or two before the full mischiefs which naturally grow out of the system, and which are seen in their perfection in the reservations lying South of Missouri and Kansas, would have been developed.

The last Congress did a most commendable service to the country in resolving that there should be no more treaties entered into with the Indian tribes, and it will be the duty of the next Congress to resolve that there shall be no more reservations of the public lands for the exclusive use of Indian tribes. This duty will be the more likely to be undertaken by the next Congress because it will, most fortunately, be freed from the business of President-making.

And when Congress takes the important step of determining that there shall be no more Indian reservations, the next and natural measure to be adopted will be to abolish those that are already in existence, and to provide territorial governments for them. It is of vast importance to the whole Southwestern region of the country that the Indian territory lying between Kansas and Texas, and

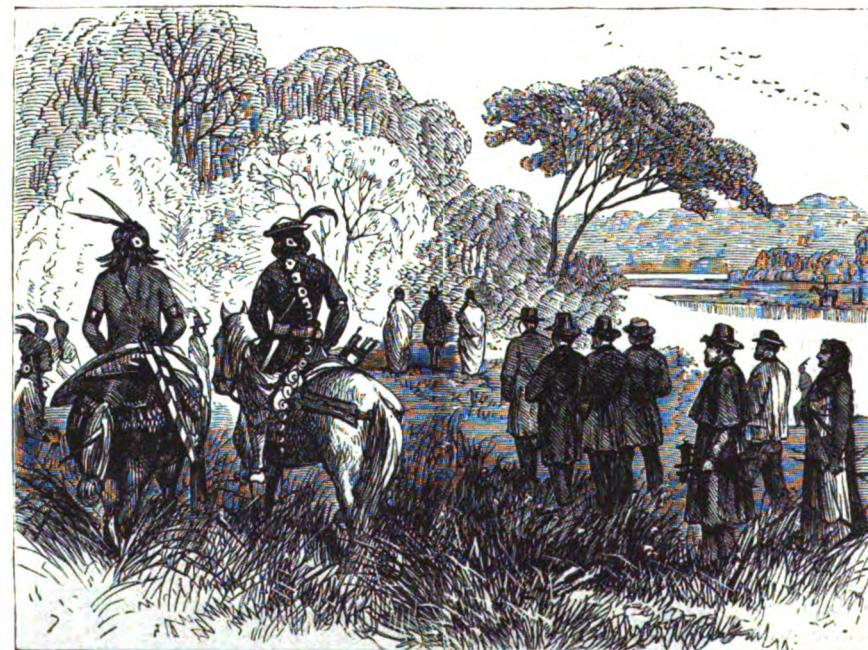
benefit to new emigrants and the adjacent States.

One of the most desirable effects which would be produced by the establishment of a territorial government over the Indian reservations, would be the extinction of those sources of rank corruption and political degradation, the Indian Agencies—like the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies, whose rascallities have been so disgraceful to the Administration under which they were appointed. The affairs of the Red Cloud Agency, for example, which have not made much noise before the country, for the reason that there were other corruptions which attracted a greater degree of attention, were sufficient to cause the Special Commission employed in their investigation to publish a large volume of near a thousand pages, giving the evidence of rascallities which came under their observation. But this was only one agency,

serving as a barrier to the advancement of emigration and commerce in that direction, should be thrown open to the settlement of our enterprising pioneers. It is one of the most fertile, beautiful, and healthy regions in the whole country, and if it were open to white settlers, it would rapidly become one of the wealthiest and most populous States of the Southwest, and be of immense

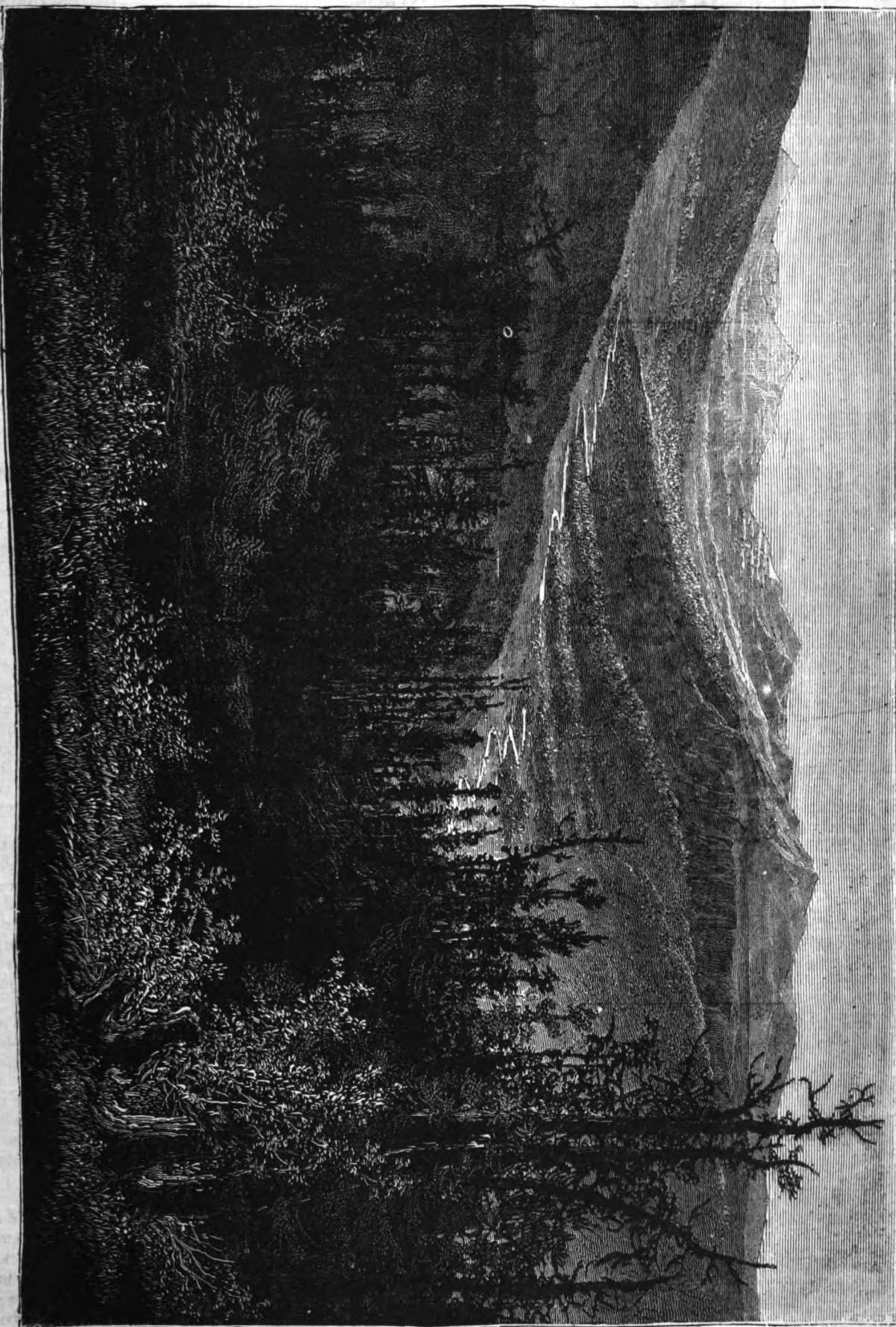


INDIANS AND THE ARMY.—GENERAL SHERMAN MEETING THE SIOUX CHIEFS IN 1867.



INDIANS AND PEACE COMMISSIONERS—INDIANS GOING TO A COUNCIL.

The Red Cloud Commissioners, in their report, have offered some discreet advice, which ought not



THE UNTAH MOUNTAINS, BLACK FORK RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. JACKSON.

to be wasted upon Congress, although, as yet, we have had no evidence that it has done any particular good. They say that the treaty provision by which the Indian is kept separate and apart from the white man in his reservation, may in some respects be a sound and wise policy, but it cannot be the policy of civilization. That can only be imparted to the Indian by bringing him in contact with its influences. The existing law excludes from the reservation all persons of the white race except those who are ready to abandon civilization itself for a disreputable association with Indian women. Contact with such examples of civilized life must tend rather to degrade and villify it in the estimation of the Indian himself. It would be far better so to amend our trade and intercourse laws as to make some provision for the admission among them of that class of white men whose respect for the laws of their country now keeps them at a distance from the reservations.

After this it is not to be wondered at that the Commissioners recommend the abolition of the reservations altogether, and the erection of a territorial government in their place; and that all future legislation for the Indians, and all dealings with them, be based upon the policy of bringing them as rapidly as possible under the same law which governs all other inhabitants of the United States.

But these wise recommendations we can scarcely hope to see adopted while members of Congress can themselves find profitable offices for their friends and supporters in Indian agencies, and bonanzas of perquisites in Indian contracts.

The Indian question, however, is rapidly working out its own solution, and it will not be long before the Indians themselves will have altogether disappeared. Before the end of another half century of our national existence there will not be such a thing as an aboriginal tribe within the boundaries of the Republic, unless we should, in the meanwhile, in the fulfillment of our manifest destiny, have annexed all the adjoining territory down to the Isthmus of Panama, as Senator Douglas once predicted would be the case. In that event, which is not unlikely to happen, we should have an addition of Indian tribes upon our hands, and the processes of extermination by means of agencies, contracts, and reservations might require a century longer. But it would only be "a question of time"; the result would be inevitable, as it has been in the territory which we have already possessed and improved.

The utter, complete, and thorough extermination of all the Indian tribes, and the eradication of all traces of their existence, which has taken place during the first century of our existence as a nation, in the Atlantic States, is merely a

promise of what will be done in the Pacific States, and in the regions in the central parts of our territory, which are now mostly inhabited by aboriginal tribes.

In some parts of the country the Indians have left traces of their ownership and occupancy of the land, in the names which still stick to a few prominent places, proofs of the truth of the new theory of development known as the survival of the fittest in nomenclature, if in nothing more. But it is very remarkable that in the island on which the Empire City has spread itself, there is not a trace remaining of the people who inhabited it when the Dutch adventurers landed upon its shores, except in the names assumed by two local institutions which certainly had no Indian affinities. Tammany Hall and the Manhattan Club are the only Indian names that have survived to indicate that the Indian was once the sole proprietor of the soil. In other parts of the State, however, Indian names are abundant, and it would be a fortunate circumstance for our maps and geographies if they were more so, if, for instance, we had more Ontarios, Niagaras, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Saratogas, and fewer McGrawvilles, Pompeys, Tompkinsvilles, and Ovids.

There has never been a finer opportunity offered any people for studying practically, on a large scale, the problem of race amelioration or improvement, than we have enjoyed in having under our entire control and subjugation the Indian races which we found here in their tribal organizations, and the African race, which we brought here and employed as slaves. But we have missed our opportunities; and, though the Indian is rapidly disappearing under our treatment, we have five or six millions of Africans left to experiment upon, and a hundred thousand or more of Chinamen. In a recent debate in Congress, Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi,

rather hastily said that "This race problem was not incapable of solution, and that two statesmen, such as Lord Derby and Earl Russell, might, or would, settle it in three days."

This was a very uncomplimentary fling at our own statesmen, who have had the race problem under consideration for a full century, and have not yet been able to find a solution of it.

The mention of Lord Derby and Earl Russell happened to be a rather malapropos one, as they occupy directly opposite positions on the question of races. Earl Derby, or at least his father and grandfather, to whose party he still belongs, was an opponent of all the measures for race improvement advocated by Earl Russell. The Stanleys, represented by Lord Derby, were large owners of property in Jamaica, and in favor of slavery, while the Russells were advocates of emancipation. But both of these eminent statesmen have



CAPTAIN JACK, LEADER OF THE MODOCs IN THEIR WAR.

had abundant opportunities of displaying their abilities in solving the problems of race improvement in legislating for the benefit of Ireland. They and their ancestors have for many years been discussing the question of race in Ireland, but it still remains unsolved.

If our statesmen have been less successful in disposing of the problem of races so far as Indians and negroes are involved, it is not because they have less wisdom or patriotism, or honesty, but because the difficulty of reconstructing a government of equal laws, whose foundation is the assumption that all men are made with equal rights and are entitled to equal privileges, with the necessity of protecting an important part of the population who cannot be entrusted with the privileges which the law confers upon them.

But, as we have already said, the Indian problem is rapidly working out its own solution, and our posterity will know nothing more about the noble savage, who was ever a torment and a terror to their ancestors, than what they can learn from School histories, and Dime novels. The pathetic words which Jefferson puts in the mouth of Logan, will before long be repeated by some Sitting Bull, sitting in his

loneliness upon an eminence that overlooks the vast plains where his progenitors hunted the buffalo, and scalped the unarmed pioneer who came to dispossess him of his inheritance. There is but one escape for the Indian who finds it incompatible with his nature and his aspirations, to become a citizen of this Republic and assume the duties of an independent

voter. He cannot forever be fed by public bounties, for our own laws do not contemplate a permanent condition of pauperism, and if he can no longer clothe himself in buffalo robes, nor provide dried buffalo meat for his squaw and his children, he must be content to starve or emigrate. He cannot go West, for population and civilization are advancing rapidly from the Pacific coast, and they present an impregnable obstacle to his progress. The South will also present a belt of civilization which he will be powerless to overcome. But he can go North, and the migration in that direction must very soon commence. He can escape into the Dominion, where a Land of Canaan awaits him. There the Government takes proper measures for preserving whatever seems to be necessary to the well-being of the Indian. The Dominion Government at present feeds and maintains some twenty thousand Indians living in Canadian territory, and it is nearly certain that a large number of Sioux and Cheyennes will find it convenient to emigrate from their present uncomfortable quarters into that territory, and become hunters on the plains around Lake Winnipeg. A very extensive business is reported this season from that quarter in buffalo robes, some fifty thousand of them having been sent to Montana. This number of robes, it is estimated required the slaughter

of at least one hundred and twenty thousand buffaloes. Our military commanders who bear the brunt of the hardships and dangers encountered in Indian warfare, have the peculiar infelicity of being employed upon the most hazardous expeditions, from which little hope of reputation or honor can be anticipated. In fighting with a civilized enemy, whether a conqueror or a prisoner, whether in victory or defeat, he does as much towards perpetuating the fame of a commander as his own compatriots. But the Indian is a dumb witness of the heroism by which he is conquered, or which he overcomes. It was said by the eloquent Fisher Ames, in Congress, that "it is not in Indian wars that heroes are celebrated; but in them they are formed." And there is much in this, but Indian wars have in reality given fame to some of our military commanders, and three of our Presidents and one Vice-President have owed their elevation chiefly to their heroic exploits in fighting the Indians. General Jackson's principal fighting, by which he displayed his remarkable characteristics, was in his successful campaigns against the Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws; although the great event of his military career was in the defence of New Orleans, where there was very little fighting done. It

was in the war against Tecumseh that General Harrison gained the laurels that made him; and it was for the reported killing of that desperate savage chief, that Richard M. Johnson was made Vice-President, General Taylor's exploits on the Rio Grande, in Mexico, led to his nomination for the Presidency, but he had gained his reputation as a soldier, previous

to the Mexican war, by his encounters with Osceola and Billy Bowlegs in the Everglades of Florida. It was by his Indian fighting that Washington gained the reputation that caused him to be selected for the command of the Continental Army. Our Indian wars, therefore, have not altogether, we think, resulted in producing a reasonable number of heroes, and before we see the last of the Sioux war we may have another mass of military heroes who may furnish future candidates for the Presidency. But we believe that the Sioux trouble will prove the last of anything which may be dignified by the name of an Indian war. The Indians will be too much weakened and scattered by this encounter; they will have exhausted their means of fighting, and will be compelled, whether they desire it or not, to abandon their antagonism to the beneficent Government that has so long fed them and sustained them. But if this were not so, a change in the administration of our Indian affairs, which must soon occur, will bring a long needed reform that will put an end to the corruptions and incompetency which have been so fruitful of Indian disturbances.

The Indian question concerns us all as a people, whose treatment of the original occupants of the soil will be judged by the civilized world by the standards of equity and justice.



ATTACK ON A TRAIN OF BLACK HILL MINERS.



ACTION BETWEEN SIOUX AND A FORCE OF VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA.

It concerns us as men desirous to do all that can be done for classes whom unavoidable circumstances have brought in contact with a civilization for which they have little or no aptitude. It concerns even under the lower aspect of men whose means are lavishly expended in the Indian Department on the one hand, and on the army on the other.

It may not, therefore, be out of place to add to the preceding remarks a general view of the actual position of our Indian population.

The total number of Indians was estimated in 1875 at 278,963, determined in many cases by actual count; and for their management, including payments stipulated by treaty, \$4,670,117 was appropriated by Congress in the long session of 1876.

Of these various tribes, the most advanced in civilization

are the Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws, of Union Agency, Indian Territory. The Cherokees have a reservation of 18,762 square miles, under a series of treaties from 1833 to 1866. They number 17,217, with about 2,500 still scattered through the Carolinas, Georgia, and Tennessee. The tribe has to a great extent embraced the life and usages of the whites, and has a form of government. Their reservation contains more than five millions of acres, but only 89,250 are cultivated, on which they raise 629,000 bushels of Indian corn, with some wheat, oats, etc. The tribe has

Chickasaw schools number only 17 boys and 213 girls; while those of the Seminoles, 294 boys and 63 girls. These tribes all removed from the East, and, long under Government control and missionary influence, are the highest in civilization. It was long proposed to make them, after a time, citizens, and blend them with the masses of the people, but this has never been feasible. More recently a scheme was originating for organizing them into a Territory, to be called Oklahoma, and governed like the other Territories; but the scheme had many objections, and failed.

The whole system of the United States Government in regard to these Indians has been so barren of result, that we are officially informed that the small band of Cherokees who persisted in remaining in North Carolina, "are now, though receiving scarcely any Government aid, in a more hopeful

condition, both as to morals and industry, as well as in personal property, than the Cherokees who removed West."

These tribes were all formerly inhabitants of the Gulf States, the Carolinas and Tennessee; sparsely settled States, which, however, compelled their removal. The sums expended on them have been very great, and the result comparatively small.

New York State, more densely settled, retained her Indian population. She set apart lands for them, and the Oneondagas, Tuscaroras, and Senecas there, who have been no charge to the general



GENERAL GEORGE A. CROOK, U. S. A., COMMANDING TROOPS IN LATE OPERATIONS AGAINST THE SIOUX.

long been divided into two hostile parties, whose animosity was embittered during the late war. Assassinations are frequent. Next to them are the Muscogees, or Creeks, numbering 13,000, with a reservation of more than three million of acres, cultivating 34,960, raising 600,000 bushels of Indian corn, but less of other cereals than the Cherokees. The Choctaws, 16,000 in number, cultivate 50,000 acres on a reservation of nearly seven millions, but are far behind the Cherokees and Creeks in their produce, though their lumber trade is extensive. With these three tribes, which stand at the head, live 6,000 Chickasaws and 2,438 Seminoles, much behind the others in development. The Cherokees have a school fund in the hands of the Government producing \$25,000 a year, and their schools contain 1,884 pupils; those of the Creeks, 800; those of the Choctaws, 1,129. But the

government, and not under the influence of its system, are "ready for membership into the body politic."

"They have been fortunate," says the Federal Commissioner, "in that they have been obliged to labor for a living, and that the State of New York has allowed them to remain on fertile portions of their original land, and has protected them in their property rights, and, better than all, has maintained public schools for them according to their *pro rata* share of the State educational fund." "The State may point, if not with pride, at least with gratification and a feeling of honor, to the reservations where these Indians (to the number of 5,000) have surrounded themselves with all the necessities, and many of the comforts, of civilized life."

Of the New York Indians, a band of Senecas, in the last

century, joined the roving Shawnees, and have since shared their fortunes ; and some years since the chief part of the Oneidas removed to Wisconsin, without, however, bettering their condition. They number now 1,332.

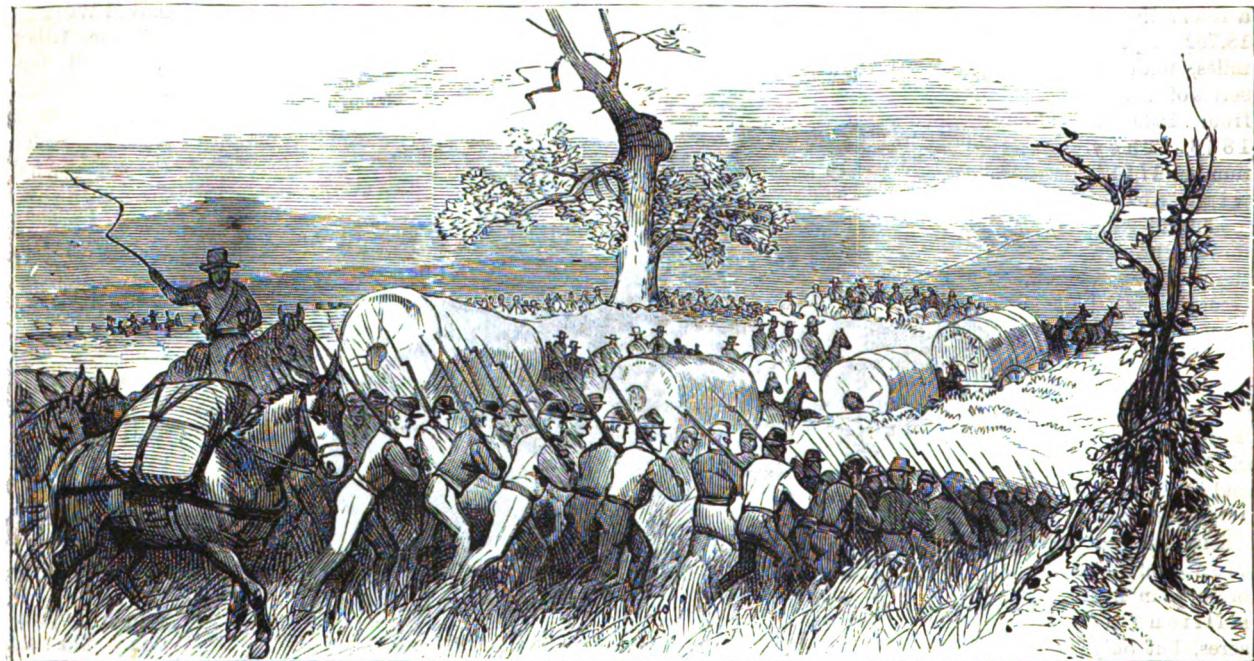
Maine, Massachusetts, and Long Island still retain fragments of the once powerful tribes that took so active a part in the early history, but they are fast dying out. They consist of the Penobscots, in Maine ; Gayhead, Marshpee, and other bands, in Massachusetts ; Shinnecocks, in New York, all belonging to the Algonquin stock, which has never shown any aptitude for civilization.

The Algonquins of the Western States, who, under Pontiac, in 1763, swept the whole English frontier, and after the establishment of our Government, led by Little Turtle, defeated Generals Harmar and St. Clair, and were at last reduced by Wayne, were all gradually removed beyond the Mississippi.

The remnants of the Delawares, once under Moravian rule, prospering and progressive—Miamis, Illinois, Sacs, Foxes, Kickapoos, Pottawatamies, Shawnees, and some Ottawas in Indian Territory, and in Iowa, Kansas, and Ne-

In Dakota, Montana, and Northern Nebraska, are the various bands of the Sioux, who as white settlement advanced, fell slowly westward, dislodging other tribes. Their total number is estimated at 60,044, including twelve agencies, nine in Dakota, two in Montana, and one in Nebraska ; but a band of 7,000, liable to be swelled by recruits from the agencies, has obstinately refused to come upon a reservation, and has for years maintained a hostile attitude to the whites as well as to the peaceable tribes under Government control, who were never safe from attack by these lawless Sioux.

As the decrease of game makes the support of this large body of Indians, by hunting, every year more precarious, the reservation system has attempted to develop their agriculture, but, except among the Sisseton and Wahpeton Sioux at Devil's Lake, and Yankton Sioux, the progress has been slight ; the latter, in 1875, raised 10,000 bushels of corn, and the former 13,000 bushels of wheat and corn, besides sending a considerable quantity of sawed lumber to market. In these two bands, numbering 2,607, the schools show only 150 pupils. The small band of Santees in Nebraska is also



GENERAL CROOK'S ARMY ADVANCING INTO THE HOSTILE COUNTRY.

braska, on reservations, number 3,297. The evil influence of the worst classes of lawless frontiersmen, their only white neighbors, have corrupted these bands to the core. Some few, abandoning tribal relations, have mingled with the better class of whites and fallen into the ordinary ways of life, but they are comparatively few.

The Wyandots removed from Sandusky, though they decreased in numbers, were thrifty and prospered, till finally they abandoned tribal relations.

Through Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, on a number of scattered reservations, are 19,606 Chippewas and Ottawas, among whom are a few Pottawatamies, and a band of 1,522 Menomonees in Wisconsin, and 118 Stockbridges and Munsees, emigrants from New England and New York. They are all quiet and peaceable ; many adopt the dress of whites, and attempt to conform to civilized life ; but their progress has been slow, and schools have not produced the anticipated effect.

In nearly all the tribes the agency system, as keeping the individual in a kind of tutelage, prevents individual effort, and seems an obstacle rather than a benefit.

progressing, as well as the Flandreau Sioux ; but many of the bands still depend on the chase, which leads to war and depredation, and when they cannot acquire subsistence on the plains come into the reservations to be fed.

The total amount appropriated in 1875 for the various bands of Sioux was \$1,793,800, equal to \$29.69 a head for every man, woman, and child—an amount sufficient, under any really sensible system, in which self-supporting industries were introduced, to make them no longer a source of trouble ; but this amount is almost always squandered in advance for comparatively useless noxious articles, bought at ruinous rates of traders whose claims absorb the whole. Where provisions are issued by Government, they are too frequently bought without judgment as to quality or price.

The consequence is, that with the Sioux as with many other tribes, the appropriations encourage idleness, and provoke discontent as long as they are kept up ; and the spirit of disaffection leads the discontented to rally to the standard of any hostile chief, even after years spent on a reservation.

The Osages (3,000), and Kansas (516), were for many years on their original site in Kansas, but have been recently

removed to Indian territory. The 1667 Winnebagoes, removed from Minnesota to Nebraska after the last Sioux war, have, like the two preceding, suffered by these removals and by precipitate attempts to make them into citizens, the result being that many, after receiving and spending their share of tribal funds and selling the land set apart to them, returned as paupers to those who retained the tribal organization, raising a new question for Government solution.

The Pawnees, once a powerful nation on the plains, were removed to a reservation in Nebraska, within the territory claimed by the Sioux, who at once began to exterminate them. As the Government was powerless to protect them, many fled to the Wichitas, in Indian territory, but a separate reservation was finally arranged for this friendly tribe, and to the number of 2,200 they are now in process of removal, compelled to abandon all the improvements they had made.

Near the Winnebagoes, in Nebraska, are 1,005 Omahas, on a reservation in their ancient hunting-grounds; 457 Ottos are on the southern border of the State; 219 Iowas, removed from their reservation, are in Nebraska.

The great wild tribes of the plains, once so troublesome, are nearly all in Indian territory, and under control, though their improvement is slight. The Arapahoes and Cheyennes number 3,838; the Wichitas, 1,577; the Kiowas and Comanches, near Fort Sill, 2,965.

The Arickarees, Mandans, and Minnetarees, near Fort Berthold, number 1,920; they have been uniformly friendly, but nothing has been done for their improvement, or even to protect them against their merciless enemies, the Sioux.

The mountain tribes, beginning at the north, comprise the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegan, in northern Montana, numbering 7,200, are mere hunters, degraded by liquor and vice, and will take part in any general war; the Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, and Kootenays—the best Indians of the mountains—have never received any remuneration for their lands, and have been removed to a barren reservation. They number 1,566, are Christians, and have always been friendly. They need only encouragement to become, in time, a useful body.

The Cœur d'Alenes number 1,000 in Idaho, and have no treaty, and are not on a reservation, though a peaceable clan, and under Christian influence. The Nez Percés, who have been less friendly, are partly on a reservation and partly wanderers. Their whole force is 2,800.

The Mountain Crows, in southern Montana (1,800); Shoshones (1,800), in Wyoming; Shoshones and Bannocks (1,500), in southeastern Idaho; the Utah Valley Indians, in Utah (650); the Utes, in Colorado and New Mexico, numbering in all more than 5,000. All these live by hunting or by the precarious resource of fruits and insects. The steps taken for their improvement excite hopes, but the constant failures of the past are not encouraging.

South of these are the tribes which, under Spanish rule, felt the influence of attempts to civilize and Christianize. These comprise the semi-civilized and Christian Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, 10,000, living in curious adobe towns, advanced in agriculture and many mechanical arts, but not as well educated as formerly; the Navajoes (9,068), cultivators and weavers; the Moquis (1,600), who resemble the Pueblos; 6,000 Christian Papagos in Arizona, with 4,300 Pimas and Maricopas, nearly self-supporting. The Apaches, who, from Spanish times, have been a perpetual scourge to the better Indians and the whites, are now chiefly on four reservations in New Mexico and two in Arizona, and are held under control. They are not far from 10,000 in number, and are still useless and unprogressive.

Arizona contains also 930 Yumas, and on the Colorado 2,820 Mojaves, Chemehueves, Hualapais, Coahuillas, and Cocopas.

The Pacific Slope has tribes, some of whom have, from time to time, assumed a hostile attitude and caused several

wars, the last, against the Modocs, being within the recollection of all. Washington Territory has 13,522 in the Colville, Neahbay, Nisqually, Quinaelt, Skokomish, Tulaip, and Yakama Agencies. Oregon contains 5,163 on the Alsea, Grand Ronde, Klamath, Malheur, Siletz, Umatilla, and Warm Springs Agencies, and 2,000 who refuse to go on reservations. California has 3,060 under the Hoopa Valley, Round Valley, and Tula River Agencies, and 1,125 Klamaths without an agency. Besides these there are 4,375 Mission Indians, descendants of those collected in the last century, and this on the famous California Missions, where they were self-supporting, industrious, and thriving, but who have had the lands they cultivated and the buildings they erected sold from them while in their occupancy, and are left homeless, without compensation or hope of redress, deprived even of the religious advantages which they desire.

Nevada has the Western Shoshones, numbering 1,945, and 5,231 Utes and Pi Utes, chiefly in the Pi Ute and Walker River Agencies.

In the management of the Indians a strange step was made a few years since, by which the Indian agencies were assigned to various religious bodies, who were empowered to appoint the agents. The distribution was arbitrary, not based on the numbers of the denomination in the country or on the religious views which, under former mission influences, the Indians had acquired. This led to much bad feeling, as agents can and do prevent Indians from intercourse with clergymen of the denomination to which they belong. In this distribution, six agencies are assigned to the Friends, six to the Orthodox Friends, fourteen to the Methodists, eight to the Catholics, three to the Baptists, nine to the Presbyterians, six to the Congregational, three to the Reformed, nine to the Episcopalian, two to the Unitarians, one to the Free Will Baptists, and one to the Presbyterians.

The measure has stimulated missionary exertion in several of the bodies.

The Indian Department, controlling all the Indian funds, agencies, and expenditures, is part of the Department of the Interior. The chief officer is a Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This position has once been held by an Indian, Colonel Parker, of New York, a man of education and ability.

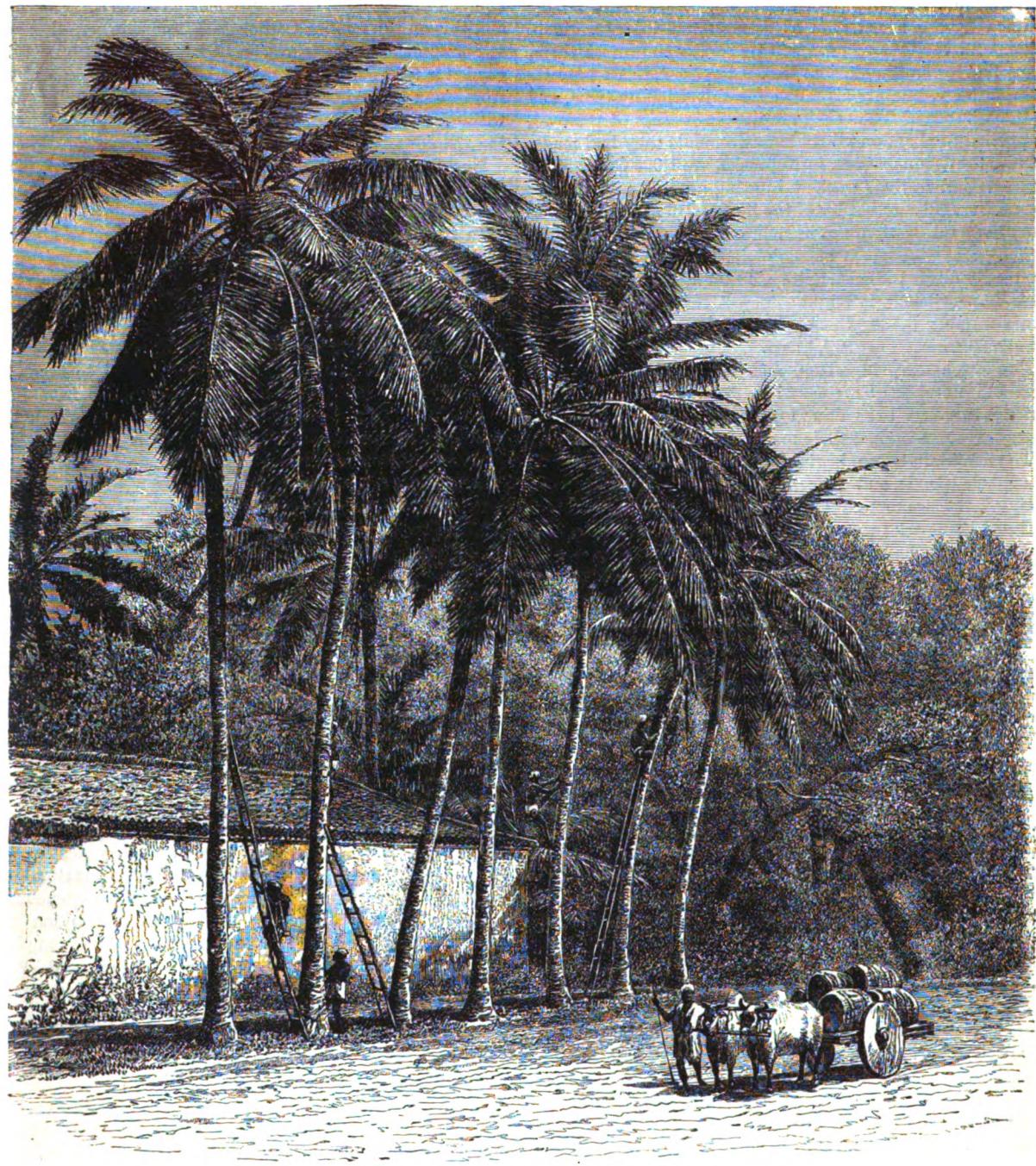
As complaints were often made of frauds upon the Indians in the matter of supplies and their general treatment, a Board of Indian Commissioners was appointed in 1868, but the gentlemen originally selected after a few years retired, giving the impression in clear terms that they were powerless to check the evils of the system. Later investigations, especially those which originated from the statement of Professor Marsh, tended to show great corruption and wrong; but no adequate remedy has yet been applied, although the need for it has been clearly indicated by the events of the present year. A recent effort to transfer the Indian Affairs to the War Department met favor with the House of Representatives, but failed in the Senate, and the old system continues with all its evils and complications, an almost unsolvable enigma.

No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the new moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity, yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre; for though the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet, with an equal and unfavoring loveliness, she mirrors herself on every wave. Even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though, to our limited eyes, she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

GROVE OF COCOANUT TREES IN CEYLON.

It is only on the coast of Ceylon, or near large villages and towns, that fruit trees are found. This is so sure an index, that, if lost in a jungle, the sight of a single cocoanut-palm towering above the other foliage is in Ceylon a never-failing landmark to tell you that a village is at hand. It stands, indeed, at the head of all trees in its usefulness to

cluster of unexpanded leaves, for pickles and preserves. The *sap*, for *toddy*, for distilling arrack, and for making vinegar and sugar. The *unformed nut*, for medicine and sweet-meats. The *young nut* and its milk, for drinking, for dessert; the green husk, for preserves. The *nut*, for eating, for curry, for milk, for cooking. The *oil*, for rheumatism, for anointing the hair, for soap, for candles, for light; and the *poonak*, or refuse of the nut after expressing the oil, for cat-



GROVE OF COCOANUT TREES.

man, and the Cingalese love to repeat to strangers the hundred uses to which they apply it.

The following are only a few of the countless uses of this invaluable tree: The *leaves*, for roofing, for mats, for baskets, torches or chules, fuel, brooms, fodder for cattle, manure. The *stem of the leaf*, for fences, for pingoes (or *yokes*) for carrying burthens on the shoulders, for fishing-rods, and innumerable domestic utensils. The *cabbage*, or

tle and poultry. The *shell of the nut*, for drinking-cups, charcoal, tooth-powder, spoons, medicine, hookahs, beads, bottles, and knife-handles. The *coir*, or fibre which envelopes the shell within the outer husk, for mattresses, cushions, ropes, cables, cordage; canvas, fishing-nets, fuel, brushes, oakum, and floor-mats. The *trunk*, for rafters, laths, railing, boats, troughs, furniture, firewood; and when very young, the first shoots, or *cabbage*, as a vegetable for the table.

THE POINT LACE BARBE.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I KNOW very well that Laurence is only a bookkeeper with a moderate salary; but then he knew very well before he married me that I had an inordinate love of diamonds, and dresses, and feathers, and finery; and a person's tastes are not so elastic that they can always be accommodated to that person's means, and the fact that we are poor does not hinder me from going into ecstacies over a piece of lace that looks like a tangible hoar-frost, as if it were spun by the winds, and that might just as well be spun from the starbeams themselves for all of any purse of mine.

It is true I had, of course, rather please Laurence in my appearance than anybody else on earth, and it is also true that Laurence would never know whether I wore an Antwerp silk or a Lowell print, provided my hair was still glossy as black satin and my cheek did not lose its color like the heart of a tea-rose. For, you see, I am really quite a fine-looking brunette, rather large-molded and rich-tinted, and absolutely designed by Fate to display the sweep of splendid tissues as I walk; any one would say who did not first observe that Fate had planted me inside a brown merino and bade me stay there irretrievably.

If I had any finger-knack I might make myself useful—turn an honest penny by means of trifles of dainty workmanship that need feminine touch—decalcomanie, tatting—and eke out Laurence's salary with sufficient to give me two new silks a year. But I haven't; I'm an ignoramus, and don't know enough to teach, can't spell well enough to write, don't play or paint to speak of, and though I could possibly do worsted-work and make it worth my while to use a tricot-needle, it never would do in our set, any way, and I had better go without in the beginning. When I spoke of it once to Laurence, he negatived the idea in a single breath.

"No, my dear," said he, "I shall give my consent to nothing of the kind. I hope I can clothe you suitably to

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our position—better, perhaps, than a clerk's wife really ought to dress. Anything beyond that must throw suspicion both upon me and on yourself. Put such idle wishes, and all they lead to, out of your head, Charlotte; and be content, my darling, with the lot of a poor man's wife, which you chose long ago."

For all that, I wish Laurence was a rich man! Because, you see, in reality, though Laurence is poor, we visit among the rich.

I was an orphan, and entirely penniless myself; but I have a flock of cousins, all of them rich as need be, and all of them stingy, as, I'm sorry to say, rich people are apt to be—or

perhaps they think, with Laurence, that satins and velvets would not become my position; I'm sure they do, now I think of it, and at any rate I'm glad that it is so, for I don't want any of their giving.

I suppose it's spiteful; but, sometimes, when I see Lavinia's long, white hand reach forward for anything, and the light suddenly dip into it, so that you lose sight of the hand itself altogether for the flash of the jewel there; or when I, plodding along in brogans, Catharine lifts her skirt and I see that French *brodéquin*, making her foot look as if an artist had sculptured it; or when Amelia comes into the room at some one of their countless parties, and the wilderness of her white net flows round her like a cloud, and as she sits down to talk with me, I sink as if completely sub-



THE POINT LACE BARBE.—"IT IS A PLEASURE TO ME TO SHOW MADAME MY* WARES."

merged in the foam of it—well, I am free to confess that there are times when I could fairly steal.

"You ought to keep away from such places, then," says Laurence.

But how can I? They're my cousins; it would be odd and envious and churlish enough if I did so; and they never let on but what I am dressed like a princess, and are always introducing me to everybody and making much of me altogether, and wishing they had my hair, or my teeth, or my eyes, as if I could do without everything.

But there! they're dear good girls, and I love them every one, and I take back what I said about stinginess—they are

thoughtless, I suppose, and feel a sort of delicacy about giving me things that would imply Laurence's inability to give them, knowing how high-strung he is.

And then, the fact is, I do contrive to make a very respectable appearance on mighty little; and, since my dear little Laura has come and filled the time so, I don't go into their old gayeties nearly as much; but, for all that, when I do go, I like to go fittingly, and my manias, as Laurence calls them, are as strong as ever.

"You'd give anything for my eyes?" I said, in reply to Amelia, the other day. "And I'd give my eyes for your point lace."

"Then we're quits," said Amelia.

Now, if I'd been in Amelia's place, I should have said, "Take the point lace, dear." But she didn't. And just that little thing is the root of a dilemma that was exactly as grievous to me as ever the dilemma of the diamond aigrette was to Anne of Austria—if that was the right lady. I'm not very well up in those little fictions, you see.

Laurence had made me a present of a new black silk, thick and heavy, and looking as if it had a treasure of lustre inside its web if the shadows would only let it out.

Of course the making up of the dress was no trifle. I do believe that mantuamakers think money grows spontaneously in the pockets of people's husband's, like fire in the end of a match. It should have been trimmed with lace, but that being utterly out of the question, the last cent of money in my private purse was gone when it came home set off with a fringe; but the fringe was rich and long, so I didn't care.

I tried on the gown. I was perfectly delighted. What a sweep it had! I had never worn such a superb fabric; how it became me! how round and handsome it made my figure! Ah, what would Amelia say now when she saw it! If only I had the proper decorations for my throat and wrists! My old Honiton set was darned too much to look like anything but rag-fair, or a satire on the dress itself. My one little collar of point did look so skimpy; however, it would do—if only I could get a barbe to match it. A bow of point lace and long hanging ends of the webbish beauty—that would just make the whole toilet ravishing! But I couldn't. I hadn't a cent in the world. I must just do without it. There was only the month's housekeeping money in the drawer—and if I were willing to starve, Laurence wasn't—and there wasn't a dime too much of that. And then it grew upon me, like an ague, that the dress wouldn't be fit to be seen without that barbe, would be perfectly ridiculous, tell the whole story of how everything had been spent upon the silk and nothing left for accompaniments. One might just as well wear a printed placard of poverty upon one's back. I tore off the dress and hid myself in my wrapper, and I was so vexed with myself and my circumstances that I could have sat down and cried with a good relish.

When Laurence came home to dinner that day, he told me, gently as possible, that he was obliged to go on a journey for his employer, and should be absent more than a week. I usually made a great fuss when he went away. I couldn't bear to have him gone; I missed him; and was afraid to be alone, and afraid something would happen to him; and he always went under protest from me, and in the midst of tears and embraces that were a perfect nuisance. He must have been surprised at the patient way in which, on that one day, I received his announcement. Visions of house-keeping economy, of abstaining from dinners, of dollars enough saved from the bills of grocer, butcher, and poultreter to buy me my point lace barbe flashed over me now and obscured his departure; and I bade him adieu with equanimity and an absent mind, to say nothing of the absence of my heart, which had absolutely been stifled in the visionary folds of that point lace barbe.

For, you see, possession of a point lace barbe had become a sort of insanity with me; and the thing was to get it before the dress to wear it with was worn out, and while Laurence was gone. I could not at any rate betray myself by talking about it in my sleep, as I was sure I did.

So all that week, to begin with, I had no fire in the drawing-room. But I had not dreamed of the embarrassments a saving of coal might occasion—quite equal to the annoyance of being seen without a point lace barbe. For, of course, the natural consequence of having no fire in the drawing-room was, that every soul on my visiting-list took that week to call upon me. Of course I had to resort to all manner of subterfuges that kept the blood flowing rapidly enough in my veins, so that I, at least, was not cold; finally, though, I sent word to the door that I was not at home. The housemaid refused, on moral grounds, to take any such message, and insisted upon saying that I was extremely engaged; by which means I offended the very people I would not have offended on any account whatever, and who were of the sort never willing to admit that you can be too much engaged to see themselves.

Meanwhile I dispensed with chops or steaks or omelets at breakfast, reduced that meal to little else but bread and tea, and abolished dinner altogether. After three days of no joints or roasts, the rebellious housemaid left me in high dudgeon, and since then no doubt has scattered broadcast her views of my parsimony—and having all my neighbors imagine me a miser is certainly as unpleasant as going without a point lace barbe.

When you are in any trouble, somehow or other everything helps to heap it up. I don't see why it was that I couldn't have the barbe and keep the housemaid too. It was all the harder to have her go just then, for little Laura had caught cold in the drawing-room and was down with the croup. I forgot everything else with that, and hung over her in a fever myself.

Nobody knows how a day tells in a child's life; perhaps in reducing our diet I had robbed her of the very strength she needed to resist the attack; if it had not been for my going without fires she would not have had the attack at all. I had great fires roaring up every chimney in the house, now that they were of no use, and the doctor hardly quitted her bedside.

I never dreamed of what Laurence would say, when he found how it had all come about; I didn't care what he would say to me, while she was in danger; he might kill me, and welcome, if he wished. If she had died I don't know but I should have killed myself.

And just as she rallied, the very day that Laurence was expected, the very train in which I expected him was thrown from the track, and whether he was dead or alive I could not know for four mortal hours. And I had so indifferently let him leave me. When he walked in at last, all safe and sound, I just betook myself to bed, and never left it for three weeks, and the doctor's bill was something terrible.

So, my economy proving almost ruinous, I did have, for a little while, the strength to put all thoughts of a point lace barbe out of my mind. Perhaps half of what gave me that strength was the fact the thoughts were of no manner of use. What I couldn't have, I couldn't. But I didn't cease envying the women who went stepping by with their beautiful laces floating out like the gossamer dew that, of a June morning, you have seen rising up into a sunny sky, and that, in France, the peasants call the "Virgin's thread." If the pin of any one of them all had only loosened, and the lace had gently fluttered to the ground, I don't really know, as I should have picked it up till after she was out of sight, and when I couldn't have returned it to her.

Dear me! they talk about money's being the root of all

evil. For my part, I think it is the want of it that is the root of all evil. At all events, it has completely demoralized me.

I was just going across the hall one day, when I heard the door-bell tinkling for the second time, and as nobody seemed to be attending to it, I went to the door myself.

It was a peddler, with a basket on his arm, who was standing there. Now I know that all the peddlers and agents have a little speech all ready prepared, which, if they can force their way into a house while uttering, it is all up with you, and buy you must. So I never let them so much as begin their little speech. But this one was a cunning dog. He looked at me, and then he lifted the lid of his basket, held it open, and looked at me again; while, taken unawares, I surveyed the contents. Laces—Valenciennes, Mechlin, Limerick, point—folded away there over their colored silks like so many clouds curdled over a bed of flowers.

In spite of myself, and though I should have remembered the absurdity of letting him waste his time with me, before I knew what I did I had thrown the door open, and he was in the back parlor, spreading his wares upon the table, and expatiating over their beauties volubly enough to drive one mad.

There was a bridal veil; of course I had, fortunately, no need for that; but then it could be worn as a mantle. The price of it was a thousand dollars. I touched it with a kind of awe, all the more that I was sure the price ought to have been three thousand. Then it came over me that it had been smuggled. I recalled Laurence's description of the old packman who had sold him my silk. This was the identical individual. And I knew that the part of honesty would have been to turn him out of doors without another word, and, instead of even waiting to buy his baubles, to save my pennies with a different view, and some day send to the Treasury, in conscience-money, such a sum as would have been the government duty at the custom-house upon that piece of silk.

But I am weak-minded. I just let that piece of airy loveliness hang over my hands, and wondered if I ought not to send the man to my uncle's house, where Amelia would have bought the veil out of hand. And while I wondered, he went on unfolding, one by one, flounces and shawls, and peplums and berthas, and at last—a barbe. A barbe, and what a beauty! It was more than a yard long, of exquisite shape, curving in and out like a strip of sea-foam blown by the wind, and with its dainty and perfect pattern might have been a bannerol for the armies of Oberon and Titania.

If my mouth didn't water for it my eyes did. The price of it? Seventy-five dollars. Real point, he assured me, and worth twice the money, as I must already know. I threw it down in despair. Seventy-five dollars! I had ten in my purse, which Laurence had handed me the day before, to go and come upon, as he phrased it.

"It is of no use," I said, dismally. "I must not make you waste any more time, and ought not to have let you come in, for I cannot afford to purchase any such things."

"Do not mention it," said the merchant, graciously. "That is of no consequence. It is a pleasure to me to show madame my wares."

"Yes," I answered, instead of allowing him to depart with no more words, "I can certainly admire, although I have no money to buy."

"That is of small odds," said the merchant again, graciously. "What is money? A mere measure of the value of other things. What is there in this little silver piece," filling between thumb and finger a coin which he took from his pocket, "to give it value? Nothing whatever. It is merely a written order from the world at large to give me such and so much at sight. I had as lief receive other commodities in exchange for my goods as gold and silver, which in the

end only procure me the same commodities. If madame feels inclined to trade, I have no doubt she has half-worn dresses, linen, napery, books, silver spoons a little battered, for all of which I shall be glad to barter with her. How is that? To be arranged?"

He had seen my hungry gaze devouring the barbe; he cunningly took it up again and displayed its broidery against the light, gathered it into the various shapes into which it might be worn gracefully, as only lace can be, and displaying perfectly the transparent linnea-bells of its design everywhere caught upon the awns of the blanched and bearded grass that seemed to thread it.

"It is a lovely trifle, indeed," he said. "And what pure art in the execution of the fancy! One need not tell me there is less art in the design of a rare bit of lace than in a great painter's fresco, for I deny it! Nor is it as if the purchase of it were an extravagance, a whim of the passing fashion, costly to-day, to-morrow a worthless rag. This little strip of lace will be as valuable a hundred years from now, if you can take care of it"—already assuming that it would be mine to take care of—"as it is to-day. You wear it at your throat at the next dinner-party, at the opera. By-and-by there are calls to be made, and only a commonplace bonnet to wear, or one even that madame's fingers have shaped themselves; let, then, this piece of lace be twisted here and there, as may be, in the folds or over them, and the bonnet has come from Paris, and is worth a couple of hundred dollars for all that the wisest can tell. Or when there is nothing but mull muslin for the great ball where satins and velvets and diamonds reign, this lappet of point, basted down the centre of the front breadth, leaves the dress rich enough in its simplicity for a princess. Ah, there is no end to the uses to which a bit of valuable lace can be turned! And then it is a heritage for one's children, besides."

I stood stupefied by his eloquence, which pierced me to the heart; not noticing that this was indeed his little speech which he had been too skillful to utter at the door, nor heeding that a man talking this way, but doing such questionable things, was more than likely to be a villain fallen from high estate. I forgot all my prudence in the truth of what he said, and sat and stared at the lovely streamer of lace as if my salvation depended on its acquisition.

"Let me see," recommenced the oily tongue, "if madame has not a silk dress a little past its best; a poplin; a shawl too much soiled for a lady to wrap about her; an atom of old china; or, indeed, any underclothing, such as ladies have a habit of making up and putting away against some fancied need of it. It will not take an armful to reach the pitiful amount of seventy-five dollars," said this son of Jewry.

Suddenly my face must have brightened; he took the cue, and grew more fervid in his plausibility; but I did not hear a word he said, for I was reckoning over my possible treasures. There was my bright ruby silk—to be sure it was hardly wrinkled; but Laurence detested it, and I had not worn it for a year and a half. Perhaps that would balance the barbe. I ran and brought it down, leaving little Laura in the room with him.

I must have known, be it ever so faintly, that I was doing something wrong; for a fright took hold of me, lest in my absence he should run away with my child, and I flew down the staircase like lightning. But he had a more profitable game than that on hand. I eagerly unfolded the dress.

"It is but a poor color," said he. It was the richest of rubies. "One of those pronounced things," he added, "that are seldom available. And the fashion is old—ah, yes, very old. Has madame no silk of neutral tint, no pearl-color, no black?"

Balance the barbe, indeed! He was not going to take the dress at any price, apparently. I saw that my plausible gentleman must be bargained with.

"First let me know," I said, "what price you would set on this."

"Madame must set her own price."

"Well, it cost me—material, making, and trimming—a hundred," I ventured.

"Alas!" said the worthy. "Madame is proceeding on an entirely false assumption. And to put her right at once, I will tell her that I will give her ten dollars for this dress, and no more. Six is the usual allowance; but the guipure on this shall make the difference."

What a simpleton I had been! Why hadn't I remembered this old guipure when trimming my new gown? The thought only flashed upon me and was gone; for I was in a stupefied condition at the idea of the beggarly sum he offered for my splendid ruby silk.

"No," said I, valiant with indignation. "You may keep your laces. I had rather give the dress away."

"Madame must not be vexed at such a matter. It is an affair of bargain and sale. Let her consider the case. I receive a dress cut to a certain form; I shall not—perhaps find so good a form again in all my transactions, and therefore

none whom it will suit, and who will take it off my hands. It is a fashion of three years ago, and in purchasing it I take the responsibility of meeting, by the barest chance, with three conditions—a person who does not care for the fashion of it, who is a brunette and able to wear it, who is of as fine figure as madame is herself. It is to be allowed that with so many risks ten dollars is all the amount with which I should

be right in burdening myself. Let madame reflect if she has nothing else of value; ladies will keep worthless things in their wardrobes for years, that in truth are mere lumber and food for moths."

And he folded the dress up leisurely and placed it on one side, and set down in a little note-book, which he had held open, the sum of ten dollars. I was evidently destined by

him to consummate the whole arrangement. I knew he had defrauded my country, and now he was stealing my dress. Why didn't I order him out of the house? On the contrary, I went meekly and brought down my foulard; once it had been the pride of my silly heart, but I had spilled a cup of cream on it, and now I was just as dishonest as he was, for I wasn't going to say a word about that unless he himself discovered it. Unless he discovered it! His lynx-eyes lighted upon it as by instinct.

"That is done," he said, disdainfully. "Shall I exchange point lace for grease spots? Say two dollars."

And he laid it in a little parcel on the other, and wrote down in his note-book two dollars.

I humbly went upstairs again, and this

time brought down my French cashmere. Aunt Jane had paid fifty dollars for it once, but I had always disliked it, and had hardly ever worn it.

"Ah, that is entirely out of date," said my cozener. "Those palm-leaves, that border, are of the style of half a generation since. It is worth very little to me, absolutely almost nothing. Hem a bit of fringe gone, too; a bad



THE RETREAT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 282.

crease; it has not been carefully folded. A shawl should always be put away in the same folds as it wore when bought; no, it has been very badly treated."

I am thankful to say that the Adam in me turned under that treading, though it was only for a moment.

"You can take your basket and go," I said. "I do not care for any further dealings with you to-day, sir."

He became servile in a moment.

"A thousand, ten thousand pardons! Madame must not look at my poor remarks in a personal light. I intend no

reflections upon herself. She must understand that I but give her the reasons for my price. For the shawl we will say five dollars," relapsing from the gentleman to the Jew again, in his astonishing way, and without budging an inch he folded it carefully and laid it on the pile at his left, made another entry in his note-book, and I crept away like a spaniel, doing his bidding.

Two gowns and a shawl gone. I paused to consider what I could add to the holocaust. There was an organdy that I could spare—that went over my arm—but then I recollect that it was the dress I wore on the day when Lawrence first kissed my hand, and I hung it up again. In its place I gathered together a parcel of odds and ends, that I knew he would flout, as he did—a sacque, an apron, a cape, a hood, a waterproof.

"Poor duds," said he.

And he held them up to the light, that I might be satisfied, without words, as to how threadbare they were, felt of the edges to assure me they were ragged, found the stains by natural intuition, and then shoved them to me with an eloquent and reproachful glance, intimating that he did not care for them, did not know as he would take them away even if I gave them to him for nothing, but finally rolled

them all together and said he would allow a dollar for the lot! That was eighteen dollars. What else had I to make up the fifty-seven still wanting? he would beg to ask.

"Nothing!" I said. "Nothing at all. It is impossible!"

"Not so," cried my companion. "Nothing is impossible. And it would indeed be a poor business to retreat from the purchase, when with so little trouble a quarter of it is already procured. Has madame no small sum of money she can add to the amount?"

I thought of my ten dollars. To be sure, if I gave it up I

should have to go afoot, and neither car nor carriage for me the rest of the season. I should have to turn every beggar from the door, which I had never been obliged to do yet. I should be positively unable to buy so much as a spool of cotton all Winter; for as to telling Lawrence what I had done with the money, it was not to be thought of. But what mere trifles all these things in the future seemed! I liked best to walk; I didn't approve of street beggars and promiscuous charity; perhaps I should need no cotton or nicknacks till Lawrence handed me another bill. The lace merchant put away the pieces of paper in his pocket, and changed the figures on his note-book.

"Twenty-eight," said he. "Courage! We are more than a third on our way already." He threw his hawk's eyes round about him. "Ah," he cried, "I see here a bit of old china," for little Laura had succeeded in opening the closet-door where I kept my best dinner-service and one or two old family keepsakes, and the contents were all displayed. "Ah," said he again, bending forward, "there is something, not so very old, but still it may be better than delf. Shall I see it? The little bowl with a cover. I pay my best prices for old china."

"Do you mean this?" I asked, taking down a little



A MOROCCO CAVALIER.—SEE PAGE 280.

sugar-bowl that had been my great-grandfather's. "Oh, no, I could not sell that at any price."

"But shall I take it in my hands one moment?" he asked, humbly and admiringly.

It was a small oblong bowl, in the shape of a half melon, the cover completing the other half; over all the ribs ran a tiny vine of sweet-briar, tinted as exquisitely as if a painter had spent his lifetime upon the work; it rung to the touch with a tone like silver, and it was as translucent as though it had only been thickened out of ice. The peddler bent above it in a sort of rapture. I believe he thought that I was so silly it was no object for him to conceal his feelings. "And one heavenly little crack," I heard him mutter to himself.

"You shall have ten dollars for it," then he said, glancing up at me.

"No, indeed," I answered. "It is an heirloom; I couldn't think of parting with it."

"I will say fifteen," he urged. "Nay, not to haggle, twenty."

I took it from him and set it on the shelf again.

"I should feel as though I were selling my great-grandmother's bones," I said. "But here is a tablecloth and napkins I could do without," as they caught my eye.

I queried, afterward, if taking such articles as that, and disposing of them in such a manner, was not as much theft, on my part, as if I had been a light-fingered housemaid doing the same.

But I did not think of that then, feeling so virtuous, as I did, at not selling my grandmother's sugar-bowl; and my companion had no more conscience than at the moment had I, and he added the napery to his pile, and some small figure to his note-book.

After that I scraped my memory and my closets for an old grenadine, a little scarf, and a coat of Laurence's, a cloak that I had hung out to give to Betty, the poor washerwoman; a dozen small articles were added to his selection; these he threw aside, and would have none of them, so contemptuously that my ears burned, and I grew momentarily more abject; those he depreciated to the last thread; now he paid a half-dollar, now a few cents, while I trembling awaited his flat. And the sum total grew so slowly that in a despair I could have torn my—chignon—to think I had ever begun such a bad business at all.

I had, at last, nothing left that I could spare or could remember. I had sold a quantity that indeed I couldn't spare, and the sum total was yet but thirty-five dollars. I began to be woefully ashamed of my poverty, and to think that I had taken up a whole hour of this man's time for nothing. I was afraid, too, that if we really concluded no bargain, he would be impudent and ugly, perhaps snatch Laura and run off with her before my very eyes; and there never is a policeman in sight when you want one, though at any other time they are marching down the sidewalk six abreast. I sat down and tried to recall any other possible possession that I had.

"I suppose you don't care for old linen?" I asked, recalling the trunk in the attic, full of articles made up in the usual useless profusion at the time of my marriage, and not yet encroached upon.

"On the contrary, it was one of the things I mentioned to madame," said he.

And I ran up the stairs to overhaul the trunk, without loss of time. I recollect with what pleasure I had set every stitch in that pile of whiteness; the things there seemed, in a way, sacred to me now, and their sale to the packman a sort of sacrilege.

I took them up tenderly, one by one; the chemises with their dainty ruffles, the pretty little underwaists, the skirts, the night-dresses, full of puffs and insertings. Once I dropped them back again, but a second thought of the barbe, a

second fear of the man, and I gathered them all up in one heap and sprang down to the back-parlor again.

"They have never been worn," said I, abandoning them triumphantly.

"They have been made a long time," said he. "They are very yellow. Perhaps starched when put away; if so, then very rotten. And then there may be moths, and, possibly, crickets."

He displayed them to the light, peered among the gathers, pulled them in one direction and another, and grew sharper-featured than a buzzard while he hunted them over.

"When I bought that cloth," murmured I, "I paid eighty cents a yard for it."

"Dear, dear!" he answered. "They took advantage of you. And that was when gold was running up among the two-forties. Now I can buy it anywhere for a shilling."

"It is very fine, I urged.

"And all the worse for wearing, then. Home-made, I venture to believe?"

"Certainly. I made them myself," I replied, with a proud fatuity.

"And, in no disparagement to madame's finger-work, there are those whose business this work is, and who do it so much the better that their livelihood depends upon it."

How much my contrabandista knew! How well he talked! I was so overawed that I said no more, and suffered him to lay on his growing hillock all my precious garments that had been put away for the rainy day, and to set down for them, without a remonstrance, the pitiful sum of fifteen dollars.

"We want but twenty-five more," said he.

"And shall have to want," I cried. I had sold him a trunkful of new clothing, my gowns, my shawls, my hoods, a part of my table-linen—presently I should be beggared. "I haven't another atom of anything. I have stripped my house. I have been very wrong to undertake the thing. I cannot conclude it. You positively must take your laces away.

"Madame must reflect," said the robber, now severely. "that I cannot afford to waste valuable time in this way. It would be unjustifiable on her part, if, at this stage, the affair were not continued to the end. There is the trifle of old china. I offered madame twenty—I will say twenty-five dollars; and that will close the bargain, and madame will be the richer by a rare bit of point lace that a princess might wear."

"Take it!" I cried, glad now to get him out of the house on any terms.

And I ran and put it in his hands, and helped him tie up his bundle, and shut the door upon him at last, and flew upstairs to hide my barbe, and to bathe my head, which ached as though the veins were full of fire.

It was very strange that that very day Laurence, searching in the back parlor closet, should have turned to me and said:

"I suppose that ancestral sugar-bowl of yours, Charlotte, was broken while you and Laura were sick? Too bad! I would rather have given a good deal than that she shouldn't have had that delicate bit to show her own children? How did it happen?"

But by the most fortunate accident in the world, showing that sometimes accidents are fortunate, just then little Laura tripped and fell, and raised such an uproar that I had to run and carry her from the room for vinegar and brown paper, and trust, with a heart beating in my throat, that her father would have forgotten his question by the time I returned.

It was plain that I never should dare to tell Laurence of the quantities of things I had that day sacrificed on the shrine of my vanity. I felt as if I had stolen his purse; and it was days and days before I left off starting, as if I were stung, at every trifle, and fearing that Laura would articulate

plainly enough to be understood something about my transactions ; for they had entertained her so highly that she had fastened them into a sort of lyrical recital.

"What is that which Laura keeps singing," asked her father one day, "about a man with clouds, and a man with spiders' webs, and a man with a big nose carrying off your clothes?"

"Nancy has been teaching her 'Mother Goose,'" said I, tremblingly, though really that part of my reply was no fib. "Is it that? The man in the moon, or the maid that was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when along came a blackbird and snipped off her nose?"

I had never deceived him about anything before in my life ; and I cried so much, in consequence of all this, that if tears made anybody immaculate, I should have been washed clean of all the sin of it very soon.

It was not very long after this that aunt Martha said to me :

"What are you going to wear to our great dinner-party next week, Charlotte? I rely upon you and Laurence to take a great deal off my hands. Your aunt Jane's girls, Lavinia and Catharine, that is, are always so much taken up with themselves that they are of no service to anybody. The general and his chief of staff are to be there, and that new poet, Sluiceaway, and the very *grandissimi* of the city ; and Mrs. Vandervan, too, who always dresses so tremendously that it is no matter what anybody else puts on at all, she has quite enough to go round."

"I can wear my new silk that Laurence gave me the other day. It is a beauty," I said.

"Ah! That is nice. All complete? Do you want anything more?"

Why was aunt Maria so solicitous concerning my toilet? It was a new freak on her part. Was she going to make me a present? All at once it occurred to me that perhaps if I suggested a point lace barbe she would, in the plenitude of her sudden generosity of the moment, give me a check with which—I could buy my own! or, at any rate, could make good the things I had thrown away for it.

"Yes," I said ; and it was such an artful fit that I felt as if it were an innocent one. I never knew I had such a capacity for wickedness before. "Yes, I do want to wear with it a point lace barbe. It is such a handsome silk that anything else would be—"

"A point lace barbe!" cried my aunt. "What is the child thinking of? It would cost a hundred and fifty dollars."

"No, indeed," said I ; "only seventy-five."

"You could not get it for twice that in any store in town," said my aunt. And very truly, for I remembered then what the packman had told me. "What would people say of you?" continued my aunt. "Every one knows Laurence couldn't afford it. I wouldn't have you wear one if you had it! It is the very reason that I never give you anything inconsistent with your position ; for I would not for the world have people think"—aunt Maria does care so much for what people think!—"that you were an extravagant spendthrift of a wife, leading Laurence to his ruin, when you are such a nice, careful housekeeper for him, my dear." I twinged, I know I did. "And they would certainly have to think that you ran him in debt for it, or else came by your toggery in some way not so pleasant even as that."

"Why, aunt Maria!"

"Yes, child," shaking her head, dolorously ; "there is little Mrs. Vanning, whose husband is Mr. Marvaughn's clerk—the rich Marvaughn. They live in Marvaughn's house, and, as her husband is that gentleman's secretary, to be sure that is all well enough. But you have only to look that woman over to see that her husband's yearly salary would not pay for half her evening dresses. And when I

met her, the other day, in an Indian cashmere that cost five thousand dollars if it cost a cent, why, I cut her dead!"

"Why, aunt Maria, I never thought of such a thing!"

"I dare say not. You're not a woman of the world, thank goodness! and you're very innocent, for all you're such a great handsome thing. Now, my dear," concluded aunt Maria, tumbling over her bureau-drawer, "what led to all this is that I have a little Valenciennes set with rose-colored ribbons, that is too gay for me, and just the thing for you. It only cost a trifle, and I want you to wear it. Now, good-bye. I must see my dressmaker. I had rather it were my dentist. Don't you fail me on Thursday."

You may be sure I walked home with my cheeks tingling ; and, meeting Laurence on the steps, I paid the whole conversation forth with one gush the moment we were in the parlor.

"She was very right, dear. Your aunt Maria is a woman of sense," said he. "Every one knows that your relations do nothing for you since your marriage, except the small kindnesses which are all I would endure your accepting. And you would stand in a very questionable light in every one's eyes."

"What do you care for every one's eyes?" I asked, pettishly.

"We all care," said Laurence.

"I'm sure I don't."

"If you didn't, you wouldn't wish to wear this finery. Eh? And either disagreeable things must be thought of you, or else it would be supposed that I was embezzling my employer's funds."

"Embezzling!"

"And nothing else—if you are seen with a bit of lace at your throat worth a couple of hundred dollars."

"Why, Laurence!" I cried. "I only paid seventy-five for it."

"Only paid?" said he.

And then the mischief was out, and out came all the rest of the story.

"And that was where the china bowl went to!" I said, despairingly, as I finished.

Laurence didn't say a word ; but he walked up and down the room with such a grave face, and then went out. He was so disappointed in his wife. By-and-by he came back ; and as I was crying fit to break my heart, he came and took me in his arms and kissed me, and forgave me.

"We will think no more about it now," said he.

"Oh, I'll never wear it, Laurence!" I cried, through my sobs. "I'll keep it for little Laura, when she's married."

"It will be no more fit for Laura than for Laura's mother," said he. "No ; we will look at it now and then, to grow wiser by. Perhaps some time we shall be rich enough to wear it. It is not the barbe, Charlotte, that was a mere indiscretion ; it is the first want of confidence, the first deception between you and me."

"Oh, Laurence!" I cried, "how good you are! What ever made you marry such a selfish, unprincipled wretch as I am?"

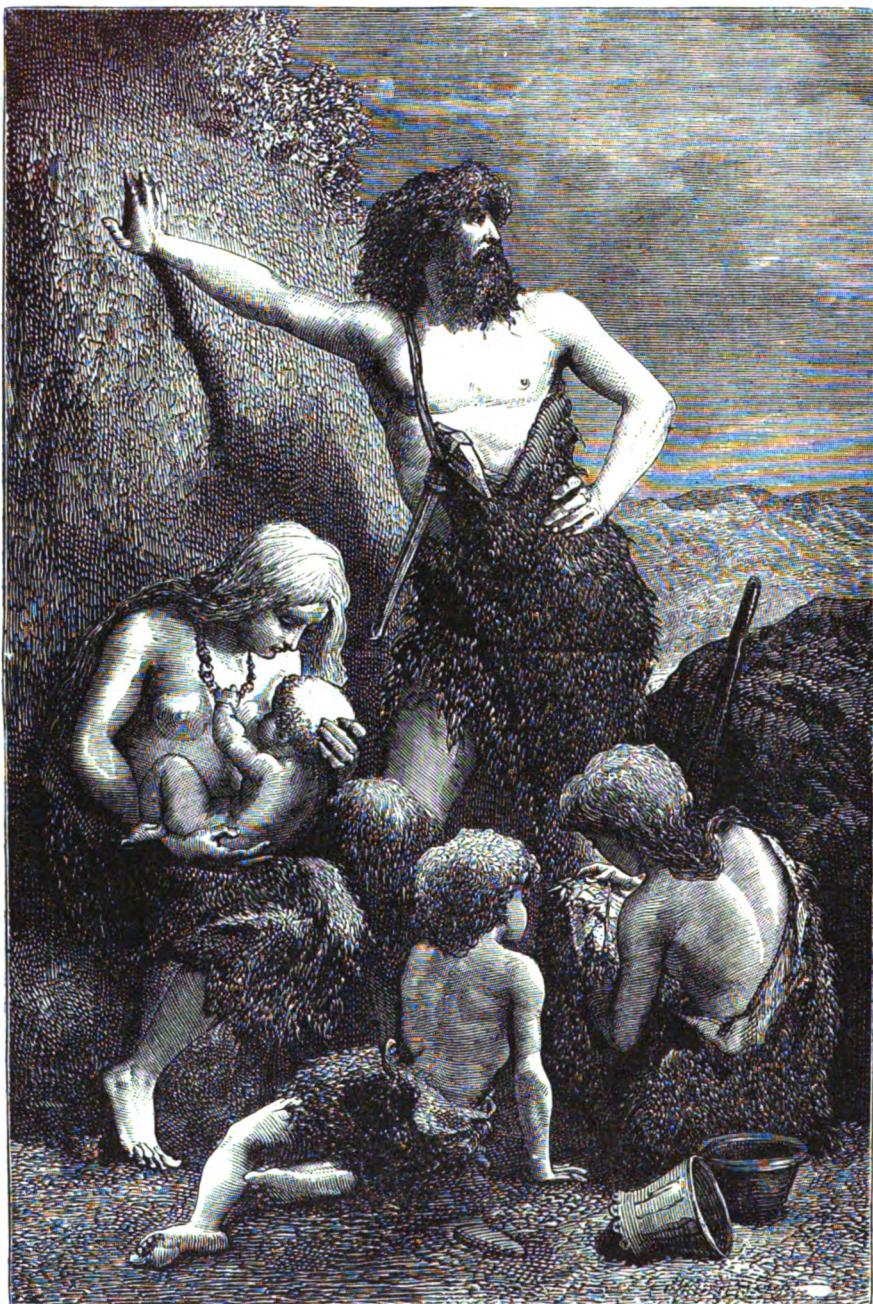
"Perhaps because one loves a person all the better for not being quite perfect," said he, mischievously.

But his kindness, do you know, was harder to bear than if he had been angry. I made so many good resolves on the spot. I have been trying ever since so hard to keep them. And the very first thing I did was to take Nancy for an escort, that very evening, and run up to aunt Maria's, and tell her the whole story. And, do you believe, the good old soul bought the hateful little rag on the spot, and gave me just what I paid for it, only gave it in money, and wore it at her dinner-party, and has been congratulating herself ever since on the bargain she made in that point lace barbe. But the very sight of it makes me shiver.

MAN IN EUROPE IN THE STONE AGE.

RESEARCHES in the caves of European mountains have enabled us to trace the life of the early inhabitants who succeeded that deluge which geology and Scripture attest.

These ancient tribes, in their gloomy subterranean homes, skillfully and patiently manufacturing their implements of flint, and with these fashioning others of bone and reindeer horn, amid the misasma of the decaying viands strewn around the damp floor, for which no tidy house wife cared; the poor wife's toil being, doubtless, the fire and cooking, and the dressing of skins. But this very filth, in which they lived, enables us to see how they lived. The bones, trodden into the floor or covered up by the land slide, shows us on what they fed. Rats seem to have been their only recourse against famine: more rarely a horse, a bear, or a reindeer gave them a luscious banquet. The skins were probably a medium of trade, for in their homes are substances brought from a distance—shells, jet ornaments, superior to their own rude work. Their only advance is a rude pottery; the urn that served for cooking and for burial. The obsequies, with their feasts, games, dances and chants, were celebrated under the blue vaults of heaven, and seemed to be an exultation that man had passed from exile to his real country.



MAN IN EUROPE IN THE STONE AGE.

the cradle of arts; but in historic times its degeneracy makes us almost doubt its monuments. Carthage, for a time, was the great commercial centre of the world, and her vessels brought to her lap the wealth of all nations.

Under the Moslem rule, however, all is inert, lifeless, retrograde. Yet, there is fine material in the enduring, lithe, manly forms and gallant hearts of the people.

If modern civilization could reach these hearts, her voice would lead them into a way of progress that would give them a noble future.

Our sketch, from a design by Couvercel, an artist who spent a long time in Morocco, shows the standard-bearer, with loose *kaiks*, dashing down the hillside, and calling on the *goum*, or tribe, to follow him. The enemy are evidently in sight, as the single outpost has his musket ready for instant use.

The word Morocco comes from the Arabic word *Maghreb*, West—it being the western limit of Mahometan conquest. The land has been ruled by Roman, Vandal, Greek and Arab. The present dynasty, that of the Sheeriffs, came in 1516, and has, consequently, maintained its rule for three centuries and a half. The sovereign of Morocco is styled Sultan, or Emperor.

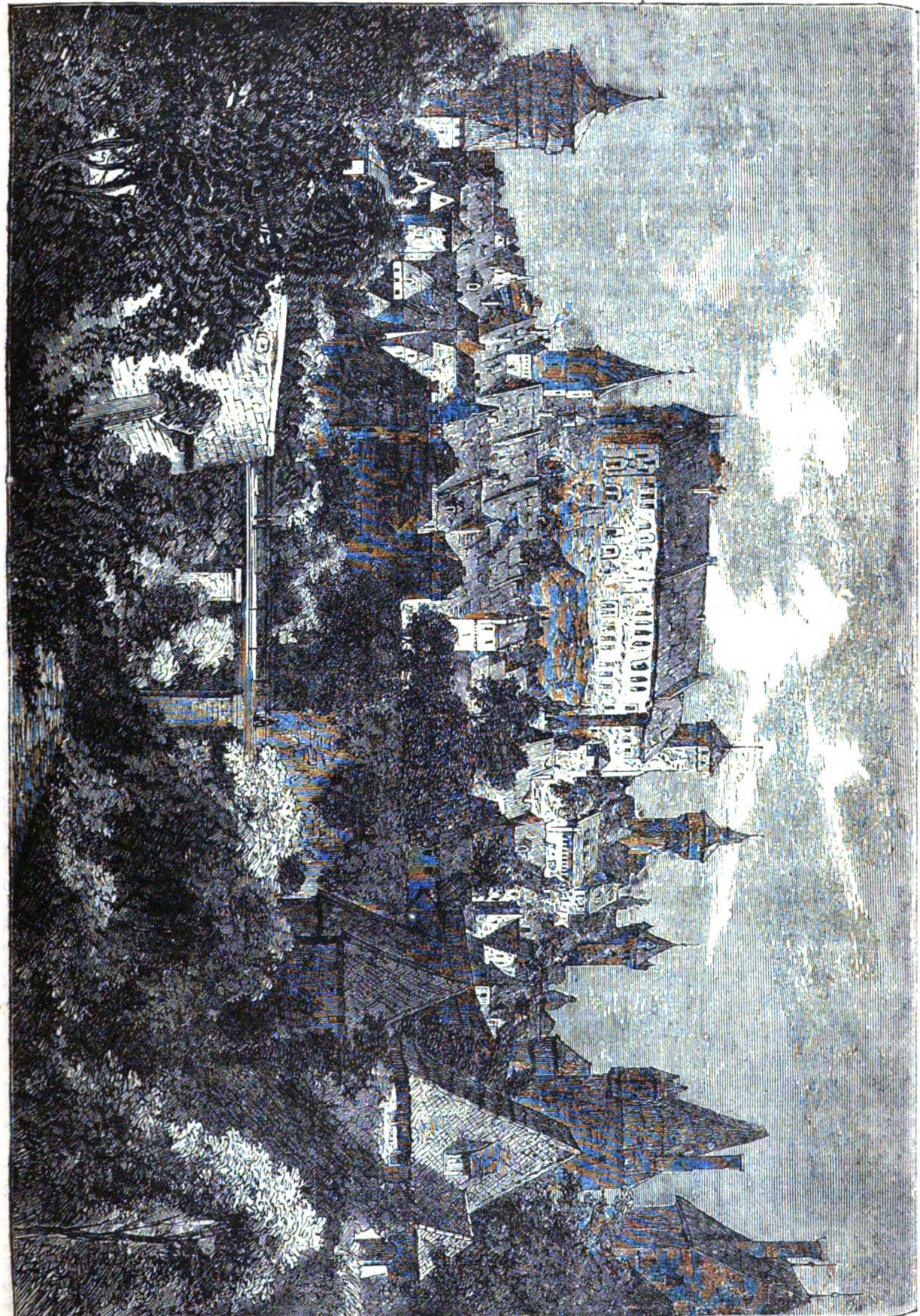
Morocco, as

regards Africa, is a cosmopolitan city. Its inhabitants include Moors, Algerians, Tunisians, Egyptians, natives of the Sahara, negroes from Soudan, and occasionally negroes from Senegal are met with.

Three languages are commonly spoken: Arabic, which is most general; Shluh, the language of the inhabitants of the Atlas and the south; and Guennaoui, the speech of the negroes.

A MOROCCO CAVALIER.

THE northern coast of Africa should have played a greater part in human history than it has done. Egypt was, indeed,



THE ROYAL PALACE AT NURNBERG.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE RETREAT.

Here let us couch in fern,
And gaze adown the forest'd dim arcade,
Where little patches of bright sunlight burn,
Companions of deep shade.

Hark! in the oak o'erhead
The cry of the young ravens, hunger-ver'd;
See, too, faint-scented lilies, richly fed,
Hint at the sweet old text.

How hush'd the spot and still,
Save for a rustling squirrel frolicsome,
Or from a bird's heart leaps a silver trill,
Too happy to be dumb!

How the green lizards glide
Where, on that broken bank, the sunbeams sleep!
What beetles, by gemm'd corselets glorified.
Among the grasses creep!

Note in yon patch of blue,
Far overhead the lacing bows among—
His wings a bell, tinged where the light comes through—
A hawk at hover hung!

Hush! not a stir—no word!
Here come the rabbits flitting through the bent;
And, quick! a rail—see there! Ah, timid bird;
The grass nods where it went!

And lo, the forest king
Down yonder avenue, with wide-branched brow,
Treads proudly! No alarms the breezes bring
To scare his big heart now!

Dragon-flies dart and poise
Above the pool that sleeps beneath the reeds;
All Nature's creatures drink that fount of joys,
Which from mere life proceeds.

How it all teems with life!
See here, this earth I scoop up in my hand,
With little busy workers how 'tis rife,
Whose lives by day are spann'd!

Drops from the mighty sea—
The Far Existence—whence is drawn the store
That swells the full-pulsed veins of you and me—
The same, nor less nor more.

Sharing His breath, you mark,
With us at the creaton's dawning dim:
What is man's right to quench the tiniest spark
That took its light from Him?

Come, friend, thank God with me
That we can lie within this woodland still,
And watch His works—how manifold they be—
With no desire to kill!

A VISIT TO NUREMBERG.

Of the many cities and towns which, during the Middle Ages rose to commercial importance and became the seats of trade, manufactures, and art, none has so perfectly preserved its medieval characteristics as the ancient Bavarian city of Nuremberg.

It was once the greatest and most wealthy of all the free Imperial cities, the residence of emperors, the seat of diets, the focus of the trade of Asia and Europe, the most important manufacturing town in Germany, the home of German freedom and art; the cradle of the fine arts, of poetry, and of almost numberless useful inventions—alternately the courted ally and the dreaded rival of sovereign princes; yet it had degenerated, between the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, into a dull provincial town.

Its manufactures were once so universally known and prized in all parts of the world as to give rise to a proverb:

"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land,"

and during the present century the old town has regained much of its former importance as a manufacturing centre.

In spite of the changes it has undergone, the wearing tooth of time and the shock of political convulsions, it remains almost unaltered, retaining, probably, more than any city in Europe, the aspect it presented in medieval times. It is surrounded by feudal walls and turrets—faced and strengthened in more recent times, when improvements in artillery began to be recognized—by ramparts and incipient bastions resembling the early Italian mode of modern fortification.

The walls are surrounded by a ditch 100 ft. wide and 50 ft. deep, the sides of which are faced with masonry. The four principal arched gates are flanked by massive cylindrical watch-towers, no longer of use as fortifications, but picturesque in a high degree, and serving to complete the coronet of antique towers which encircle the city, as seen from a distance.

It was formerly the boast of the citizens that Nuremberg possessed one tower for every day of the year, or 365 in all, but towers, wall, and moat are now all being demolished and removed, making room for a number of new streets and squares.

Once arrived within the walls the visitor, as he traverses the irregular streets and examines the quaint gable-faced houses, might easily fancy himself carried back to a distant century.

The churches and other public edifices, monuments of the piety and charity of its citizens, are singularly perfect; having escaped unharmed the storm of war, sieges, and even of the Reformation, which last Nuremberg accepted at an early period, but without any outbreak of fanatic iconoclasm. The private buildings, including the palace-like mansions of wealthy citizens and merchant princes, having been built of stone, are equally well preserved. Many of them are still inhabited by the families whose forefathers originally constructed them. Though built in the style prevailing at the period of their erection, with narrow but highly ornamented fronts, and acutely pointed gables, they are often of large size, enclosing two or three courts and extending from one street to another.

In former times the citizens of Nuremberg were noted for the splendor of their residences. The ground story, low and vaulted, was usually occupied as a warehouse; the habitable part, though not laid out in a manner consistent with modern ideas of comfort, was richly decorated with carving; indeed, an ancient author (*Aeneas Sylvius*), speaking of the splendor of Nuremberg, declares that a simple citizen was better lodged than the King of Scotland.

The chief interest attaching to this venerable city is derived from the fame and works of Dürer, Vischer, Kraft, Stoss, and other world-famous artists, and though stripped, to a great extent, of those treasures, in consequence of public and private poverty, she still owes her finest ornaments to their skill. A brief description of the more remarkable art treasures of Nuremberg will show that, although dull in a commercial sense, the old town offers unusual attractions to the tourist.

The city is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Pegnitz, a small stream which intersects it from East to West, and these two sections, named after the two great churches situated within them, are called respectively, the northern, St. Sebald's side; the southern, St. Lawrence's side.

The church of St. Lawrence, the largest and finest in

Nuremberg, was built at the instance of the Emperor Adolphus of Nassau, between 1274 and 1280. It is a noble Gothic pile, its towers terminating in an elegant octagonal story and spire. The highest stories of the square portion contain wide openings divided by many mullions, to represent the gridiron on which the saint was broiled. The portal at the west end is unsurpassed in the richness of its decoration. The Bride's Door, on the north side, is also very elegant. It is richly ornamented with carvings in high relief, by the sculptor Adam Kraft, representing the several events of the Passion of our Lord.

One of the chief ornaments of the interior is the *Sacramenthäuslein*, or repository for the sacramental wafer, a tapering stone spire of florid Gothic open work, over sixty feet high. The elegance of the design, and the beautiful sharpness of the carved ornaments, are wonderful; and so slender and graceful is the structure, reaching nearly to the roof of the church, that the top, which bends over, has the air of a plant checked in its further growth. It is a poem in stone.

The Frauenkirche, or Church of the Virgin, is not only the glory and the boast of the poet-cobbler, Hans Sachs, but also a glory of Europe, being justly regarded as one of the finest of the noble religious edifices which the Middle Ages have bequeathed to our unbelieving, but certainly not unapreciative, age.

The gothic pile of the Frauenkirche, which flings its shadow over the *Gänsemännchen*, the quaint old fountain in the market-place, has greater originality than Nuremberg's other boast, St. Sebald's. It was erected and adorned with sculptures at the same time, and by the same artists, as the Beautiful Fountain (*der Schöne Brunnen*).

Charles V. made it his imperial chapel, and styled it "Our Lady's Hall." The porch shown in our illustration is covered with fine sculptures, by Schonover, and merits detailed study. Above is a little chapel, the spire of which was adorned by Adam Kraft, whose wonderful artistic taste and execution framed the clock that meets your eye.

In olden times the country folk, while they were attending to their business in town, seated their young children opposite this clock to watch the Seven Electors appear around the Emperor Charles IV.—the *Maennlein-Laufen*, as the little people called it. But the machinery of the clock, like that of the old German Empire, grew rusty, and for years has ceased to work.

The Reformation took this church from the old faith, but it was restored to that worship in 1816. It is rich in stained glass, fine altars, and carvings by Kraft, but the recent additions have not been improvements, as good taste did not preside over the work.

The most precious art treasure of the church is an antependium of the latter part of the fourteenth century. This altar-front, with paintings on a gilt ground, is ascribed to Conrad Wolgemuth.

Hans Sachs sat at his shoemaker's bench, hammering soles and weaving poems, almost under the shadow of the Frauenkirche, and a neighboring street still bears his name. His dwelling, No. 969 of the street in question, is still standing, but has been almost entirely rebuilt since his time. A fine statue of the cobbler-poet, by the celebrated sculptor, John K. Krausser, was erected in Nuremberg in 1874.

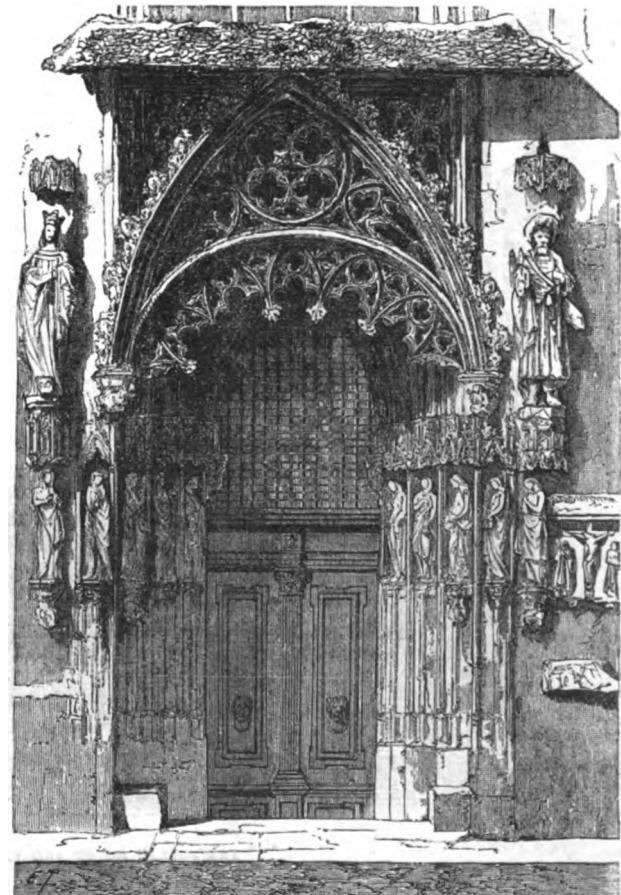
The imperial castle of Nuremberg occupies the most northerly and elevated position within the town. It is a very picturesque and commanding edifice, conspicuous for its three massive towers, built on the summit of a rock and towering above all other buildings around. The oldest portions date from the reign of Conrad II., between 1024 and 1039. Another portion is believed to have been erected by Frederick Barbarossa in 1187, and the entire structure was restored and enlarged in 1520. It contains a remarkable

double chapel in two stories; the lower, or St. Margaret's, dating from 1039, and the upper, St. Ottman, or the *Kaiserkapelle*, from 1056. A gateway beyond these chapels leads into the castle-yard, which contains a lime-tree seven hundred years old. It measures fifteen feet in circumference at the height of four feet from the ground.

Like most medieval fortresses, the Castle of Nuremberg was provided with an extensive array of implements of torture, some of them of most elaborate mechanism. Many of these disappeared when the contents of the arsenal were sold some years ago, but a number can still be seen at the Castle, and others are preserved in the "Rathhaus" or Town Hall. The Iron Mask, of which we give an illustration, is a hideous covering formed of bands of iron which fold over the head and are fastened behind by a padlock. A pair of spectacles and asses' ears are attached. A double plate fastens over the mouth, and a whistle is passed over the nose, producing a loud noise if the wearer attempted to speak. The mask was painted a flesh color, with a mouth delineated on the lower plate, and the eyes and ears were shaded of an assinine gray color. This apparatus, when fixed on the head of an unfortunate culprit, must have produced an effect at once frightful and ludicrous. Among other machines of torture shown at the castle are several specimens of the dreadful rack.

Beneath the castle, at a great depth, are loathsome dungeons, where no ray of sunlight ever penetrates. More merciful would be the embrace of the terrible "Virgin," or the operation of the other engines to which we have referred, than the lingering death from hunger in these dismal vaults.

From the "Frog's Tower" of the castle a subterranean passage leads to the torture-chamber beneath the Town Hall. In this tower the famous Iron Virgin (*Eiserne*



THE BRIDE'S DOOR IN THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, NUREMBERG.



THE NASSAU HOUSE AND VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN AT NUREMBERG.



THE SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD IN ST. SEBALD'S CHURCH.

Jungfrau) was formerly kept, and culprits condemned to its dreadful embrace were brought, after sentence, to the place of doom by means of this secret way. The "Virgin" is no longer in the castle, but may be seen in one of the towers of the north town wall, near the Burg, called the *Froschthurm*. The "Virgin" is a female figure in the costume of the sixteenth century, and is seven feet high. It is formed with a framework of iron hoops, to which iron plates are firmly bolted. The outside was handsomely painted, the countenance pleasing, and from the style of the head-dress and the ruff about the neck, it is probable that it dates from a period corresponding with the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of England. The front is made to open on hinges at each side, and the interior surface is thickly studded with sharp spikes four or five inches long. These are so placed that when a victim was put inside, and the doors forcibly closed, the spikes would pierce the body in the most vital parts, entering the eyes, breast, etc.

At the bottom of the terrible machine, in front, a channel was provided for the blood of the sufferer to flow away. Under the figure a trap-door opened, and let the body down upon a revolving cylinder studded with short knives, which cut the already mutilated remains into atoms.

That this frightful machine was formerly used cannot be doubted, as there are blood-stains still visible on its interior. Its operation was for-

Besides the subterranean passage already mentioned, which communicates with the castle, there are a number of others, extending to the town ditch outside the walls. These outlets were probably constructed to afford the magistrates a means of escape in case of popular insurrections, which were not infrequent in mediæval times.

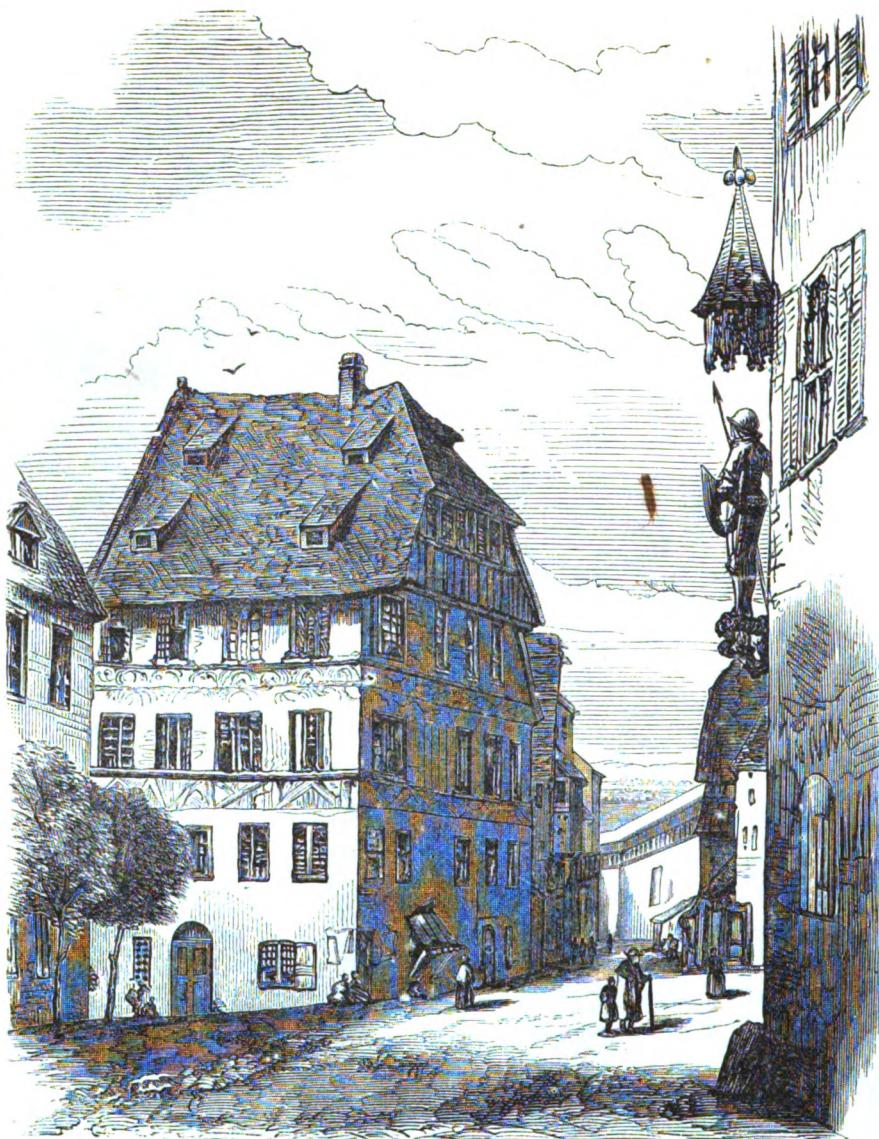
But we have seen quite enough of the relics of Middle Age cruelty and oppression, and may profitably turn to the consideration of those works of art which are, in our time, the chief attraction of the old city.

Before the Church of St. Laurence, at the corner of the square leading to it and the street facing him, the visitor cannot fail to notice a building of striking appearance, known as the "Nassau House." It is a massive,

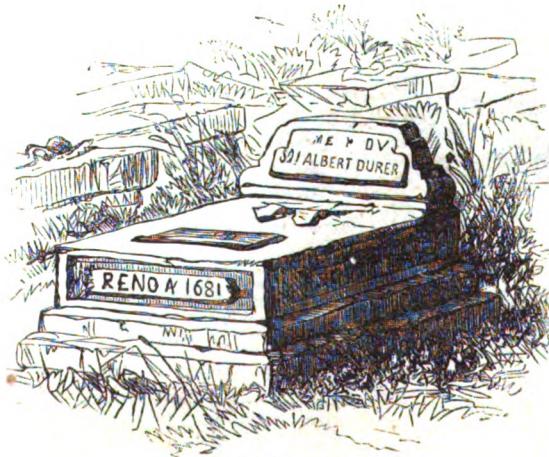
merly called "The Kiss of the Virgin," or *Jungfern kuss*.

The Rathaus, or Town Hall of Nuremberg, is a large building, with a façade in the Italian style, built in 1619, but including within it an older town hall of 1332. It is remarkable for the paintings in oil by Albert Dürer with which its walls are decorated, and contains a picture-gallery, with a collection of more than three hundred pictures, many of great value.

Beneath the Rathhaus are a number of gloomy dungeons, and the "torture chamber," which contains a pair of stocks, called "the fiddle," and several varieties of the "rack," beside the "iron boot," "spiked collar," etc.



HOUSE OF ALBERT DÜRER, AT NUERMBERG.



THE TOMB OF ALBERT DÜRER.



AN ESCAPE.—“HER SHY, SWEET, TROUBLED EYES MET HIS FOR A MOMENT, AND, AS THE TENDER PINK ROSE UP ALL OVER THE EXQUISITE FACE, SHE LIFTED THE PITCHER OF WATER AND WOULD HAVE HIED AWAY. *SEE NEXT PAGE.*

specimens of his art, requesting a sample of Dürer's skill in return. One of these drawings by Raphael is still preserved in Vienna, with this inscription on the back of it, in Albert Dürer's handwriting :

"1515. Raffaelle di Urbino, who has been so highly esteemed by the Pope, drew these figures, and sent them to Albrecht Dürer, in Nurnberg, to show his hand."

There is something very large-hearted and cosmopolitan in this mutual acknowledgment of each other's powers—the true solidarity of genius. Dürer—like Grotius, like Mozart, like all thoughtful men—at the end of his career, felt how much more might have been done with his art, and how little the reality had come up to the ideal. He confessed to his friend Melancthon that he had often groaned as he looked upon his own pictures and thought of his want of power.

In the churchyard of St. John we find the tomb of this father of German art. Alas! some sacrilegious hand has removed his honored dust. He lies not there, the sketch is but that of a cenotaph. A simple bronze plate affixed to the tomb, bears Dürer's well-known monogram, and the inscription "Quidquid Alberti Düreri mortale fuit, sub hoc conditum tumulo. *Emigravit 8 idus Aprilis, 1528.*" thus rendered by Longfellow :

"*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies. Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never dies!"

With Albert Dürer, the worthiest of the sons of Nuremberg, we take our leave of that quaint old city, which Melancthon called in his day, "*Lumen, oculus, decus et ornamentum præcipuum Germanie!*"

AN ESCAPE.

"There's a lad that I know, and I know that he
Speaks softly to me,
The *cushla ma chree!*"

He's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well,
But who the lad is, I'm not going to tell."

T was an Irish voice that sung, and Irish voices, we know, are as sweet as any in the world. Irish beauty, too, in its best estate, is enchanting, and as Earl Talbot looked and listened, the charms of the high-bred English ladies of his set paled and faded, and no blonde or brunette of them all was comparable to this exquisite wild-flower, which, to his delight and surprise, he had found blossoming by the wayside.

His horse grew impatient at the strong hand upon the rein, and plunged suddenly, with considerable noise.

The startled girl looked up with a cry.

"Never mind, Kitty," called out the young man. "The horse will not hurt you."

Her shy, sweet, troubled eyes met his for a moment, and then, as the tender pink rose up all over the exquisite head and face, she lifted the pitcher of water, with one movement of the round, white arm, to her head, and would have hied away.

"Stay, Kitty, stay!" cried Talbot. "Are you so cruel as to begrudge me a few words from your sweet lips, and a look into your lovely eyes?"

As he said this, he pressed his horse in among the under-bush of the wood, and only checked him on the edge of the brook, greatly to Kitty's alarm.

"Don't be afraid, my dear," he said, seeing her sudden pallor. "Would I hurt you, do you think?"

"Indeed, sir," said the girl, blushing, "it is not for the likes of me to be talking with you."

The shy, half-encouragement in her eyes, the limpid sweetness of her voice, the nearness of the lovely, delicate creature, intoxicated him. He bent to the saddle-bow.

"My darling, all my friends are as nothing compared with you; and my gold shall be yours at your will. Kitty, my beauty, my rose, love me!"

She was almost affrighted at the passion she had kindled. She had liked to play with the flame, but its mighty power terrified her.

"Oh, sir, I pray you won't speak to me of those things," she said, shrinking. "It's not alone that I'm a poor girl, but your honor knows that I'm pledged to Dennis Regan."

The handsome young Englishman knit his brows angrily, which Kitty perceiving, began to cry.

"Nay, pretty one, don't cloud your sweet eyes for me. But, indeed, Kitty, you're not going to throw me over for that outlaw, that vagabond?"

She raised her head proudly, and her dark eyes kindled.

"If it's an outlaw he is, it's all for the love of his country. It's not that I am ashamed of Dennis."

She looked like a princess.

"By Jove, she'd not disgrace a drawing-room," thought Talbot. "I'll have her if I have to move heaven and earth!"

He was a subtle courtier. It cost him nothing to subdue his chagrin and bridle his anger.

"Forgive me, Kitty," he said, in a tone of wonderful gentleness. "I didn't mean to wound you by saying anything against poor Dennis. But think what sort of a life yours must be if you link it to one so stormy and danger-threatened as his. You know warrants are out against him now for the murder of Harry Douns."

She grew white, and staggered.

"My Dennis is no murderer," she faltered. "Oh, Mr. Talbot, it's not true! Say it's not true, for the love of all the holy saints!"

"I'm afraid it is true," he said, seriously. "He was known to have quarreled with Harry Douns—perhaps you know why"—looking at her drooping, crimson face—"and now Harry is missing."

The girl began to sob.

"Hush, hush, my dear. It's not worth your while to cry for him. After all, he would ill-treat you if you were his wife, and make you miserable."

"You don't know Dennis, sir," pleaded Kitty. "He's a trifle hot-headed may be, but as thrue and good a heart as beats in all Ireland."

"Well, well!" said the young man, uneasily, glancing up the road down which, with rude songs and loud bursts of laughter, came a troop of the village youth, just from the fair.

"Never mind now. Do you dry your tears, pretty Kitty, and run away home before those roystering fellows come along."

Kitty needed no second bidding, but hurried away by a lane that led across the fields to a tiny cabin, small but neat, and overgrown with a luxuriance of flowering honeysuckle.

Kitty pushed open the door of the cabin, and peeped in. Nobody was there but an old woman, who sat on a low stool in the corner, swaying her body back and forth, and lamenting in the pathetic manner of the Irish peasantry.

"Mother Regan!" said Kitty, softly.

The old woman looked up, and immediately broke out in a loud wail :

"Och, och! Is it you, Kitty, me darlant? Sure and your heart would a been broken had ye come only a minute ago. Och! the saints help us!"

"What happened a minute ago?" asked Kitty, quaking.

"Sure an' twas our Dennis as the soldiers dragged by, more like a beast than a man, and, alack, by this time he's in

jail, and never to come out any more ! The law's cruel, my darlant, and they'll have his life."

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Kitty, in a transport of grief. "I'll go to Father Phillip—that I will. The good father will know how to help him!"

The village was quite deserted when Kitty went through the street to Father Phillip's domicile, most of the people having followed the squad of soldiers toward Lanark, the seat of the county jail.

The priest, a white-haired, kindly old man, with a twinkle in his eye at once shrewd and humorous, heard her to the end, not infrequently dropping in an exclamation or two from his impulsive Irish heart.

"Dennis Regan a murderer ! The blackguards ! To bring a charge like that against a fair name !"

"But Harry Douns is gone!" faltered the girl.

"Gone is he ! I'll warrant it. To Ameriky. That's it, and time, too. There was no good in him—the saints amend him. No, Kitty *asthore*, Dennis is no murderer."

Kitty went back almost comforted. The father had promised to do all he could for poor Dennis, and her belief in the power of her priest was profound.

But this time all the influence Father Phillip possessed did not avail.

Dennis Regan had defied the government too often ; once or twice he had headed a rebellion against it, which was easily put down, indeed, but had left an uneasiness behind it. Now the officers of the crown had determined to push the prosecution to the utmost, and, guilty or not guilty, rid the country of so dangerous a person.

The trial came on in a fortnight, and when the day came, the court-room was a sea of human beings, excited, turbulent, and importunate. The sheriff sent out and doubled his police force, but he still failed to overawe the multitude.

When, just before the case was called, two women were seen making their way in—one old and feeble, leaning heavily upon the other ; and when, having reached their places, the last lifted her veil, and revealed the sweet, lovely, pale face of Kitty, there were loud exclamations of :

"Shame ! shame ! Is it Dennis Regan ye'll see hanged ; and all for nothing ?"

"Alack ! but it's a bloody business !"

The sheriff clanked his sword angrily ; and at last the trial began.

It was the merest farce, as trial by jury was, in those days, in the queen's Irish dominions.

When the verdict of guilty was brought in, one loud, tumultuous wail broke out.

"Silence !" thundered the judge. "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say ?"

Dennis lifted his handsome, leonine head, glanced around, and then faltered a faint :

"No."

At this minute a shriek rang through the court-room.

"Will ye be hanged like a dog, my boy, and niver tell 'em ye didn't do it ?"

"Oh, Dennis," sobbed Kitty, "say it was not you struck Harry Douns to his death !"

Dennis drew himself up proudly. His eagle eye kindled magnificently, and his broad, white forehead, and noble bearing, gave him a kingliness of aspect, before which even his judge quailed.

"Oh, mother, darling !—Kitty ! my own precious Kitty, it's you knows your Dennis has not the cruel heart and the bloody hand of a murderer. I've niver seen Harry Douns since the night when he called me a traitor, and I called him a liar ; and he said we were quits, and went away. And I know no more than the dead where he is, so help me all the saints in heaven !"

"Does your honor hear that ?" screamed the mother, ex-

ultantly. "My boy's no murderer. He says he isn't. Dennis, come to your mother !"

"Woman," interposed the judge, "this is folly. Your son has been pronounced guilty, and nothing remains but to give sentence !"

It is impossible to describe the tumult in the court-room while the sentence was being read. Groans, hisses, shouts, sobs, threats came fast and furious as a Winter storm. But through it all, Kitty made out that Dennis Regan was to be taken that day week to the market-place of Lanark, and there to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

With a great cry, Kitty fell fainting ; and as he saw her carried out, limp and lifeless, Dennis, too, broke down, and cried like a child.

The terrible days sped away. When only two nights remained, Kitty, sitting alone with her sorrow, heard her cabin-door open, and in a minute Earl Talbot stood before her.

The young man was amazed.

Hardly a trace remained of the dainty physical beauty which had charmed him so. Lovely she still was, but it was the ethereal sweetness of an angel, disciplined by mortal sorrow.

"Why, Kitty ! my poor little girl ! Don't look so, I beg of you. You make me wretched. Your eyes, that were like two purple pansies, are put out by the tears."

"They will soon leave off tears, sir," said Kitty, with woe-ful calmness. "My heart is clean broken, and if they hang Dennis, I'll not be long following him."

The young man sat a little while in silence. Presently he said :

"On your soul, Kitty, do you believe Dennis to be ignorant of this crime ?"

"As there is a hope for mercy, sir, I do !"

Another silence, and then Earl Talbot rose.

"Kitty, I'm going to show you how generous a lover and a gentleman can be. When you are happy, you must think of me sometimes."

A tender kiss was left on her cheek, and Kitty was alone, her heart full of she knew not what tremulous joy and hope.

The fateful, awful day came. The hour set for the execution was ten in the morning ; but long before that time, the market-place of Lanark was so crowded with people that it was impossible for one to bear the ever-increasing pressure, and people climbed into window-seats, and swarmed upon the house-tops, and clung like bees around the church-spire, and hung from the branches of the trees—a new and strange fruit. Not a few persons observed a small and very tattered boy hanging upon the outskirts of the crowd. This boy was attached to a splendid thorough-bred horse of famous breed, who made himself not a little fearful, by occasionally rearing and snorting in a most spirited manner, at none of which manifestations was his puny guide disturbed. This personage was liberally chaffed by the crowd.

"Alarmer, where's your master ?" said one.

"I'm waiting for him," said the boy, meekly.

Precisely as the great bell on St. Stephen's sonorously sounded forth ten, the jail-doors opened, and the *cortége* appeared—a handful of soldiers, with drawn bayonets, the sheriff, and the prisoner, followed by Father Phillip.

The file of soldiers parted right and left as they passed to the platform where the gallows was erected, and then the people saw Dennis Regan standing underneath the terrible instrument of death.

Wild cries broke out, and the guard which surrounded the platform grasped their muskets closer, and were keenly watchful.

Dennis was pale as marble, but there was a splendid light in his eye, and unconquerable resolution lurked about his mouth.



THE CHEVALIER D'EOON.

Father Phillip proceeded to shrive him; and while this was going on, the sobbing in the crowd grew yet more vehement.

The ceremony over, the father was seen to embrace the prisoner most tenderly, and then, when all was over that he could do, he turned to descend the rude steps.

Half way down, he stumbled. Was it this attracted the attention of the soldiers?

The next instant—before a musket could be leveled—Dennis Regan was seen to leap sheer over the heads of the guard; and, with a thundering shout, the crowd opened to receive him.

In a breath he was hustled along till he reached a clear space, and then he sprang upon the splendid horse that Earl Talbot had provided, and steed and rider were away like the wind.

Pursuit was in vain. Dennis hid among the hills till he could make his way to a seaport, where his mother and Kitty joined him. There the happy lovers were wedded, and together they crossed to America.

Two years afterward, Lanark was astonished by the sight of Harry Douns, just home from Wales, where he went in a fit of pique because Kitty frowned upon him.

THE CHEVALIER D'EOON.

For years, a mystery hung over the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon, who figured both as a man and woman, and who at last assumed the female garb, retaining it till death, by orders of the King of France.

This strange character was born on October 5th, 1728, at

Tonnerre, in Burgundy, and received the names of Charlotte Genéviève-Louise-Auguste-Andrée-Timothée D'Eon de Beaumont. His father, who belonged to the magistracy, had him brought up as a boy, and intended him to study jurisprudence. He was sent to Paris, where he studied at the College Mazarin, and was eventually admitted to the degrees of Doctor in civic and canon law.

After being called to the bar of the parliament of Paris, he wrote several political pamphlets, which gained him the acquaintance of the Prince de Conti, then head of Louis XV.'s secret diplomatic cabinet.

The prince proposed that D'Eon should accompany Chevalier Douglas, who was sent to St. Petersburg, in 1757, to effect a reconciliation between the French and Russian courts. The secret envoys contrived to form an understanding with the vice-chancellor, Count Woronzoff, and an intimate correspondence was set on foot between Louis XV. and the empress, the letters passing through the hands of Woronzoff and D'Eon.

On November 5th, 1757, the Empress of Russia acceded to the convention concluded on March 21st of the same year between France, Austria, and Sweden, with reference to the exercise of the guarantees of the peace of Westphalia.

D'Eon, selected to convey these tidings to Versailles, received from Louis XV. his portrait on a valuable snuff-box, which contained, in addition, an order on the royal treasury, and a commission as Lieutenant of Dragoons.

He started again immediately for St. Petersburg, where, in the interim, the Marquis D'Hôpital had succeeded Chevalier Douglas. Both gentlemen concerted with the ambassador of the Empress of Austria means to disgrace Count Bestucheff, and were perfectly successful.

D'Eon, one of the most active agents in this revolution, returned to France in 1758, and in 1761 took part in the campaign of Germany as captain of dragoons, and aide-de-camp to Maréchal de Broglie.

At Ultrop he was severely wounded in the head and hip, while at Osterwyk he charged with such impetuosity a Prussian battalion, consisting of 800 men, that he compelled it to lay down its arms.

On the re-establishment of peace, D'Eon accompanied the Duc de Nivernois to London, as secretary to the embassy. He continued from that capital his secret correspondence with the king's privy council, and was the soul of the embassy.

M. de Nivernois, having taken the first opportunity to return to France, D'Eon continued to direct affairs at London under the title of resident, and as the arrival of the new envoy was delayed, he was eventually nominated minister plenipotentiary. He had already rendered himself so agreeable to the Court of St. James, that George III. had selected him, though contrary to usage, to bear to France the ratification of the treaty, and on this occasion Louis XV. presented him with the cross of St. Louis. So much good fortune appears, however, to have turned the head of the young secretary.

Guerchy, the next minister, was not at all disposed to grant D'Eon that influence he had enjoyed under his predecessor, and from the first moment of his arrival made the secretary feel his dependent position. This led D'Eon into troubles, which ended in his arrest.

The French court recalled D'Eon, who refused to return to Paris, and published a volume of letters and memoirs, lifting the veil from many secret negotiations.

The success of this book relieved him only for a time, and then D'Eon, driven to desperation by the loss of his place and salary, threatened to publish the whole of his secret correspondence with Louis XV., which the monarch prevented by granting him a pension of 12,000 livres, the patent for which, entirely in the royal handwriting, was thus drawn up :

"In consequence of the services which the Sieur D'Eon has rendered me, both in Russia and with my armies, I deign to grant him an annual pension of 12,000 livres, which I will order to be paid to him punctually every six months, in whatsoever country he may be (except during a time of war among my enemies), and will continue to do so until I think proper to give him some post whose appointments are larger than his pension." *Louis."*

"At Versailles, April 1, 1760."

Soon after, by order of his government, he began to dress as a woman, and the mystery began. At the commencement of the year 1770 the rumor spread from one to the other that D'Eon was a woman. Several years elapsed before anybody was willing to believe it, but after a while few could be found to contradict it.

He returned some years after to France, and Louis XVI., apparently satisfied that he was a woman, ordered him to reassume his female attire. This he did, but some indiscretion led to his imprisonment in Lyons. He was released in 1783, and returned to England.

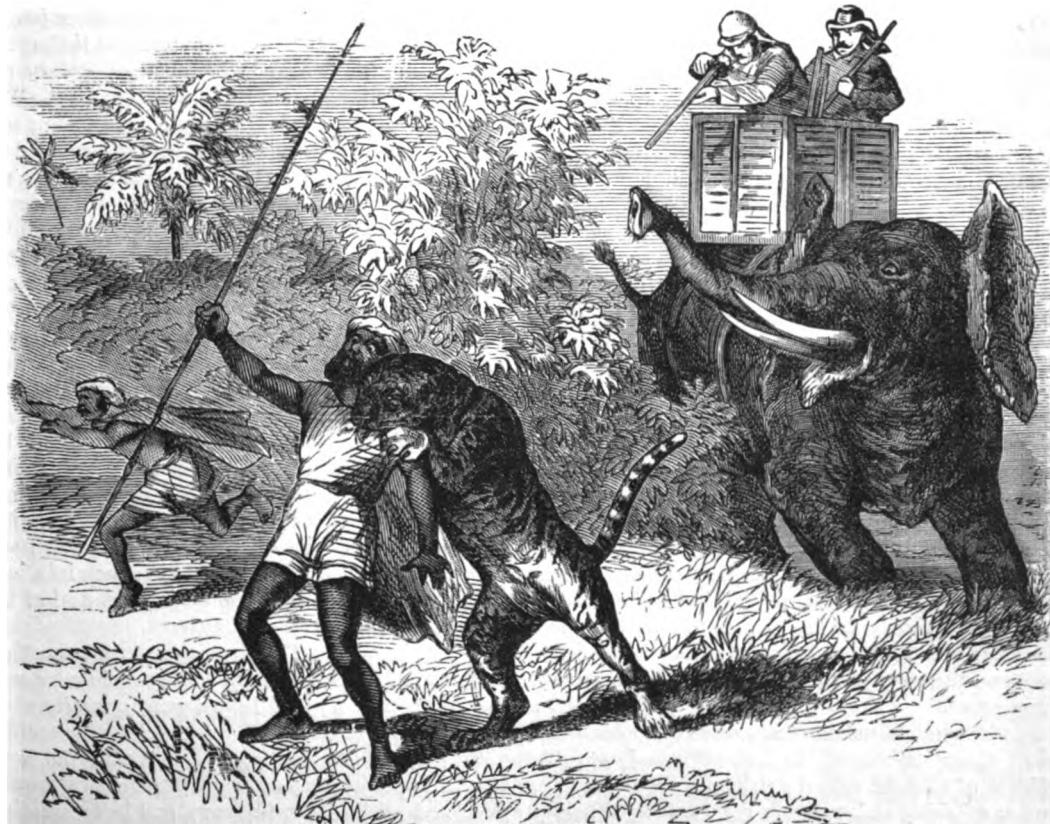
The French revolution deprived him of his pension, and he fell into great poverty, supporting himself by giving fencing lessons in his female dress. In his extreme age, he was maintained by the charity of his friends.

On his death, May 21st, 1810, all doubts vanished, and the man whose feminine names, countenance, and traits of char-

acter had made his sex so doubtful that bets to immense amounts had been made, from time to time, was assigned, beyond doubt, to his proper class.

A PANTHER HUNT.

We determined on hunting the Maun River very carefully as far as Munawur (says Gordon Cumming in his last account), as we thought we should probably find something in the large patches of cypress which covered its bed. We, therefore, sent off the camp to Munawur, and next morning, mounting our elephants, we moved down the broad bed of the stream ; while our men, keeping along the banks on both sides, carefully examined the ground for footprints. We started one panther, which, on being wounded by me, crossed over to Evans, who shot him dead. After this we saw nothing save jackals and the footprints of hyenas, till we had nearly arrived at the end of our beat, and were within half a mile of the village. A few detached bushes stood out in the waste of shingle, and as they passed these some of the men heaved in stones, and a fine panther bounded out. As he was too far for accurate shooting, we reserved our fire, and the panther, leaving the river, went slowly up the sloping bank. When we reached the sky-line we saw him halt for a moment, and then, with his long tail whirling in the air, he charged to the front and disappeared. The growls of the panther were followed by loud human shrieks. We at once trotted our elephant over the ridge, and saw a Bungarra, with the panther fastened to him, his wife flying in terror. They had been going alone with their child when the furious creature made its spring. At once a couple of rifles covered it. The risk of hitting the man was great ; my comrade hesitated, but I determined to risk it. A sharp crack—both lay writhing on the ground. We got down in



A PANTHER HUNT.—"WE SAW A BUNGARRA WITH THE PANTHER FASTENED TO HIM, HIS WIFE FLYING IN TERROR."

all haste. We drew a long breath when we found that the man was not dangerously hurt. The panther had his death-wound, though he managed to get off. Having directed the Bunjarra to get his wound attended by my native doctor, we went after the panther, and after going some distance, took his track back to the river, where he had lain up in a close thicket of young mimosa, where, after some trouble, he was dislodged and slain.

CROMWELL'S COOKERY-BOOK.

WHEN I want a thoroughly cozy and companionable book for a quiet Winter night at the fireside, what do I take down from the shelves—philosophy, metaphysics, “The Seven Beatitudes,” “Tupper’s Fallacies of Folly,” “Augustine of Tarragona (not St. Augustine), his Epitome, “*Juris Pontificis?*” Not a bit of it. I want no pope or pundit to share the warmth and the quiet; I seek a more jovial, hearty, and humble companion—I take down an old cookery-book; and in this way have often sat among the friends of Horace or Athenaeus; slipped in among a bunch of abbots or cardinals; or even feasted, with Vitellius on one side and Valens and Cecina on the other, in the hall of the Caesars off that immortal dish, “The Shield of Minerva,” which was formed of peacocks’ and pheasants’ tongues and the roes of the rarest fish, and which, as a British slave who waited whispered to me, cost one thousand sesterces.

It is cheap feeding, for these imaginative meals are merely mental, and cost nothing. Who can stop me feasting with the old epicures who wore the purple, or those purple-faced abbots and pontiffs who insist on ransacking their vast stone cellars for the Mangiaguerra or the Lachrymæ Christi? If it is my lordly pleasure now to leave this my arm-chair, and to throw myself on the soft desert sand at the foot of the Pyramids, and there to smoke an imaginary chibouk, and munch imaginary dates, with the three one-eyed calendars, is there any Act of Parliament against it?

To-night I might be going over in a quick dreamship to New Zealand, to eat stewed rats and fern-roots with a Maori chieftain, only I am not; for I am going to Whitehall to dine with Cromwell, the Lord Protector, and her ladyship his amiable wife. Pride and Ireton will be there, and Mr. and Mrs. Claypole, from their hall down in Northamptonshire; a quiet divine or two, and Mr. John Milton, his highness’s late secretary, will make up the party.

Joking apart, I mean really what I say, for I have now on my desk before me an old cookery-book, which contains all the receipts used by Lady Elizabeth, the thrifty wife of Cromwell, and has all the Protector’s favorite dishes carefully marked by an old servant of the general’s. The book was published for Randal Taylor, St. Martin’s-le-Grand, 1664, four years after the Restoration. It contains a long and, I believe, strictly truthful account of Cromwell’s household and kitchen, sullied here and there by cavalier slander; but the defamation relates to small matters, and there is quite enough to betray a turncoat follower of Cromwell; and I should not be surprised if it was written by an old head cook who had lived at Whitehall during the Protectorate.

But this is not the only charm of this probably unique book (now at the British museum). I hold it interesting as a page of social history, and as showing us exactly what the ordinary diet of English gentlemen was during the reign of Cromwell and the early part of Charles II., before French cooking came more and more into fashion, and before the Dutch king, who brought us many new ways of cooking fish and cheese. Cromwell’s book is full of sound, sensible English dishes of the old school; rich, yet simple, are the sauces; and as relishing and savory as good sense and hearty appetite could invent; but not disgracefully extravagant in the Soubise or Richelieu manner—no fowls are killed for their

combs, or joints thrown away for their gravy. The general style of diet seems to us the very model of honest, hearty English cookery, mingled with Dutch dishes; and much such a cuisine as prevailed in Shakespeare’s time, though without ambergris and such nasty introductions of mediæval times.

The very names of the dishes seem to send up a savory steam. Only listen to them—how full of gravy they seem: “A rare Dutch pudding; a leg of mutton, basted the French way; Scotch collops of veal (this was her ladyship’s constant dish); how to souse a pig; a sweet pie, with sweetbreads and sugar; a rare white pot; a citron pudding; liver pudding (hog’s liver and rosewater are among the ingredients—whew!); marrow pasties; green sauces; gooseberry creams; how to make a sack posset (good! that sounds Elizabethan); to roast eels; to boil woodcocks (avaunt ye profane!); a Turkish dish of meat (a receipt obtained from some hungry runaway galley-slave, from Tripoli, mayhap); to stew a fillet of beef in the Italian fashion; to make an excellent pottage called skinke; to stew a rump or the fat end of a brisket of beef, in the French fashion; to stew beef in gobbets in the French fashion; stewed collops of beef; to boil a capon with colyflowers; to boil bustard; to boil capon with sugar peas; to make a neat’s-tongue pie (how good that sounds—in faith it’s music to my ear!) to boil pigeons after the Dutch way; to make a hash of pullet; to carbonade mutton.” I must give that last:

“Boil a shoulder of mutton; then scotch it with your knife, and stew on minced thyme and salt, and a little nutmeg. When boiled dish it up. The sauce is claret wine-boiled up with two onions, a little samphire, and capers, and a little gravy garnished with lemons.”

“Thank you, Captain Cromwell. I think I will.” Here the list goes on:

“A way to fry rabbits with sweet sauce; a cordial strengthening broth; a pudding of hog’s liver (this was Madame Francis, her delicacy); an eel pie with oysters (very good, Mistress Cromwell); how to pickle up cucumbers; to roast a lamb or kid; how to boil a haunch of venison (oh, that I had the deviser of that dish in a chauldron just boiling!); how to—mark this, for it sounds Elizabethan—“how to make a venison pasty.” Here’s a grand dish, too, in the West Indian manner, buccaneer style—“how to bake a pig; to boil scallops; to make a warden, or pear pie; to make a double tart; to make an almond tart; white quince cakes; red quince cakes;” and after the roast pig there were cakes and ale to come.

Three of the more singular of the receipts, including the West Indian way of cooking a pig, will not be uninteresting to our readers. But first for the drink of Shakespeare!

“To make a Sack Posset: Set a gallon of milk on the fire, put therein whole cinnamon and large mace. When it boils, stir in half or whole pound of Naples biscuit, grated very small; keeping of it stirring while it boils; then beat eight eggs together, casting of the whites away; beat them well with a ladle-full of milk, then take the milk off the fire and stir in the eggs, then put it on again, but keep it stirring for fear of curdling; then make ready a pint of sack, warming it upon coals with a little rose-water; season your milk with sugar, and pour it into the sack in a large basin; and stir it apace; then strew on a good deal of beaten cinnamon, and so serve it up.”

“To bake a Pig: This is an experiment practised by Her at Huntingdon Brew-house, and is a singular and the only way of dressing a pig. Take a good quantity of clay, such as they stop barrels’ bungs with, and having molded it, stick your pig, and blood him well, and when he is warm, arm him like a cuirassier, or one of Cromwell’s Ironsides, hair, skin, and all (his entrails drawn and belly sewed up again), with this prepared clay thick everywhere; then throw him below the stokehole under the furnace, and there let him

soak ; turn him now and then. When the clay is hardened for twelve hours, he is then sufficiently baked ; then take him and break off the clay, which easily parts, and you will have a fine crispy coat, and all the juice of the pig in your dish. Remember but to put a few leaves of sage and a little salt in the belly of it, and you need no other sauce. The like you may do with any fowl whatever, for the clay will fetch off and consume the feathers."

One odd feature of this seventeenth-century cookery is, we think, the mixture of incongruous garnishings. For instance, Scotch collops of veal—probably a dish the French brought to Scotland—were stuffed with sausage-meat and oysters ; and were to be served with sliced lemons and barberries. Rosemary is used a good deal with the herbs. There are what seem odd ingredients in "A sweet pye, made of sweetbreads and sugar." There were to be little puddings in layers in this pie, and these puddings were formed of pippins, candied lemon and orange-peel, sliced dates, currants, white sugar, a few caraway seeds, a quarter of a pint of vinegar, the same of rosewater, and a couple of eggs. The mixture of meat and sweets does not, somehow, interest us.

After the same theory, pig's-liver pudding seems to have been made : the grated liver was to be seasoned with salt, cloves, mace, and nutmeg, a penny loaf (grated), a pound of white sugar, a pint of cream, a quarter of a pint of rosewater, and three eggs.

Marrow puddings, again, were half sweetmeat, and consisted of powdered almonds, a little rosewater, a pound of powdered sugar, a grated penny loaf, grated nutmeg, a pint of cream, the contents of two marrow-bones, two grains of ambergris, and a little salt. The skins were then filled, and gently boiled. A green sauce seems to have been made out of sorrel and apples, with vinegar and sugar. Cod's head, too, had rather a curious time of it : in the closed mouth of the fish they placed a quart of oysters, and a bunch of sweet herbs and onions. The sauce was oyster liquor, four anchovies, and a sliced onion, melted together in a pint of white wine. This was poured over the cod's head ; a little nutmeg was then grated over the fish, and it was served up, the brims of the dish being garnished with lemon and sliced bay-leaves. Woodcocks and snipes appear to have been often boiled.

Beef, stewed in goblets in the French way, after being prepared, had herbs and claret stirred in for sauce ; and was served up, garnished with grapes, barberries, or goosaberryes. Cromwell always squeezed an orange over his veal. A rabbit, stuffed with herbs and oysters, sounds good. Broom-buds were, it seems, used for pickles ; and fried rabbit, with sweet sauce, was usually served up garnished with flowers.

We conclude our notice of Cromwell's Cookery-Book by an extraordinary receipt for a salad :

"A Grand Sallet : Take a quarter of a pound of raisins of the sun, a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, a quarter of a pound of capers, a quarter of a pound of olives, the like quantity of samphire, a quarter of a pound of pickle cucumbers, a lemon shred, some pickled French beans, a wax-tree set in the middle of the dish, pasted to the dish, lay all their quarters round the dish (you may also mince the flesh of a roasted hen, with sturgeon and shrimps), and garnish the dish with cut beans and turnips in several figures."

THE BUFFADERO.

ONE of the most remarkable natural fountains in the world is to be seen on the Pacific coast near the little Mexican village of Huatulco, a mere hamlet of fishery, although the government, in its spasmodic way, some few years back, attempted to create a city—the Villa Crespon.

Coasting the shores of this bay, you hear a noise like that of a whale puffing out its stream of water, or at times like the roaring of a bull. You ask, What is it ? The reply is, "The Buffadero."

Pushing out in a boat, your curiosity is soon gratified. A rock, rent in several places, rises from a base of two hundred feet to a height of more than a hundred. From an opening in this rock rises majestically, as from the crater of a volcano, a gigantic *jet d'eau* at least one hundred and fifty feet high, which scatters a shower of tiny drops and falls amid the foaming waves.

Above the whole a rainbow ever circles, crowning the spattering mass of water with its heavenly crown.

This scene is witnessed whenever the tide rises, and in stormy weather or under high winds becomes one of the grandest natural spectacles. At low tide you see the cavity, with its tunnel-like aperture above, through which the water is forced, when wave on wave presses in quick succession through the narrowing channel.

TALMA.

ON the 1st of Fructidor, the third year of the Republic—or, in more intelligible language, on the 18th of August, 1795, Ducis, the then popular French translator of Shakespeare, wrote to the great tragedian, Talma, as follows, only of course in his own tongue :

"The character of *Macbeth* suits you admirably ; you have the true note of passion ; you exhibit with equal power remorse and love, virtue and crime. Here is the making of a tragic actor ; you may go very far ; the spirit of tragedy breathed upon your cradle."

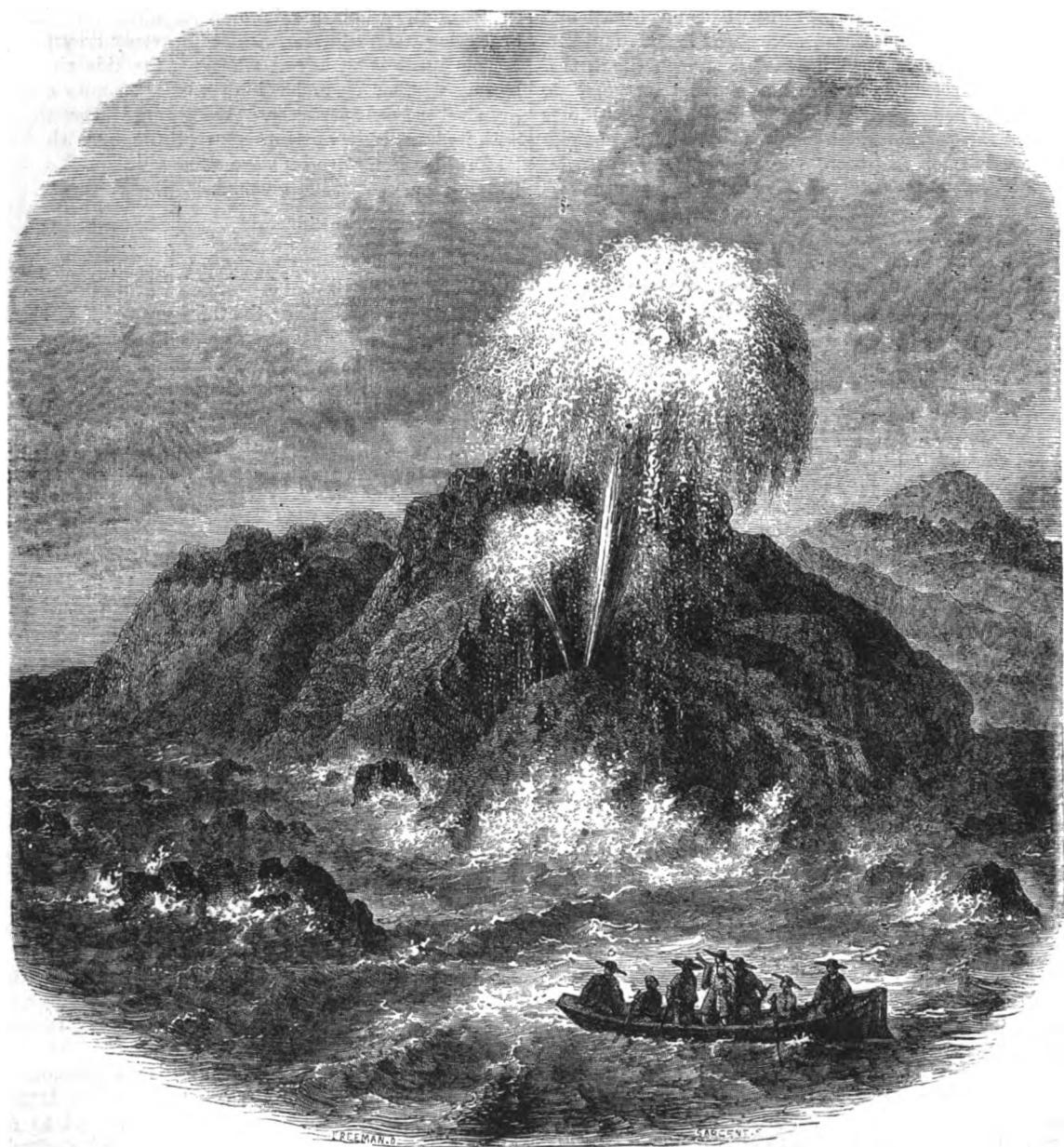
Talma was at this time thirty-two years of age, and he had already obtained considerable distinction ; in 1789 he had astonished Paris by his performance of *Charles IX.*, in Chénier's drama of that name ; it excited the passions of the audience to the highest pitch, and its representation was attended by political agitation, which extended from the spectators to the players, who beforehand merely troubled with ordinary spites and jealousies, now began to squabble about kings and republics, and the rights and wrongs of men, till the company split into two sections, the one Republican, the other Royalist ; and the democratical party, headed by Talma, leaving the Conservatives to carry on their performances as best they might, in the Théâtre de la Nation, established itself in the Salle des Variétés, Rue de la Roi, at the present day restored to its original name of Rue de Richelieu. In this house, well-known to us as the actual Théâtre Français, Talma achieved that long series of triumphs by which his name has become famous among the nations of Europe. Triumph is a word advisedly chosen to describe his successes ; for he was a conqueror, not an easy winner.

When he made his first appearance on a public stage in the year 1783, at the Théâtre de Doyan, in the tragedy of "Mahomet," a committee of friends, convened to decide upon his future chances, pronounced that he had absolutely none for a theatrical career ; for, said they, what can you hope when the highest inspiration (*feu sacré*) has been denied to you ? but it is evident that you are a man of ability, and you may no doubt exercise it with advantage if you take up your father's profession.

The young actor was the son of a French dentist, then established in London ; he was born in France, and educated at a French school, but his holidays had been chiefly spent with his father in England. He accepted the decree of the tribunal which sat upon him, and, abandoning the hope of wringing hearts, he turned his attention to extracting teeth. He studied anatomy, worked in hospitals, and set up as a

dentist in Paris. Yet he could not forget that at M. Lamarquière's school at Chaillot he was distinguished for his dramatic power when only nine years old, and was then continually called upon to act and recite. At that early age, when playing a second part in the tragedy of "Le Fils de Tamerlane," he had wept for the woes of the leading character, and the same singular sensibility which was the source of those tears now deeply troubled him when he witnessed a painful operation or was called upon to probe a wound. His emotion on these occasions made it impossible for him to

was over, but his mastery over his nerves was complete so long as it was necessary. He had then that passionate imagination, with the strength to regulate its sway, which is of the utmost importance to a tragic actor. To these qualities the young Talma now began to add the resources of extended knowledge, which it is desirable for every great tragedian to cultivate. He stole hours of leisure for studying history, and he took delight in illustrating the scenes which took his fancy; processions, Roman and Greek, European and barbaric, came to light under his pencil always cor-



THE BUFFADERO, OR BULL FOUNTAIN, ON THE WESTERN COAST OF MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 293.

taste food during the whole of the successive day, and his imagination projected before him continual images of suffering and death. Yet he had sufficient self-command to labor with diligence at the work which he abhorred, and he became a successful operator. This is a point which the reader should dwell upon as an indication of that power of physical control which is essential to forcible dramatic representation. Talma, mentally sickened by his surgical tasks, could yet maintain such a command over his hand that its skill was gratefully recognized. The effort prostrated him when it

rectly costumed, and before long he was more learned in ancient lore than in anatomy. His intellect carried him far in every pursuit; but for the stage he had that distinct calling which will not be gainsaid. This was known to several young Parisians of fashion, who frequently invited him to their *salons* to act in amateur plays, where he never failed to make a strong impression. All his acquirements in other directions served only as fuel for the burning flame within him. The impetus could not be arrested, and the emotional poetry of life wholly possessed him. It became as evident



TALMA, THE GREAT TRAGIC ACTOR OF FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 295.

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that his imaginative passion must find its expression as that the groaning Vesuvius must have its eruptions, and so in the year 1787, at the age of twenty-four, he came out in tragedy as one of the Société of the Comédie Française. He was much, and perhaps justly, criticised. His voice delighted too much in its own thunder, and his passion was too liberal of its force. The judges said of him, as they had before said of Le Kain, *Il crie*, and the success of the young tragedian was doubtful. Whether from jealousy or disbelief in his powers, the company only assigned third parts to him ; this, however, gave him leisure for study ; he worked assiduously at the lessons of the Conservatoire under those distinguished teachers Molé and Dugazon, and in all his parts he strove continually to correct his faults ; at the same time he went on acquiring daily knowledge in the history of costume, for he knew that he should one day enforce upon the whole company the advantages of adopting it chronologically with exactness and splendor. Hitherto the efforts of Le Kain and Clairon had only produced an occasional hat and feather, turban, long robe, or costly skirt ; their kings were of shreds and patches, and their tragedy seemed to be always "giving a rout."

Talma labored hard, also, to regulate his emotion, and he well knew how to concentrate his force when, in the play of "Charles IX.," he bore down upon friends and foes alike with irresistible might, as before mentioned, in 1789. His strong self-assertion was now acknowledged to be something better than arrogance, and from this time, though his genius met with continual and irritating opposition, he never ceased to be great, and he never ceased to improve. He learned the dominion of reserve, and no longer suffered the power of his voice to betray him ; his fine organ, his intellect, and his passion were not his only distinguishing qualities ; he had, besides, a noble countenance, capable of exhibiting every variety of tragic emotion. He was in the habit of practising these before a glass, and of exercising his action in the same way. He noted the modulations of his voice so carefully that he was able to excite sympathetic tears by the recital of nonsense verses—this is not very surprising when we remember what singers can do with weak words ; it is only a slightly different application of the same power.

Talma had one personal disadvantage—it was that of short stature ; but his grand deportment, well-chosen costume, and fine action persuaded his spectators that he was tall—a delusion not unfrequently obtained upon the stage. The same was the case with Clairon and Rachel.

To an English artist it may appear surprising that Talma, having made a decided success in the year 1789, and having subsequently played most of the leading characters of French tragedy, should be addressed in the year 1795 by the poet Ducis with an encouraging presage of future progress : "Vous pouvez aller bien loin."

But in France, art is expectant. If the artist sustains his reputation in a long series of varied performances, he becomes upon each occasion more worthy of attention ; more judges assemble to watch him, and consideration grows more wary and circumspect before sentence is pronounced. The personal element enters less into the matter in Paris than in London ; that is to say, with the French the art is paramount, and the artist is subservient to it. Therefore, a performer is not liked because he has been liked ; on the contrary, his falling off being a greater disappointment, it is the more severely noticed.

The sympathy shown to a favorite performer upon his first entrance on the scene in England by general hand-clapping is not understood at the Théâtre Français. On one occasion one of its most distinguished members said to an English friend : "Do you know that at our inferior playhouses in Paris the audiences actually applaud the performers before they have spoken, and can you conceive such an absurdity?"

"I can," replied his friend, "because in London it is the universal custom to greet the principal players in this manner."

"Indeed !" rejoined the artist, with a slight lift of the shoulders and eyebrows ; too courteous to make any further comment.

Under these conditions of art in France, the probability of future progress indicated by Ducis was welcome to Talma, even after six years of distinction. He had played in Racine's, and more particularly in Corneille's, tragedies, so as to invest them with extraordinary interest ; his passion grasped all the best qualities of the natural school ; his great predecessors had abandoned recitative in verse ; he went further, and frequently leaped over his rhymes. Poets proud of their difficult terminations, selected with pain of heart and sweat of brow, were very angry, but Talma followed his own feeling, and he was right. The old classical school kept up a grumbling censure on this point during the greatest part of his career, but he added to his vigorous innovations so much dignity of bearing, and so high a sense of poetical beauty, that, on the whole, conservatism and reform were both satisfied. It was a pity that this two-sided power was not to be found in the government of the nation, as it was in the leader of the Théâtre Français.

Momentous political changes had taken place between the year 1789, the date of the young tragedian's first success, and the year 1795, when Ducis, the translator of Shakespeare, was urging him to new exertions in the part of *Macbeth*. In a singular way Talma's private history was affected by these events. When he broke away from the Théâtre de la Nation, he left there a young Royalist who was very dear to him ; this was Madame Petit (*née* Vanhove), an actress of considerable reputation and personal charm. Her loyalty and that of her comrades was shocked by the forced substitution of the words *citoyen* and *citoyenne* for their favorite, long-accustomed *monsieur* and *madame*, and they marked the change with a scornful emphasis.

They also occasionally spoke dialogue, of which the sense was not distinctly Republican, and it therefore seemed to that vigilant body, the Committee of Public Safety, a work of urgent necessity to close the theatre and to imprison the players. Accordingly at night, on the 3d of September, 1793, the actors were carried off from their homes by force to the Madelonettes, and the actresses to St. Pélagie, where the famous Madame Roland was then awaiting her fate. She saw Madame Petit mount those prison stairs which she was herself soon to descend on her way to the scaffold, and exclaimed, "Oh, how barbarous Frenchmen must have become, if they can think a dungeon the fittest place for so much grace and so much talent!"

The Committee now took the case of the players into grave consideration. Should they be condemned to perpetual exile, or should the guillotine do its short sharp work, and give its prompt answer to a difficulty ? Collot d'Herbois an influential member of the Committee, had been an unsuccessful player at Lyons ; he was on this account ill disposed towards the distinguished comedians of Paris, and voted that a decree should be passed sentencing the principal players of the company to immediate decapitation, and the rest to that process called deportation, which generally means death in poisonous places.

This suggestion struck the rest of the Committee, who were not in the position of envious rivals, as rather severe ; and it was thought necessary to pause before action—the players were popular, and some of the ladies among them were objects of an admiration to which even the idea of patriotism and public safety gave way ; so a delay was granted, the result of which was the liberation of the prisoners upon condition that they would abandon the Théâtre de la Nation and join the Republican section which had quarreled with

them : under these circumstances the greater part of them went over to the Théâtre de la République, carrying their properties with them.

Here Robespierre, who had in one of his tirades denounced the Théâtre Français as "the disgusting resort of aristocracy and the insulter of the Revolution," frequently appeared ; he was attracted by the irresistible fascination of Madame Petit. Poor Madame Petit was in a position of peril ; Robespierre had conceived a passion for her, and Talma loved her ; it was difficult to be loved by Talma and to remain indifferent. She was not indifferent ; he was the ideal of her imagination and her most dear comrade. M. Petit, a fatherly husband, whom she had married when she was only fifteen, was dead ; so far, then, she was free, but Madame Talma was living—she was twenty years older than her husband, and their marriage had never been a happy one ; indeed they lived actually apart, although there was no judicial separation. The Revolution had made marriage laws more than easy. Talma entreated Madame Petit to become his wife, and urged his cause with all his fire and eloquence ; but she clung to the ideas of the old régime and denied his suit. Talma waited upon her will ; Robespierre's eyes were upon them both ; he saw where the young widow's preference lay, and his vanity at once concluded this to be the sole cause of her coldness towards himself. To him there was a way always open for conquest : that way was by the Place de Grève, and Talma's name was at once put down upon the list of the condemned. The man whose name was on that list had his head very near the block, and Talma's would have been cut off in the blossom of his youth and fame but for the timely intervention of his tailor, one who made all the fashionable coats of the Reign of Terror, and who was also tailor to Robespierre. This man, one day as he was receiving orders from that dangerous person, made an unfortunate suggestion, "Would not the citizen like to have a short coat à la Talma ?" Upon the sound of this name Robespierre was seized with a nervous spasm, which made him look so terrible that the trembling tailor thought he saw before him a tiger about to spring. "Talma, Talma !" growled Robespierre. "I didn't say that ; I didn't say that, citizen," cried the wretched tailor, swiftly retreating, and, without staying to take his measure, he fled from the house and ran at full speed to the Rue de la Victoire to tell the doomed tragedian what had occurred. Talma immediately consulted Madame Petit, and she impressed upon him the urgent necessity of absenting himself for the present from her society ; after which sensible piece of advice she resolved to seek protection from the party formed in opposition to Robespierre ; with this view she paid a visit to an old friend—Madame Cheftel of the Théâtre Français, better known as Mademoiselle Fleury, whose husband's most familiar guests were Danton and Tallien. She was at her own request invited to meet them at dinner, and she spared no effort to make herself agreeable. Effort in this direction was by no means necessary for her, and it is something to say that the exertion she used on this occasion did not interfere with her usual attractions. Tallien was enchanted, and at dessert, addressing her in the tone of gallantry which was the style of that time, he said in tones audible to all present, "Do you know, pretty citizen, that you are denounced by the Committee of Public Safety ?" "Oh, citizen, what is this you tell me ?" "It is a certain fact ; but surely you must be aware of it—that villain Robespierre is in love with you." "How could I guess such a thing, citizen ?—but if it is true I implore your assistance to deliver me from this great affliction." "Indeed ! do you mean what you say ?" "Of course she does," said Danton, in his voice of thunder ; "is it possible that so pretty a woman should look favorably upon that reptile—upon that abortion of nature ? Poor little thing ! Why the bare idea

of it has flushed her face. Don't be so frightened," he added, turning toward her ; "you have nothing more to fear, most charming citizen ; look upon us as your friends ; if you are persecuted I will take you under my protection. If you are threatened, call for Danton."

During the course of the dinner a circumstance, which at any other time would have been insignificant, painfully struck the imagination of the young actress. A fish of uncommon size was one of the dishes, and as it was set down before Danton, its head fell into his plate. "Danton !" exclaimed Tallien, "That is a bad augury." "Not at all," replied Danton ; "don't you see that this head falls before me ?"

At the end of this dinner Madame Petit judged it prudent to plead indisposition and leave Paris. In those days life was like the last act of a tragedy, crowded with dire events ; and before long she returned to her home, upon the news that Robespierre was beheaded ; but Danton's head had fallen first.

Not alone Robespierre's menacing passion had determined the temporary retirement of the young actress ; her feeling for Talma was another motive. She saw him tortured by his affection for her, and she hoped that a few months of separation might calm his mind, the idea of the formal divorce of his wife being still repugnant to her. Upon her return, however, an incident took place which altered her resolution, which made further resistance impossible, and which satisfied her that their marriage was decreed in heaven.

In a piece written by Collot d'Herbois, where the heroine has to be carried off the stage, the actor to whom this business was intrusted missed his footing, and fell, with Madame Petit in his arms. His whole weight was upon her, and not only was she bruised severely and almost suffocated, but it happened also that a long pin ran right into her breast. The accident was a serious one, and the sufferer was carried to her dressing-room, while doctors and surgeons were immediately summoned to the spot, and the whole theatre was in commotion, for the actress was a general favorite. The doctors, consulting, said the wound did not bleed freely as it ought ; and one among them, raising his voice to silence the general agitation, said :

"The wound must be sucked ; it is the only way to avert a fatal end, and there must be no delay. Talma, I think you will not refuse this office ; her life must be saved."

Talma, pale before, turned crimson as he rushed forward to obey the doctor's bidding. He was the saviour of the life he loved.

After this event the feeling became general that the marriage must take place, and, accordingly, the first wife was duly divorced, and these two were married on the 16th of June, 1802. Some happy years followed their union ; but Talma was a man to whom enduring domestic peace was an impossibility. Excitement seemed a necessity for him ; he plunged into it to get outside of his own mind, which teemed with painful images. There were days on which he surveyed his wife with evident distress. On one occasion he told her that, though he knew she was beautiful, he looked for her beauty in vain—he could see only her skeleton. This idea frequently possessed him ; he saw death, skulls, dust, bones, and worms while he sat among his living friends.

Some ascribed these hauntings of his imagination to his early residence in the climate of London ; others, to the anatomical studies of his youth. He sometimes rushed from them to the gaming-table, but it was only in the pursuit of his art that he ever really found rest. Here, always vigilant, always sober, he exercised his great faculties with unceasing delight. His whole spirit was subdued to the will of his muse, and so long as he was actually studying a part he was completely under the dominion of his judgment. He and

his wife worked and acted for a long period harmoniously together—in the tragedies of "Œdipe," "Othello," "Agamemnon," and "Andromaque," they were especially successful.

Talma had in him that combination of the highest qualities of art with far-reaching and exalted passion, which justifies the use of the word sublime—a great word made so ridiculous by frequent misapplication as to be a terror to a conscientious writer. It is nevertheless true that this word best concentrates the force and majesty of Talma, to which the grace and pathos of his wife made a delightful accompaniment. They were the objects of many ovations, they were overwhelmed with engagements, poets addressed enthusiastic strophes to them, crowded houses rejoiced at their union, and managers in the principal towns of Holland and Belgium put down large sums to engage their services; but the Théâtre Français remonstrated, and said, "We cannot do without you."

There is a phrase in the French language, become too common now, which was invented for Madame Talma. A critic, trying to convey an idea of the emotion she excited, found this expression: "*Elle a des larmes dans la voix.*" It has become popular as a fashion of describing tenderness, and not unfrequently British novelists bestow such a grace upon their heroines and talk of tears in the voice, but it would be well to leave the distinction to its first owner; and even with regard to her, or to any actress equally sympathetic, it requires explanation. It must not be supposed to mean a weeping voice, but a voice whose tones alone, without further effort on the part of the artist, could produce weeping in others. Actual weeping should be rare on the stage, and when an actress thinks that her audience will cry because she herself cries, she is greatly mistaken. Only in exceptional cases are tearful tones sympathetic. A crying voice is generally nasal—the nose is pinched, the passage of the voice from the chest is obstructed, and the whole effect is eminently disagreeable.

Some readers may perhaps be disposed to ascribe Madame Talma's singular influence to the divine gift of such a voice, and it is true that so capable an instrument is a precious endowment for a player; but it is also true that the power she acquired over this instrument was the result of great vigilance and labor. She has left to posterity a volume containing an exact account of her work, and of the effects produced by it, some portions of which may be extracted in these pages; but any one interested in dramatic art should determine to possess the book itself, for it is full of valuable information and penetration, conveyed with ease and simplicity.

One of Madame Talma's favorite exercises was the ejaculation of the monosyllable "Ah!" with an infinite variety of notes to affect the mind of the hearer in different ways. She used to shut herself up in her room and imagine situations of horror or affliction, in which she was herself the principal. She was sometimes about to be dragged to the guillotine, or her children were being torn from her, or she was deserted by her husband, a prey to jealous anguish; her emotion never failed to follow these fancies, and her exclamations were sometimes so agonizing, that the reflection of them back upon herself almost exhausted her consciousness. Her expression was purposely confined to the simple ejaculation "Ah!" for she thought it desirable to acquire a complete command of tones before practising more complex forms of meaning shaped into words. Another of her exercises consisted in the various utterances of the short, seemingly insignificant sentence of "*Bonjour, monsieur.*" She used to imagine a quarrel with a friend, and then a constrained meeting, all which her "*Bonjour, monsieur*" should indicate; or a concealed disgust, or a hidden passion, or a cold disdain; and these phrases she repeated till she was

certain that they must convey the intended feeling to any hearer of average sensibility.

Here is an example of that patience of genius which Carlyle has spoken of as its very essence. There are probably many young people entered or entering upon the stage, and believing themselves clever, who will laugh at the idea of these solitary, arduous efforts of Madame Talma's; they will say, "How ridiculous to imagine yourself being dragged to the guillotine; how absurd to spend hours in giving expression to such a phrase as '*Bonjour, monsieur*'; and no doubt if the great artist were living still, as her reputation is, these persons would proceed to "quiz her" according to their own notions. They might do that, and she, certain of her art, might advance with her modest dignity to the centre of the stage, face her audience, speak a few appealing words in her tender, faultless articulation, and meet the answer of fast-falling tears from every man and every woman present; for she never failed to reach the hearts of her hearers.

The feeling with which she went through the self-imposed tasks here mentioned has been described by Macready as "induced feeling," and Madame Talma gives a careful analysis of this kind of emotion and of the qualities required to support it. "In what," says she, "does dramatic impulse (*verve théâtrale*) consist? Can it be acquired by assiduous endeavor? I am forced to admit that study, a determined will, and even the utmost perseverance, will do nothing if nature does not second you. It is possible to be an intelligent, a meritorious, and a justly-applauded artist, and yet never to command that dramatic impulse which can intoxicate, which can transport, which can dominate an audience. The divine spark (*feu sacré*), the dramatic impulse" (words which I look on as synonymous), "are nothing less than a fever, a vibration of the nerves, a kind of malady favorable to the person who is possessed by it." She goes on to say that great labor on the part of the artist is required to regulate this state of exaltation, and to master completely the gradations of passion, till by restraint in some passages he can in others command that prodigious force which deserves to be called sublime.

No tragedian ever acquired a more supreme command over the fire that raged within him than Talma. Yet Talma himself—the great Talma—his widow tells us, had an extraordinary difficulty in exerting this empire over himself on first nights, especially when he played a part belonging to the classical *répertoire*; he could then scarcely control his alarm, his trepidation, his extreme agitation. But the first representation once over, his presence of mind returned to him, and he then arranged his effects with precision and certainty, so that he could unfailingly reproduce them, and whatever part he played, he seemed always to overtop it.

Madame Talma warns young players against too much faith in tradition—a warning not at all needed in this country, where we have no dramatic tradition; and perhaps not much required at the present day in France, where there exists, even at the Théâtre Français, a more general disposition to rush into the affected negligence of a new school, than to contemplate with admiration the great models of the past. Admiration, however, is well fitted to raise the mind of the artist, and when Madame Talma deprecates tradition, her intention is merely to put down direct imitation, which she justly holds to be fatal to the progress of art. Talma used to feel almost paralysed in certain passages which the genius of Le Kain seemed to have appropriated. The character of *Orasmane* in "*Zaire*" was antipathetic to him for this reason: at the famous line, "*Zaire, vous pleurez*," he used to sweat drops of agony, and yet missed his effect, impeded by the knowledge of what Le Kain before him had done with these words. In the part of *Othello*, where a similar passion works, but in which he had no traditions to interfere with him, he had his audience completely under his sway.



MADAME TALLIEN.

He was a subtle thinker, and introduced many new ways into old characters, not in order to have it said "Talma is original," but because the changes were evidently right. A good instance of this is afforded by his delivery of the well-known speech in "*Oedipe*":

"*J'étais jeune et superbe et nourri dans un rang
Où l'on puisa toujours l'orgueil avec le sang.*"

which his predecessors used to say in a grand manner, with

swelling pride, but which he, looking further, gave with a totally opposite expression; meditating on the preceding and succeeding lines, he felt that *Oedipe* at this moment is very far from boasting of his advantages; that, on the contrary, he is deplored the errors of his youth, and lamenting his love for what is worthless. He gave the lines, therefore, with an air of self-abasement, and he seemed to reproach himself as he spoke; this version was at once accepted as

true, and is generally admitted now as the just interpretation of the poet's meaning.

In the Emperor Napoleon I. Talma had an affectionate and constant supporter. When Buonaparte was a lieutenant of artillery they were warm friends. Talma never abused this friendship, and the First Consul and the Emperor were no less devoted to him than the little officer of the Republic. But while the imperial favor was undoubtedly of use to the tragedian in a worldly point of view, it was dangerous in a moral one. It inspired him with new cravings after luxury, glory, and violent emotions; and being surrounded in the imperial circles by beautiful women, who, excited by his genius and distinction, were ready to fling themselves into his arms, he yielded to this fascination, and became "*un homme à bonnes fortunes*." If, however, Talma was guilty of neglecting his domestic ties, he was still faithful to his art; his devotion to it suffered no change, and was rewarded by the homage not merely of his own countrymen, but of all nations; artists and peasants, princes and poets, young women and old men, were all equally enthralled by him. John Kemble and Macready were both very much his admirers and friends. Macready's record of his acting, published in his "*Reminiscences*," may be quoted here; for probably there is no other English account of it so forcible as this. "*Sylla*," by Jouy, was the tragedy in which Talma was acting, and Macready says:

"His entry on the stage in the dignified ease of his deportment bespake a consciousness of power that arrested at once the attention and interest of the beholder. In his attitudes and manners there was nothing of the rigidity and visible preparation of Kemble, his address was that of one to whom the tone of command was too familiar to need strain or effort. His pride, too lofty to be betrayed into violence, displayed itself in his calm disdain of the Romains dégénérés. To the dependent kings, the mutinous people, or the infuriated Valerius, he preserved the same unperturbed demeanor. . . . It was only when arraigned at the bar of his own conscience that he appeared to feel and confessed the insufficiency of greatness to give peace. In the disturbed sleep, haunted by the visions of his slaughtered victims, which followed his soliloquy, he awoke the audience into a death-like stillness . . . and his dignified utterance of the line—

'*J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans crainte*'

was a fitting climax to the character so nobly and consistently maintained."

The great English tragedian saw with the eye of an artist and of a passionate student the extraordinary power and the perfect skill of Talma; to his testimony may be added that of a lady well-known for her penetrating and much cultured intellect, who writes in a letter to a friend about this same representation of "*Sylla*" in the following words:

"I can never forget his delivery of two or three lines in speaking of his dealing with the Romans:

'*Je les ai jugés sans haine ainsi que sans pitié*'

Again, at his abdication, I make bold to say that no person of feeling who heard it can ever forget his delivery of

'*J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans crainte*'

"Though it was not emotional or loud, the emphatic, cold, incisive dignity of it was so great that I, a girl then not seventeen, found myself standing up with tears running down my face, and people round me in the same condition."

It is remarkable that Talma's passion not only invested his own poets with a vitality which made them live for all nationalities, but that he was able to play Shakespeare, fettered as it was by the rhymed translation and absurd alterations of Ducis, in a manner which reached the heart of Englishmen; there are those who even now turn cold at the recollection of his look in *Hamlet* when he came upon the stage after a dream of his father's ghost; and his *Macbeth*

and *Othello* were by all critics, whether foreign or French, looked upon as masterpieces. He had the advantage of knowing English as well as his own tongue, and besides this he had a powerful intellect. He was with such means at his command able to penetrate the inmost thoughts of the poet; his glowing imagination supplied the great spirit, and rushed through the boundaries of frigid words.

Whatever the demerits of Ducis' translations, some respect is due to them, for the French, chained to academical rules, were not then in a condition to taste Shakespeare in his native force. He had to be cooked for the Parisian palate; offered thus under the auspices of Talma, the people became conscious of a new intellectual food, and they were led on by degrees till, in the year 1830, Shakespeare's name was enrolled on their banners as the chief of poets, and the young Victor Hugo challenged to mortal combat the whole French classical school with the name of the great English dramatist for his war-cry. The reason why no play of Shakespeare is now attempted at the *Français* is this, that the artists have a strong sense of the deficiencies of all French translations hitherto published. Their feeling of poetical beauty rejects a bald, a weak, or a rough translation; and this being the case, it is difficult to imagine that the Shakespearian drama will ever be acted in the French tongue. The difficulty of a satisfactory translation of the one language into the other is apparently invincible. What French play has ever been rendered in English without being, if not vulgarized, at least *coarsified*? What English poem has ever been done into French, without being weakened? And this is true of prose as well as of poetry; although not in an equal degree. It is then a proper respect, and not a contempt, for Shakespeare, which, for a time, determined the company of the *Théâtre Français* to abstain from his plays. Perhaps if another Talma appeared they might give way; but no other Talma will ever come, for genius does not repeat itself in form—it takes new shapes, and leaves the images of the past to the reverence of memory.

This reverence grows when the object of it is removed, and no longer capable of exciting jealous fear and its attendant hatred; let no living actor imagine that any one of the great gone-by has ever won the imperishable wreath without unflagging opposition. Talma, after those early days when he was cast for third parts, after he had obtained his most signal victories, was still the subject of continual attack from the critics of the press, one of whom, Geoffroy, a distinguished writer, by his persevering enmity, incensed the actor to such a degree that he, on one occasion, forgot his own dignity, and entering the critic's box at the theatre, struck him with his fist, saying, "*Ah, te voilà, je t'ai cherché!*" A scuffle ensued, and the two had to be forcibly separated by their friends. This was the only time in his life that Talma was betrayed into any outburst of passion off the stage. As an actor, the faults with which he was charged were sounds in his voice of such depth that they seemed to proceed from a cavern, and alternations too sudden from tones so low as to be hardly audible, to vehement shouts of exultation.

The poet Le Brun, comparing Le Kain and Talma, says that Talma, more supple and less robust, had rather the passion of the tiger, and Le Kain that of the lion. This was probably intended as a disparagement to Talma, but it has no significance now, when the two men stand side by side, equally honored by all who esteem great art.

Geoffroy was connected with an actress named Volnais, whom he wished to see in Madame Talma's place, and though he censured Talma with sufficient severity, Madame was the object of his special detestation.

Partly influenced by this critic, and partly by a fancy of his own, Napoleon withdrew his favor from the wife, and actually forbade her from appearing before the *partie des rois* at Erfurth, to whom it was his pride to see Talma play.

That parterre was blown to the winds, and Napoleon's sun was setting at St. Helena, when Madame Talma, still in the fullness of her remarkable powers, retired from the stage, on the 20th of July, 1816. Her domestic life was troubled, and the pursuit of her art even had been embittered to her. Her farewell to the stage was, however, a subject of regret to all Paris, and in her retirement she commanded general respect and sympathy. She devoted herself to literature, which she had always assiduously cultivated, but among her writings the only volume which is valuable to posterity is that of her "Etudes sur l'Art Théâtral," published in Paris in 1853.

Talma died at the very climax of his fame, in the year 1826, at the age of sixty-three. He had by that time acted down antagonism; all Paris attended his funeral, many orations were spoken over his grave, and tears watered the flowers with which it was covered. His widow in due time married the Vicomte de Chalot, a Belgian gentleman, whose social gatherings under her auspices were remarkable for good taste and intellectual culture.

M. Guillard, the present librarian to the Théâtre Français, remembers Madame de Chalot, who was fond of visiting her old haunts, as a "vieille femme charmante," but without a trace of her former beauty, with "la figure toute râlatinée," yet full of life and spirit, with a fund of interesting anecdotes.

Those writers who pretended that Talma was upheld only by the favor of the emperor, were answered at the time of Napoleon's downfall, when the great tragedian still held his own. The same actor could move a Bourbon, a Bonaparte, and a Vergniaud.

Under the Girondins, in the Reign of Terror, during the Empire, and at the Restoration, Talma still firmly held those heights which his genius had won, though every inch of his ground was disputed, and his position was continually assailed, often with talent, and always with malignity. The turbulence and rapid revolutions of his time so far affected his art that they influenced his mind, but his performances went on the same through all changes; on one occasion, appealing to the public when there was a violent demonstration made against him by a section in the pit, he said: "Citizens, I have lost all my friends upon the scaffold!" This was on the 21st of March, 1795. His words were true, and they awed the house into silence.

The Girondins had been the great actor's first friends. They were all swept away. It was at a social meeting with some of the leaders of that party that he first conceived the idea of making stage monarchs speak like living men. He completed the reforms begun by the famous Baron, and gave ample freedom to tragedy. In the character of *Orestes*, and in others where an immense passion was to be expressed, he dared to utter inarticulate cries, but he distributed them with careful thought; he was exact as to the how and the where. Self-command, an exalted imagination, an educated and comprehensive intellect, with an unalterable belief in himself, distinguished him as an artist, and to these qualities he added physical strength.

HAWKING.

(Suggested by Monginot's picture, "After the Hunt.")

It is amusing what importance the pleasures of the great acquired in the olden time. England and France try to keep up some of the old spirit of the chase; but in these days of railroad and printing-presses, field sports sink by their own weight. It is as impossible to save them from extinction as it would be to drive steam out of modern works.

Yet, what an institution Hawking was! Under Louis XIV., the Grand Falconer took his oath in the hands of the king. He controlled royal forests, named to a host of minor

offices, sent yearly certain birds to neighboring monarchs, received the birds sent in state by the Grand Master of Malta; and, of course, when majesty galloped out to hawk, this exalted officer had the right to place the bird on the royal wrist, and to present to him the head of the quarry struck by the royal bird.

The sport, as a royal one, dates from the thirteenth century. It was in its height during the Middle Ages. At the beginning of the last century it fell into disuse, and, like many other usages of the past, was swept away forever in the shock caused to Europe by the French Revolution. The birds used in hawking were high-flyers, such as the eagle and falcon, which soared above their quarry with proud head and eye, and then pounced down with deadly beak and talon. The heron, kite, and hare, sometimes the fox and gazelle, were their sport. These were held by a lure; those carried on the hand, as the sparrow-hawk, flew low and with the wind, and lacked the fine wing, the curved beak, the black eye of the nobler birds.

The bird even showed rank. To be seen bearing a hawk stamped one as of gentle birth. The gyrfalcon was appropriated to the king; the falcon-gentil to a prince; the falcon of the rock to a duke; the merlin to a lady. A yeoman could not presume to go higher than a goshawk.

Gentlemen rarely appeared in public without a hawk on the wrist, and they are constantly thus represented in portraits. In the fifteenth century they were even taken into church by their owners. When thus carried, the bird was hooded with a cap of leather or velvet surmounted by a tuft of feathers.

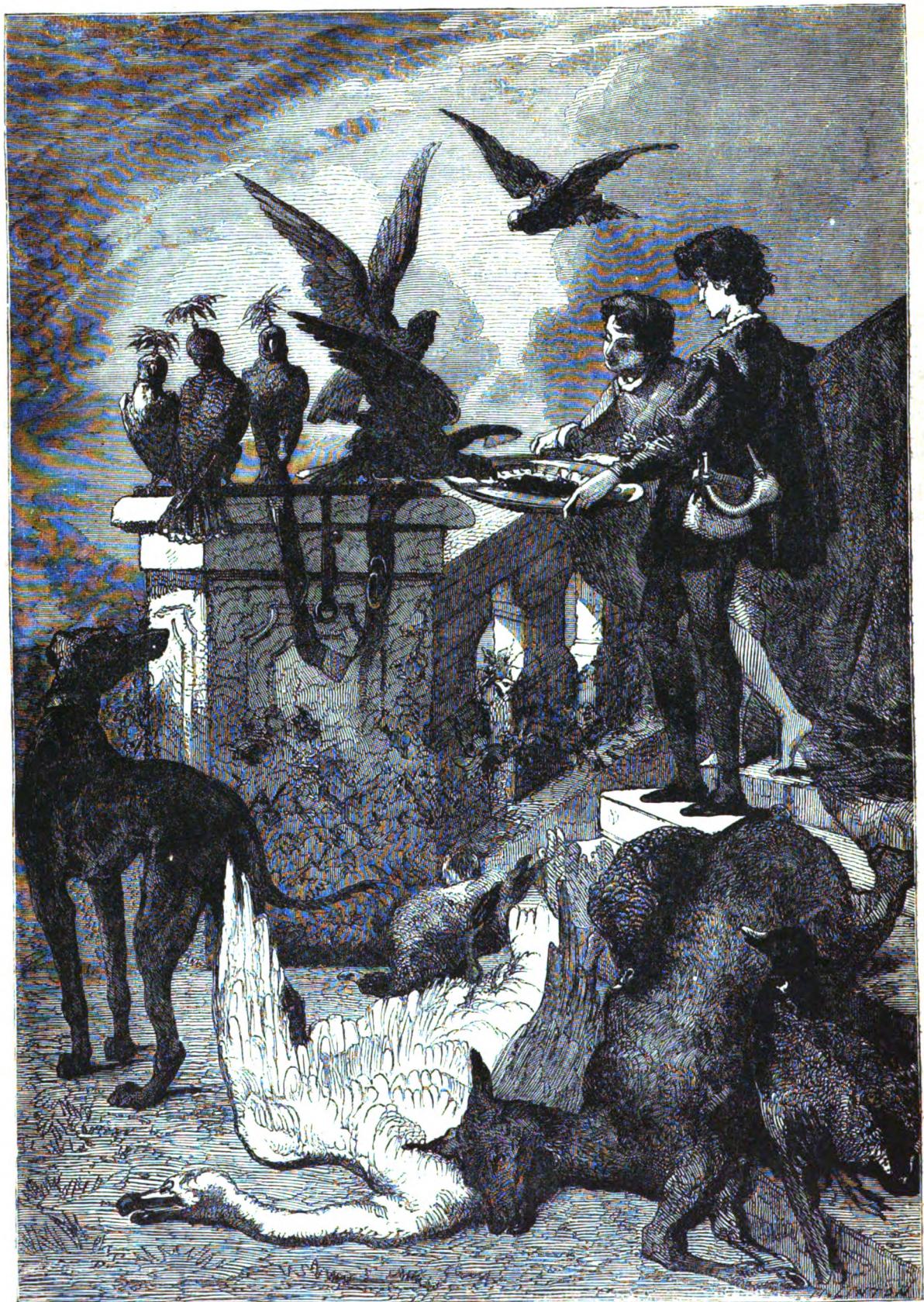
The great authority on the subject in England was the work of Dame Juliana Berners, whose rules for the difficult training and use of the birds were decisive.

In the houses of princes the hawks were under the care of pages, youths of the noblest families; and a scene such as Monginot draws was not uncommon. The two youths are evidently impressed with the importance of their office. The birds, who have evidently well earned their meal, are gathering to receive the delicate slices of beef, mutton, or pork, well cleared of fat or sinew, which are royally presented on a metal dish. The quarry, proof of their skill, lies at the foot of the castle steps, to be taken in when the birds have been fed. A young deer, wild geese and ducks, a pheasant, would do well for a morning's hawking.

HEDGE COURT.

T was a fine old place, with an aristocratic air about it that one felt without understanding as soon as the first turret appeared in sight. The grounds were extensive, and so artistically cared for and cultivated, that they had become as a matter of curiosity as well as interest. I had visited for some time in the neighborhood of Hedgecourt, and the gardener at the western gate had come to know my face so well that he always greeted my appearance with a kind "Good-day, miss; hope you will have a pleasant ramble;" and his wishes were always verified; for, of all the lonely, romantic spots on the face of the earth, Hedgecourt Woods took the lead.

It was seldom I ever approached the house; but one morning, rambling nearer than I intended, my attention was attracted by the sound of a girlish voice, and, looking up, I beheld a dazzlingly beautiful young lady, dressed in a green cloth riding-habit, and black velvet hat, with long, graceful ostrich feathers, standing by the side of a noble-looking horse, apparently endeavoring to coax him into mounting submission.



"AFTER THE HUNT."—FROM THE PAINTING BY MONGINOT.—SEE PAGE 303.



HEDGE COURT.—“I WAS VERY MUCH ENgrossed WITH MY THOUGHTS, WHEN MY ATTENTION WAS AGAIN ATTRACTED, THIS TIME TO A YOUNG MAN LYING FLAT ON HIS BACK, TO ALL APPEARANCES FAST ASLEEP.”—SEE PAGE 303.

“What are you trying to do with that horse, Queen?” came in angry tones from the piazza; and, looking out from my green-leaved hiding-place, I saw an old gentleman rise from a huge arm-chair, and limp along to the scene of action. My first thought was of Bluebeard, such a cross, strange-looking old fellow was he, and I found myself wondering what possible relation he could sustain to the bright, sweet-faced little fairy, just then so busy trying to conciliate the splendid animal by her side.

“I’m whispering to Duke, and telling him if he will mind his P’s and Q’s, and promise not to break my neck, he shall have a whole saucer-full of sugar when we get back; and he says he will, pa, so I’m off.”

“Queen, don’t you mount that horse to-day. I tell you he’s got the demon in him,” interrupted the old man, limping a step or two nearer; but his words of command made no impression. With a light bound, Miss Queen was in her seat, and throwing a grimace in the parental direction, said:

“I have become so accustomed to his Satanic Majesty, that when he comes in the shape of a brute I am not in the least afraid of him;” and with these words, evidently pregnant with meaning, the minx galloped away. The old gentleman resumed his seat, and I resumed my walk.

I like mysteries, and there was enough here to furnish me with food for contemplation for an unlimited period. I

might have been talking to myself about this queer little episode—at any rate, I was very much engrossed with my thoughts—when my attention was again attracted, this time to a young man lying flat on his back, to all appearance fast asleep; but as I attempted to pass without awakening him, he sprang to his feet, and said, earnestly:

“I beg your pardon, miss; I didn’t know as there were any visitors in the park to-day,” and, picking up his hat and book, strode hastily away.

“A fine-looking man!” was my mental critique of the gentleman’s *personnel*. I noticed that he was tall and slight, that his features were good, and his hair worn quite long, and inclined to curl. He might have been twenty-five or thirty-five, for all the information of this kind one could gather from his face.

A day or two after the above episodes, I found by a morning paper that the services of a lady music-teacher were required at Hedgecourt—that said teacher must have the best of references, and come prepared to live with her pupil during the course of instruction. I knew that old Captain Heatherstone (you see I had made some inquiries about the family since that morning) had written this advertisement. I knew it from its imperious, dictatorial tone, but prepared to answer it in person, notwithstanding its unnecessary and very suggestive sternness.

Music-teaching was my profession. I had been for a long time idle, and was now prepared to go to work in earnest. If the terms suited me, Hedgecourt would do as well as anywhere else. So, on presenting myself at the house, I was, as I had anticipated, immediately ushered into the presence of the lord of the manor.

"Come in answer to the advertisement, I suppose, miss?" was the first question, without a "good-day," or "pray be seated," or anything of the kind. "Where are your references?" Which I produced, and he carefully examined. "These read very well," he replied, and then proceeded to the financial part of the business. The terms mentioned were more than satisfactory, but the hardest part was to come.

A servant was ordered to show me to the music-parlor where my skill was to be exhibited, and Harry (who under the sun Harry was, I had no conception, unless, indeed, it was the handsome fellow I had accidentally stumbled upon in the park, and the very thought of this set me in a cold perspiration) was sent for to decide upon my fitness for the position I had applied for. My first thought was to walk straight out of the hall-door, and let the proprietor of Hedgecourt find another music-teacher; but common sense triumphed, and as coolly as possible I waited the arrival of the gentleman who was to pass upon my musical ability.

He lounged into the room. (Sure enough "Harry" was the same individual whose day-dream I had so inadvertently disturbed.) The old man hobbled in after him, and said:

"I have brought you down, Harry, to hear this young woman play. Queen has cut up so about her teacher that I was obliged to give him his walking papers. I thought I'd try a woman this time, and see how that would work."

Not a word of introduction. I stood trembling and blushing, too mortified to glance even at my companion, and I scarcely know what the result would have been had not the young man relieved my embarrassment by saying:

"But, Cousin Heatherstone, you haven't even told me the young lady's name."

"It's Lester, I believe—Miss Lester. Mr. Stafford—Miss Lester!" and, with a grunt of relief, the old bear dropped into a seat. Just then I heard a light step approaching, and, looking up, recognized my young equestrienne of a day or two previous.

"Now, this is too bad," said she, advancing to my side, and extending her little jeweled hand very cordially. "I saw you come in, and understood just what you were here for; but I was dressing, and have hurried myself almost out of my wits to spare you this mortification. And now, Miss Lester—I heard pa mention the name as I crossed the threshold—you will just please come to my room, and tell me whether you think you can like us well enough to remain."

"But—" I commenced to say, when she interrupted me with:

"But there are no buts in the case. I shouldn't like to be stuck up on exhibition the first time I entered a house, and for that reason I don't mean you shall be. It is too bad, Harry," with a little mocking laugh, "that your anticipated musical criticism should be spoiled; but just call in the old cat, and set her to mewing. She'll do just as well to practice on."

I saw at once that it was no use to oppose this sovereign will—saw, too, that, however much she might be ruled in large matters, in small ones she carried everything by storm. So I followed my leader without a word, and was shortly after domiciled in the young lady's private sitting-room.

"There," said she, after removing my hat and shawl, "I'll order some lunch to be sent up here, and we will have a real nice talk"—and so we did. A half-hour sufficed to put me in possession of everything worth knowing about this most

remarkable family. "Harry" was Queen's intended—they were second-cousins—and their wedding was to take place in a year. They had been betrothed ever since Queen's birth, at the request of the girl's mother, who, for reasons Queen did not understand, felt herself under some obligations to the parents of the young gentleman.

"Oh!" said the beautiful girl, with a sigh, "it's a horrible mess, any way you look at it. I hate him, and he hates me; in short, we hate each other cordially. This is all there is about it. I have one year's grace, and, during this time, although compelled to do some hard studying, I intend to show my intended husband the kind of metal I am composed of, and if this don't sicken him, nothing will."

"But," I ventured to suggest, "if your father knows that you really dislike each other, how can he insist upon your marriage?"

"Oh, my dear," she replied, wearily, "I believe it to be a question of money. From the beginning of my life, I have never heard anything but money, money, money. The fortunes must be kept in the family; and, should we oppose this arrangement, we will both of us be left as poor as church-mice. I shouldn't care for myself—but it would be simply horrible for Harry to be disinherited. Oh! how I wish I was in your place—in possession of my freedom, with ability enough to earn my living!" and the poor child burst into tears, and walked crazily up and down the apartment.

"Does he know how you feel?" I asked.

"He? Harry? Yes—why, of course," she answered, stopping short in the midst of her walk. "All the comfort we take is comparing notes, to see which is the most miserable, and devising ways and means to make pa uncomfortable."

At this juncture lunch was brought in; and with a world of sympathy in my heart for my little companion, I promised to try the position for three months, and see what could be done with it.

Three months! A great deal can be done in three months, as everybody knows who has drank off the froth from the cup of life, and tasted the concentrated draught that lies beneath. Everything went on well at Hedgecourt—more than well, everything was charming. Queen, so capricious, so full of hauteur, so untamable, was as gentle and sweet with me as if she were incapable of anything but gentleness. She put me in the place of the mother she had never known, the sister she had always longed for, and poured into my lonely life the wealth of her pent-up, passionate nature. We were singularly happy in thus giving and receiving, and in the tender atmosphere that seemed to pervade the house, even Captain Heatherstone softened perceptibly. Harry was our constant companion out of study-hours, and, indeed, he was often in the library, lounging in an alcove, pretending to read, while Queen was taking her music-lesson, and neither of us minded him; so were we all *en rapport* with each other.

We were all in the park one morning, enjoying to the full the delicious air and sunshine. Queen and I had seated ourselves under an immense maple, and Harry was a few yards off, lying on his back, reading Tennyson.

"I don't know what ails us all," said Queen, confidentially, slipping her little hand into mine. "We are just as happy as birds or kittens. If things could go on this way, and I never need think of marrying Harry, I should be the blessedest girl in the universe. I don't see why people ever need to get married, and spoil everything."

"Marrying Harry?" Why did these words thrill so strangely the chords of my inmost soul—chords that I little understood, and of whose presence I had never been aware? What was it to me how soon Queen married Harry, if she could be reconciled to the event? She had never mentioned the subject since the first day at Hedgecourt, and I

had not seriously thought of it in our harmonious life. Harry caught her last words, and springing to his feet, sauntered up to us, in his lazy fashion.

"What's that, Queen, you were saying?"

"I was saying that if we could always live in this delightful manner, and have no marrying or giving in marriage, we could easily imagine ourselves in heaven."

"And, pray, what put marriage into your head this exquisite day? And why must you spoil the most perfect morning of my life with talking about it!" and the imperious Harry walked off in a state of bearishness perfectly incomprehensible to poor Queen.

"Oh, dear!" sighed she; "if it turns out that Harry is ill-tempered, there's no hope for me. His amiable disposition has made me think that it might be possible to get on together without much love; but how horrible cross he is this morning! Oh, Miss Lester, what a dreadful thing it must be, anyway, to always live with a man, and be bound to him, in spite of all your wishes to the contrary, in case you should wish to get away, you know! Well, I'll have my own way, or there won't be much peace in the house, I'll assure you that, Mr. Harry."

"Now, Queen, you are ill-natured," said I, seeing for the first time in weeks the flashing of the old insubordinate spirit.

"I don't care; I can't help it. It makes me bad, the thought of this marriage. I don't believe it is right. I never thought much about it before; but it can't be right to make such sacred vows to one's cousin, who seems just like one's brother, and is no lover at all. Now, is it right, Miss Lester?"

"Darling," said I, swallowing a sob, though I couldn't tell why I should feel such emotion, "it isn't for me to decide for you. You must let your own heart tell you what to do."

"But my own heart does tell me that I never ought to marry my cousin; it doesn't tell me, though, what I ought to do. Ought I to obey my father, or say I will not marry without love, whatever the consequences may be? Tell me, Miss Lester, dear friend—tell me what to do."

"Tell us both what to do, Miss Lester, dear friend," said Harry, suddenly appearing. "I am in deeper trouble than little Queen, for I love another. Don't look so surprised, Queen—it is true. I have already played you false; and thank God that my heart spoke before its voice could perjure me more deeply."

"I can tell neither of you what to do," said I, with sudden coldness; "only, you had better inform Captain Heatherstone of the situation as speedily as possible. It doesn't seem to me desirable to deceive him any longer."

I started for the house. Queen caught at my dress, to detain me, and Harry called after me, in tones of entreaty; but I did not turn or slacken my pace till I was safe in my room.

Then I locked the door, and sat down to think.

I loved this man! Yes, I loved him. I would not spare my heart. It should tell in words the wretched secret that it had been so deftly hiding—hiding so securely that I had not guessed it. Harry Stafford loved somebody else, and I loved him, and Captain Heatherstone meant that he should be married to his daughter. Great interests depended upon it, and the old man would be insane with anger if he knew. What a miserable complication! What could either of these two children do without a penny?—for Harry probably loved somebody as poor as himself.

I had reached this point in my meditations, when there was a series of loud, impatient raps on my door, and Queen's voice fairly shrieked:

"Let me in! let me in! I won't go away till you do, if I pound all day!"

I opened the door, and the child threw herself into my

arms, quite out of breath, and between gasps and sobs and laughter, she at last managed to ejaculate:

"He loves you! Oh, Miss Lester! dear Miss Lester! he loves you! Harry loves you, do you hear?"

"Should think she might hear, if she's got any ears!" said a terrible voice in the entry. "Who is it Harry loves? What's all this nonsense about? Out with it, girl!"

Queen had left the door wide open, and the old man walked deliberately in, and seated himself in my armchair.

"Oh, papa! don't be so dreadful. Harry loves Miss Lester. Don't look so; she isn't to blame."

"I'm not to blame," said I, thoroughly roused; "and I leave this house to-morrow morning. I shall not stand between you and your wishes, Captain Heatherstone."

"Harry! Harry! Harry!" screamed Queen, "come up here! Miss Lester says she'll leave the house. Oh, Harry! do something—say something to papa."

Harry came up the stairs, three steps at a time.

"Captain Heatherstone," said he, with great coolness and dignity (he seemed to have grown from a boy to a man in the last hour), "I love Miss Lester, and I positively refuse to marry your daughter. I have never spoken one word of love to the lady in question, and am in utter ignorance of her feelings toward me. You shall not do her injustice, whatever you may think of me."

"You are all fools. Do you know that the estate upon which you are living now goes out of this family at my death unless you, Harry Stafford, marry my daughter? If you persist in this mad decision, you are both beggars at my death, and up to that time dependent upon me."

"Not beggars," said Harry, proudly, "while I have this strong right arm."

"Stuff! nonsense! We shall see what your right arm will do. Queen, do you agree to this insane proceeding?"

"Yes, papa, with all my heart. I never wanted to marry Harry, and now I will not."

Captain Heatherstone was silent. He rose, with a gesture of despairing resignation that touched us all.

"Dear papa, don't be angry! We can't help it. We—"

"Go away, child—I wish to be alone!" said the old man, as he went unsteadily from the room.

We looked at each other in a sort of consternation. But that feeling soon gave way to the sense of relief, and in a moment Harry had my hands in his, and was pouring out a passionate story of love. Queen had slipped out, and we were alone. I need not tell you how it all ended. Captain Heatherstone yielded to the inevitable, and Harry began studying law. I kept on with Queen till she was sent to Paris for a year's finish, and then I went to my dear old aunt's, to "get ready."

Harry and I have been married a year now, and I was stirred up to tell all this by a walk that I have just had in Hedgecourt, and a delightful talk under the veritable maple where our troubles and our joys began.

Queen is the same Queen, only she is in love and desperately, too, as becomes Queen; and her lover is rich; so there was no great harm done, after all.

SUFFERING.—Suffering comes to us through and from our whole nature. It cannot be winked out of sight. It cannot be thrust into a subordinate place in the picture of human life. It is the chief burden of history. It is the solemn theme of one of the highest departments of literature—the tragic drama. It gives to fictions their deep interest; it wails through much of our poetry. A large part of human vocations are intended to shut up some of its avenues. It has left traces on every human countenance over which years have passed. It is to not a few the most vivid recollection of life.



PEARL ISLAND.

BY MAUD L. CRIMSON.

THE isle of Pearl! the isle of Pearl!
That sleeps within the placid West,
How beauteous in its rounded shape—
How perfect seems its rest.

Oft in my dreams this isle of Pearl
Hath loomed in beauty on my sight,
And silvered o'er with magic rays
The sky of Fancy's night.

Oft have I sailed in fairy boat
Around its shores, the blue sea through,
And wove, in sorrowed thought, to find
My giddy dream untrue.

And oft I think, as twilight falls
In crimson curtains down the West,
I hear the thrilling strains that float
From out this isle of rest.

I long to live with those who dwell
Upon this little isle of Pearl,
I'd lie with them in coral caves,
And watch the blue seas curl.

And fancies, charged with rapture's fire,
Before my mental sight should roll;
Oh, what a depth of gleaming thought
Would fill my uncurbed soul!

But I can only note afar,
The glist'ning of its silver strand,
And wonder mutely, oft and oft,
If that's Utopian land.

I sigh and slowly turn away—
Oh! would I might such heights attain!
How many sinful souls of earth
Take up this sad refrain.

Oh, lift your heads! be sure you will,
Some time, attain that isle of rest;
Gaze often on its pearly banks,
Calm lying in the West,

Until your soul its pure hue takes,
Until your hidden wings unfurl;
Then shall you wend your airy way
Unto that isle of Pearl.

"PARSLEY" PEEL.

THE founder of the Peel family and the father of the first baronet, kept a skilled mechanic in his cotton-printing establishment, for the purpose of carrying out his ideas in the improvement of machinery. This man, we are told by Sir Lawrence Peel, was kept concealed in the private house of a Mr. Haworth, at Brookside, near Blackburn, where he worked in secret, as if he was engaged in some mysterious wickedness.

In the course of his experiments Mr. Peel also introduced some improvements in the printing of the cottons; in connection with which a story is still current in the Peel family.

This ingenious manufacturer was in his kitchen one day, making some experiments in printing on handkerchiefs, and other small pieces, when his only daughter, then a girl, afterward Mrs. Willock, the mother of the postmaster at Manchester, brought him in from their garden of herbs a sprig of parsley. It was some proof of taste in so young a girl (says Sir Lawrence) that she could discern beauty in a common pot-herb, which is generally regarded as created only for a garnish or a fry. She pointed out and praised the beauty of the leaf, and looking, by the habit of the remarkable family to which she belonged, naturally to the useful side, she said that she thought it would make a very pretty pattern.

Her father took it from her hand, looked at it attentively, praised her for her taste, and said that he would make a trial of it.

She, delighted not to be pooh-poohed, as discoverers among young folks often are, lent her aid with all the alacrity of a girl of fourteen. A pewter dinner-plate—for such was then the common dinner-plate of families of their degree—was taken down from the shelf, and on it was sketched, or scratched, a figure of the leaf, and from this impressions were taken.

This was called in the family "Nancy's pattern," after the little girl who invented it. It became one of the most popular patterns in cotton cloth ever designed, and was at one period as widely known and as universally used as the "Willow pattern" in crockery-ware.

It may be said that it had no small share in laying the foundation of the fortunes of the Peel family.

In the trade it was everywhere spoken of as the Parsley-leaf pattern, and alliteration lending its aid, the fortunate father of the shrewd young lady became known by the nickname of Parsley Peel.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.



"PARSLEY" PEEL.—"A PEWTER DINNER-PLATE WAS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE SHELF, AND ON IT WAS STRETCHED A FIGURE OF THE LEAF, AND FROM THIS IMPRESSIONS WERE TAKEN."



THE GIRL DETECTIVE.—“A FEW MINUTES SUFFICED TO CONVINCE ME THAT THE STOVE HAD BEEN MOVED OUT, AND THE ELBOW OF THE PIPE HAD BEEN REMOVED.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE GIRL DETECTIVE.



THE door of Rufus Markham's counting-room was securely closed, and the proprietor of the large, flourishing cotton factory talked earnestly with a gentlemanly-looking man of middle age, whose face was as impassive as a wax mask.

"Five thousand dollars!" said the individual. "It was a large sum to leave exposed."

"Exposed!" said Mr. Markham. "It was in my private desk, to which no one has access but myself and my nephew, Fred Tryon."

"Would it be possible the young gentleman——"

"Sir," said Mr. Markham, indignantly, "my nephew is not a thief. If he needed ten times that sum he knows I would freely give it to him. He will be my heir, and is as dear to me as a son. It is simply absurd to connect him in any way with this robbery."

"Just state the matter again, briefly as you can, and allow me to take notes, will you, Mr. Markham?"

"Certainly. I drew five thousand dollars out of bank yesterday, to meet a note that was not presented for payment. Retaining it until after the bank was closed, I concluded to lock it in my desk until this morning, and did so. At nine o'clock this morning the expected note was presented, and I opened the desk. The money was gone, and with it a small memorandum-book that was in the same roll."

"The lock was not forced?"

"No, sir; the desk was apparently exactly as I left it."

"And Mr. Tryon has the only duplicate key?"

The old gentleman frowned. He was evidently displeased at the turn the detective's suspicions seemed to be taking.

"My nephew certainly has the only duplicate key."

"H'm! yes. You have the numbers of the notes?"

"Yes. The roll consisted of ten five-hundred dollar notes."

The list of numbers being taken, the detective made a searching examination of the apartment, and prepared to take his departure. As he stood near the door, Mr. Markham suddenly said, nervously:

"I think, Mr. Vogdes, if you make any discoveries, you had better report to me privately before making any arrests."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it. Will you grant me one favor? Do not mention the robbery to Mr. Tryon, if you have not done so already."

"No one has heard of it but yourself."

"Very good! I will call again when I have any report to make."

"Fred! Fred!" the old gentleman said, in a low tone, when he was alone; "Vogdes evidently thinks it is Fred! It cannot be! It is impossible that my nephew would *rob* me! I cannot believe it. And yet he knew the money was there. He was here when I handed Arnold the check, and here when he returned with the money. He knew that Johnson's note was not presented, and Fred alone has a duplicate key. Oh, if it should be! Anna's boy, that I promised to love as my son. Have I not kept my promise? Where have I failed? And why should he steal from me, when all I have is his? I cannot, I will not, believe it!"

"May I come in?" asked a bright, pleasant face at the door, and permission being given, Fred Tryon entered the room.

Looking into his handsome young face, bright and frank,

with well-opened brown eyes, and curls of nut-brown hair, it was hard to connect it with any idea of roguery, ingratitude, and theft. His manner toward the uncle, who had ever filled a father's place, was the perfection of respectful affection, and before he had been an hour in the counting-room, Mr. Markham's uneasy fears were entirely gone.

They were talking of a certain dark-eyed little maiden, who was soon to be Mrs. Tryon, and when Fred left his uncle, it was with a promise that he would call in the evening upon Miss Clarkson, to finally arrange for the wedding-day.

The young man, a favorite of fortune apparently, spent the afternoon with his betrothed, received his uncle in the evening, beside her, and accompanied the old gentleman to his boarding-house, receiving an affectionate farewell, when he took up his way to his own rooms in another house. For a week he heard nothing of the robbery.

It was just when Summer twilight was fading that, returning from a drive with Maud Clarkson, Fred met his uncle's confidential clerk waiting for him at Maud's house.

"I have a note for you, Mr. Fred," he said; "and as you were not at home, I thought I would wait here for you."

Something in the man's face and manner struck a sudden chill to Maud's heart.

"You have bad news!" she cried.

"Perhaps Mr. Fred had better read the note," was the evasive reply.

But Maud's terror was only increased when Fred, after reading the note, broke into a furious exclamation of rage.

"Who dares say I am a midnight burglar?" he shouted.

"Oh, Fred, what is it?" asked Maud, turning very white.

"My uncle has been robbed of five thousand dollars, and he pays me the compliment of supposing me the thief, because I have a duplicate key to his private desk. I——Great heaven!" he cried, with a sudden change in his voice, "he cannot mean it! I rob my uncle! I!"

"Mr. Fred," said the clerk, respectfully, "I only waited to see how you took the note, to speak a few words of advice. Mr. Fred, I was with your father when he was killed on a railway train; I was with your uncle when he brought you from your mother's funeral to his home. I took you to boarding-school, and brought you home for the holidays, and I've loved you, boy and man, since you were ten years' old, and that's twelve long years. I know you never took the money, but things look very ugly for you."

"But," said Fred, grasping hard the hand the old clerk held out to him, "I cannot understand it. Listen," and he read aloud the note from his uncle:

"MR. FREDERICK TRYON: I could not believe without *proof*—undeniable, positive proof—that you could rob me of five thousand dollars, taken, as you know, from my private desk, on Wednesday last. You are my sister's son, and I will never be the one to imprison or punish you, but you are no longer nephew of mine. Willingly, I will never look in your face again. Your ill-gotten gains I freely give you to start in some business, trusting you will endeavor to live honestly in future. Do not try to see me; I will not listen to any explanations I know to be false. Do not write, for I will not open your letters.

"RUFUS MARKHAM."

Maud Clarkson grew white as death as she heard the stern edict.

"Oh, Fred!" she cried, "what can you do?"

"Starve, I suppose," was the bitter answer, "as I do not happen to possess the ill-gotten gains so generously presented to me. But I will not ask you to starve with me, Maud. You were betrothed to the millionaire's nephew and heir; the disinherited beggar frees you from your promise."

"Fred," she cried, bursting into tears, "how can you be so cruel?" Then, unheeding the clerk, who was discreetly looking from the window, she came close to Fred's side. "Darling," she said, fixing her large black eyes upon his

face, "if all the world believes you guilty, I do not. If all the world casts you off, I will keep my promise."

The young lover had been bewildered, indignant, desperate, but he folded the gentle comforter fast in his arms, and great tears fell on her upturned face.

"God bless you, Maud!" he cried; "I can defy the world, if you are true to me. Now, Potter, sit down, and tell me what you know of this wretched business."

"Well, Mr. Fred, I never heard of the robbery myself until this morning, when Vogdes, the detective your uncle employed to work it up, came to make his report. They did not notice me at first, and when your uncle remembered I was in the room, I had heard about all Vogdes knew. You remember there was a note coming due last Wednesday?"

"To Johnson?"

"Yes; well, I thought at the time it was curious your uncle gave him a check, when I knew the money was drawn out of the bank the day before to meet that very note. But I never knew till this morning that the money was stolen from Mr. Markham's private desk by false keys, Mr. Fred," said the old man, earnestly. "It was all in five-hundred dollar notes, and your uncle had the numbers."

"Well?"

"This morning Vogdes brought back one of the notes which you gave to T— yesterday in payment for a pearl locket."

"Stop, Potter! let me think. Where did I get that note? I have it! Arnold gave it to me to take out a hundred dollars I lent him some time ago. And Arnold— Potter, Arnold borrowed my keys last Wednesday night to open his trunk! Potter! huzza! We know the thief!"

"Not so fast, Mr. Fred—not so fast. It will not be an easy matter to prove this. Were there any witnesses present when Arnold borrowed the keys?"

"No; I was alone in my room, half undressed, when he knocked at my door, and said he had lost the key of his trunk. I lent him my bunch of keys, which he returned before I was out of bed the next day."

"And you were alone when he paid you the money?"

"Yes; I thought he was very flush, for you know as well as I do, Potter, that a note for five hundred dollars is not a daily visitor in Arnold's pocket."

"He is a cunning scoundrel. He wants to ascertain if the notes can be identified before he tries to get rid of them himself. Mr. Fred, will you leave it to me for a few days—only a few days?—and if I do not catch the thief, you may try!"

"But my uncle?"

"Wait till you can prove your innocence before you see him. Only a week. Give me only a week to watch Arnold. And, by-the-way, you will give me an additional chance if you will leave the city. Throw him off his guard by letting him suppose you are banished for his crime."

"Run away," flashed Fred, "like a coward?"

"Only for a week. You see, the probability is that Arnold has the money in his possession yet. He will wait to see the fate of what he has given you before putting any more into circulation; but he has probably hidden it very securely. You he will watch; but if you are willing, I will take your room while you are gone, and do a little private detective business on my part."

It was not easy to persuade Fred to consent to Potter's plan, but Maud's persuasions being added to the old man's, he finally consented to leave the city for a week, and return in that time to vindicate his own innocence in case of Potter's failure.

Before night Fred was on his way to visit another city, and his landlady had agreed to allow Mr. Potter to occupy his place during his absence.

Fred had been gone two days, when the old clerk called upon Miss Clarkson to report progress.

"I am completely baffled," he said, in answer to her inquiries. "You see, Arnold knows me, and evidently suspects me. He is so affectionately desirous of keeping me in sight, that I cannot get a peep in his room; and whenever he is out, he locks the door and gives the key to the landlady. I cannot force his door yet, and by the time Fred returns, I am afraid the money will be smuggled away. I am sure it is in his possession now, he is so careful about his room. Nobody gets in there but the landlady. I did think of bribing the chambermaid to let me in when she was at work there, but unfortunately she left to-day."

A flash of light seemed to pass across Maud's face, but she only said, demurely:

"Your landlady is a German, is she not?"

"Yes; her English is very imperfect. Have you ever seen her?"

"No; I have heard Fred speak of her. My mother, you know, was German."

"But what has that to do with Fred's case?"

"I will tell you. Vogdes has tried to find the thief, and failed. You have tried, and failed. I mean to try, and succeed!"

"You! What can you do?"

"Come to-morrow, and I will tell you."

Punctual to the appointed time, Potter made his appearance. With dancing eyes and flushed cheeks, Maud met him.

"Well?" he asked, certain from her looks that she had good tidings.

"I told you I would succeed!"

"And you did? Huzza! I feel as young as Fred himself!"

"To whom I have telegraphed to return. He will be here this evening, and you must bring Mr. Markham, Mr. Vogdes, and the proper police authorities, to meet in his room. Then, Mr. Potter, go to Mr. Arnold's room, and remove the pipe of the stove at the elbow. In the joint you will find Mr. Markham's memorandum-book and the missing notes."

"You are sure?"

"Listen! This morning, in a calico dress, sunbonnet, and pair of coarse shoes, for disguise, I applied for the place of chambermaid at the boarding-house where Mr. Arnold has a room. I braided my hair in two long plaits, and convinced your landlady that I was a recent importation from Germany, unable to speak a word of English. She agreed to take me for one week on trial, and before I had been two hours in the house, I was sent to tidy Mr. Arnold's room. Never was a room tidied so quickly; and, seeing my mistress on her way to market, I shot the bolt, and took a survey of the premises. The trunk was locked, the bureau-drawers wide open, the closet-door ajar. I felt a reluctance to overhaul any private depositories; though I should have done it," she added, resolutely, "if I had been driven to it! I rummaged a little, when, on the closet-floor, I espied a shirt, apparently scarcely soiled, except one sleeve, and that was black with soot. 'What is he doing at the fireplace in Summer?' I thought, and went to examine. A few minutes sufficed to convince me that the stove had been moved out, and the elbow of the pipe removed. I repeated the process, to find a roll of five-hundred dollar notes, and a small notebook, with the name Rufus Markham on the first page. I replaced everything carefully, and came home. Now, Mr. Potter, he must be taken by surprise, or he may say Fred put the notes there."

"You are a brave girl!" cried the old man, looking with admiration at the beautiful, animated face, "and Fred will owe you more than his life."

"He can repay me by coming to tell me the good news when he is clear."

Eight was striking by the city clocks when Doctor Graham Arnold, dressed in the latest fashion, and with a fragrant Havana between his lips, strolled leisurely into his own room.

He had been in the parlor of his boarding-house for an hour, watching Mr. Potter with some anxiety, but wholly unaware of the little party of four who, in Mr. Potter's temporary apartment, awaited his return to his own room.

Once inside the door, the *nonchalant* look left the handsome face of the young man, and he muttered, fiercely:

"I must get out of this! Potter suspects me, and may yet communicate his suspicions to Mr. Markham. I will be off to-night as soon as the house is quiet."

robbery of Mr. Markham's private desk upon his nephew has failed. It means that the five thousand dollars stolen from that gentleman is now in your possession, excepting only one note given to Mr. Tryon in payment of a debt!"

"It is a lie!" cried the prisoner; but his white face, faltering voice, and shaking limbs were no proof of innocence. "Search my trunks, everything I have."

"No, gentlemen," said Mr. Potter. "Draw out the stove, if you please, and look in the elbow of the pipe."

With a cry, Graham Arnold fell senseless to the floor, as Vogdes put his hand upon the stove.

Mr. Markham turned to Fred. There was no word spoken. Hand clasped hand, and each read forgiveness in the other's eyes.

Mr. Graham Arnold spent some weeks in jail ere his trial



MISS WHEELER, THE HEROINE OF CAWPORE.—MISS WHEELER KILLING THE SOWAR.

He opened a small traveling-satchel as he spoke, and was rapidly filling it with necessaries for a journey, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Tossing the satchel into the closet, he cried.

"Come in!"

But his face turned livid as his call was obeyed, and a party of five entered the room.

Two policemen stationed themselves on his right and left, while Mr. Markham, Mr. Potter and Fred Tryon followed them.

"Now, Mr. Potter," said one of the policemen, with the face and voice of the detective Vogdes, "will you tell us where to find those missing notes?"

"What notes?" cried Arnold. "What does this outrage mean?"

"It means," said Mr. Potter, "that your plan to throw the

and conviction; but before his sentence was pronounced Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tryon were crossing the ocean on a wedding tour to Europe, and only Mr. Potter and Fred ever knew of Maud's first and only appearance as a Girl Detective.

MISS WHEELER, THE HEROINE OF CAWPORE.

THE terrible massacre at Cawnpore was the stunning blow of the Sepoys in their revolt. The English, till then, had viewed the matter lightly. Indeed, on the very day of the massacre, an officer in the beleaguered hospital wrote deriding the revolt.

When the attack began, and Nena Sahib came from Bithoor, not to relieve the besieged but to aid in their slaughter, it became evident that escape was impossible. General



THE WILLOW SWITCH.—"SUSIE CAREFULLY PLANTED THE WILLOW SWITCH JUST ABOVE THE LITTLE SPRING."

but a device to draw them to an exposition. The boats were fired upon, and all on board killed or taken. One boat escaped several miles, but was pursued and brought back. The unfortunate women were then divided.

One heroic girl, Miss Wheeler, the youngest daughter of the general, as she was taken from the boat, was seized by a sowar, or cavalryman, and carried off to his house. She went quietly, as prisoners afterward declared, but at night rose, and getting hold of the sowar's sword, avenged the slaughter of her family by killing the sepoy, his wife, son, and mother-in-law, who were sleeping in the house. She then went and threw herself down the well.

In the morning the neighbors were horrified at the spectacle, and could not explain it till some one looked down the well, where, dead and swollen, lay the corpse of the young heroine, who, preferring death to dishonor, died not idly, but inflicted ere she went just retribution on the murderers within her reach.

THE WILLOW SWITCH.

THE FIRST STORY THEREOF.

ABOUT forty years ago a large part of Central New York, that is now fast becoming a garden, was almost a new country, and people talked of "moving West" when they emigrated from the banks of the Hudson, or the Mohawk, to those of the Genesee. Still, one of the cities on the line of the Erie Canal was even then a town of some importance, and boasted much of what then amounted to wealth, and even aristocracy.

Of this latter class had been the family of Judge Morton, but sundry unlucky speculations had made it impossible for him to retain his accustomed position among his old neighbors, and he was about to seek a new field in one of the younger settlements, a few days' easy journey to the southwest.

The movement was one regarded by the steady folk of that time about as a move to Kansas would be now, and quite a colony of sympathizing and regretful friends had gathered to bid good-by to the family who were so rashly or adventurously bent upon sundering old ties and associations.

Everything had long been prepared, the wagons were laden, the adieux for the most part had been said again and

Wheeler might have fought his way out, but he was unable to do so with nearly two hundred women.

They therefore fought steadily on, losing indeed, but inflicting such terrible retribution, under the lead of the gallant Ashe, Moore, and Halliday, that Nena Sahib at last agreed to let them evacuate, and embark in boats on the river. This was, however,

again, and a part of the cavalcade was fairly under way. The heavier goods, indeed, had been started two or three days before.

The ladies of the party, as well as the gentlemen, had decided to attempt the journey on horseback, well aware that the condition of the roads, even though Spring was now well advanced, could not safely be depended upon. Our mothers and grandmothers were far more familiar with the saddle, and certainly with the *pillion*, than are their living representatives.

Apart from the rest, mounted on a stout and quiet-looking pony, sat a young lady of some eighteen Summers, in whose rosy cheeks and bright black eyes the excitement of the occasion seemed to have almost overcome its soberer suggestions. Still, something like a shade was on her face, as she leaned forward in her saddle and conversed in low tones with a gentleman whose arm was thrown carelessly over the neck of her pony.

"Never mind me, Charlie; why, it's only three days' riding, at the very worst, and that won't hurt me."

"But me, Susie—I am ordered off for a long cruise, and I cannot tell when I shall see you again."

"But you *will* come back?"

"Yes—but when? And will you——"

"Will I what, Charlie?"

"Wait a moment, Susie."

And the young man, who was in the undress uniform of a naval officer, sprang off to the side of the road, where some willow trees were growing in untrimmed luxuriance. Catching hold of one of the gracefully bending boughs, he cut therefrom a long and pliant slip, with which he quickly returned, stripping off the leaves as he came.

"There, Susie, that will answer for a riding-whip, but do not wear it out on your pony, even if the roads are bad."

"Why not, Charlie?"

"Because, at the end of my cruise I shall come back to claim it. Will you keep it for me?"

A very soft light stole into the black eyes, but she said, in a low voice :

"Yes, Charlie, I will keep it. But are you sure you will come to claim it?"

"If I live, Susie."

"Ah! then it is good-by sure enough, now," said Susie, "for father is calling me. Good-by, Charlie! Good-by!"

There was a most passionate earnestness in the young officer's reply, and he stood gazing after the pony and his mistress long after they were hidden by a turn in the road. We cannot follow him, however, by land or sea, for our business is with the willow switch. If Susie's pony suffered on the road, it was not from any excessive application of



THE WILLOW SWITCH.—"SHE WAS PROCEEDING TO SEVER THE SLIP SHE WANTED. AS FOR HER GIRLISH COMPANION, SHE HAD SANK DOWN UPON THE GRASS, AND COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS."

Charlie's queer memento, and on the third day, about noon, Judge Morton rode up to the side of his daughter, and announced that they were nearly at their journey's end.

They were nearly at a fork of the road, at the foot of a gently-sloping hill, and, just where the two ways met, a little spring bubbled up, and wandered off into an adjoining meadow. There were more signs of improvement than Susie had expected, but enough of wilderness remained to add more than a little to the rural beauty of the spot.

"Our new home," said the judge, "will be on the top of this knoll, when it is built, and our present quarters, such as they are, will be a little further on."

A sudden thought seemed to have entered the brain of Susie.

"Father, won't willows grow from slips?"

"Yes, my dear; that is the usual way of setting them out."

"And they want water, don't they? Is this one fresh enough to grow?"

"I should say it was."

"Well, then, maybe we can have something growing here to remind us of our old home."

In an instant Susie was down from her pony, and the willow switch was carefully planted, just above the little spring. It would have all the water it wanted, at all events. And then Susie and her father rode on to their new home, but there was a warm flutter at the young girl's heart, and a blush on her cheek, as she wondered:

"Will it ever grow?"

The new settlement was a good one for the judge, and Susie's willow prospered famously. Even the rude farmer boys had learned how it came there, and respected it religiously, while a little paling kept off other intruders. Susie's heart throbbed high with hope and faith, at times, as she noted the wonderful vitality and prosperity of her leafy favorite. It grew as if it had a duty to perform, and was determined to do it well. And the little spring bubbled up more briskly from under it, and seemed to murmur softly:

"He will come! He will come!"

Still, one year, and another, and another, went by, and Charlie did not come, and letters were terribly uncertain, and far between. All around the world he had been sent, and Susie's heart at times grew sick and weary, in spite of the willow.

But she had other suitors, for her beauty seemed to grow every day, and her father was getting along well in the world once more. Truth to tell, Susie had something of Mother Eve in her, and was by no means averse to admiration and attention.

So it happened that one day in June of the fourth year of the residence of the Mortons in their new home, just as the sun was setting, Susie found herself taking a stroll along the shaded roadside, accompanied by the handsomest and most favored of her numerous train of worshipers.

They did not seem to be in a talking humor, but walked slowly along until they came to the forks of the road, and paused a moment by the spring. Here, at last, the young man seemed to have found his tongue, and he pleaded eloquently and passionately for the half-reluctant hand which he had seized in both his own.

Still Susie was silent, and it may be that the bubbling spring and the sighing willow were talking to her; but just then they heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming at a quick pace up the road, and in a moment more a rider drew his rein beside them, and asked politely if he could be directed to the residence of Judge Morton. The young man had dropped Susie's hand, and, half-vexed at the interruption, was proceeding to give the desired information, but his words were not listened to.

The horseman was leaning forward in his saddle, and had

fixed a gaze of earnest penetration on the face of Susie Morton, on which the blushes had given way to a deadly pallor.

"Susie, I have come! The willow—"

The light came back to Susie's eyes in an instant, and, with a long sigh of relief, she pointed to the lithe branches which swept her shoulder, and answered:

"Here it is, Charlie; it has been growing ever since you went away."

Susie's other companion was not obtuse enough to linger longer in the shade of such a tree as that, and, before she returned to the house, Charlie had reclaimed his gift. The song of the spring only changed enough to sound like, "He has come! He has come!"

THE SECOND STORY OF THE WILLOW.

THIRTY years went by, and the Morton willow kept on growing, until it became a well-known landmark, towering high in air above the little spring at the forks of the road. But thirty years work changes in other things besides trees, and a slip from the willow had been dissevered to grow above a low mound in the village graveyard, for the judge slept, like a true American, *not* with his fathers. Everything else had undergone changes, if not always improvement, and at last came the fearful changes of the war of the rebellion.

It was not many days after the Gettysburgh fight, and a matronly lady, in deep mourning, supported by a fair young girl similarly clad, walked slowly and feebly down the sloping road to the spring.

"If there is a bough in reach, dear, I would rather gather it myself, and then, if I can find where they have laid him, I will go and plant it with my own hands."

One long, sweeping branch of the willow-tree seemed, as she approached it, almost to be held out to her with sympathizing purpose, and, with a pale face and quivering, she was proceeding to sever the slip she wanted, unmindful of the rattle of coming carriage-wheels. As for her girlish companion, she had sank down upon the grass, and covered her face with her hands. The good lady's trembling fingers almost refused to perform their duty, and the carriage drew within a few paces of her just as she had severed the slender rod.

"Well, mother, I hope that you are not cutting that for me," said a cheery, but somewhat feeble, voice from the carriage. The young girl sprang to her feet, but only just in time to save her mother from falling, though she did not quite faint, and recovered quickly.

"Oh, Charlie, my boy!—my boy!"

"Here I am, mother—hurt, sure enough, but in no need of a willow yet; am I, father?"

"Not by any means" said a hale and hearty old gentleman, in naval undress, who now sprang out of the carriage; "and they've given us both a furlough, though mine is a short one. This willow was always a tree of good omen."

And again the spring seemed to bubble up softly:

"He has come! he has come!"

And the old lady, and the young lady, too, sobbed and laughed, and kissed the returned warriors, till the good mother, with the bit of willow still in her hand, knelt down in the shade of the memorial tree to pour out her thankfulness to Him who had made her prosperity to grow with its growth, from the day when she sprang from her weary pony to plant it.

TIMES of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunder-bolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.



ELIEF comes to us often from curious sources, at least judging from our own knowledge; but perhaps none of us have experienced it coming under quite such novel circumstances as those of our fellow-creature away down in Pennsylvania; for he was poor, and had scarcely the wherewithal to clothe himself and family, and having the usual accompaniment of a poor man's life, a poor man's blessing. Now, our friend, although he was poor, was honest, at least so the story goes, and it is believed that because he was honest this relief was sent him. He says so, at all events.

The story came to me through three or four persons, and I send it to you, believing that it will likewise be of interest to you, as it was to me.

I was at the time enjoying a trip through the beautiful country traversed by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The stories, though differing slightly, were essentially the same, but the party from whom I first heard it seemed better posted than the others. I met him on the train just after leaving the station. He was unmistakably a Yankee, and, as I afterward learned, had only recently taken up his abode in the locality. A Yankee of the talkative, confidential type, a regular "blower," his story was altogether the most humorous of any, and I am led to believe was as authentic as the rest, so I give it as nearly as I can remember in his own words.

As I said, I was traveling on the Pennsylvania Railroad at the time; my trip was one of business, and I was obliged to stop at the different stations for a day or two at a time. I had just stopped on the train at Thompsonstown, and intended to ride as far as Lewistown, where I expected to remain one or two days. I stepped into the car, and, as luck would have it, the only seat not in close proximity to some exasperated infant, or woman with a bandbox, was by the side of one of those gushing, communicative sort of individuals one seldom meets excepting in a railroad car. He was exercising his propensities in his peculiar line, when I entered, in trying vainly to pacify the evident injured sensibilities of a stout old lady who had capsized over his rather too promiscuous foot, although he had been sitting at the time on the window side of the seat.

Well, I concluded to take the sitting, thinking that if I should commence immediately to read my paper attentively he would let me remain in peace; but no, he must, at least, welcome me with "How air ye, stranger?" and from that he jabbered on to many other things, until finally reading was almost out of the question. He seemed to be a real good-natured sort of a fellow, though, and I could not exactly have the heart to snub him, and put a damper on his careless but hearty manner, although it would have been much more to my pleasure to have continued my reading. But, finding that he was carried away by his own kind feelings, and his earnest desire to enlighten me on the various subjects of "poultry keepin'," "dairy farmin'," and a host of others, including "whittlin'," I slowly, in despair, folded my paper, and consigned it to my pocket, whereupon he kindly expressed himself—"Don't let me keep you from readin', stranger," which was so supremely amusing that I was forced to smile.

Now, as there was nothing better to do, I joined my friend, and we conversed on different subjects. I found him not so silly, after all, and his humor really was some-

thing quite uncommon, although it was not of the brilliant stamp.

At last there came a sudden turn to our conversation, that brings us to the story in question. The train had stopped, and was just wheeling away from Perrysville, when, with a quick motion, he nudged me, driving his sharp elbow three or four inches into my ribs, and, at the same time, pointing out of the window, exclaimed :

"D'yee see that codger?"

My eye followed the direction of his finger, and had just time to observe the object of his gaze—a rather tall man, with a light coat. I nodded.

"Wal," said he, "that feller hes made more money out of a hole than you could shake a stick at in a week."

"A hole?" said I, inquiringly.

"Sartin—a hole," he repeated, "and a hole that was struck all by chance."

"Indeed!" I remarked, rather amused. "But was it a key-hole, or a knot-hole, or a—"

This question amused him in return, and he smiled "openly."

"Oh, no, stranger," he interrupted, "he ain't that sort of a man. I wouldn't state that he ever made anything by a key-hole in his life, cos he ain't that sort of a man; and I guess nobody ever made much out of a knot-hole, did they? No, but honor bright, stranger," continued he, speaking in a lower tone, and looking quite serious, "that feller struck a hole on his farm that fetched him in a pile of shinplasters."

"A woodchuck hole, I presume," suggested I, with equal seriousness.

A broad grin, which literally spread all over his ruddy countenance, followed this remark, but he shortly found his tongue again.

"I reckin you're a Varmount, ain't ye, stranger? I've seen jest sech fellers as you down in Varmount. I cal'late you're from them parts, ain't ye?"

Now whether he had really detected any resemblance in my manner to the usual demonstrations of his countrymen, or whether he had merely made a happy hit in guessing, is to be conjectured, but he certainly had presumed rightly; for, although I had been "city-bred," I originally hailed from the Green Mountain State, and I freely admitted it to him.

"Thar! I reckined so from the start. Give me yer paw, stranger; I cum from them parts tew." Here he swallowed my hand up in his, and shook it as if he desired to exterminate the powers of that member at once and for ever. "I tell you, thar's a sartin resemblance between all the daown-easters, and yer can't fool me when I once set eyes on 'em." Perhaps he intended to compliment me by the above vain remark, but its effect was rather to the contrary, as he was anything but a handsome man himself, his expression being the only redeeming virtue in his whole angular physiognomy. "I sw'ar," he continued, "it's good for sore eyes to see a feller-native 'way daown here in Pennsylvany. Whar was you born?"

I answered this and a host of other like questions, in as few words as possible, not being desirous of giving the entire number of passengers the benefit of my family history. Having gratified his curiosity as far as I was concerned, he next spun out, unasked, a lengthy discourse on his own family affairs, and what he chose to style his "pedigree." He dwelt lengthily upon his maiden aunt Hephzibah, thence to a glowing account of his fourteen brothers and sisters, and there's no knowing how long he would have continued, had I not at last interposed, as soon as I saw my chance, to get in one or two words edgewise.

"Yes, my friend," I interrupted, "I am very glad to hear of your family and friends, and to see your devotion to them; but you must remember that you left me in some

suspense in regard to that other subject of which you were first speaking—that *rat-hole*, or some other kind of a hole, that some fellow struck on his farm."

It is needless to remark that I had imagined what the nature of this "hole" must be, but, knowing the humorous character of my friend, I liked to surprise him with my silly speeches, and watch their effect on his good-natured countenance.

"True, stranger," he began again; "I was so mighty concentrated on them dears to *hum*, that I quite forgot what I was goin' to tell ye. Naow, you're pesky full of fun about this 'ere hole, but ye hain't guessed right yet. It *was* a hole in the ground, stranger, but it was a *cave*!—a *whalin'* big *cave*, stranger, full of long pints stickin' down from the top, jest like any of them *big caves* way daown in Kentuck, and all a-tricklin' with water. I tell you, stranger, ef you're goin' to visit raound these parts much of a spell, you'd better go an' see it yourself. It's only a leetle destance aout of Lewistown, and we will be *thar* in nigh on to a half-hour."

I informed him that I had expected to stop there, and told him that I certainly would make it a point to see it.

"Wal," he continued, "and the way that feller cum arost that *thar* *cave* was pleggy funny. I calculate he was nigh on to surprised himself when he first struck it. You see, the country all araound these parts is chuck full of *limestun*. Wharever ye see a rock, it's sartin to be *limestun*, and some of the natives about here sez that even old tree-stumps has been known to turn to *limestun* out of sympathy. Naow, stranger, when these codgers told me this, I gave 'em to understand they couldn't *come* it on a Varmount Yankee in *that* style—not *much*; but when they went and fetched me a stick with the bark on, and the hull lot of it turned to *stun*, *stun clean through*, I had to cum daown. I tell you, stranger, everything about here turns to *limestun*. Why, they tell me that a chap had his *very boots* turn to *limestun* on his feet

jest while walking over a meddy with a *limestun* wall araound it. But I'm from *Varmount*, and that was a leetle *teu* much to get into me."

This last remark was accompanied with peculiar emphasis. Raising his closed hand from his lap, he placed the extremity of his thumb to his pointed nose, and then spread out his long, slender fingers, which he gently moved; a wink and a squint followed closely, and he once more continued:

"Wal, ye see, that codger who struck this *cave* went out one fine mornin' to blast on a little ledge of *limestun* on his farm. He knew there was plenty of *limestun* *thar*, but wanted *teu* see how the quality of it was inside; at least, I cal'late that was his idee. Wal, he sunk a hole in the pesky *stun*, and stuck in his slow match, and the way them pieces did *fly* was a caution; and when he cum to look where the ledge of *stun* was, it was gone to thunder, and an all-fired big *hole* left in its place, big enough to drive a yoke of oxen through, stranger.

"I reck'n he was a leetle surprised. They tell me that then the first thing he was given to do was to fill the hull *thing* up with powder, and blow her up skyhigh; but finally a wise thought struck him, and he concluded to explore; so, he sent his dog in first, with a lantern tied to his tail, and he, with a few other natives, foller'd with candles,



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—THE CHAPEL CAVE NEAR LEWISTOWN, PA.—SEE PAGE 315.

and found a reg'lar *cave*—an all-thunderin' *cave*, jest like them they hev daown in Kentuck," he repeated; "with great things that look like roots of teeth comin' daown from the ceilin', and the floor all covered with puddles of lime-water.

"Naow, when that codger found that it really was a *cave*, he went *teu* work in jest my style. In less time than three hours after he came aout, he had the opening boarded up like a little hut, under lock and key, and put a tariff of twenty-five cents a head for goin' in, and made 'em pay in advance. And that's the way, stranger, he made his nice little pile; only if I had been in his place, I'd made 'em pay

before comin' aout, teu, or else kept them thar till they did. *That* would a been my style, only it *wouldn't*, you know. Wal, all the natives in the neighborhood heard tell of it—folks miles away walked over jest to get in the darned old hole. It's quite a sight, though; and if you take my advice, stranger, you'll git and see it, and if you ain't a pleggy site pleased, I'm no Varmounter, that's all."

I thanked

my good-natured companion for his valuable information, and we spent the few minutes now remaining in chatting on other questions, until at last the train wheeled up to the platform at Lewistown, when my arm was once more threatened with immediate disintegration, as I hurriedly bade my friend good-by. Before taking final leave of him, however, I inquired his name, which he gave me as "Nate Beers," and I think I shall always remember it.

Notwithstanding his peculiar manner, he had, nevertheless, left a favorable impression upon me, and I had really begun to like the fellow, he had seemed so hearty and genial.

Lewistown Station is about half a mile from the town itself, and as I had now a few minutes to spare before the "stage," which was always in readiness to take passengers "over to town," would be ready to start, I employed this time in seeking for further information concerning the "cave" which our Yankee friend had described. I found

two or three persons who knew something about it, and from whom I obtained other stories concerning it.

I resolved to take the first opportunity on the morrow and visit it, which I did; and as I am rather fond of sketching (after my own fashion), I went prepared to make a few sketches of the scene, if I found it as interesting as had been de-

scribed to me. The cave is situated on the Milroy branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which Lewistown is the junction. I took the noon train, and after a very slow ride of about forty miles, arrived at the object of my journey. I was told to wait, that the "girl" would be along soon," having been notified by a signal from the conductor as the train passed her house, which was situated near the track.

I waited, but improved my time trying to get a glimpse of the whereabouts of the curiosity I had come to see. I finally came across it, a little rising ground having at first obscured it from sight. It was anything but imposing. There was the "little hut" of an entrance protruding from a hollow in the side of the bank, just as it had been described to me, and the hillside, or rather mountain-side, studded with lofty pines rising far above it.

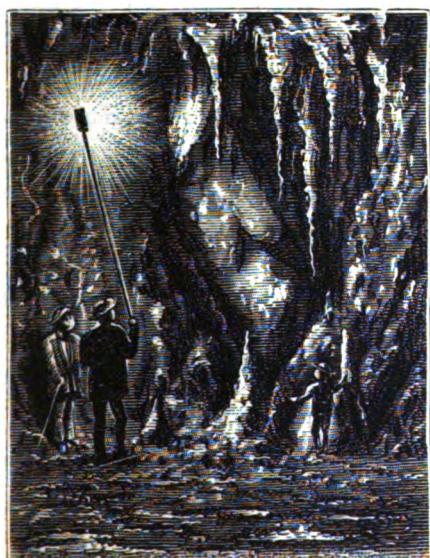
The country was truly plentiful in limestone, and the ground was strewn with fragments of a limestone character; several of these pieces looked as if they might be petrifications, but they were not unmistakably so. I did succeed, however, in finding some specimens which were positive examples of petrified wood; and it was while collecting these curiosities that the "girl" before alluded to came trotting up, all out of breath, with her bunch of keys in her hand. Closely behind her followed a man and two or three boys, who were evidently as much interested as I to be let into the mysteries of

the chasm whose entrance was so nearly before us.

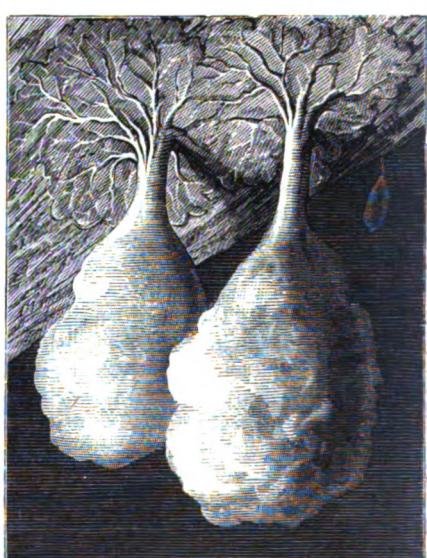
The door was soon opened, and after a few moments' time, during which the girl prepared two or three lights for us, we entered, she taking the lead as our guide. A large fissure, scarcely wide enough for two to pass in side by side, and with a height of ten feet, constituted



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER—ENTRANCE TO LIMESTONE CAVE.



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—THE OLD MAN OF THE CAVE.



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—A CURIOUS FUNGUS.

the cave's opening ; and as we approached it, we felt its icy cold breath surround us, and a most chilling, penetrating breath it was, too —cold as death itself, but we buttoned our coats closer about us and proceeded. At each successive step the fissure enlarged, and as soon as I could get my feet firmly planted, I paused to look about me.

Everything seemed wet and dripping. No stone was visible, its surface being entirely covered by a gray, warty deposit of lime. The floor or surface on which I stood was likewise covered with these calcareous formations of the most eccentric shapes.

Here arose a conical, corrugated mass, with an ugly knob on its extremity ; and there stretched out a long lump-covered ridge, presenting all sorts of possible contortions, while just below me a little misshapen pool, with thin, elevated edges, presented itself.

It was a strange sight to me. I had read accounts of these limestone caves—the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and others—but had never before entered one.

Having gratified my first curiosity, I now carefully proceeded to join the rest of the company, who were by this time several feet in advance of me. Each step that I took revealed new wonders to me, till at last I found myself in a large, open space, which my light could not penetrate. How large it was I was unable to tell. I tried to place my lantern in such a position as would enable me to see, but the darkness was too deep, too dense, to be penetrated by the small light I held. I did not have to wait long, however, before a bright blaze illuminated the interior, and every nook and corner was presented to my astonished view in a brilliant light.

A large ball of wicking, saturated with kerosene, had been ignited, and sent up a broad tongue of flame, converting the hitherto unfathomable darkness into a brilliant grotto, whose walls everywhere glistened as if set with diamonds, and whose ridged pillars shone like polished marble. Long, sparkling stalactites hung from the arches overhead like huge icicles of stone, while from their tips the liquid diamonds gathered and fell, leaving, as it were, silver threads in their paths, and ending their short existence in a thousand pointed stars, as they met with their fate below on the stalagmite's homely summit. Everything was dazzling in the firelight. The sound of trickling water was ever present, and all the tiniest sounds echoed and re-echoed through the weird chamber like fairy whispers.

The floor was sunken full of little pools of the most fantastic forms. Thin edges were raised above the sounding level as crystallization gradually took place around them, and each was brimming full of the purest liquid, which ever and anon would receive its crystal bead from above, and cause its little face to smile as if in gratitude. This was, at all events, the way it struck my imagination, and I took great pleasure in watching the little rings gradually die away from the ruffled surface of these pools.

In the joyful surprise I had experienced I had quite forgotten my pencil and paper, and my intention of sketching, and I now endeavored to accomplish a little toward that end. The light was gradually dying down, however, and I could do but little, until the guide kindly added a little more kerosene to the flame, thus enabling me to succeed in obtaining a few guiding lines, but nothing more ; yet even these, with the additional help of my memory, would enable me to complete a passable picture of the scene.

As we traced our steps, the guide inquired if we would like to see the "Old Man." We, of course, assented, and she pointed it out to us. Our lanterns were held up high above us, and a most grotesque sight met our eyes. A hideous face peered out from between two layers of stone, as if it had been caught there and made fast during the convulsion of nature when the cave was found. It was certainly a

striking-looking object, and one would scarcely believe it could be the mere chance formation of a calcareous deposit. I succeeded in obtaining a fair outline of this also. There was now little else to be seen that we had not observed, but there was much of interest within the cave that I cannot possibly describe here. The pictures will fill out what I have omitted.

After we had passed out, and spent a little time together discussing the treat that we had all enjoyed, I found that I had three or four minutes to spare before the train was due for Lewistown ; so I took a hasty sketch of the "Entrance," thinking it might be also of interest as well as the rest. The sketches I have worked up from memory, and hope that they can be used, as they give a passably clear idea of this underground wonder way out in —.

I send also a drawing of a most singular specimen of Fungal eccentricity which was taken from the interior of this very cave, although at a different time, and not by myself. It was obtained by a friend of mine, and had been found, with many others of its kind, growing in a cluster on the fast-decaying remains of an old wooden staircase, which may be seen in the sketch of the cave's interior. It was, when I had seen it, in a rather dilapidated condition, but this curious fungus had not then made its appearance, or my constant, habitual watchfulness and love of objects of natural history and botany would certainly have led me to discover it. The gentleman who furnished me with the drawing, and who is himself a sort of naturalist, by-the-way, sent me with it a letter containing an amusing account of the manner in which he became possessed of this interesting specimen, and I take the liberty of quoting this part of his communication.

He was at the time whiling away a few weeks' vacation in the picturesque borough of Lewistown, after a hard Summer's toil in the city, and during his rides and rambles through the country had previously come across many interesting objects, botanical, geological, and otherwise, and had sent me a number of entertaining letters in regard to his discoveries.

At the time of obtaining the fungus here pictured, he was out on a hunting trip ; all alone by himself to be sure, only with the company of multitudinous beetles, butterflies, and bugs of various kinds, pinned promiscuously all over his broad-brimmed hat, and a box containing as many different species of caterpillars and chrysalids stored away in his gamebag ; but even with this evident success, he was soon enabled to secure another still more valuable addition to his day's collection. He did not happen to find this himself, as he did the others. How he succeeded in getting it he can best tell, and I will end by a quotation from his letter :

I had just turned a sudden curve in the road which was taking me homeward, and then, one or two hundred feet in front of me, I spied two little darkey children of the "Day and Martin" sort. I soon observed that they were both much excited over something which one of them held in his hand, while the other was giving vent to his high spirits in all manner of gymnastic evolutions and yelps, such as only darky children can belch forth. As I neared them I was able to see the cause of their excitement in the shape of a pendulous white mass of about seven inches in length, somewhat resembling an oblong ball of cotton ; it was hanging from a fragment of wood which the black urchin held out at arm's length with one hand, holding in the other a stick of larger size, evidently, by his manner, for the purpose of self-defence. He was grinning from one ear to the other, and dancing fantastically on one leg when I came up to him.

"What have you got there, my young friend ?" I inquired. He turned quickly around, and, still holding the object out at arm's length, replied :

"A bat."

And he kept his eyes almost constantly upon it, evidently for fear it should start to fly.

"A *bat*?" I repeated after him, wonderingly.

"Yes, sah; it are a white *bat*. He bin hangin' to dis yer stick mor'n two hours."

His manner and the ridiculousness of his remark forced me to smile.

"Where did you get him?" I next asked.

"Ober dar in dat ar cave," said he, pointing with his stick to the hillside, in the direction of the cave's entrance. "It ar all full on um. Ise seed um dar lots o' times, and dis time I jes' see dis yer feller roostin', and I jes' bruck him off on dis yer stick, and fetched him out. He ain't woked up yet, and when he do I specs like enuff he's gwine to fly fur my *har*; but him jes' better *not*, 'nless he want to get a right straight *clubbin'*."

This was said with an air of triumph that was supremely ridiculous; and as I had by this time discovered the true nature of the white object he held, and therefore realized more keenly the needless excitement the little fellow had experienced, I gave myself up to a good hearty laugh, whereupon he excitedly vociferated :

"You jes' better laff. I guess you get um in your *har* once, and um get tight in, and um *neber* cum off; den I guess you no' laff s., much."

"Are they, indeed, so ferocious as all that?" I inquired.

"Dey no haf so fly in de day as dey am in de nite, 'caus dey no woke up; but in de nite-time day jes' flies right straight fur everybody's *har*, if dey don't hev no hat on."

"What a very strange beast he must be!" said I. "What are you going to do with him?"

"Ise gwine to *dround* um in de *ribber*," replied the little black urchin, showing the white of his eyes extravagantly. "Ise droundeda a heap on um; dey no fly when dey is under de water, and dey gets died afore dey knows it."

"It always kills them, does it?" I inquired, scarcely able to control myself.

"Yes, sah; you jes' guess it do. I ties a stone to um, an' dey go down, an' dey neber comes up again, dey gets died so quick."

The absurdity of the whole thing here perfectly overcame me, and I laughed as I had never laughed before. I soon recovered myself, however, and persuaded the little fellow to hand the offending object to me, which he did; but had no sooner released his hold of it than he started at full speed with his companion, and they did not lessen their pace until they were several yards distant, when they both secreted themselves behind a large pine-tree.

Here was more ridiculousness, but I had been hardened to it by this time. I tried in vain to convince the little black imps that the thing was not alive; but my extreme caution in holding it, and my unwillingness to handle it, they construed as fear on my part, and not being willing to disfigure a good specimen for the sake of enlightening the two little heathens, I allowed them to go to their homes uninstructed. The object thus left with me I now examined closely. It was a growth of wondrous beauty. Such delicacy I never before saw in *any* form, and snow was never whiter. Its shape, as well as its other peculiarities, are perfectly represented in the drawing I inclose, excepting its feathery softness, which *no* picture could ever indicate. I have found in my rambles many species of fungi, but never *one* so peculiar as this. I am unable to classify it, simply knowing that it is a species of mold. I have never heard of a similar variety, and cannot discover in the works I have read on the subject any species whose description corresponds to it.

Thinking that its pendulous character might be a mere freak of nature in this individual, I concluded to satisfy my mind on the subject, and consequently visited the cave of

which I have written you, and in which this queer plant had been found. I did so, and, to my great delight and astonishment, discovered an immense cluster of the same growth, all adhering to an old framework of a staircase, which had long since seen its better days. I procured several more fine specimens, and, although they withered to almost nothing within a few hours, I still preserved their dried spores on a piece of paper, and hope yet to place them in such conditions that they will vegetate, and give me another chance to admire them in their perfection.

A CURIOUS PETITION.

THE following is a veritable petition, signed by sixteen maids of the town of Charleston, S. C., and presented to his Excellency, Governor Johnson, of that province, in the year 1733:—"The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten: Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows and our own youthful charms thereby neglected, the consequence of this, our request, is that your Excellency will for the future order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will permit no further insults. And we, poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray."

A HARVEST FESTIVAL IN POLAND.

In the palatinate of Sandomir, situated on both banks of the river Vistula, on Assumption Day, and after the crops have been harvested, the reapers, dressed in their best and decked out in ribbons, assemble to celebrate the harvest festival. A rustic crown of straw entwined with flowers, bay leaves, and wheat-ears, and ornamented with nuts and berries, is placed upon the head of a young girl who is the belle of the community. The villagers all follow her as she makes her way to the church, where she deposits her crown upon the high altar. After the conclusion of mass the priest blesses the crown, when the whole party, with songs and music, start for the house of the mayor, who attaches a young rooster upon the top of the crown. If the cock crows, the delight of the procession is unbounded, and they give way to the most positive expressions of joy, for they feel assured that the harvest will be most abundant for the coming year, and that they will be cordially welcomed by their employer. If, on the other hand, the cock fails to crow, and does not peck at the grain in the crown, the multitude are depressed, and accept it as an evil omen, and an indication that the crops will be scant and their employer's welcome frigid. It is needless to add that great care is taken to select a young and lusty rooster.

The procession next make their way to the chateau of their employer and chant in concert as follows:

"Open your doors! We have harvested your grain, and it is more numerous than the stars in the heavens."

"Come out of your castle and accept the crown which rests upon this young girl's head, for it is the crown of crowns, and is of pure gold and not of wheat!"

"We deserve to be received in your palace, for our heads are burned with the rays of the sun, our hands are cut by

the sickle, our knees are weary by contact with the cart, our backs are bent by toiling in your fields !

" Let the contents of your larder and your cellar be given us. Remember, lord, that roast beef is good for a weary back, mutton for tired knees, veal for blistered feet, geese,

The lady of the castle removes the crown from the girl's head and places it in the centre of a table spread with a white cloth, when a considerable sum of money is presented to the queen of the festival.

The villagers are liberally entertained, and the tables



HARVEST FESTIVAL IN POLAND.

chickens and ducks for bruised hands, and brandy and ale for heads parched by the scorching sun."

Then follows an address in prose, or verse and music, when the lord of the castle and his wife and children come forth and make presents to those who have been conspicuous for their industry and assiduity.

groan under the weight of beef and mutton ; and brandy and ale are also freely dispensed.

After the repast there is dancing. The entertainer opens the ball with the village queen, his wife giving her hand to the orator of the day, and the merry-making oftentimes continues until daybreak.



A CONCERT OF AMATEURS.

A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWEN. DOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

(Continued.)

S Margarita drew the writing-materials together. She was thinking all the time what she could do to prevent the dispatch of the letter.

"Now I will dictate to you," said Miss Cameron. "'Dear Lord Rylestone.'" And, like one in a dream, moving mechanically, Margarita wrote, "Dear Lord Rylestone." The very letters of the name seemed to look up at her

with a smile. Presently a sense of burning anger and burning indignation came over her as she reflected that she was writing to her own husband at another woman's dictation.

"I am sorry to tell you that I have sprained my wrist," continued Miss Cameron, "but a lady friend has consented to write this letter for me." Margarita set down the words.

"Now," said Miss Cameron, "I am quite sure that nothing could be more severely proper than that." And then she went on with the business details about Luck's Farm and the Home Farm, followed by numerous particulars about the court, the park, the deer, and other matters, until Margarita looked up and said, gently, "My hand aches, Miss Cameron."

"It is a long letter," said the heiress, complacently, "but then I know how Lord Rylestone loves Walton. He never

tires of reading about it. Give him my very kind regards. Thank you. I will just read the letter to see that there is nothing omitted."

Margarita thanked heaven that she had written just what she had been told. Miss Cameron read the letter through attentively.

"It is quite right," she said. "Just touch the bell, dear. Now let me see it sealed, stamped, and addressed, and then my mind will be quite at ease."

Margarita did as she was told, copying the address and sealing the letter, and then the footman came in.

"Bring me the post-bag, please," said Miss Cameron; and in less than two minutes he returned with the post-bag in his hands.

Miss Cameron produced a little key, opened the bag, placed the letter in it, locked it, and gave it into his hands before Margarita had time to think.

"Let Gregson take that at once," she said; "he will be in time for the Lutdale post."

Margarita grew distressed; a sense of the irrevocable seized her. What could she do? What should she do?

Quick as thought she seized pen and paper and wrote about three lines, addressing them at random—she hardly knew to whom—and then she looked up at Miss Cameron, and said, quietly:

"Will you lend me your key to put this letter into the bag? I had forgotten it."

Miss Cameron gave her the key, not noticing how her hand trembled or how ghastly white her face had grown; and, with the key and the letter, Margarita hastened into the hall and saw the footman closing the door.

"Where is Gregson?" she asked, breathlessly.

"He has just started with the post-bag," the servant replied.

With a low cry of anguish and dismay, she opened the hall door and hastened out into the cold, dark, snowy night.



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She ran as though she were running for dear life. She heard the sound of a horse's feet at the end of the avenue.

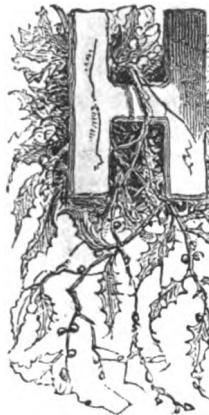
"Stop!" she cried, in a voice so full of agony that it frightened herself. "Stop!" And the next moment, breathless and gasping, she stood by the side of the animal.

"Give me the bag," she said; "there has been an important letter forgotten."

The man placed the bag in her hands. She opened it, put in her own letter, and drew out the Canadian one.

"Thank heaven!" she said to herself. "If that had gone, I must have killed myself!" And that same night, standing by the fire in her own room, she burned the letter.

CHAPTER XXXIII.



OW Lady Rylestone hated herself as she destroyed Miss Cameron's letter! She had entered on her plan with the sole idea of helping her husband, of solving a mystery which she felt was in some vague way prejudicial to him, of trying if her woman's wit could not find some way out of the difficulty that surrounded him, let it be what it might, which had not occurred to him; but she had not thought she would have to practice such deception, to engage in such intrigue. She was not perhaps cast in the noblest mould; as she had said of herself, she had a leaning towards expediency; she lost sight of the means in her great desire to reach the end. She hated herself now for the duplicity she had been compelled to practice with regard to the letter; but how could she have avoided it? She longed for the time to come when she should have done with it all, and be once more at rest. She began to think seriously when that time would be. She had been some time at Walton now, and she was no nearer the wished-for discovery than she had been when she had first come; she had however confirmed all her suspicions—they were no longer doubts, but certainties.

What was she to do? How could she find out that which was so well hidden? Miss Cameron was kindness itself, but she never showed the least inclination to confide in her; she never told her any secrets or hinted, after the fashion of young ladies, that she had anything to conceal. She was kind, cordial, affectionate, but not confidential. Margarita found herself greatly disappointed; she had thought it only needful to be at Walton, where she honestly believed that everything must come out—that she would discover the secret easily, and soon be able to help her husband. She had been four long months with Miss Cameron now, and she was no nearer the secret. Adelaide had never hinted at it, and Margarita felt discouraged.

"I must do something soon," she said to herself; "I must take more active steps. I am looking on passively and doing nothing."

Of late, too, she had grown more anxious. When she had first decided on coming to Walton, she had been so engrossed with the idea of doing her husband good and of rendering him some important service that she had entirely overlooked the fact that he might view her conduct with displeasure—that he might think she had done him some great discredit, had disgraced him by making her way into his house in an underhand fashion.

"But surely," she thought to herself, "when I tell him that it was all for his dear sake, he will forgive me. If he wishes it, we can still keep our secret, and in the course of time, when it becomes known that I am his wife, people will

think he has married Miss Cameron's companion. He cannot be very angry. I have done it all for him."

But the thought of what he might say had made her cautious. She did not go out, except when she was absolutely compelled; and when it was in her power to avoid visitors she did so. There were few who had even seen Miss Cameron's companion.

"I have never seen any one of your age dread strangers as you do," said Miss Cameron one day. "I believe you would prefer a desert to any other place."

And there was some little truth in the accusation. So Margarita set herself to work to study harder, to listen more attentively to every word, to watch every action, lest, after all her efforts, the secret should escape her.

She was much struck by one or two observations that she heard. Lady Langham, who was spending the Christmas holidays with them, said one day to Miss Cameron:

"I should make the school-feast an annual institution if I were in your place;" and the heiress had laughingly reminded her that the term of her residence at Walton Court must be a very short one.

It was the first time that Margarita had heard her mention such a contingency, and, when they were once more alone together, she said to her:

"You do not intend remaining here for years?"

"How can I?" asked the heiress, laughingly. "It is Lord Rylestone's home, not mine. My agreement is for two years, and the two years expire next June; after that, I cannot answer for any movement of mine."

"Then the future is uncertain for you?" said Margarita.

"More, I think, than for any one in the wide world. I may be almost penniless in two years' time—poor, that is, in comparison with my present wealth."

A happy smile came over her face, a tender light shone in her eyes.

"I should be happier than I could say if at the end of the two years I might lose my fortune. The day the money ceased to be mine would be the happiest day of my life."

Her voice took the clear ring of sweet music. Margarita looked up at her in surprise.

"You would be happy," she said, slowly, "if you lost all your money! Then you do not love money?"

"Indeed I do not," replied Miss Cameron, promptly. "I like what money buys. I like to be able to relieve distress, to help my friends, to indulge my taste for all that is beautiful; but money for its own sake I do not love; and I repeat, honestly, it would give me the greatest happiness to lose what I at present possess. Your eyes are asking me questions, Margarita; what are they saying to me?"

"I was wondering," she answered, "if you care so little about it, why you have so much."

The fair face grew burning red.

"I never ought to have had it," Adelaide returned, hastily. "I would not say as much to you before, but it never ought to have been mine."

"Why did you take it then?" asked Margarita; and again the flush deepened on the heiress's face.

"I could not help it. Do not talk about it, Margarita. I hate to think of it. It is the one business of my life to forget it."

And then she went away; but the conversation had made a deep impression on Margarita, and increased her perplexity. It was evident that Adelaide had not intrigued for the money. She did not care for it. Lady Rylestone longed more than ever to find out the secret of the will. What could it be? The money had been left to Miss Cameron almost against her will, when she really did not desire it; while Allan, her husband, could not take his place in society for the want of it. The mystery seemed to deepen, not to clear.

When Christmas was over, and the first pale snowdrops were peeping above the ground, Miss Cameron accepted an invitation to Combermere, the residence of Lady Edgerton. She would not hear of Margarita's remaining behind—she must go with her.

"You ought to see something of the world," she said; "if I allowed you to have your own way, Margarita, you would be a perfect recluse. You must come to Combermere. It is useless disguising the fact that you are exceedingly beautiful, with a beauty that far surpasses that of Englishwomen—just as the soft downy beauty of the peach eclipses that of the plum."

Margarita laughed at the comparison.

"You do not know what bright future may be in store for you," continued Miss Cameron.

"I know what my own future will be," said Margarita, gravely; "if I were in the midst of your world forever, it would not alter it."

"I hope it will be a happy one, Margarita."

"It will be ten thousand times brighter than I deserve."

She yielded to Miss Cameron's wishes, and went with her to Combermere, and there amongst a large party of guests they met the Marquis of Hedington, who last season had been so attentive to Miss Cameron.

He was all anxiety to renew his suit, he was more deeply in love than ever; but all his efforts were vain—Adelaide only laughed her bright happy laugh, and evaded him whenever she could.

Combermere was filled with guests—Miss Cameron, the great heiress, was one of the most important visitors there; but even she did not receive more attention than fell to the lot of her beautiful companion.

When the Marquis of Hedington found that he could not make any impression on Miss Cameron, he tried to win her companion, so that she might speak in his favor. Gradually Margarita became interested in his love-story; it had the true ring about it. He was terribly in earnest, and she could sympathize with a lover who was true and tender. People smiled to see the young marquis, repulsed by the heiress, seek refuge with Margarita; the eloquence that he dared not pour out to Adelaide was lavished upon her, and she grew warmly interested in a love-story that lacked none of the elements of romance.

"If she would but care for me even ever so little—if she would but smile on me, and give me one ray of hope for the future—I should be happier. She only laughs at me; and when I do find a chance of speaking one word to her, she listens with a half-amused smile, the smile of some sweet or pleasant memory, and I know it is not for me."

"Still I do not see what I can do to help you," said Margarita, gently.

"I would not ask you to betray her confidence—it would be unmanly—but I wish you would tell me if you think there is any one else, any one for whom she cares as I begin to think she will never care for me."

"No," replied Margarita, "I do not really think there is; so far as I have seen, Miss Cameron treats every one alike. I have never seen her give one single smile of preference to any of the gentlemen who admire her. I feel sure that you have no rival."

It was wonderful and pitiful to see how his face cleared.

"If that is really the case," he said, "there is so much the greater hope for me. Miss Avenel, you are always kind and considerate, always thoughtful for others; will you say just one word to Miss Cameron for me, and see if you think there is any hope?"

"Would it not be better for you to do so yourself, my lord?"

"Yes—I would not yield my prerogative, for I love her very dearly. I meant, would you, as it were, prepare the

way for me? I remember the old adage, 'It is a great thing to have a friend at court.' Be that friend to me—say some few words for me that will induce her to look on me with more favorable eyes, that will soften her heart. You can do that, Miss Avenel."

The earnestness of his pleading touched her.

"I will do as you wish," she said, gently; and the Marquis of Hedington, when she promised, seemed to think his suit half won.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was a fine clear Spring day. The air seemed full of the promises of life. The green buds were springing on hedge and tree, sweet violets were peeping out from their green leaves, crocuses of the color of flame looked like huge golden drops, the snowdrops, "nuns of the garden," gave promise of still fairer flowers. A lark was soaring aloft, filling the air with floods of song, the sky was bright, and the gleaming Spring sunshine lay like a smile over the land. Most of the visitors at Combermere had gone out, some driving, some walking. Adelaide, who loved the Spring with its fresh fair flowers, went for a long walk through the park, and Margarita, seeing there would be some chance for what she wanted to say, asked permission to accompany her. The two ladies set out together, and walked to one of the prettiest parts of the grounds—the coppice.

"We shall find plenty of flowers here," said Adelaide. "I want some violets."

"Are violets your favorite flowers?" asked Margarita.

The dainty bloom on the fair face deepened—a far-off look came into the gentle eyes.

"No," she replied; "I love mignonette best."

Margarita was quick enough. She noticed the deepening color, the brightening eyes, the changing glow on the fair face.

"She loves some one," thought Lady Rylestone—"some one who likes mignonette."

They sat down on the low stile that led from the coppice to the fields, and then Margarita thought the time had come when she could speak of Lord Hedington. She looked at Adelaide's face; the look upon it was bright and warm as the Spring morning itself. She began the conversation by speaking of Lady Edgerton, then of the visitors, and so, gradually and cleverly, brought it round to the young marquis. With one so frank, frankness was best. She looked up at Adelaide with a sudden, bright smile.

"Does not his great devotion touch you in the least?" she asked. "I have never seen any man more romantically in love."

"He is very good," Adelaide acknowledged; "but I cannot say that I have noticed much romance about the marquis."

"I call his love for you a romance," said Margarita. "I think he will never be the same if you are unkind to him."

"What do you mean by being unkind?" asked Adelaide, laughingly.

"I mean refusing to marry him," replied Margarita.

"That I shall most assuredly do, if he asks me," said Adelaide. "I hope he will not make so great a mistake."

"Why should it be a mistake?" asked Margarita.

"Because he must have seen from my manner that I do not care for him in that way at all. He is very good, and I have great respect for him; but love and marriage are very different matters."

"I know you will not be angry with me," said Margarita. "Why must it be a mistake? He is very good, this young marquis; he is rich and handsome, and talented in some degree."

"My dear Margarita, if he had the wealth of Cræsus, the

beauty of an Apollo, and the talent of all the talented men in the world put together, he still would not interest me."

"I am sorry for him," said Margarita, pityingly.

"It will not hurt him," observed Adelaide, smiling; "love—when it is true love—always ennobles. He will be a better man, dear, for having loved me."

"But that is poor comfort for him—he would rather be happy than ennobled, I should say. I must not ask indiscreet questions—but will you ever be able to take an interest in him?"

"Not in the way you mean, Margarita." She looked far away over the hedges where the green buds were springing, over the tall trees just renewing their sweet life, the fair, smiling earth seeming to grow doubly fair in that moment. "I have not, and never shall have, any love to give away."

"Perhaps," observed Margarita, "it is all given."

A soft, sweet laugh like the silver chime of a bell, and a brighter blush on the fair face, were the only reply.

It was one of the prettiest pictures possible to imagine—the tender Spring light with its flushes of gold, the tall, arching trees with their green springing buds, and the two girls so beautiful, yet so different—the one fair, bright, and radiant, with golden hair, delicate dainty bloom, and clear-cut, aristocratic face—the other dark, bewitching, beautiful, with the richest coloring, and the most seductive style of features. They were so utterly different, yet both were young, beautiful, and charming.

Presently the golden head drooped over the dark one.

"Margarita, I will tell you a secret, if you will keep it a secret."

"That I faithfully promise to do," was the grave reply.

"It is a secret," she continued, "for, do you know, Margarita, although it has filled my heart and my soul—although it has been part of my life—still I have never even whispered the words to myself? But I am in love—in love with a shadow."

"With a shadow!" exclaimed Margarita. "How can that be?"

"It is so. I half loved my shadow—shall I call him so?—before I saw him, from what I heard of him—for he is the most noble and generous of men. I used to hear little anecdotes about him, and mused over him. I made a hero of him long before I saw him. Without my knowing it, he filled the whole of my thoughts and dreams even before I had seen him."

"And when you did see him?" interrupted Margarita—for the girl had paused, with a smile on her lips.

"When I did see him my whole heart went out to meet him, and I knew the love of my life had come to me. I knew that—let it be for weal or for woe—my fate was there. Still, I call it loving a shadow, for he whom I love does not love me."

No suspicion of the truth occurred to Margarita. She looked into the shining depths of the beautiful eyes.

"He must be hard of heart not to love you," she said, gently.

"Ah, no! He is not. He has never spoken one word of love to me, but I have the shadow of a hope. He may, perhaps, care for me in time."

"Are you sure he does not care for you now?" asked Margarita.

"Quite sure. He would have said so if it had been the case. He does not love me. Margarita, you are not horrified to find that I care for one who does not care for me?"

"I am not horrified at all," said Margarita.

"Well, he has not the least idea of it. It is only a dream."

"Why have you the shadow of a hope, if it is only a dream?"

"Because, when I saw him last, he was kinder to me than

he had ever been before, and he said that whenever he saw a spray of mignonette he should think of me. I think that when a man in his thoughts begins to associate a girl with a flower he loves her, or at least he is beginning to love her. What do you say?"

"It is probably true," said Margarita, wondering in her own mind if Lord Rylestone had ever associated her with any flower.

"You see I am right in saying that I love a shadow. When I look back on all the interviews I ever had with him, when I think over every word that he has ever said to me, I must honestly say there is not one which shows that I am anything more to him than the rest of the world. Still I cannot divest myself of the faint hope."

"But," said Margarita, "suppose that it is never realized; you will have wasted your life for a shadow."

"I shall be content. I could not learn even in the course of long years to care for any one else. I shall live my life happily enough, although in place of love it may be filled with a passionate yearning and a passionate regret. Right or wrong, for weal or for woe, all the love I had to give I gave him, and there is none left for any one else."

"I am sorry," said Margarita, in a pitying voice.

"There is no need for sorrow, dear. I do not know if I have ever looked for any return for all that I have given. I think not. I am happy because this great love of mine has changed all the world for me—has made it fairer, brighter, better—has opened my heart, given me greater sympathy and greater joy—has made me think more of others. It has ennobled me, and, if I have no return, I shall cherish my love in my heart of hearts, and carry it with me to the grave."

"It is a romance," said Margarita.

"Yes; and the prosaic side of the romance is that I shall probably live and die an old maid."

"You, with your beautiful face and charm of manner, live and die unloved! I do not believe it," cried Margarita.

"My beautiful face, as you are pleased to call it, will shine only on one man, dear. If not for him, then it will never brighten any other home. I do not say that I shall never be loved, but I have no love to give in return, save to him who will perhaps never claim it—my shadow."

She rose as though the pain of her own words was almost greater than she could bear. She stood looking at the far-off woods and the bright river in the distance.

"I cannot tell you all, Margarita," she continued; "perhaps you will like me even less for what I have said. I know what people say when a girl gives her love unasked; but I have not given mine in that fashion. He knows nothing of it, and he never will. I would not stoop to intrigue and manœuvre—for a fortune I would not try to win his liking; it is only the shadow that I love, after all. But, Margarita, something terrible happened once to my love—something that should have made him hate me—something that seemed to outrage the girlhood and modesty within me—and, because he did not hate me then, it seems to me that he must in time love me."

For the first time a faint glimmering of the truth came to her, and she looked into the girl's fair face with troubled eyes.

"Why did you think he would hate you?"

"I cannot tell you that—I must not. But I shall know soon whether he does or not."

"How will you know?" asked Margarita, who began to feel interested,

"That I cannot tell you. Next June will decide my fate. It may see me the happiest of the happy, or content to live without love."

"Next June," repeated Margarita; and then her half-formed suspicions died away. It could not be her husband—it could not even concern him—for he was far away, and would not return until June had long passed by.

"You will keep my secret, Margarita?" said Adelaide, as they walked slowly to the house.

"Yes, I will keep it, and I shall hope some day to see this hero of yours."

But Adelaide rejoined, sadly :

"I do not know. I do not think it is likely that you will."

CHAPTER XXXV.



HE Marquis of Hedington had been dismissed with all possible kindness and sympathy, but with the firmest assurance from the lips of the lady he loved that all further importunity would be useless. He was wretched enough; and Adelaide pitied him. He had left Combermere, and soon afterwards the heiress and her companion went home to Walton Court.

Lady Rylestone had received several letters from her husband, and had answered them, sending her replies to Marpeth, and having them posted from there. For many days after the receipt of those letters Margarita was very happy. It seemed to her that the world grew brighter because of them; and in the last Lord Rylestone said he hoped to be home by the end of November.

"Then for the new life, Margarita!" he wrote. "No more hiding in a village for my beautiful wife! I have worked hard during these two years, and I shall have my reward. Social success and fortune will both be ours, and I shall prize them doubly because I have won them for you. The Earl of Barton has told me that he will have at his disposal next Spring an excellent appointment, and he has promised it to me. So, my darling, I shall come home to you the happiest of men. I shall see the face I love at the window, as I saw it last. Does the world contain another so happy as I?"

She read that letter under one of the great spreading oaks at Walton Court, and when she had finished it a sudden pain seized her—a dreadful doubt as to whether she had done right or wrong—as to what he could say when he knew all—that he knew all—that the wife he loved and honored had stolen under false pretence into his home. Would he be angry? Would he think that she had disgraced him?

"It was for his sake, after all," she thought. "It was to try whether by some means or other I could not get his lost fortune back."

He did not seem now either to think or to care about this fortune. He seemed almost better pleased that he had been left to carve out his own fate. He seemed to have forgotten the bitter repinings about leaving home and leaving her.

Still he could not be angry; she had done no harm, and it had been all for him. It was true he said nothing in his letter about his disappointment, but it must be as keen as ever, and, if she could lessen it—if she could find some means of restoring his wealth to him—he would be so much the better pleased to see her.

So she took heart again, repeating to herself the magical words, "It is for his sake"; and then she looked at the matter in its worst aspect. He would return in November. Early in November she must go to her own home and be there to meet him; and then she must tell him what her love for him, her anxiety for his interests, had caused her to do. If she had good news for him, she would gladly tell him it; if bad, she must own it; and then after a time she could go with him to Walton, and the worst that the few people who had known her as Miss Cameron's companion could say would be that in marrying a "companion" Lord Rylestone had married beneath him. It was not so terrible

after all. Another thought occurred to her. If she was to find out the secret of the will before her husband returned, she must find it out soon; she had but little time left, and she must make the best of it.

There had been some slight sensation about the lost letter, but not so much as she had feared. Miss Cameron had in due course of time received an epistle from Lord Rylestone, asking why she had not answered his questions, and she in her surprise read it to Margarita.

"The letter must have been lost," said Miss Cameron; "and yet in England our postal arrangements are so good that I cannot see how that can have occurred."

"It must have been mislaid—something must have happened to it," said Margarita, dreamily, remembering vividly the torture of the hour when she had written it.

Just as they were discussing the matter Mrs. Grame entered the room, and Adelaide, who had not only a kindly affection for, but also great confidence in, the old house-keeper, told her how disappointed Lord Rylestone was at not having received a letter that she had written.

"Lost!" said the old lady. "No, ma'am, with all respect for you and to his lordship, I do not believe it. Her Gracious Majesty looks after those kind of things too well. She pays those who knows their business. I do not believe it was lost."

As she spoke she looked at Margarita, whose face flushed, and then grew pale beneath her keen glance.

When she left the room, Mrs. Grame went at once to Gregson.

"Did you not tell me a story some time back about Miss Avenel's running after you on a dark night, to put a letter in the post-bag?" she asked.

Yes, he remembered the incident, and told the story over again for her gratification.

"Ah!" she said. "I was struck at the time. I am even more struck now. I have my own thoughts."

"What are they, Miss Grame?" asked Gregson, humbly.

"They do not concern you—they are for your betters," was the sharp answer; but, as the man moved away, she said to herself, "I shall track you yet, my lady! I shall track you, and hunt you down! If you are not a spy, my name is not Martha Grame!"

To Margarita's great relief, no more was said of the lost letter, and she believed that it was forgotten. It was then May, and she thought often of what Miss Cameron had said, that in June her fate would be decided.

"Perhaps this man for whom she cares is coming then," she said to herself; and she felt some curiosity about him.

She had lived so long with Adelaide now that she could not help feeling some affection for the girl she had once believed she hated; and she hoped, with all her heart, that this strange love-affair would end happily. She remembered too what Miss Cameron had said to Lady Langham—that she might, probably, in two years' time, lose all her money—so that, almost unconsciously to herself, she began to look upon June as a critical time.

She could see how its approach affected Miss Cameron. She was unsettled—sometimes gay and brilliant, at other times low and depressed. She tried to control herself, but her efforts were vain. Margarita saw that she suffered keenly. More than once she found her with traces of tears.

"I wish you would trust me a little more," she said one day to Miss Cameron. "I see you suffer, and you will not tell me why."

"I cannot, Margarita. That you may know I have something on my mind, I tell you frankly that the end of June will see me either happy as my brightest dreams foreshadow, or as wretched as I hardly dare to imagine. Be patient, dear; I cannot help it. It will be all over when the last June

roses blow; but how I shall live until then I cannot tell—I do not know."

"But surely you can trust me further than this," said Margarita.

"I cannot, dear. If the secret were my own, I would. We must say good-by to our quiet life very soon; Mr. Beale and Sir William Morton are coming, and we must do our best to entertain them."

"Will you not tell me more of this strange story of yours?" inquired Margarita. "I begin to feel as though I were in an atmosphere of mystery. Is there a mystery at Walton Court?"

She asked the question with assumed gayety, but she narrowly watched Miss Cameron's face the while. There was a slight tremble of her lips.

"Mystery? No, none; but there are secrets—every house, every home, every heart has its secret. Even you, perhaps, Margarita, have yours."

It was a home-thrust, and Margarita could make no reply. Presently she smiled.

"I think," she said, "that you and I are like two cautious generals; we reconnoitre, advance, and retire. If you will trust me with all your secrets, I will tell you mine."

"I cannot," replied Adelaide. "I must be a cautious general for some little time longer."

"Yet you are naturally frank," observed Margarita.

"So are you," returned Miss Cameron. "Perhaps the time will come when we shall be frank with each other, but it seems to me that it will not be just yet."

The last words that Miss Cameron said to her that night were said laughingly.

"Now, Margarita, away with all mystery—forget all about secrets, and make a conquest of Mr. Beale."

"I should not do for a lawyer's wife," she remarked.

"Why not?" asked Adelaide.

"I should get interested in all his business and weave romances out of it," she answered. And, if Margarita had married Mr. Beale, that would have really happened.

CHAPTER XXXVI.



HE month of blossoms was gone, leaving the sweet odor of May flowers behind. The first day of June dawned bright, warm, and beautiful. Heaven was smiling upon earth; the flowers looked their fairest and best. Lady Rylestone stood alone on the broad white terrace that overlooked the garden.

The morning sun fell upon her tall figure with its perfect harmony and subtle grace—upon the superb face with its exquisite coloring. It showed clearly the troubled look in the dark eyes; for a terrible fear on this bright June morning had fallen over her—a fear that had robbed the earth of its brightness, the sun of its light. What if her husband should be seriously angry with her—should fling her from him as one disgraced and shamed?

She had lived lately in an atmosphere of clear light. Adelaide Cameron was in herself so true, so entirely honorable; her thoughts were so entirely noble, her sense of honor was so keenly sensitive, that no one could live with her without loving all that was pure and upright more.

Margarita was beginning to see more clearly. She had genius, fire, passion, good principle, but there was some little deficiency in her sense of honor. Adelaide Cameron could never have endured the idea of entering another person's

house in disguise, of seeking to find out by underhand means what had been purposely withheld; she could no more have done it than she could have put her hand into her neighbor's purse. Margarita, on the contrary, lost all sense of possible wrong in the end to be attained—her sense of honor did not recoil from it; yet she pleaded that she had acted entirely from a wish to serve her husband, to find out if there was not some way of retrieving his ill-fortune; and the end to be obtained seemed, in her eyes, so weighty that she forgot the means to be employed.

Her unhappiness arose from a conversation she had had on the night before with Adelaide. They had both been reading the same story, and they were busily discussing the hero. Adelaide approved of him. He had given up, even at the risk of breaking his heart, the woman he loved, because he had found her guilty of a mean and dishonorable action—an action that she had performed entirely for love of him. He could not pardon it. To him it was like the canker in a flower, the worm in fruit. It had destroyed his ideal, and he gave her up. Adelaide said he had done right, and Margarita raised her beautiful face in dire dismay.

"Right?" she repeated. "Why, he was cruel and unjust! She did it for his sake—for him. How could he be angry? How could it be wrong?"

"It was dishonorable," asserted Adelaide.

"Dishonorable! It seemed to me heroic. It might have been mean or base if she had done it for herself, but it was for him."

"I do not see how that affects the action, Margarita. She committed a mean, dishonorable deed. Does it affect the nature of that deed whether it was undertaken for lover, brother, husband, sister, or friend? The deed remains the same."

"But the end to be attained?" interrupted Margarita.

"Did not justify it—could not justify it. No true code of either honor, or morality, or religion can make the end justify the means."

"That seems a hard doctrine," said Margarita, gently.

"It is a clear one," rejoined Adelaide. "How else could the common laws of honor be kept? If I wanted to obtain some information from you that would be valuable for a good purpose, should I be justified in listening at your room-door? If I wanted money to relieve distress, even to save life, should I be justified in stealing it from you? If I wanted intelligence, even for the weightiest purpose, should I be justified in slyly reading one of your letters? Ah, Margarita, you are only jesting! The laws of honor seem to me so plain that a child may understand them."

"But, surely," said Margarita, "all people do not think so—are not so severe?"

"There can be but one thought on the subject amongst men and women of honor," decided Adelaide, calmly. And then she looked at the beautiful, pale face and the dark, troubled eyes, and smiled. "Why, Margarita, you look half frightened! If I did not know you so well, I should be tempted to ask whether you had ever undertaken anything, believing the end justified the means."

"But," persisted Margarita, "would all men think so? Suppose that a woman who loved a man very dearly did something perhaps not quite honorable to serve his interests, would he dislike her for it?"

"That is the very question at issue. I should say, if he were an honorable man himself, he would never forgive her."

"No matter how much she loved him?" interrupted Margarita, with trembling lips.

"Certainly not. The love might palliate the offence—it could not excuse it. If one has to choose between love and honor, surely there can be no hesitation. Honor before life, love, or anything else!"

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And, as Miss Cameron spoke, the noble face had a light upon it that did not seem all of this world. The eyes grew deeper and more tender, a smile played round the perfect lips. It was as though a beautiful soul shone through a beautiful face. In that moment Margarita Rylestone did homage to a superior mind.

It was the remembrance of this conversation that darkened the sunshine for her, and blotted out the fairness of the flowers. What if her husband, Allan Rylestone, should think the same?

She had walked to the edge of the terrace, and stood looking over the stone balustrade.

When her husband came home and discovered what she had done—knew that she had gone in lowly disguise to his home, and had won by fraud knowledge that he had withheld from her—what would he say? Would he do as the hero of the story had done—fling her away and love her no more?

A passionate cry came from her lips—she loved him so truly, so dearly. She bent her head amongst the fragrant, clustering roses and wept bitter tears. Presently she raised it with feverish energy. She must make the best of the difficulty. If he was likely to be angry with her, there was all the more need for good news to lessen his anger—all the more need that she should be able to give him intelligence which would disarm his anger and make him pleased with her—all the more need that she should see the will and find out if her woman's wit could not remedy the evil done. She must discover the secret—and yet, dear Heaven, how powerless she was.

She had been in Walton for months, and was no nearer than when she first came. If she asked even the least question that could lead to the subject of the will, Miss Cameron seemed to put on an armor of reserve which she could never penetrate. As for papers and letters, she had read them, but none alluded to the matter nearest her heart; the secret of the will was impenetrable. She had with her all her woman's wits. And yet she could not discover it.

June was come, and Adelaide was in a fever of suspense. She could hardly tell why she had a faint hope, yet she had one. There had been such a pleasant exchange of letters between Lord Rylestone and herself—since he had left her he had been so kind that it was possible he had changed his mind. She was not sure if, after all, she had done wisely in trying so hard to send him abroad. She believed that, if he had remained with her a little longer, he would have loved her—it seemed like it. In a fever of suspense and despair she watched each day of the bright month pass. She knew that the last day would bring her news on which all the rest of her life depended.

The 29th came, and Mr. Beale arrived from London, and Sir William Morton from Tatham, with Squire Segood. Margarita began to hope. From one or another she gleaned that they were all there on business concerning the will—what it was she did not know. She learned that Mr. Beale was the family lawyer, and the other gentlemen trustees; and then she grew more puzzled than ever. No matter what the business was, it could not concern Allan—of that she began to feel quite sure. How could it concern him when he was so far away?

The three gentlemen spent the evening in the drawing-room with the ladies, and it was not until Margarita had retired that any conversation between them took place; and then Mr. Beale congratulated Miss Cameron on her management of the Court, and spoke of the perfect order in which he found everything, adding, from the depth of his heart, that it would be a thousand pities if she ever had to leave it. Adelaide smiled sadly.

"I shall be ready to go when Lord Rylestone returns," she said; and then the shrewd little lawyer murmured something about the possibility of "happier circumstances."

"We shall have a letter from Lord Rylestone in the morning," said Sir William. "I should imagine that he has attended to the matter."

"A matter of fifteen thousand per annum—it would be odd if he did not attend to it!" exclaimed the squire.

"I mean," explained Sir William, "that he will have made all arrangements for the letter to reach us tomorrow."

"Yes," said Mr. Beale, "we may rely upon that. Lord Rylestone is the soul of punctuality; he will not have forgotten."

* * * * *

Adelaide Cameron made no attempt to rest. She never even thought of sleep. She took the flowers from her fair hair, the jewels from her dress and neck; she threw a shawl round her, and opened the window. The moonlight lay on the flowers and trees, on the sleeping woods and the wide fields. Ah, when the moon should so shine again, she would know her fate—when the coming day's sun had set in the western skies, she would know!

The two alternatives lay clear enough before her. Either he would write and ask her to be his wife, or he would write and formally renounce her. She stretched out her white arms to the moonlit skies. Was it right to pray for human love? Ah, if Heaven in its mercy would but give her this! If she might but be happy in her own way—if she might but have this great treasure of his love!"

"I would be so good," she murmured. "I would not make earthly idols for myself; my happiness should only draw me nearer to Heaven—not take me farther from it."

She bent her fair face on her hands, and prayed. The love that filled her heart was so great, so noble, so pure, she was not ashamed that Heaven should know it, although she was too proud to reveal it to the eyes of men; she prayed for it as the one gift that would make life happy—as the one treasure that was above all price.

If the love she yearned for came—if her feeble words could pierce these moonlit skies, and plead for her—she would hear her great happiness as nobly as she would a sorrow. She, out of the abundance of her own gladness, would gladden the hearts of others; she, from the superabundance of her own joy, would lighten and brighten every heart that beat near her. If it was not to be—this happiness for which she prayed—then she would do the best she could with her life; no other love should enter it; she would use her money for the well-being and happiness of others, and she would live patiently.

So she thought and mused while the dew lay on the lilies, and the breath of the roses perfumed the air.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It seemed almost as though the scene of the reading of the will was to be repeated; the June sunbeams lay again on the floor, brightening the quaint oaken furniture and gilding the ponderous volumes. But there was this great difference—no shadow of recent death made the house gloomy—the hangings were drawn back, the windows were open, sunshine, fresh air, and fragrance entered—and the figure that had been most conspicuous before was wanting now. Lord Rylestone was absent, and, as the little group gathered silently, each one was thinking of him.

He had in reality, before he left England, written the letter that was to be read that day; it had been left at Mr. Beale's office, with instructions to post it on the twenty-ninth of June; and Mr. Beale knew this, although, for Miss Cameron's sake, he refused to disclose it.

The lawyer, the two trustees, and Miss Cameron took their seats. Squire Segood, in his thoughtful fashion, had suggested that Miss Avenel should accompany the heiress; but Mr. Beale, anticipating the mortification in store for her, had said, "No; as we have kept the secret of the will so strictly until now, it will be better to keep it altogether—and strangers had better not be present."

"Do you wish for Miss Avenel's company?" he asked Adelaide—and her answer was "No."

She thought to herself that, whatever she had to bear, she could bear it best alone, let it be either joy or sorrow. Besides, she did not wish Margarita to know who her lover was.

The silence was for some minutes unbroken; the wind wafted in the fragrance of the roses; and Adelaide, whose fair face had grown very pale, bent over the flowers she held in her hand.

"I have Lord Rylestone's letter," said Mr. Beale, "and I will proceed to read it."

There was a slight trembling of the white hands that held the flowers—a slight tremor of Miss Cameron's lips. Mr. Beale proceeded to make some unimportant remarks—and it spoke well for Adelaide's self-control that she uttered no sound and made no sign. She could have cried out in her agony of suspense—it was her happiness, her love, her life that was at stake; but the pale beautiful face was proudly calm.

"I will read Lord Rylestone's letter," repeated Mr. Beale—and, from his quick shrewd glance at Miss Cameron, it was evident that he had waited purposely to give her time to collect herself—and then he began:

"As this is the last day of the two years given to me in which to decide my future, I now authorize the trustees of the late Lord Bernard Rylestone's will to take immediate steps for putting Miss Cameron into full possession of her fortune. I formally decline to carry out my late uncle's proposal; and I wish Miss Cameron all possible happiness and prosperity.

"*ALLAN RYLESTONE.*"

"A manly, straightforward letter," said Squire Segood; while Sir William made some muttered remarks that had not a very pleasant sound.

The fair face bent over the flowers had grown white as marble, but no sound had escaped the trembling lips. The very faintness of death seemed to have come over Adelaide—sorrow that had no name; her disappointment was almost greater than she could bear. She thought to herself that if a sword had been plunged into her heart the pain could not have been sharper.

Some few minutes elapsed before she recovered, and then the gentlemen gathered round her, each offering warmest congratulations.

"I wish you health and life to enjoy your wealth, Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale.

She stood quite still, the flowers in her hand, and her face slightly bent over them, receiving with quiet, smiling grace the congratulations offered to her. She never showed a symptom of the sorrow that was filling her heart; nor did one word reveal that her life was wrecked and ruined.

"I shall be happy to receive your commands, Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale. "There are several matters still that require attention. I think of going away for the month of July; but I shall return to London about the second week in August, and then there will be a great amount of business to get through—principally accounts to make up. If you wish it, I will wait upon you here. Suppose we appoint the last week in September to settle everything?"

With a little bow Miss Cameron signified her assent. She was almost incapable of speech just then.

"Well, I must say," said Sir William Morton, "that Allan Rylestone is the most absurd man on the face of the earth.

A beautiful wife and a splendid fortune—yet he will take neither."

"There must be a reason," said Squire Segood.

Once more Mr. Beale addressed the heiress.

"You perfectly understand, Miss Cameron, that by the terms of the will you are now free—free to marry as you will, free to spend your money as you wish, but you cannot will it away during your life."

"I understand," said Adelaide, quietly. "I thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness; and now I will say good-morning."

"She does not like it," observed the squire, sagaciously. "She would have been better pleased if Lord Rylestone had taken the money."

"I do not know—it is a noble fortune," said Mr. Beale; "and, gentlemen, as matters have ended so, I am glad we have kept the secret of the will. For Miss Cameron's sake, we are bound to keep it still."

They all agreed, and the interview terminated. The only words of importance spoken after that came from Mr. Beale. In bidding Adelaide adieu, before Margarita, he said:

"I shall be here then, Miss Cameron, in September; I shall bring with me the accounts, and a copy of the will."

Adelaide merely bowed; but the words set Margarita's heart on fire. A copy of the will! It was the very thing she had been so desirous of seeing. In September he was to bring it, and in all probability she would have a chance of seeing it. Any one looking at her might have wondered why her face suddenly grew crimson with a burning flush and a great flame revealed the splendor of her eyes.

In September! It was not long to wait; and, when she had once mastered the contents of the will she would have nothing more to do, perhaps, but might go home and await her husband there.

So far, it was plain, she could not have done anything; a copy of the will was not at Walton Court, after all.

"If I could have disguised myself as a clerk, and have gone into Mr. Beale's office," she thought, "I should have mastered it all before now."

Still the hope of coming to the end of her task was very sweet to her. She had been greatly troubled of late by doubts as to what her husband would say, what he would think. She had begun to fear that after all she might have made a mistake—that the secret did not concern him. Yet it must have concerned him, or why should he have lost the money? She lost herself in a chaos of thought and doubt and fear. One thing day by day impressed itself more and more deeply upon her mind—it was the greatness of the loss which he had sustained. She saw how needful money was for keeping up appearances—that it was the great lever of social life; and more than ever she realized his bitter disappointment. She could understand, too, that, although he loved her so well, he had made a great sacrifice in marrying her.

"Still," she said to herself, more than once, "about one thing I can be perfectly happy—it was not through marrying me that he lost his fortune."

If it had been, she knew that she could never have been happy again. Bad as the matter might be, it was not so bad as that. She shuddered as she thought of it. Marrying her had prevented his securing a fortune with his wife, but it had not prevented his succeeding to the late lord's fortune.

"I could not have borne that," she thought; "to have known that I was the obstacle between my darling and the money which ought to have been his, would have killed me."

It was not long to wait until September. All that had to follow seemed to her easy enough. She must find out where the will was deposited, and then she must secure the keys; and some night, when all in the house were sleeping, she must go down and read it.

All that Adelaide had said to her of honor and dishonor flashed across her mind as she so decided.

"Never mind," said Margarita. "She may prefer what she calls honor. I prefer advancing the interests of one whom I love. That is honor to me."

hope died. She did not know how much she had dwelt on each little detail—how she had pondered every word, until, to her, it had assumed more meaning than was ever intended.

Still she did not blame him; he had a perfect right to



THE PET FAWN.—FROM A DRAWING BY PIAUD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ADELAIDE wondered how she lived through the days that followed the reading of Lord Rylestone's letter. She did not know how strong the hope was within her until that

please himself. All the more noble he was if, not loving her, he refrained from marrying her for her money's sake. He did not love her—there lay the sting. She loved him almost better in losing than she would have done in winning him. How few men would have acted as he had—would have

refused so large a fortune simply from want of love from the girl whose hand held it! She had cherished the hope that, on knowing her better and liking her, he might, when the time for final decision really arrived, elect to marry her. Now the hope was dead; it could not linger—it could not live again—it was past, and she had nothing to do but live her life.

"I will not be a coward," she said to herself; "the women of my race were never that. I will live my life, with Heaven's help, as bravely as though I had won instead of lost all."

She could not help the decree of fate; the fortune was hers—she could not escape it—but she would do good, not harm with it. She would not spend it on herself, or for her own personal gratification; it should go toward making sad hearts gay—toward relieving distress and sorrow wherever she found them.

Two or three days passed before Margarita ventured to inquire from Adelaide what the month of June had brought her. At length she took courage. She went up to her one day as she sat alone under the shade of a sweeping cedar on the lawn. She sat down by Adelaide's side, and laid her hand gently on her arm.

"I wish I might ask you a question," she said, quietly.

"I am willing to answer any question that you may put, Margarita," returned the heiress, sadly.

"Will you tell me what the month of June has brought you?"

Adelaide was silent for some minutes, and then, with a sad smile, she raised her fair face to the light.

"Yes, I will tell you dear—I have been intending to do so; but I thought I would wait, Margarita, till the first smart of my pain was over. June has come and gone. It found me with the shadow of a hope—it leaves me with none; it found me happy after a patient, hopeful fashion—it leaves me unhappy and hopeless; it found me with my fortunes uncertain—it leaves me wrecked in hope and love, but one of the wealthiest heiresses even in this wealthy land. My future is all settled now—there will be no more uncertainty for me."

"But your hero," said Margarita, impatiently—"what of him?"

"He has gone back into shadowland, where I may love him still, I suppose. I have lost him, Margarita. He was never near me; but now he has drifted afar off, and I shall never see him as my hero again."

"You are unhappy, then?" interrogated Margarita.

"Not quite unhappy, dear. I think it is almost better to know at once that one's hope is dead than to watch it die."

"But are your conclusions sound?" asked Margarita. "I cannot understand any one not loving you."

"I understand it," she returned; "and I think, Margarita, that he must love some one else. Do not mistake me. I do not say that I am irresistible; I am not vain enough to think every one must love me. But I am as fair as the ordinary run of women are; and I have average talent and wealth. If he cannot love me, it must be that he cares for some one else, I think."

"Yes," said Margarita, thoughtfully, "I think so, too. What will you do?"

"What can I do? I shall not part with my shadow; this shadowy love will always be the best part of my life to me. I shall do the best I can—live my life, be as happy as I can, and make every one else the same; but, ah me, if Heaven had but given me my love!"

Adelaide's pride and courage seemed to desert her. She bent her head until it rested on Margarita's shoulder.

"You will not think me childish," she said; "but these tears have been blinding my eyes for long days past. Oh, if Heaven had but given me my love!"

If, as she prayed and wept, she had known who the man

was for whose lost love she mourned—if she had known on whose shoulder her head rested—proud Adelaide would have died of shame with the knowledge.

Presently she looked up, smiling like a child through the mist of tears.

"There," she said—"that has taken my pain away. Do you know what I used to do when I was a child and felt unhappy?"

"No," replied Margarita. "You must have been such a strange child that I cannot even guess."

"I always cured myself by a simple method. If I felt unhappy, I went directly to some one else who was in sorrow, and in curing them I always grew better myself."

"Then you must do the same now," said Margarita.

"I will, Heaven helping me. Ah, Margarita, pride is very heroic, especially the pride of silence and self-control; but I am so much better for having spoken of my sorrow to you."

And the two who in reality were at war—who had given the love of a lifetime to the same man—cared more for each other that morning than they had ever cared before.

But Margarita was not always to be in ignorance as to the identity of the man whom Adelaide Cameron loved. The heiress wanted one day a particular paper from her *escrioire*, and she asked Margarita to get it. In the course of the search, and quite unconsciously, Lady Rylestone opened a secret drawer of which she had been in profound ignorance. There she saw a spray of mignonette, withered and faded, a bundle of letters, and a small painting, a copy of the portrait of Lord Rylestone. Underneath it was written, "In life and in death." Gazing upon these things, the knowledge came to Lady Rylestone that Adelaide Cameron, the beautiful heiress, loved her husband!

A low cry of pain and dismay broke from her lips.

"Oh, the evils of a secret marriage!" she cried. "I would have given the world to prevent this!"

She stood for a few minutes overwhelmed by the discovery. This was the love that the heiress had alluded to. It was Allan Rylestone, her husband, whom Adelaide Cameron called a shadow-love. Pity, hate, jealousy, and sorrow stirred her heart. What should she do? Should she go at once and say: "You must destroy these letters—you must think no more of him; he is mine, and never can be yours?"

That was her first impulse—prudence restrained it. Could she say anything that would put Miss Cameron on her guard—that would show her that Lord Rylestone was not to be won? No, she could not say one word without betraying herself.

She would not read the letters. She was too loyal to her husband for that. She took them in her hands, and then replaced them.

"She may love him in life and in death," she thought; "but he is mine—all mine."

Bitter, angry thoughts came to her. She wished she had never been near the *escrioire*, and then she would not have had the pain of this secret added to her own. Presently she roused herself. What would Miss Cameron think of her absence? She must go back to her or she might suspect.

Miss Cameron looked up with a smile as Margarita re-entered the room.

"My dear Margarita," she said, "where is the paper?"

Lady Rylestone had forgotten all about it in the agitation and excitement of the discovery. She had not even remembered for what she had gone. Adelaide looked in wonder at the pale face.

"Have you seen a ghost?" she asked, with a smile. "You look frightened and hurt. Has anything happened to vex you?"

"No," replied Margarita; "but I am sorry that I forgot the paper. I will go back again for it."

"No," said Adelaide, kindly, "that you shall not. I am sure something that you will not tell me has put you out. See—your hands are trembling! Sit down; I will go for the paper myself."

And, trembling in every limb, Margarita obeyed her. When she was alone she asked herself if the mystery she was seeking to unveil was worth all the trouble, suspense, misery, and regret that it had brought upon her.

CHAPTER XXXIX.



For all the pangs of jealousy that Lady Rylestone ever had experienced none could equal the anguish that she endured after her unhappy discovery at Walton Court. She said to herself by day and by night :

"Adelaide Cameron loves my husband! She does not know he is mine; she has made him her hero, and she loves him!"

When she looked at the fair high-bred loveliness of her rival's face, every detail of the daily life she led was a torture to her. The sweet low voice, the grace of manner, the calm repose—all the charms that made Adelaide one of the fairest of women, were as so many tortures to Margarita.

She was always trying to remember what Adelaide had said of her love. The words were never out of her mind, yet she knew there was no real cause for jealousy. She knew that her husband had been as loyal to her as it was possible for man to be. The girl who loved him said that he had never uttered a word or given her a look that in the least degree told of love. The faint hope that had died such a sudden death was caused only by his kindness. Margarita knew that her jealousy was absurd, because there was nothing to cause it. She knew that Lord Rylestone was as true to her as the needle to the pole, yet she dreaded the fair loveliness of her rival's face and the sweetness of her voice.

It was not Lord Rylestone's fault if Adelaide had made a hero of him; still, Margarita could not bear to think that any one else loved him who was all the world to her. It had come upon her like a terrible shock. It was in vain she tried to reason with herself, to keep calm and cool—the passionate heart was all aflame, the spark of Spanish fire was fanned into a blaze. Sometimes she would watch the calm face of Adelaide Cameron, with the tender light in her eyes and the sweet sad smiles playing round her lips, knowing well that the girl was thinking of her shadowy love—the love that had no foundation, no reality; and then the impulse would be strong within her to tell her the truth—to tell her that she was married to Lord Rylestone, and that no thought of another's must be given to him—an impulse so strong that it was hardly possible to resist it. The only thing that prevented her speaking was the idea that, if Miss Cameron once knew who she was, all chance, all hope of her ever finding out the secret of the will would be at an end.

"It would indeed be a woman's war then," she said to herself, "and that, at present, I do not wish. I must, for Allan's sake, for my own sake, discover now the secret of the will."

But, though she did not tell her, she grew so strange in manner that Miss Cameron could not understand her. She would step hastily forward at times and seize her hand, as though she had something very important to say to her, and then drop the hand, murmur a few unmeaning words, and leave her. Adelaide thought it strange—but then her companion's manner always had been strange; so she said nothing about it.

The torture of jealousy seemed to be slowly and surely eating Lady Rylestone's life away. The beautiful face lost its color, and grew thin and pale; an anxious, troubled look came into the dark eyes and never left them. She grew silent and sad; all the music seemed to die from her voice; it was as though some slow, sure fever were consuming her life.

More than once Adelaide spoke to her young companion of what seemed to her the signs of declining health, but Margarita always gave some evasive answer. Nothing ailed her, she declared—she wanted nothing. Yet strangers, when they looked at the beautiful restless face, wondered what hidden fever was burning within her. It was strange, almost painful, to see her, whether out in the sunshine amongst the flowers or in the magnificent rooms, always with the same restless face, and dark, troubled eyes. So many fears haunted her; her life seemed to be spent in fighting with shadows. The fear lest, when Lord Rylestone returned, he should be angry about what she had done; the fear, lest, after all, she should have run her terrible risks in vain; the fear lest something—she could never tell what—should make Allan like Adelaide; the fear lest, even if she discovered the secret, she should not be able to do anything to help the man whom she loved with such intense, passionate love; and, the crowning fear of all, the dread lest, even if her discoveries should materially affect his interests, Lord Rylestone should refuse to forgive her for what she had done—all these were ever before her.

"It was ill-considered," she owned now to herself; "it would have been a thousand times better had it never been begun."

Still, as she had embarked on a stormy sea, and it was too late now to draw back, the only thing left was to make the best of it—to do so much for Lord Rylestone that he should forget the fashion in which it had been done.

So time passed until September came. The Autumn of that year was long remembered in England as a most fruitful one. The flowers still lingered as though loth to die; the orchards were filled with luscious hanging fruit; the rich crops of corn were yellow as gold. But all the ripe beauty of the season was lost upon Margarita—her whole soul was filled with trouble.

One morning, as the two ladies sat at breakfast together—it was the second week in September—a letter came from Mr. Beale, saying that he hoped to be with Miss Cameron on the following day, when he would bring the accounts and a copy of the will with him. Miss Cameron read the letter aloud, and then she said to Margarita :

"That will be the last of the tiresome business, I hope. Margarita," she cried, suddenly, "what is the matter with you?" for the face of her young companion had suddenly grown white as death, and a great fear had shadowed the dark eyes.

"To-morrow—so soon?" she murmured.

"Soon!" repeated Adelaide. "It seems to me that the business has been very long on hand; I am tired of it. Why, Margarita, your lips have grown white! Surely you are not afraid of Mr. Beale?"

She tried hard to recover herself.

"No, I am not afraid of him. Why should I be? I have seen Mr. Beale only once; and then he barely deigned to notice me. Has he anything to do with Lord Rylestone?"

She asked the question suddenly, almost sharply; the idea had just occurred to her. Adelaide looked up laughing.

"How strange to hear you asking a question about Lord Rylestone!" she said. "It is, I think, the first time that I have heard you mention his name. Yes, certainly Mr. Beale has a great deal to do with Lord Rylestone; he is his lawyer—the manager of his affairs. He was the late lord's

confidential adviser ; he knows all about the Walton estates ; he has the whole history of the Rylestone family at his finger-tips. I was going to say that no one ever had more to do with Lord Rylestone than has Mr. Beale, but that perhaps would be saying too much."

Margarita made no remark. She was thinking to herself that if he had been the late lord's confidential adviser he must know the secret of the will—perhaps even had the making of it. Her heart beat quickly, and her face flushed nervously ; she could not have been more moved had the will been before her.

"I am amused," continued Miss Cameron, "that you should ask such a question. I have often thought that you were not inquisitive—I am glad to find that you are human after all."

"I do not know what led me to ask," said Margarita, trying to speak carelessly. It seemed to her that she was on the threshold of the mystery that she had tried so hard to penetrate.

The question she had asked seemed to dispose Miss Cameron to talk. During all the months they had been together Lord Rylestone had never once formed the subject of their conversation. They had sat in the handsome dining-room where his portrait hung, and they had both carefully avoided looking at it—Margarita because of her great love, fearing lest she should betray it, and Adelaide from the fear that if she spoke of him her secret would escape her. But now she was inclined to refer to him. It seemed pleasant to utter his name—to hear it—and she wondered why she had never spoke of him to the lovely woman whose eyes were so full of fire.

"I think you would like Lord Rylestone," she said, looking up at the beautiful face, with its dark, lambent eyes, and sad sweet lips. "You will be sure to see him."

"Shall I ? Why do you say so ?" asked Margarita.

"He returns from Canada in November, and he is sure to come here," answered Adelaide.

The dark face lighted up with a sudden glow.

"Why is he sure to come here ?" she asked—and something in her voice caused Adelaide to look suddenly at her.

"Because Walton is his home," she replied, "and I hope he will come to take possession of it."

"Where shall you go then ?" asked Margarita ; and she knew that her question was put more from a desire to see if Adelaide had any lingering love for him than from fear or anxiety about her welfare.

"I do not know. I think I should like to travel. If I go abroad, you will come with me, I hope. I should never be happy without you."

"I cannot promise," said Margarita, thoughtfully. She was picturing to herself Adelaide's surprise when she should return from abroad and find her at Walton Court, the wife of its owner.

"Lord Rylestone is sure to come straight to Walton," said Miss Cameron. "I shall be curious to know what you think of him."

To herself Margarita was saying that he should not come there. She would go home to the pretty villa at Marpeth, and she would keep him there. He should not see the fair-faced, golden-haired girl who loved him so dearly. She might go abroad and remain there, but she should never have the opportunity of exerting her influence and the power of her charms over him.

"I hope when he comes," continued Adelaide, "that he will be pleased with the few improvements I have ventured to make at the Court. Ah, Margarita, you have a dreamy far-off look in your eyes ! You are not listening to what I am saying. Your dark eyes look at me with serene calmness. You do not take any interest in my friend Lord

Rylestone. I think it is because so few things interest you, and because you are so given to dreaming, that I love you so much. Now I must go and give orders about Mr. Beale's room."

"Will he stay here long ?" asked Margarita, abruptly.

"I cannot say—perhaps two or three nights—not more. Sir William Morton has to meet him here." And with those few careless words Miss Cameron went away.

CHAPTER XL.

ARGARITA RYLESTONE stood on the broad western terrace with Miss Cameron when the approach of Mr. Beale was announced. It was a fine clear September day ; the sky was blue, the golden gleam of the sun lay over the flowers and trees, the red-brown leaves were falling, the Autumn foliage was at its richest and best. They stood watching the carriage, Adelaide thinking how soon she should be gone from Walton, and how little she should see of Mr. Beale or Lord Rylestone afterwards ; Margarita thinking of a thousand things—of Mr. Beale's surprise when in her he should recognize Lady Rylestone—of the coming home that would one day be hers—of the reception that would be given her when she came to Walton Court as Lord Rylestone's honored wife.

Presently she saw the small, slight figure of the lawyer ; she noted the shrewd face, the keen eyes, the iron-gray hair. In his hand he carried a blue bag. At the sight of it her heart gave a sudden bound. Perhaps in that very bag lay the will, the secret of which she had imperilled so much to know !

She watched him enter the house, and she raised her face to the sunlit skies. The time was come in which she had to accomplish what she had so long contemplated.

"Heaven help me !" she cried inwardly. "May I have the strength, the courage, the wit, the skill, to baffle those who have robbed my husband of all !"

And then her eyes fell on the fair face of Adelaide Cameron, and her heart misgave her. She, the fair young heiress, who had wasted her life on a shadowy love, was no enemy of Lord Rylestone's. Margarita had thought so once—she knew better now. She knew that Adelaide Cameron would ask nothing better than to give her fortune to Lord Rylestone, and deemed nothing more precious than his love. She could not be called his enemy. With whom, then, was she—Lady Rylestone—going to war ? Not, surely, with the dead ! She pressed her hand against her throbbing temples.

"I shall go mad," she said to herself, "if matters continue as they are. I am half mad now."

Slowly and mechanically she followed Miss Cameron into the house. She never remembered how the early hours of that day passed ; they were like a dream to her. She roused herself at last, thinking that she must watch and listen, in order to discover where the will was deposited.

There had been one little circumstance which made her feel sure she was on the right track after all. Adelaide, who never would receive or entertain visitors alone, asked Margarita to go with her to meet Mr. Beale. He laid his locked case on the table in order that his hand might be free ; and then he looked at it with a smile.

"In that case is the copy of that important will," he announced.

"The most cruel will that was ever made !" exclaimed Adelaide.

"Few people to whom a will had given so large a fortune would say that, Miss Cameron," observed the lawyer.

Seeing an expression of wonder on Margarita's face, Adelaide said to her :

"That will gave me a fortune, Margarita, yet I would give my life for it never to have been written."

"You speak in riddles," returned Margarita; and then Mr. Beale interposed with some questions about Sir William, and the conversation closed.

But Margarita remembered it, and she was puzzled more than she had ever been before. Why should Miss Cameron hate a will which had given her a fortune? It could not be because she loved Lord Rylestone so dearly, that she grieved to see him deprived of it. If that were the case, she would not speak of it openly as she did.

The time came to dress for dinner. Mr. Beale and Sir William were both present at the meal; and both were great admirers of the beautiful heiress—they did not think she was to be equalled in beauty. But they looked up in wonder when the superb figure of Margarita Rylestone stood before them. She did not know why she had taken such pains with her toilet; she had no notion of impressing them—no wish that they should admire her. But she had chosen for herself a dress of rich, deep crimson, not costly in texture, but shining and light; and with it she wore a few gold ornaments.

Looking up as she entered the room, the gentlemen saw a magnificently beautiful woman, with crimson flowers in the thick coils of her dusky hair, and a face that was like an artist's dream. They rose involuntarily. The thought that shaped itself in Mr. Beale's mind was that after all there was nothing like brunette beauty; while Sir William wondered silently what had induced Miss Cameron to choose so beautiful a woman as her companion.

"She is plainly not afraid of rivalry," said the baronet to himself.

The little dinner-party went off well. Adelaide was in her usual good spirits, and Margarita exerted herself to talk, though in reality she could do little but listen—listen with her soul in her ears for one word about the will. But it was not spoken; and she felt disappointed—so bitterly disappointed that she could not eat. Sir William, who was watching her intently, saw that, although she did not refuse the dishes that were offered to her, she ate nothing. Sir William had a hearty, healthy appetite, and he looked with grave suspicion upon those who had not. The first of the long train of circumstantial evidence that was afterward brought against Margarita was that she sat down before a well-arranged dinner and ate nothing.

When the gentlemen were alone, they expressed their ideas one to the other on the subject of the heiress's beautiful dark-eyed companion. Sir William disclosed his mind very plainly.

"I do not quite understand that young lady," he said to the lawyer. "She is not at all the kind of person that one generally imagines a companion to be. She is like a youthful member of some noble family. And I do not think that I have ever seen a handsomer woman in my life."

"Nor I," agreed Mr. Beale; "but, like yourself, I am just a little suspicious of her. I cannot see what should bring a beautiful woman like that here."

"Perhaps she is poor, and has her living to get."

"It may be so—I do not dispute it; but I cannot help having the idea that she is playing a part. She gives me that impression. She converses and seems to be interested, yet I can see that she is listening. I know it by the intent expression that comes into her eyes. What can she be listening for?"

"I hope Miss Cameron has been careful about references and all that kind of thing," said Sir William.

"I can hardly doubt it; but, if I saw any real ground of suspicion, I should at once advise Miss Avenel's removal from here."

"The lady would meet with little mercy at your hands," observed Sir William.

"My hands would incline to justice, and my first thought would be for Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale, and then the gentlemen went to the drawing-room.

Although their better judgment was slightly against her, they could not help owning that they were charmed with Miss Cameron's companion. Sir William began to think that he must have been mistaken in his estimate of her; but shrewd, keen Mr. Beale detected beneath all her brilliancy the keenest anxiety.

"Why is she anxious?" he thought. "Why does she listen so intently to me, watch me so earnestly, hang upon every word, when I speak to Miss Cameron? There is a mystery, and I must fathom it."

Margarita's patience and perseverance won their reward at last. Mr. Beale went to Miss Cameron, and, believing himself unheard, said to her :

"I had better put the copy of the will, with the rest of the documents, in the iron safe."

"Yes," she agreed, "that is the general repository of all my treasures. All my jewels and money are kept there."

"Hush, my dear lady!" he said, with all a lawyer's caution.

She looked up at him laughingly.

"How prudent you lawyers are! There is no one to hear me."

But he had caught the brightening of the dark eyes, and, though he did not understand it exactly, he felt sure that Margarita had heard what Miss Cameron said—that she had tried to hear it, and that the hearing had given her satisfaction.

"You have the key of the safe, I believe?" interrogated Mr. Beale.

"Yes," and Miss Cameron produced a small bunch of keys. The one that opened the safe was small, and of peculiar design.

"That is it, Mr. Beale," she said, and the lawyer, looking at her, said :

"I hope you are careful about your keys, Miss Cameron. There have been some strange jewel robberies lately."

"We are very systematic about the Walton ones," she replied, with a smile; "we have a solemn ceremony that is never omitted. Every night Mrs. Grame brings the keys to my room; and I do not think she would sleep in peace unless they had been given into my hands."

"Mrs. Grame is an invaluable person," he continued. "I do not think any one will be able to wrong you while she is here."

"Wrong me!" echoed Adelaide. "Why, who would think of such a thing?"

"You cannot be too careful," observed the lawyer. "I have heard so many strange stories lately that I should not be surprised at anything."

Miss Cameron laughed.

"I think we are safe at Walton," she said; "I do not feel alarmed. But I am always glad of advice, and I promise to look carefully after my keys."

That night, as Mrs. Grame, with her basket of keys, was going down the corridor that led to Miss Cameron's room, she met Margarita, who spoke to her half laughingly, yet with a strange hectic flush on her face and a strange light in her eyes, saying :

"I am going to Miss Cameron's room; shall I take the basket for you, Mrs. Grame? It will save you a few steps."

The housekeeper raised her eyes.

"No, thank you, Miss Avenel," she replied. "I prefer

placing them, according to custom, in my lady's own hands."

"As you like," returned Margarita, haughtily. "I merely thought of saving you fatigue," and without another word she passed on.

Mrs. Grame looked distrustfully after the retreating figure.

"My mistress may trust you as much as she likes," she said, "but you will never be trusted by me!"

CHAPTER XLII.

TEN minutes later, when Margarita returned to Miss Cameron's door, she found it fastened, and she knew there was no further hope of getting the keys that night. It all seemed plain and easy to her now. She had but to get the keys by some stratagem or other, and then open the safe, read the will, and put it back. But what then? A dreary, almost hopeless feeling came over her as she asked herself the question—What then?

She did not take long to reflect; she decided that she must then go to some eminent and trustworthy lawyer, take advice, and see if it were not possible for her to do something to invalidate this will, and help her husband to regain his lost fortune.

Her difficulties seemed almost to have vanished. The work she had given herself to do lay plainly enough before her. The only question was, How was she to get the key of the safe? She had read distrust and defiance in the house-keeper's face, and she knew that in Mrs. Grame she had an enemy who would baffle her if possible.

She arranged in her own mind that on the night following she would go with Miss Cameron to her room; she would wait there until the basket of keys was brought in, and then quietly abstract the bunch she wanted. She could afterward wait until the whole house was quiet, and then go down to the library and read the will. As for the giving back of the keys, she felt no inquietude about that. If she could but once read the will, all would be well; under the pretence of asking her some question, she could take the keys into Miss Cameron's room early in the morning and replace them.

That night she slept, it seemed to her, as though some terrible weight had been taken from her mind—she slept as one exhausted by long watching. She was never to experience the same deep, calm rest again.

The next day Sir William Morton left, and it was decided that on the day following Mr. Beale should return to London. But Mr. Beale, sharp, shrewd lawyer as he was, did not feel altogether satisfied with the aspect of affairs. He did not believe in the beautiful woman whom Miss Cameron had selected for a companion. On the day intended to be the last of his sojourn he watched her more closely, and was less satisfied than ever. Her intentness of thought, her habit of losing herself in reveries, her disturbed manner, even the restless beauty of her face, all assured him that she was acting a part.

"Miss Cameron is so easily imposed upon," he said to himself. "She is so generous and noble that she is really incapable of forming a suspicion."

When he found an opportunity that day, he made many inquiries about her, and Adelaide told him how she had met Miss Avenel at Lady Davenant's.

He was surprised. If that was true—if she had been Lady Davenant's governess—then all must be right; there could be no further reason for doubting her. He hardly knew how apparent he had made his doubts until Adelaide looked wondringly into his face.

"I believe," she said, "that you have some strange, hidden mistrust of Miss Avenel. Why is it?"

The plain, direct question almost puzzled him.

"I cannot quite tell you," he replied. "I suppose that,

like all lawyers, I am apt to suspect concealment and mystery."

"But there is no mystery about her," said Adelaide.

"I think there is," opposed Mr. Beale. "She gives me the impression of a person who is acting a part. I cannot quite tell why."

"You are mistaken," said Adelaide, warmly. "You do her an injustice."

"I hope it may be so; but I read men and women almost as easily as I read books. You are much attached to your companion, Miss Cameron?"

"Yes," replied Adelaide, "I think her beautiful, good, and charming. I like her very much."

"I cannot divest myself of the idea that she is here for some set purpose—to accomplish some design of her own."

"You are altogether wrong," said Adelaide, laughingly. "You cannot possibly make a mystery out of our quiet household, Mr. Beale—you must go farther afield."

"You are a warm champion and a true friend," observed the lawyer, with a bow; and so the conversation ended. But, despite all that Adelaide had said, he retained his own opinion still.

That night Margarita talked a great deal to Adelaide. Mr. Beale spent the evening with the ladies, and he spoke more than once of Lord Rylestone; but there was not one word said which touched on the subject of the will. Miss Cameron shook hands with the lawyer, and bade him good-night.

"I will not say good-by," he observed, "for I shall not go until noon to-morrow. I shall see you in the morning, for I want to talk over the question of the securities with you."

It seemed natural that Margarita should go to Adelaide's room—although it was what she had never done before—they were talking so eagerly—Margarita with great animation. Adelaide did not notice the flush on her companion's face, the strange, almost wild light in her eyes, the tremor that seemed to pass over the stately figure; yet she remembered afterwards that Margarita was very strange. When they reached the magnificent chamber that Miss Cameron had selected for her own, Margarita went in with her, and did not seem inclined to leave.

"I wish you would let me be your maid to-night," she said. "Send Alice away, and let me brush your hair."

"You are too stately for that kind of thing," responded Adelaide, smiling.

"You do not know how often I have longed to take those beautiful golden waves in my hand," she said. "Do let me stay." And Adelaide laughingly sent the maid away.

How little she dreamed that the fingers unfastening the shining waves of hair were trembling violently—of the love and dislike in the passionate heart of the girl who bent over her. Margarita looked at the beautiful golden hair, and wondered as she looked whether Lord Rylestone had admired its beauty—whether his eyes had lingered on it—the soft, silken, shining hair. It fell like a veil around the white neck and shoulders.

"You are like Queen Berengaria," she said, "as the maid in the fairy tale with the golden locks." And then there came a rap at the door.

"It is Mrs. Grame with the keys," announced Adelaide. "She is as punctual as the clock itself. You will never make a lady's maid," she added, with a laugh, as Margarita dropped the brush. "Come in, Mrs. Grame," said Adelaide; "I am always pleased to see you. Margarita, will you take the keys?"

But Mrs. Grame held the basket resolutely, and the two women, the one young and beautiful, the other old and shrewd, looked defiantly at each other.

To Margarita herself the housekeeper spoke no word. All

the mistrust and defiance she felt was expressed in the steadfast gaze of her eyes. She turned to Adelaide.

"Is your maid ill, madame?" she asked. It was the fashion at Walton Court to call the young mistress "madame."

"No," replied Adelaide; "but Miss Avenel wished to be my maid this evening. She thinks my hair looks so nice she wants to brush it."

Adelaide laughed as she spoke, but no smile came to the housekeeper's face. She raised her eyes again to Margarita's, and their expression said that she at least perfectly understood the manoeuvre. Mrs. Grame went up to her young mistress and placed the basket of keys by her side.

"Miss Cameron," she said, "pray be careful of those keys."

"I think you have all taken alarm about my keys," commented Adelaide, smiling. "Mr. Beale has been saying the same thing."

"Mr. Beale is a very sensible gentleman, madame, and he would not have said so much without reason, you may be sure of that."

Margarita's face flushed hotly. The indignity seemed to her almost greater than she could bear. Mrs. Grame's look was one of unutterable scorn. She evidently thought Mr. Beale had grounds for his suspicion, and had done well to open his mind. She lingered half a minute, as though she would fain say more. She looked from the fair calm face that shone from amongst the soft clouds of golden hair to the dark restless one, and then, thinking perhaps that prudence was after all the better part, she went away.

But as she went she said to herself that evidently she was not the only one who was suspicious about Miss Avenel. Mr. Beale—than whom no shrewder gentleman ever lived—was plainly of her opinion.

"And what would he think of her," said Mrs. Grame to herself, "if he knew so much of her as I know—if he knew that she had come to see the house before she lived in it, and had asked so many questions about the will?"

She half decided that it was her duty to tell Mr. Beale all on the morrow.

"And those keys," she thought—"she tried to get them last night. She may make what excuses she will, but I am sure she is staying in my lady's room to get them to-night. I saw her eyes light with fire when I carried them in."

CHAPTER XLII.

ADY RYLESTONE stood alone in her room; the hour for which she had hoped and prayed was come at last, and its coming was like the crowning act of a tragedy to her. Outside was the calm silence of the September night—the moon was hidden by clouds, the stars peeped out here and there. There was hardly a sound to break the perfect repose; only the wind rustled through the bare branches.

She had waited for this hour. There was profound silence in the stately mansion; the servants had all gone to their rooms. She had lingered with Miss Cameron until she dared linger no longer; and then, unperceived by Adelaide, she had noiselessly withdrawn the bunch of keys that she wanted, and hidden them in her dress. She had bidden Adelaide good-night, trusting to "the chapter of accidents" that she would not discover the absence of the keys.

"If she does, and makes any inquiries," said Margarita to herself, "I shall be ruined;" but she hardly thought it probable.

She had put the basket in its accustomed place, and she felt sure that Adelaide would not examine its contents. And then she had gone to her own room, and waited there until the whole house was silent and every sound had ceased.

Midnight struck, then one, and then two. She believed herself perfectly safe; she had removed her flowers, jewels, and evening dress, and had put on a black robe, thinking it safer than a white one. In the darkness of the night, even should any one by some unhappy mischance meet her, there was greater probability of escape if she wore a dark dress. She had resolved to take matches and a taper down with her; and, when she had reached the library, after locking the door, she could procure a light.

It was two o'clock, and in the dense unbroken silence she opened her door cautiously and looked out. There was no sound, no movement; the darkness of night could not have been more friendly, the silence could not have been more profound. Yet her heart beat fast, her hands burned, her limbs trembled, her lips were dry and parched; it seemed to her in that intense stillness that she could hear the beating of her heart—and the fancied sound frightened her.

"I am not a midnight robber," she said to herself; "my errand is a just one. Why should I fear? It is all for my husband's sake."

She stepped out into the corridor and closed her door. She clasped her hands for one minute, as though asking help from Heaven, and then, noiselessly and quietly, in the darkness she made her way down the stairs. Careful as she was—lightly as she stepped—the stairs creaked, and the sound brought to her a fright as terrible almost as death.

Once she stood still for some minutes, unable to move; in the far distance she fancied that she heard a sound like the opening of a door. She listened, but all was silent again.

She believed that she was doing right; yet, when she reached the hall and stood for some minutes to collect her failing strength, she said to herself that not to win the whole world would she do the like again. As she stood, silent and motionless, in the darkness, she heard another sound, as of some one passing stealthily along the upper gallery. She listened, and then said, "No; it must be the trees rustling in the wind outside."

After some minutes she went to the library door and opened it. The room was in impenetrable darkness. There was not even the faintest ray of moonlight. In the darkness she made the mistake that proved so fatal to her. She closed the door and locked it, as she believed, but in reality she turned the lock while the door was still open. Going up to the other end of the long room, where the iron safe was buried in the wall, she struck a light. It did not occur to her to go back and see if she had made the door secure. The light of the taper, so faint and feeble, in that long room, only seemed to make the darkness more profound; it made such terrible shadows in the corners; it shone, too, on her face—a face so white with fear as hardly to be human.

"How I love you, Allan," she said, "to dare, even for your sake, to do this!"

And then she placed the taper on the floor and began her search. The iron safe was a fixture; it had been built as it were in the wall, and the outer part of it was so like the wall that few could have detected the difference. She drew aside the outer panel, and uncovered the iron door of the safe. She produced the key, and the next moment the receptacle was open. She gave a great gasping sigh then, one of unutterable relief; the secret of the will would not be much longer a secret to her.

(To be continued.)

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A VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON—FRIENDS WITHOUT.

A VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON.



by one and all, would show him no difference between classes.

In Spain, however, where a certain wild freedom, a certain respect of persons, is mingled with excessive oppression and tyranny, the case is far different. In a Spanish prison each inmate wears the dress in which he enters, which generally betokens his particular province, and certainly his station in life; he is called by his usual name, and he is free to do as he likes, whether his "like" be to work or to gamble, or to sleep the hours away.

Spanish prisons are of three kinds: first, the small house of detention, or lock-up, or *cárcel*; secondly, the ordinary prison, or *cárcel* proper, where those condemned to short terms of imprisonment, or those undergoing or awaiting trial, are kept; and, thirdly, the *presidio*, or prison of large size, under military law, where all those who have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment are kept under strict watch and ward. In this last the convicts, called *presidiarios*, work in chains, making government roads or renewing fortifications; some of these men are sentenced to as much as fifteen years of *presidio*. In the *presidio* the discipline is stricter; the clothes worn are generally prison garments; the inmates, from hard work and hard fare, lose much of their national characteristics, and, therefore, it is to a *cárcel* proper, or ordinary jail, that I propose to make a visit with my readers.

The prison, which was formerly a convent, is a large, square stone building of three storeys, with the usual *patio*, or spacious courtyard, around which it is built, with its modest cloisters that offer a walk sheltered from the blazing sun. Two soldiers of the line kept guard, with fixed bayonets, outside, and the same number within; in the prison is, also, close to the door, a guard-room, where a party of six soldiers, with a *cabo*, or sergeant, were dozing, or writing on the sloping tables that form the Spanish soldiers' rude bedstead, and which are used both for writing and sleeping upon.

As we entered the quadrangle, which looked bright and clear enough, the following sight met our eyes: About thirty clean, smiling young fellows, each wearing his ordinary clothes, and many of whom were smoking their customary *cigarillos*, lounging about or leaning against the wall chatting gayly enough; there was the peasant, from the wilds of the *campo*, his colored handkerchief knotted around his head, denoting him probably to be a Valenciano or Manchego, that primitive head-gear being still adhered to in those provinces; the trim artisan, in his jacket and striped trowsers; and many wearing no article of clothing save a fine flannel vest and white trowsers, the day being intensely hot. Just then a door opened, and two prisoners, called "*bastoneros*" — men who have a separate room, and a few little privileges ceded to them for their good conduct, popularity, and physical strength, on condition of their acting as the *prepostores* in a public school, and preserving a rude sort of discipline

among their fellows — entered, bearing between them a huge caldron of *guisado*, or stew. This they deposited upon the ground, and, without any pressing or confusion, each member of this batch of prisoners presented his wooden platter for his share of the breakfast. The quantity of this seemed to me greatly to exceed that of the food given for one meal in the civil or military prisons of England; but it must be remembered that the appetite of the Spaniard of the lower orders greatly exceeds that of an Englishman of the same class. The Spaniard drinks little but water, but the bulk of the succulent vegetables and fruit eaten by him is surprising; half a pound of bread, an ordinary soup-plate filled with stew, and a pound or two of grapes, would be no more than an average meal.

As regards quality, the mess of red pottage presented to the prisoners was very good. The mess consisted of squashes, flour, garbanzos, tomatoes, and lumps of bacon stewed up together to something of the same consistence as old-fashioned English pease-pudding. When each man's platter was filled, one of the *bastoneros* brought in a dish of small square pieces of bacon, and meted out one or two pieces to each man. This is the usual custom of the peasantry. I have often been dining with the family circle of a fisherman or laborer, and when we had finished the stew the master would rise, with all possible gravity, bring the little pieces of boiled bacon and pork sausage in the stewing jar, and carefully, beginning with his wife and daughter, mete out an equal share of these tid-bits to us all. It offends the family much if, after eating the stew, you reject the little piece of bacon.

The daily scale of diet for the prisoners I ascertained to be as follows:

Morning, at 11 A. M., stew or pottage as above described, the ingredients being varied from day to day. Of this the prisoner has invariably more than he can eat. Sometimes it is made with rice; sometimes with *fideos* or vermicelli. Water, *ad libitum*; bread, good, 18oz.

Evening, at 5 P. M., *gazpacho*, i.e., lettuce, raw tomatoes, lumps of bread, raw onions sliced, floating in an ample quantity of oil, vinegar, and water.

But let it not be supposed that the bill of fare ends here. Each prisoner is allowed to be supplied by his relations with anything he may like in the way of food; and so at the grating of the Spanish prison one sees the dark-eyed, passionate, handsome girl giving to her unhappy caged lover half of her store of grapes, figs, or melons, or the careworn, tearful, gray-haired mother dealing out, on the same spot, morning after morning, all that, in justice to the rest of her hungry brood at home, she can spare from her basket of fruit and vegetables and bread for the one sheep of her flock who has gone astray. How often have I witnessed this sight, and heard from the mother's lips, "He is just as dear to me, for all that he has gone astray and is lost."

And so, although most of the inmates of this prison were of the lowest class, yet about one in every five supplemented his stew with a bunch of white grapes (now July) just coming into season, or a small *sandia* or water-melon, and a cigarette.

As these poor fellows took away their platters and their bit of bacon each one said to us, "Have you breakfasted, sirs? If not, eat with us; the breakfast is regular (i.e. ordinarily good) to-day."

A little cluster of them were kneeling down, I observed, in a corner of the courtyard, and when I peered over their shoulder to see what was the attraction, to my surprise they were feeding two tiny sparrows, who, they told me, had fallen out of their nest into the courtyard, and were now the pets of the *patio*! Certainly this courtyard, with its smoking, chatting inmates, cutting their melons, petting their tiny birds, their gay sashes, and picturesque costumes, lit up

by the bright sunlight, had very little of the prison look about it; and the gay laugh with which one of them addressed my companion, in whom he found an old friend, "Just a little affair of *borracheria* (drunkenness) brought me in here; I shall soon be out, and will pay you a visit," quite surprised me.

I found, however, that though there were many in the prison for grave offences, yet that they were only birds of passage, who, when sentenced, would be removed to the *presidio* to fulfil their several terms, the prisoners proper in this jail being only those whose sentences varied from one month to six.

From this *patio* we passed upstairs, and investigated the upper storeys.

The sleeping arrangements, etc., were as follows: each room was twelve feet in height, twenty-four in breadth by twenty-four, and lighted by one largish window, barred, but without glass; the floors were simply bricked, the walls whitewashed; each prisoner brings his bed with him, and this *cama*, when transferred from the rude cottage to the prison, is called, in prison slang, *petat*, a word which originally meant a mat of fine cocoa-nut fibre; when a prisoner is taken, the first thing to be done by his family is to send him his rug, or *manta*, and his bed. These rooms are called the *dormitorios*, and ten prisoners inhabit each apartment, rolling up their beds (which are simply laid on the bricks, without any bedstead, to serve as a chair by day). No chairs of any sort, no movable furniture at all, save spoons and platters of wood, is allowed within the prison walls. Many of these poor fellows, I observed, retreated to their *dormitorio* to eat their breakfast; many had a little image or picture hung over their sleeping place; some had a second suit of clothes, but not above four or five of the whole hundred and five prisoners.

A Spanish prisoner hates to be without his knife, and although they are searched if it is suspected that they have one on their person, yet now and then a knife is safely smuggled in, in the centre of a loaf of bread. Of course the aspect of the whole place is singularly bare and comfortless, but it appeared to me perfectly clean; there was no offensive smell even in the infirmary, and the closets were, for Spain, where any cleanliness in those regions is very rare, fairly clean and sweet.

These men are classed thus: in one place will be ten murderers or slayers of men; in another, ten *transilarios*, or prisoners who are on their weary march to the *presidio*, and are halted for the night at the prison of any town where they may happen to find themselves, for these prisoners, be it remarked, are marched by civil guards from town to town, carrying their bed on their back, and so on.

All the inmates are allowed to walk about the cloisters of the especial story to which they belong, and sometimes they all meet together in the lower *patio*, on days when they see their advocates. No prison dress of any sort is supplied; but should a man be a stranger, and penniless, the prison authorities supply him with a bed, such as it is, just sufficient to keep his bones from the bricks. In Winter each man is allowed an extra rug. If any man has money on his person when taken, it is taken by the *alcaide*, or governor of the prison, who enters the amount in a book, and from whom the prisoner can draw his money, at the rate of 10d. per diem, until all his store is exhausted.

Another liberty allowed to the prisoners is that of a separate apartment, which is yielded to any prisoner who can afford to "keep himself," or, as it is called, forego his rations. The rooms set aside for this purpose were perfectly bare, and untenanted just now; they seemed to differ from the others only in having a larger amount of light, and a good view of the busy street below. This licence certainly seems like the exhibition of the refrain, "one law for

the rich, and another for the poor;" and yet one almost shudders to think of the ribald and obscene talk which must deaden the ears of any one accustomed to a purer tone of conversation than is usual with the Spanish lowest classes. With them blasphemy, obscenity, and swearing have long since lost their pungency, and perhaps—let us hope it is so—their guiltiness, for constantly one meets with a really good and honest fellow among the lower classes, whose conversation is absolutely interlarded with oaths most awful, and obscenity most revolting.

I may here remark that no prisoner, of any sort or kind, may have wine or liquors brought to him under any pretext, except when ordered by the medical man.

The *Esfermeria*, although somewhat dark, and, of course, comfortless enough, possessed six iron bedsteads, and comfortable bedding. It seemed well ventilated, the floor and walls clean, and the two men-nurses kindly and intelligent. Only one man was there, who was suffering from inflammation of the lungs; a fine black-bearded, stalwart fellow he seemed, and very delighted with our visit. Although evidently in much suffering, when I expressed the hope that God would soon relieve his pain, he raised himself on one arm, and said, "A thousand thanks, and may you be spared bodily suffering."

The medical man receives as his salary £5 per month, and visits the prison daily; of course, out of that modest sum, he is not expected to pay for the drugs which he may see fit to order. The *alcaide*, or head gaoler, receives £60 per annum, and a house within the prison walls for his wife and himself. He should, perhaps, be dignified by the title of "governor of the prison." The six or eight *llaveros*, or under warders, receive £40 per annum, and rooms in the prison. We visited one, and found him and his wife really nice people. The chaplain visits once in the week, and once on Sundays. He says mass in the church once on Sunday, and on every feast-day, at which the prisoners attend, but rarely delivers any sermon. He also, I believe, receives a fixed salary. He also confesses those who desire it. Auricular confession, however, is, I fancy, not very much in vogue among the class of persons who are found within these walls, although the Spanish peasant, instinctively true to the traditions of his forefathers, uses the phrase, "a man who never confesses," as a term of reproach. Thus, with the usual quaint humor of his class and race a Spanish peasant said to me, in reference to a pair of savage hawks which I kept, and which made an onslaught on his fingers to some purpose, "No me gustan; hay una gente que no confiesa," i. e., I do not like them: they are a people who never confess.

The Church strictly enjoins confession and participation in the Holy Communion once a year, at least, as absolutely necessary, and bids the heads of houses see that their servants fulfil at least this part of their Christian duties. No one is forced to confess, nor would a Protestant, if imprisoned, be forced, I believe, to attend the public service.

We visited the kitchen, the judge's office, where the judge sits and examines the prisoner, who is presented at a grating in front of the judicial desk, looked in wonder at the mass of documents piled up on the shelves, and then visited the dormitory where the four worst cases were collected together. The warder said to me, "You shall now see four men who have bad papers; who have committed manslaughter or murder." I expected to see the villainous, low type of criminal character so common in England among those who commit such crimes, and was surprised when I walked in to see four cleanly-dressed, handsome, open-faced young fellows, two of them of enormous physical strength, who greeted me with a bright smile, accepted a cigar apiece very graciously, and asked if I would break my fast with them.

One of them, I believe, had killed a policeman; another had slain his fellow deliberately, and not in hot blood; a

third, who surely had no place in such company, had been attacked by four men, and killed one in self-defence. They shook hands with us on parting, and told me they were fairly comfortable.

All these offences were committed with the *navaja*, or clasp-knife.

Lastly, we visited the women's part of the house. Its accommodation was exactly the same as that of the men, namely, the four white-washed walls, the brick floor, a stretch of cloisters, or empty rooms, in which to take their dreary daily walk, the usual little beds, now rolled up against the wall to serve for a seat. Around the walls sat five young women, decently but poorly dressed—one, a handsome, dark-browed Cordovese girl, from the Sierra, who seemed not more than nineteen years of age, and whose magnificent black hair, neatly braided, would have reached to her knees, had a pretty little babe of nine months old playing at her feet. Her offence was that of being an accomplice in horse stealing, and as, of course, with Spanish honor, she would not betray her accomplices, she may have to suffer a long term of imprisonment.

According to Spanish law, or custom (which latter prevails more in this country), a mother may have with her in prison a baby at the breast—a good and wise regulation, we think, in a country like Spain.

The employment of these five women was sewing. The men did absolutely nothing, except four or five who took in a daily paper and conned in a dreamy way its uneventful details, and other few who knitted stockings.

One of the women was knitting a pair of garters—a useful article in Spain, where the knife is always carried in the garter when worn by a woman!

The average age of the men seemed to be from twenty-one to thirty-one. The majority were in prison for stabbing and robbery; one for forgery, one for rape, none for arson, fifteen or twenty for *escándalos*—i. e. disturbances; and about as many for drunkenness.

Among the curious customs prevalent in these prisons are the following :

Susposing a gentleman's coachman be imprisoned for a trifling offence, say drunkenness, and his master requires his services to take his family into the *campo* for an airing, he is in such a case allowed to go out for the day, his master becoming personally responsible for his coachman's reappearance.

Another curious custom is, that on Thursday and Friday in Holy Week a table is placed in the street beneath the prison windows, whereon the passers-by place their offerings of copper, silver, or gold for the use of the prisoners who have no money. This is collected, at sundown, by a warden, and distributed equally among the poor of the prison.

A tax, also, is levied on the sellers of cattle in some places, namely, the heads of all the beasts killed, to be boiled down into soup for the prison stews. In the prison of which I write this was the case. I ascertained that out of the hundred prisoners only about eighteen could read or write, or both. The faces of the prisoners, as a rule, struck me as not of a villainous type, but expressive of that uneducated, religionless phase of character so common, alas! to all Spanish poor, which they themselves describe as *bruto*—i. e. very animal!

The cost of each prisoner, ordinarily, to the *ayuntamiento* of the town is 10 cents per diem; in the infirmary, wine and *caldo* (thin soup) are allowed when prescribed by the medical man.

There is in each prison a room for the executioner, called *el cuartel de berdugo*; the hangman is called *verdugo*; the condemned man, *el reo*; the hangman's rope, *la blanca*; to go to execution, in prison slang, *andar á la blanca*; to be on the point of execution, *amarrado en la blanca* (tied in the

white rope). Hanging, however, although it has been resorted to in other days, has given place to the *garrote*, or strangling, which is the method of execution still in vogue where capital punishment is resorted to. The operation is as follows: The *garrote* is an iron collar of great strength, with a screw of enormous power of compression at the back. One turn of this breaks the vertebra of the spine, just below the head, and causes instantaneous death. The *reo*, or condemned person, is bound by a chain round the waist, and placed for a day in front of the altar of the prison chapel for prayer and reflection, a priest visiting him from time to time; he is then conducted, probably, to the very spot where he committed the crime for which he is to suffer, if it be in the town, or, if not, to some plaza of the town, perhaps to the market-square; he is attended by a priest, who prays with him all the way, and earnestly beseeches him to confess and relieve his conscience; in his shackled hands the *reo* carries a brass crucifix, or *Santo Cristo*; he is then seated on and bound to a strong wooden seat like an arm-chair, the iron collar is adjusted, the screw put on, and, in a moment, the neck is compressed into a mere elongated pulp, and the tongue and eyes loll out from the head. In some cases the body is left for some hours, in others it is removed at once. Capital punishment is not, however, as a general rule, inflicted. It is very difficult in this country, where manslaughter and murder tread so closely upon the heels of one another, where crime is so difficult of proof, and where life is set so little store by, to say when recourse should justly be had to such an extreme measure.

Two stories, one of which was on every one's lips some forty years since; the other, which is now much spoken of, shall here be recounted, ere we seek, in conclusion, to "gather honey from the weed," and glean some lessons of warning or example even from the barren courts of a Spanish prison.

Forty years ago a murderer was being taken out to execution in the precincts of the town of Sevilla; the priest preceded him, commanding his blood-stained soul to the mercy of that God against whom he had sinned so grievously; in his hands the prisoner carried the heavy brass image of his Redeemer. Just as they neared the *garrote* the man said to his confessor, "Father, I will make my confession." The priest turned, and throwing the ample folds of his cassock over his own and the man's head, approached his ear to the murderer's lips; in a moment the man raised up the crucifix, and absolutely cleft the skull of his innocent confessor with one arm of the cross, and he fell dead. The prisoner got but one day's respite by this awful device, saying, "*Uno dia de vida, es vida*" (one day of life is life, at any rate). Of that higher life which, even at the last hour, he might, through his Creator's mercy in Christ have won his share, if but a little share, this fellow evidently either knew nothing, or thought nothing; and, indeed, we fear that even now thousands are sunk in utter hopelessness, utter indifference to the world and life to come; to smile, and love, and eat, and quarrel; to risk life, and to take away life; such, too often, is the picture, only too fearfully true, of the Spaniard of the lower orders.

The other story is of a different kind.

But a few days since, in a town of Catalonia, two men were led out to be garrotted. They had, probably, murdered a civil guard or a policeman, offences which are still, as a rule, visited with death in Spain. The executioner despatched one, and was proceeding to fit the iron collar to the throat of the other, when he found, on trying to turn the screw, that, owing to some peculiar malformation of the neck, the instrument woud not work. The wretched prisoner was in intense agony for as much as thirty minutes, when the executioner took the collar from the dead man, and endeavored to make it perform its work on the other.

In this, however, he failed; and the wretched man was taken back alive, although badly hurt, to the prison. A telegram, asking for instructions, was sent to the Government at Madrid; and, with characteristic generosity, King Alfonso at once telegraphed back a remittal of the sentence.

THE BANIAN TREE.

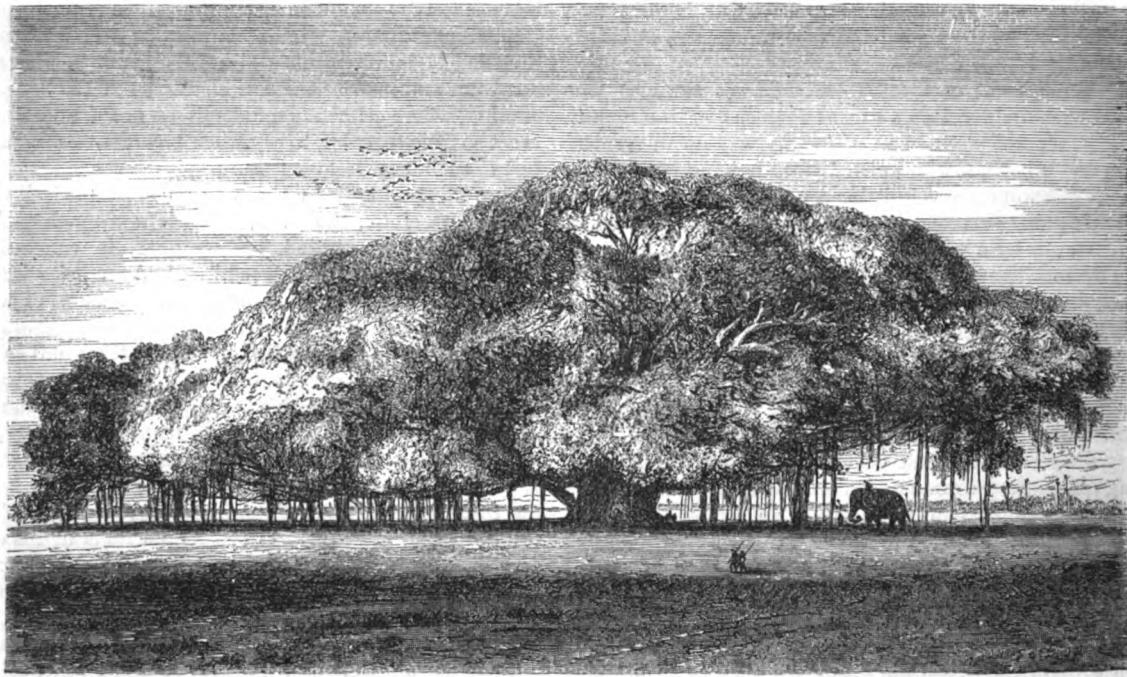
THIS tree, known as the *ficus religiosa*, or *ficus Indica*, is a native of the East Indies. It is remarkable for its prodigious size and extent, and distinguished from all other trees in this—that it never ceases growing. Its branches throw out new roots, at first consisting of slender fibres hanging in the air and growing downward. Upon reaching the earth's surface they strike in and become large trunks, in their turn sending forth branches which repeat the same process. A famous banian tree stands on the banks of the Nerbudda, a river in India, which was once capable of receiving seven thousand men beneath its shade. Though much reduced in size, its outer ring of trunks still incloses a space of two

tents, and I was often struck with the singular mixture of wisdom and absurdity in the statements and ideas of these various inmates.

On one occasion the pastor of the church of which I was a member conceived the idea that the delusions of insanity could be *reasoned* away. He was an enthusiast on all subjects which engaged his attention, and, fully mounted on this new hobby, he came for me to go over and witness its practical results.

The resident physician gave ready permission to try the experiment, and while we were conversing, a subject presented himself, in the form of a mild monomaniac. He was a tall, slender, and fine-looking man, who wandered at will through the buildings and grounds, and gave no trouble. His one delusion consisted in the fixed belief that he was Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

My clerical friend gave a confidential nod or two to the physician and myself, as a signal to watch his progress, and at once approached the patient. I must confess that I looked on with considerable interest, for he was a good man, and seemed to have faith enough to "move a mountain" or



BANIAN TREE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDEN, CALCUTTA.

thousand feet in circumference. The great pagodas are generally found near these trees, which the Hindoos regard as a type of the Deity. The wood is light, white and porous, and of no value. The Brahmins use the leaves as plates to eat off. Bird lime of great strength is made from the tenacious milky juice which distils from them.

MY BRIEF ROMANCE.

HAVING a comfortable competence, on the death of my father, I had not gone into any business, but had built a neat little cottage on the steep hill just above our small city, and settled myself as a gentleman of leisure. It so happened that my ornamental grounds and flower-plots were bordered and bounded on one side by a brick wall of some fifteen feet high, which surrounded the lands of the State Lunatic Asylum.

I sometimes visited the institution with friends, who, from benevolence or curiosity, wished to converse with the pa-

cure a diseased mind. Said he: "My friend, are you really Christ, the Redeemer?"

"There is no doubt of that, sir," was the grave reply.

"And have you all power given to you, on earth and in heaven, including that of working miracles and doing wonders, just as Christ had in Judea, long centuries ago?" continued my friend.

"Certainly, sir; my glorified humanity involves that necessity," was the answer.

The good minister looked a little troubled, but braced himself for the final effort, as he continued:

"Now, sir, tell me, would you not like very much to get out of this institution, and go forth in the beautiful world, unrestrained and free?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt response.

"Well, pay attention to me. Do you not know that if you were the Christ you think you are, that these keepers would be as powerless before you as the guard were before the angels at the sepulchre, and that bolts would draw back, bars melt, and doors fly open at your word?"



MY BRIEF ROMANCE.—“IN A MOMENT MORE SHE STOOD BY MY SIDE, EXCITED AND TRIUMPHANT.”

I never saw so sad and yet so resigned an expression on the human face, as that of the poor man wore when he replied :

"Ah, sir, you have read the garden scene of Gethsemane to little purpose if you do not know that I must ever subordinate my will to the interests of the universe. It is evidently the pleasure of my Heavenly Father that I remain."

Tears were in the eyes of the minister, as he took the hand of the other and exclaimed :

"I fear you *must* remain, but you have taught me a lesson of humble resignation which you, perhaps, did not intend, but which I will always keep."

There was no more effort to combat delusion with reason.

The poor fellow seemed pleased with our interest in him, and when we were going away, he walked with us to the great gate. Near the graveled walk, a young woman was bending over a rose-bush, and, as I had often seen her before, and been interested in her youth and beauty, I paused to notice her occupation.

What queer vagary just then got into the head of our crazy companion, I cannot guess, but he approached the young woman, and, taking her passive hand in his, led her up to me, and joined our hands together, still holding them in the clasp of his own.

As I knew the importance of not contradicting the insane, I did not resist, and he began to talk to us, in his calm, beautiful way.

Said he : "When I was here, eighteen hundred years ago, I began my ministration at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, when the modest water owned a present God, and blushed itself to wine ! Even so this day do I recognize your need of each other, and pronounce you man and wife, by my own authority and that of the Father and the Holy Spirit."

Then, removing his grasp, he raised his hands, with strange solemnity, and gave us the apostolic benediction.

I was utterly confused and astounded, and when the fair being at my side took it all in earnest, and lifted her face timidly toward mine, I stooped and kissed her, scarce knowing what I did.

Then her hand was withdrawn, and she darted away like a bird.

The doctor looked annoyed as he said :

"That woman is one of our most hopeless cases."

My friend was as nervous as I was, and took my arm with a hurried :

"Come, let us get out of here, or they will have us both in straitjackets."

I thought so, too, and made no more visits.

Some weeks had passed, and with the advance of the Spring, and the care of the plants I was removing from my hot-house to the open flower-beds, I had almost forgotten the annoying incident. One day, I was standing alone by the massive wall which divided between me and the asylum grounds, when I became aware that some one was tampering with the masonry from the other side. There was a place where one of the supports had gone through the wall, at the time the scaffolding for its erection yet remained, and the hole left by its removal had been imperfectly stopped by a brick on each side, put endways into mortar. The lime and brick on the other side had evidently been worked out, and some one was using a stick to punch the hole open on my side. Before I had time to speak, the effort was successful, and there was a small square opening clear through. I stooped down to look, only to see a pair of dark hazel eyes, and a fair, sad face on the other side. It was my crazy bride, by the gift of the maniac who believed himself divine.

As she saw me, she said, in a grieved tone .

"Now you have found me out, and will have me locked up."

I protested that I should do no such a thing, but she looked incredulous, and sat down on the grass where I could see her plainly. She was neatly dressed, and it was evident that she did not belong among the paupers in the care of the State, but was a patient whose relatives paid for the medical care she received. Despite the paleness and melancholy of the face, it was very beautiful, with the long dark fringes of the eyelids sweeping down over the large dark eyes, and the short brown curls clustering over the white brow. The form was a fine one, as revealed by the close-fitting brown dress ; and the narrow collar of white linen was the proper margin of the shapely neck, and contrast to the soft tinge of the cheeks.

I asked :

"Will you tell me your name ?"

"Maria Damar," said she, without lifting her downcast eyes.

"Were you trying to make a way of escape ?" I continued. She looked up, then, and answered quietly :

"No, sir. I would be crazy, indeed, to think of that—but we are so often misjudged. The wall is all solid, save in this one place, and a woman's weak hands cannot undo what the builder made so strong. I wished to make an opening, in order to communicate with some kind heart outside, but I see now how hopeless the effort was. I remember you, and when that strange man joined our hands the other day, I looked in your face to see if I could read sympathy and confidence there. You mistook my look for the whim of the insane, and kissed me. I thank you for the pity, but I wanted a friend."

I was startled and perplexed, but I had seen so much of the people there, that I considered myself quite skilled in leading to and developing the delusion which underlay all their cunning, and I began a series of what I considered rather shrewd test questions. She laughed in a pleasant way, and said :

"You are trying to detect my peculiar shade of lunacy, I see. What shall I do to gratify you ? Do you expect me to howl to the moon at night, like a sleepless dog ? or shall I scream, and put my hair in disorder ? or do the mild maniac, and sing of my lonely cell ? I should be glad to oblige you !"

That was, certainly, a damper to my self-conceit and confidence in the management of such cases, and it was with a pretty full conviction of the truth on her side, that I replied :

"I don't believe that you are any more crazy than I am."

Steadily she looked in my eyes for a little time, and then said to me :

"You speak, now, like an honest man, and not like the miserable hypocrites who pretend to believe all we say, only to quiet us. If I could once be with you in the open world, where a gentleman doubts his own honor as soon as the word of a lady, I would talk to you on that subject. But who can credit a statement where law and order and benevolence seem to contradict it, and where it is customary to disbelieve and condemn in advance. You look quite compassionate, but that is so often the mask of incredulity."

I did not know what to say, and thought best to temporize. So I said :

"Your words astonish and pain me, and I need time for consideration. I know that there *are* insane people where you are, but you may be a victim. If you say so, I will meet you here to-morrow, at this time, and talk with you fully of the matter."

She arose, and answered :

"Is that the word of a gentleman, to be kept, or the way to put off a crazy woman ?"

"A gentleman's word of honor, madame !" said I, with as graceful a bow as was possible before the little square hole.

"I will be here," answered the voice again, and she was gone.

I must confess that the affair was becoming as pleasant as it was perplexing, and my first step was to go to my highest window on that side, and see what the probabilities of discovery would be on the morrow. To my great satisfaction, I saw that the most dense of the ornamental evergreens of the asylum lot formed a tangle of serpentines just at that point, and that the dampness and shade under the cedars and arbor-vitae would keep the spot unfrequented until warmer weather.

I walked down into the city to take the advice of my pastor in the matter, but did not do it, and only called at a carpenter's shop to look at his assortment of ladders, instead.

I had no definite intentions, but I was remarkably well pleased with myself. I had always been of a somewhat romantic turn, and what could be more delightful than to become the fairy prince of the story-books, and rescue the imprisoned damsel from the grim castle of the giant Civilization?

I lay awake all that night, thinking over the matter in every form—sometimes convincing myself that I was the dupe of a crazy woman, and yet hoping that I was not.

When the morrow came, I felt that it would be a relief not to see her come at all, or to hear some disjointed story, that would, in itself, put to flight the thought of unlawful detention; and yet I found that the only fear I had was, that the beautiful girl should prove to be not of sound mind.

I was punctually at the appointed place, and had taken care to dismiss my gardener and working force for the day. With equal punctuality she came.

No mental aberration could I detect, and, in the quiet, self-possessed lady who talked to me of her own history, and manifested no excitement save an occasional expression of self-pity, or a slight curl of the lip as she spoke of deceptions sanctioned by law, I could not but recognize a mental equal and a spiritual superior. As St. Paul wished his judges to be altogether such as he was, "except the chain," so I felt that many whose sanity was never doubted might make a profitable change with her, of all save liberty.

Her story was simply this:

She had been reared from infancy in the family of two people whom she had always called father and mother. She had never been healthy in girlhood, and had been given to somnambulism. Once she remembered that exposure to out-door cold, when she had left her room in this condition, had resulted in convulsions, followed by lethargy. All this gave her the reputation of a queer child, and paved the way for the result. At thirteen years old she was visiting at a distance from home, and met with a gentleman who became interested in her strong resemblance to a lady he had known, and who asked her many questions. The chance acquaintance resulted in the discovery that the man and woman with whom she lived never had any children of their own, but had taken her on the death of a brother, who was her real father, and of his wife, who was her real mother. These had died suddenly of yellow fever in New Orleans, and the property now held by the uncle and aunt as their own, was the property of her parents, and her own just inheritance.

All this was proven by letters of friendship which her new acquaintance held, and by reference to places of record of deeds to her father, and also of the registry of the marriage of her parents, and of her own birth. Armed with copies of court records and of church registers, the child had returned home and asserted her rights. The result was, that she was subjected to corporal punishment, and all the gossip of the neighborhood was silenced by the assertion that she was of weak mind. The papers were destroyed. Her own convic-

tion of the truth that her parents were dead, and that the claim to her rested only on the avarice of the uncle and aunt, remained unchanged, and she attempted to secure a lawyer to procure justice for her. She also wrote letters to the town where she had been on the visit. These letters were intercepted, and her interviews with the lawyer were detected.

Again and again was she cruelly punished, and confined to her room on bread and water, while all visitors were excluded, and the tale of her mental malady spread wide. Then doctors came and went, women came to talk to her, and shook their heads and went away; and at last she was taken before a court on a formal writ of lunacy. The record of a family Bible was accepted as evidence of her birth. People swore to her parentage from general and current report. Teachers and friends testified that she was "always queer," and by solemn judgment of the jury she was pronounced insane. Then came the journey to the madhouse, her reception by the State as a private patient, to be paid for, and a life of dull monotony which was better than the home she had left, in spite of the bolts and bars, the grated, whitewashed cell, and the company of idiots and mad people.

I listened calmly, and weighed the words carefully. There seemed to be but two weak points in her story.

First. Why did not the gentleman who felt such interest in her as to unveil the mysteries of her birth and childhood, continue this interest to some definite end? And as, in default of interested or disinterested relatives, the law gives the same rights to any one who will claim to be the "next friend," to a minor, why did he not sue her guardians in this capacity?

Second. As the uncle and aunt had no children, and she, as their acknowledged child, would inherit the property from them at all events, what motive could they have to insist on more than the rights of guardians, or dispute a title which, under any circumstances, would ultimately vest in her?

Her reply was, to me, perfectly satisfactory. She said that her friend had neither charged, nor seemed to suspect, any criminal intent on the part of her surviving relatives; but had only blamed them for treating her as a child too long, and withholding facts which she was old enough to know. Her own motive in securing copies of papers, was rather to have a girlish triumph in the unraveling of a well-kept secret, than from much appreciation of its value. Then, they had always been harsh and severe with her, and she thought the papers gave emancipation and safety. Then, too, this kind gentleman was not rich, but only a traveling agent for some great dry goods house, and she had met him in the two weeks' rest which she had in the dull season of Summer. Beyond that season of rest, he might be wandering in almost any section of the Union; and the letters that were intercepted were those of inquiry after him.

As to the motives of her uncle and aunt, she could only conjecture that if they had really been her father and mother, enjoying property rightfully earned by themselves, such property could never have been taken from them by her while they lived, and even in death they could divert it from her by will, if they chose. Whereas, if it was hers, and not theirs—hers, not by will of her parents, but as next of blood—they would be accountable for its use when she came of age, and lose it absolutely in case of her marriage.

It was not yet a question of inheritance, but of possession; and if she should die in a lunatic asylum, the secret was probably buried. Should it escape the grave, they had destroyed no will—the testimony in court was that of others, who were not suborned of perjury, but only mistaken—and the matter of insanity rested on the verity of a record.

I was astounded by her clear views of the case, so logical

and concise, and I asked only one more question : " Do you think that the resident physician could have been bribed to take part in this inquiry ? "

She replied, decidedly :

" No ! He is a gentleman, and could not be bribed, out of a moderate estate. You read of such things in books, but they are only possible in private lunatic asylums, and never in great public institutions. He takes my story as a part and evidence of my malady, and only feels sympathy for the poor parents who are denied by their crazy child. Crocodiles are said to weep, and these wept in court till others cried for sympathy with them."

My only feeling now was shame that I had delayed and hesitated so long in so plain a duty. It would not do to wait, and make it a legal matter, for it would take months to get up the evidence and work it through the tedious machinery of the courts. In the interval, she would still be in the power of her pretended parents, with public opinion and a formal judgment to sustain them ; and, even if that hideous mockery of justice, called law, did not grind out her condemnation from its millstones of precedent and form, she might not survive the hope long delayed, and the hourly contact with brains diseased. That I was a young man, who met a young girl, and made a plot through a hole in the wall, was also against me. What had courts to do with romance ?

In a few brief words I explained to her that I should accomplish her release, and how. My plan of two ladders was not practical, for all the patients were locked up at night, and an escalade in broad daylight was certain discovery. I would summon my gardener that afternoon, and have a deep hole, with slanting sides, dug close to the wall. Then, at night, I would undermine the wall by a narrow tunnel, and trust to the firm cement and the earth at the sides that it would not fall, but stand like an arch, until the patients were let out the next morning for the day. The few who were mild enough to let out at all seldom came that way, as the asylum grounds were large.

She laughed gleefully at the novel idea, and said :

" I am not afraid of holes in the ground, for once while my home troubles were progressing, I was sent for three months to a convent ; and while I was there I got permission to go down a new well, in the bucket, with the well-digger."

I remarked :

" The convent was about as safe as the asylum, and I wonder you were not kept there ! "

" Ah ! " said she, " I expected that, and would gladly have taken the veil ; but, then, I could have willed my property to the Church when I came of age."

That was plain enough ; but we had talked much too long for safety, and telling her to replace the brick and mortar on her side, as best she could, I did the same on mine.

The trench by the wall was completed to my entire satisfaction, with no unnecessary conjectures as to its use ; and long before daylight in the morning I began my task with pick and spade. The soil was firm, but not stony, and I succeeded in getting a place two feet wide, and as many deep, under the foundation, which did not extend over eighteen inches below the surface. Then, as the moisture of the ground had softened the mortar, I worked out bricks so as to make a triangular opening almost to the surface of the ground ; and saw with satisfaction that a slight stamp of the foot on the crust left on the other side would cave it in, and leave the space I wanted.

Then came the hardest task of all—to keep my own servants out of sight of that part of the grounds. I succeeded, by devising some unprecedented errands at unprecedented hours, and had all clear, and yet my gardener within call. Time never seemed so long as when I listened to the sounds

from the great brown walls of the State charity, which betokened rising, breakfast, and the opening of doors to the mildly insane. At last came a light footstep, and I cautioned her of the pit-fall, and how to break in the crust of earth.

Her intelligence was guide enough, and soon there was light and space between us. Then, a traveling-blanket, spread on the fresh earth, kept her dress from the marks of the soil, and in a moment more she stood by my side, excited and triumphant.

I directed her how to reach a safe apartment of my house, and fell to work with all energy to shovel back the dirt. I had just succeeded in getting the bricks loosely in place, when I heard a voice that made my heart stand still. It was that of the worthy Celt who kept the asylum grounds in order, exclaiming :

" An' what does all this mane ? "

I commanded myself as well as I could, and replied :

" We are very sorry, my good fellow, but we dug a hole too close to the wall, and the dirt caved in ; also some bricks, as you see, came loose. You had best throw a little dirt on that side, and then come over for a little silver to pay for the trouble."

My explanation had truth in it, and I did not care to be more explicit. He was a good-natured fellow, and answered, cheerfully :

" That's all right. Sure and how is a gentleman to know dirt will fall in, an' not stand like a stun wall ? "

So, as I worked on my side, I heard the welcome noise of his shovel on the other, hiding every trace of the escape. The blanket had prevented footmarks.

Just then I caught sight of my gardener, and won his supreme contempt by directing the trench of yesterday immediately closed and covered with green sod. He obeyed, as he was paid for it, but not without a hint that gentlemen had best learn their own minds.

A silver compliment satisfied him, and another thrown over the wall saved me from the Celtic visitation.

At last I was free to join the escaped girl, and I found her safely locked in, and flushed with excitement.

There was a new question. The fairy prince had released the enchanted maiden. What will he do with her ? I did not throw myself at her feet, nor wait for that inevitable act of " Beauty " which transforms the " Beast. "

I took her hand, and led her to the window, and, in a few words, told her of the necessity of a protector whose rights would be higher than those of the evil guardians, and whose claims the law would respect. Said I :

" There would be more of romance than of judgment, should you and I profess to love each other on so brief and strange an acquaintance. But I am heartfree, as you doubtless are, and I propose to give the world the strongest proof that I believe in your sanity, by making you my wife. If you will risk my love, that now has no foundation but your beauty and your misfortune, I offer you my hand, as a gentleman, and will spend my life in trying to win your heart."

A flush, like that of the rose-leaf, swept over her cheeks, and neck as she lifted her face to mine, just as she did at the maniac marriage ; but there was no doubt of her intention this time, as the sweet lips met mine ; and she did not run away.

* * * * *

By eleven o'clock that day the great asylum bell gave the alarm of an escaped patient ; but the brain of the Irish laborer did not connect that fact with the crumbled dirt under the wall, and I took care to meet the first inquiry on my premises in person.

I felt wonderfully self-possessed, and even walked over to the institution, and asked questions as to who it was. I even fortified the story of the fair girl by asking when she came.

and seeing that the date on the books was the one she had given from memory.

My next business was to my good little minister ; and, before I was half through with the story, he was oftentimes more excited than I was, and was ready to aid me hand and

A lawyer friend had an office near by, and I gave him a supposititious case to decide on. It was not a little to my gratification when he told me how easily a friendless girl might be adjudged a lunatic ; for I saw a confirmation of the story of my prisoner at home.



DON'T I LOOK WELL?

heart. Then I procured a licence from the Court of Ordinary, with no trouble beyond the usual fees, and some of the usual wit about my bride to be. As the name was unknown to the clerk, he only winked when I enjoined secrecy.

He was a little astonished, as I put the golden retaining fee in his hand, and told him to brighten up his reading for an emergency that *might* arise.

That night my little carriage, intended only for two

Google

persons, and drawn by a powerful and spirited horse, stood at my side gate. I held the halter and dismissed the groom. Soon a light form, in my own cloak and traveling-cap, joined me, unnoticed, and I lifted her in. Then we were away.

In ten minutes we were in the parlor of my minister, with the shutters carefully closed, and no one present save his family and my astonished attorney.

A few brief words, a fervent prayer, and I was the husband of a woman for whose arrest a reward was then posted in the street.

She was much excited, and breathed quickly but said little.

It was not my intention to seek either my home or hers; but, by the advice of my lawyer, to place myself in communication with the friend who had first revealed to her the facts of her parentage, and then as soon as possible to get in the neighborhood of the places and records where the facts of her birth could be proved.

Possession of her was everything; and, husband as I was, I did not care to face the ordeal of a writ of *habeas corpus* until I was fully armed. It was a battle with pretended parents and with State authority, and the validity of our marriage was involved in the question.

In the age of telegraph it was not safe to take the cars at once, and an hour later my powerful horse was making the sparks fly from the flinty road as we sped onward in the darkness beneath the stars that winked and told no tales.

I did not know what to talk about, save the principal incidents of her past life, and so I said but little. She clung close to my side, and ever and anon I could feel that a shiver ran through her frame, although she said it was not from the night air. Sometimes I would think that she was asleep; but, on looking closely at the veiled face, I could see that the eyes were wide open, and very bright.

In the gray of morning she seemed to recognize objects that we passed, and once clutched my arm, and said:

"I used to live on this road. You are not taking me back to them?"

I assured her that I was not, and there could be no chance of recognition. Suddenly she raised herself from the leaning position, and asked:

"Am I really and lawfully married to you, and in your control, not theirs?"

I told her yes, and tried to quiet her evident and painful agitation.

She paid little attention to that, and began to say, in an excited way, that there was something she had to tell me, which it was not safe to tell before, but I should hear it all now. It began with a story, and as I thought she wished, in her unsophisticated way, to atone for the silence of the night, I let her go on. She had seemed strangely wise in some things, and a perfect child in others.

The story was of a convent, like the one to which she had once been sent. One of the nuns had filled the holy vows with reluctance and distaste, though no one had penetrated her secret, or known how dissatisfied she was. So much was she trusted by the Bishop and Mother Superioreess, that she was made to preside over the interior details of the convent, and all the keys were given into her hands. At last the lonely, secluded life, and the longing for the outer world, became unbearable, and she yielded to the temptation. Her black dress was secretly exchanged for other garments, and she sought the great hall as the avenue to the outer gate. As she passed the marble image of the Holy Virgin, that stood there, she cast her keys contemptuously at the sandaled feet, and said, lightly:

"I leave you, oh, Holy Mother, to discharge my duties till I return!"

Then the gate closed behind her, and she took again her place in the gay world. There she found wealth, husband,

children. Ten years passed by, and wealth departed—husband and children died.

Weary and sick of it all, she sought again the remembered walls, and asked for the Superioreess. To her astonishment, she heard her own name. Then came questions, and she found that she had never been missed. Some woman, with the keys, had filled all her duties with the fidelity of a nun and the patience of a saint. Death made a vacancy, and she was chosen the head of the convent.

The woman sought her old cell, and found her old black raiment, as if just put off. The image of the Virgin had accepted the trust, and filled it for ten years, to save the name of the sinful woman.

As she told this, with her eyes unnaturally bright, and her frame quivering with the high excitement of belief and conviction, I grew alarmed. She was not a believer in the Catholic religion, and her quiet scorn of all pretense, made her the last one to credit a modern miracle. Evidently the old story had impressed her when she heard it among the Sisters. But why revive it now, and tell it to me? I hid my feelings, however, and laughingly thanked her for the secondhand fiction.

She shook my arm in her earnestness, and cried out:

"It is not fiction—it is all true. And now comes the secret that I could not breathe while under locks and bars and fear. My name is not Maria, but *Mary*. I was the one who kept the place of the nun till she came! Ah, you did not know who was beside you all last night, going through the dark! I am *Mary*, the Virgin Mother of God!"

I felt a terror creeping through me, as if the marrow in my bones were ice. My voice could have been little less strange than hers, as I said:

"For my sake, for your own sake, for the Lord's sake, don't talk so! You frighten me! It is blasphemy! Don't try to frighten me—be quiet!"

She sprang up, shouting, rather than saying:

"You shall not be frightened, nor I either! I resume my power! I am the Lady of the Universe—I am the Queen of Heaven! I have chosen you, and behold, you are a king!"

I tried to draw her to the seat, but she drew violently away from my hold, and her mood changed.

"You are creeping along," she said, "and they are after us. You go slow on purpose. I *never will* be taken! I will drive—I will fly!" And, seizing the reins, she grasped the whip, that stood in its socket, and violently struck the horse.

Probably the noble brute had never been struck before, for he bounded almost straight up under the lash, and then caught the bit in his teeth, and dashed away like the lightning. Half frantic myself, I strove to hold her in the vehicle, and to get the reins from her hands. I was conscious of our swift motion through the dust, and that her mood became one of terror of the old days, as she screamed:

"Murder! murder! help! They will kill me! They will beat me to death! Help!"

This increased the speed only, and in another moment we were out of the road, and dashed violently against a tree. Whether wheel or body struck first, I know not, or how the horse tore loose from the harness, or we were thrown from the vehicle. I found myself lying by a log, half buried in leaves, the carriage a wreck, and the animal gone.

I arose, bruised and sore, my left arm useless, and saw my wife lying near me, insensible. In falling, her head had struck a rough stone, and was bleeding freely from a large wound. She was not dead, but might die, as I was almost helpless. There was no water near, and no help.

Sore and bruised as I was, my heart suffered worst, for the deep pity for her, blent with the accusations of conscience, that, from silly romance, I had eloped with a maniac, and, perhaps, caused her death. It was little consolation to re-

member how perfect the deception had been, and how reasonable the story. The insanity was beyond all doubt, and I, the ignorant victim, had involved her, the innocent.

Perhaps I was not so far from madness myself, when relief came in the welcome sound of wheels. A stout farmer, in a light market-wagon, drove rapidly up. The flying horse had passed his gate, as he was starting the other way, and he came to see who was hurt. He did not wait to ask questions, but helped me at once, with my insensible burden.

His house was not far off, and as we went I saw him look often and curiously at the pale face; and I asked him if he thought she was certain to die.

"No," he said, "it is not that, but she looks so much like a poor crazy girl that used to live as neighbor to me."

That was more proof, had I needed any, but I did not reply.

Carefully was she laid at last in the great white bed, and the wounds and bruises (for there were many) dressed by the farmer's wife. When the surgeon was sent for, in the nearest village, I thought I would rather face one I knew than the relatives; and so I wrote a brief note to the asylum physician. I had a strange repugnance to surrendering my charge to those who were probably—yea, undoubtedly, her father and mother.

The next day the principal physician of the asylum came, and I told him all.

He was grave and stern, but I did not blame him. One thing alone pleased me. He took entire charge of the patient; and saying that life hung on a thread, turned all away from the chamber save the farmer's wife. Even the parents, who came soon, were excluded, as any agitation might prove fatal. I only learned that the poor runaway was alive, but hardly conscious of anything.

Of course I could claim no rights under our void and null marriage, and I went to the village tavern, to await results. I did not care to be seen at home.

Days and weeks passed—two months—and nothing remarkable, save that the doctor I had summoned left the entire care of the asylum to his assistant, and watched the poor woman, day and night, keeping all others away. I knew that she lived, with some hope of recovery, but he generally paid no attention to my questions.

One day he came to my room, and said, abruptly :

"Tell me all about that again."

I did so, not to excuse myself, but as a duty. When I was through, he mused a while, and said :

"Then you think you really loved her?"

"Yes," said I. "It was hard to understand my new passion, but it was the sweetest and brightest dream of my life. It seemed as if the whim of the poor pretender to Christ's divinity had something lawful in it, and my second kiss in my own house was as sacred as the memory of my mother. I did love her, and I love her yet. I would give half of my own intellect to restore hers, and half of my life for her love. When she is out of danger, I shall go away, but not to forget. The brief, beautiful romance has died out forever; but, among the blessed and holy things of my life's memory, will be the short hours when I thought the poor crazy girl was my wife."

He bit his lips and frowned, but did not look angry. At last he said :

"She was crazy. She was so when she came to the asylum, and often undoubtedly so since. But I, too, had been affected by her story before you were; and might have thought more of it, only it was the *remaining* symptoms of the disorder. I have staid here for another purpose besides care for her life. I have found out what *made* her insane. It was the abuse she told you of, for her story was true."

I sprang up excitedly, but he bade me sit down, and gave me some papers to read. There was a mist over everything;

but I saw formal copies of deeds to a name that did not belong to the pretended father, and certificates of the birth and baptism of a girl child that was not his.

I leaned my head on the table and cried like a child.

The doctor did not say a word; and when I looked up, his eyes were red, but he was quietly smoking a cigar.

"Is there no hope?" I asked.

"I have fixed it all," said he. "I went to the two impostors, and told them if they staid twelve hours longer I would raise a mob and burn them in their house. They fled in the dark, and the property is all right."

With a gesture of impatience, I exclaimed :

"What is property to a brain destroyed! Can't you mend that? Is medicine all a farce, that it cannot cure what misery has made diseased?"

He smoked for a little while, with a queer contraction about the mouth, and then answered :

"I think she was perfectly sane when she ran away with you, and had been for some months. The excitement of the escape, and the night drive past the old, familiar scenes of suffering, brought it on again."

"Then, I am her destroyer?" said I.

"Not exactly. There might never have been an investigation, and despair would have brought madness or death. She is rather quiet to-day. Would you like to see her?"

"Above all things," I answered.

"Can you command your feelings, so as not to excite her?"

"Yes, and I will."

He took his hat, and led the way. I followed. Very soon we reached the old farmhouse, and I was admitted where I had helped to lay the insensible form over two months before. Time had proved a good physician to us both, for my sprained arm was quite well, and she was not only conscious, but a flush of returning health glowed on her cheek.

As I approached her, my heart gave a great bound of joy, for there was no insanity in the calm eyes that met mine. She held out her hand to take mine, and said, with a smile :

"Your little wife is not so crazy as she was. Are you going to put me back in the asylum?"

My voice failed me as I stooped over her, and I could only kiss her again and again, as a reply. She drew me to her for a moment, and then turned to the doctor, saying :

"What do you think of my case?"

He answered :

"I think you have more sense than a man who drives runaway horses, and I prescribe a pair of gentle ones for your first drive."

Again she turned to me and said, quietly :

"I know you love me, for you risked your fair name and honor for the poor stranger. Then, I have heard how you haunted this vicinity at night when I was nearly dead. The fall and the loss of blood was good for me, and your shadow stood by me all the time, like a good angel, till the dark cloud of terror that hung over my girlhood faded away forever. The doctor tells me that love and hope have been my cure. Now, if you will try me again, you won't have to dig under a wall for me any more, and I will never frighten another horse."

I fear that my promise to control myself, and not appear excited, was poorly kept. It was she who was calm, as she curled my hair over her fingers, and called me her preserver, her darling, and her husband.

In another week we took possession of the deserted house where her home had been, and it was just in time to save it from being burned by a mob, who had learned the story, and, in their zeal to punish the real criminals, could hardly be made to understand that it belonged to the victim, and not to those who had fled.

My wife had not the slightest fear remaining of the old places, and talked unrestrainedly of it all.

Our return to my house was a delightful drive, and she insisted that the same horse should be one of the pair, laughing merrily at the tragedy.

The entry into the town was triumphal, and the minister and the lawyer led the procession of Sabbath-school children, who stood under an arch of flowers at my gate.

That afternoon we walked through the asylum grounds, at her request, and the old man who had first tried to marry us did not seem to know either of us.

Love and wedded life were smooth enough after that, and I had the best and wisest little wife in the world. She would at times say :

"I am a little foolish about *you* sometimes ; but the old

decidedly primitive, as our picture shows, and this is especially the case among the negro farmers, who have become possessed of the "carpet-bagger's" promised "forty acres," but fail to own the equally necessary mule. The plow itself is rude, the stunted-looking steer feeble and ungainly, the harness clumsily constructed and awkwardly adjusted, and the whole contrivance very nearly the same that may be seen in arid Egypt or sultry Hindostan—cow or buffalo yoked in a similar manner, with but a slight shade of difference in the complexion of the drivers.

All these odd and amusing features of Southern life are destined to pass away in the coming days of the "free South," and although it is "a far step" from the rude implement of our picture to the wonder-working steam-plow, yet who can doubt that it will soon be taken, and the fair lands



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A SOUTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURIST.

terror can never come again. God and you fill my whole soul, and I know how true it is that 'perfect love casteth out fear.'"

My "romance" was gone, but the sweet reality will outlast the stars.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

A SOUTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURIST.—A CHARLESTON STREET-VENDER.

WITHIN a few decades, no doubt, the Southern States will become as thoroughly modernized as their Northern sisters, but that point has not as yet been reached by any means.

In many localities the methods of agriculture are still

of the South, under improved culture, regain their ancient fertility.

As a proper pendant to the other illustration of South Carolina life, we present a type of the street-vender of Charleston. The class he represents is, of course, almost wholly composed of negroes, of both sexes, and generally old or past middle age. The outfit consists of a broad tray or low basket, containing a melon or two (in season), corn, peas, sometimes fish, and other edibles, invariably carried on the head—after the manner of the Italian peddler of "imagees"—and announced by different descriptions of plaintive cries, all more or less hideous, and generally unintelligible, except to those "to the manner born." Very often (as in the case of the Uncle-Tom-like old gentleman with the cane), there is also a pail or bucket carried in the

hand, containing the small remainder which cannot well find place on the tray. The Charleston street-vender is certainly a "peculiar institution," and as such our artist has sketched him "in his habit as he lived."

FATAL CURIOSITY—AMERICAN PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE.

AS THE name indicates, the *Antilope capra* presents characteristics both of the goat and antelope. It is one of the most beautiful of the antelope family. Its graceful form, large, lustrous eyes, and picturesque marking, conspire to render it the most elegant of American quadrupeds. The general colors of the darker portions of the animal are a yellowish dun, deepening in the band about the throat and in the markings of the nose and around the eyes to a brownish black. The chest, under parts of the neck and body, and a large patch on the rump, are white, or nearly white, and the large acuminate ears are tipped along the edges with brown. While bounding away from the spectator at a distance, they present in a remarkable degree the appearance of a white ball of cotton bounding over the prairie. This is caused

by the habit which the animal has of ruffling or raising the white hairs on its rump, so that they stand about six inches from the body.

There have been but few living specimens brought from the Far Southwest, in the great arid deserts of California and New Mexico. It has been found that the native wildness of the animal is very difficult to conquer; even the young, when taken, become furious, and exhaust their life in endeavoring to escape enforced captivity. The gait of the prong-horn is peculiar. Buchanan says: "The moment they perceive a man or other strange object producing an alarm, they bound off for some thirty or forty rods, raising all their legs at the same time, and bouncing, as it were,

from two to three feet above the ground. After this they stretch their bodies out and gallop at an extraordinary speed. We have seen some that, when started, would move off and run a space of several miles, in what we thought did not exceed a greater number of minutes. Indeed, they seem to glide rather than gallop over plains, up hills, or down steep declivities with the same apparent absence of effort.

It is said that antelopes will escape with great ease even when they have one limb broken, as they can run fast enough upon three legs to defy pursuit.

The Fall of the year is the period at which they obtain their greatest perfection as an article of food, and, indeed,

they should be hunted at no other. Their liver is more highly prized than any other part of the animal by the hunter, and antelopes are often shot for the purpose of procuring this dainty morsel.

The illustration on page 352 shows the manner in which the animal is hunted. A white or red rag or handkerchief is fastened to the end of a ramrod, which is planted in the earth and tall grass, amid which the hunter lies concealed, unless, as in the print, he has, what is better, a natural embankment behind which to hide.

So clear and pure is the atmosphere of the prairies that the distant herd, perhaps a mile or more away, readily perceive

the fluttering object among the grass, that immediately excites their curiosity, which is so prominent a trait in their character. Timidly advancing, they stop, and again advance until within range of the fatal rifle, when the doom of the best and fattest of the herd announces the artifice and frightens them from the dangerous locality.

The Indians often get them within gunshot by merely lying on their backs and kicking their heels in the air, on seeing which the antelope draws near to ascertain the nature of so unfamiliar a phenomenon.

It is very necessary, however, for the hunter to keep well leeward of their prong-horns, and to use extraordinary caution in "sneaking" after them; and he must also exercise



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A CHARLESTON STREET-VENDER.

a great deal of patience, and move very slowly, and only at intervals, when the animals, with heads to the ground, or averted from him, are feeding, or attracted by some other object.

When they discover a man thus sneaking toward them they fly from him with great speed, and often retire to broken and inaccessible ground. Audubon speaks of an attempt he once made at this decoy-hunting.

"On the 21st of July, 1843," he says, giving the date probably as he extracted it from his note-book, "whilst in company with our friend Edward Harris, Esq., during one of our hunting excursions, we came in sight of an antelope gazing at us, and determined to stop and try if we could bring him to us by the trick we have already mentioned, of throwing our legs up in the air, and kicking them about whilst lying on our back in the grass. We kicked away, first with one foot and then with the other, and sure enough the antelope walked slowly toward us, apparently with great caution and suspicion. In about twenty minutes he had advanced toward us some two or three hundred yards. He was a superb male, and we looked at him for some minutes when about sixty yards off. We could see his fine protruding eyes, and, being loaded with buckshot, we took aim and pulled trigger. Off he was like a shot, as if pursued by a whole Blackfeet hunting party. Friend Harris sent a ball after him, but was as unsuccessful as ourselves, for he only ran the faster for several hundred yards, when he stopped for a few minutes, looked back at us, and then went off without pausing until he was out of sight."

There is still another way of hunting these animals, by posting oneself at the salt-licks they frequent, and shooting them as they come up. In this manner a great many might, undoubtedly, be destroyed.

The Indians formerly killed large numbers of them while the animals were swimming the Missouri.

MAXIMILIAN'S WISH.



MAXIMILIAN I., Emperor of Germany, sometimes called the "Last Knight," from his chivalrous character, was in his youth remarkable for a high courage and love of adventure which, at times, led him to feats of rash daring.

Among the many lands over which he ruled, none was so dear to him as the mountainous Tyrol. Partly from the simple and loving loyalty of the hardy race of shepherds and mountaineers who dwelt there, partly also because hunting among the Tyrolese Alps was one of his chief pleasures.

On Easter Monday, in the year 1493, the young emperor, who was staying in the neighborhood of Innspruck, rose before dawn for a day's chamois-hunting. He took with him a few courtiers and some experienced hunters.

At sunrise they were already high up on the mountain pastures, which are the favorite haunts of the chamois, the valleys beneath them were still covered by a sea of white mist, while the golden rays of morning shone from an unclouded sky on the snowy peaks and ridges above them.

Maximilian fixed a longing gaze on the rocky summits, which stood out clear and sharp against the blue heavens. He felt the power of the fresh mountain air and the sublime scenery, and it filled him with the spirit of enterprise and daring.

"I wish," said he, "that I could gain to-day some spot which the foot of man has never trod before, and where no

man should be able to follow; a spot amid the homes of the chamois and the eagle; where the busy hum of men should be lost to my ear, and all the crowded earth should lie beneath my feet; where even the thunderclouds should mutter far below me, while I stood in eternal sunshine! That would be a fit spot for the throne of an emperor!"

The courtiers replied that his majesty had but to wish and it would be fulfilled—to such a renowned hunter and intrepid mountaineer what could be impossible?

At this moment one of the huntsmen gave notice that he had sighted some chamois; the whole party, guided by him, cautiously approached a rocky point, behind which the animals were grazing. On this point of rock stood a single chamois, its graceful head raised, as if on the watch. Long before they were within shot range, they heard it utter the peculiar piping cry by which the chamois gives notice of danger to its fellows, and then off it bounded with flying leaps toward the rocky solitudes above. Maximilian followed on its track, and had soon distanced his attendants.

To be a good chamois-hunter, a firm foot and a steady head are required, for these beautiful little animals lead their pursuer into their own peculiar domain, the rocky wastes just below the regions of perpetual snow, and there they climb and spring with wonderful agility, and if they cannot escape, it is said that they will rather leap over a precipice and be dashed to pieces, than fall into the power of man.

Maximilian had all the qualities necessary for this adventurous chase, and was generally most successful in it. Now he reached the brink of a chasm, which the chamois had passed; black yawned the abyss at his feet, while beyond the rocks rose steep and forbidding, with but one little spot where a man could find footing. One moment he paused, then with a light spring he gained the other side, while a shout, half of admiration, half of terror, burst from his astonished suite.

"That was a royal leap! Who follows?" cried Maximilian, with an exulting laugh. Then he sped onward, intensely enjoying the excitement of the chase.

For a moment he lost the chamois from view, then it appeared again, its form standing out against the sky, on one of those rocky ridges that have been compared to the backbone of a fish, but are perhaps more like the upper edge of a steep gabled roof.

To gain this ridge it was needful to climb an almost perpendicular precipice; but Maximilian, nothing daunted, followed on, driving small iron holdfasts into the rock in places where he could gain no footing, and holding on by the hook, at the upper end of his iron-pointed Alpstick. At last he seized a projecting piece of rock with his hand, hoping to swing himself up by it, but the stone did not bear his weight; it loosened and fell, and the emperor fell with it.

Breathless and stunned, it was some minutes before he recovered consciousness after the fall. When he came to himself, he found that he had received no injury, except a few bruises, and his first thought was that he was most lucky to have escaped so well. Then he began to look about him. He had fallen into a sort of crevice, or hollow in the rocks; on one side they rose above him as a high wall which it was impossible to scale; on the other they were hardly higher than his head, so that on this side he had no difficulty in getting out of the hollow.

"Lucky again," thought Maximilian; but as he emerged from the crevice and rose from his feet, he remained motionless in awe-struck consternation. He stood on a narrow ledge, a space hardly wide enough for two men abreast, and beneath him, sheer down to a depth of many hundred feet, sank a perpendicular wall of rock. He knew the place; it was called St. Martin's Wall, from the neighboring chapel of St. Martin; and the valley below it, which was now con-

sealed from his view by white rolling vapors, was the Valley of Zierlein.

Above him rose the "wall," so straight and smooth, that it was utterly hopeless to think of scaling it. The only spot within sight where a man could find footing was the narrow shelf on which he stood. The ledge itself extended but a few feet on either side, and then ceased abruptly.

In vain Max gazed round for some way of escape.

No handsbreadth was there to which to cling; no hold for foot or hand of the most expert climber—beneath, a sea of cloud; above, a sea of air.

Suddenly he was startled by a whir and a rush of great wings in his face—it was a mountain eagle which swooped past him, and the wind of whose flight was so strong that it had nearly thrown him off his balance. He recollects that he had heard how these eagles try to drive any larger prey, too heavy to be seized in their talons, to the edge of a precipice, and so, by suddenly whirling round it, they may dash it over the brink; and how they had tried this manœuvre more than once on hunters whom they found in critical and helpless positions.

And then his wish of the morning occurred to him. How literally and exactly it had been fulfilled! And how little could the emperor exult in his lofty and airy throne! He merely felt with a shudder his own exceeding littleness in the face of the great realities of Nature and Nature's God.

Beneath, in the valley of Zierlein, a shepherd was watching his flocks. As the sun rose higher and drew the mists off which clung round the foot of St. Martin's Wall, he noticed a dark speck moving on the face of the rock. He observed it narrowly.

"It is a man!" he cried; "what witchcraft has brought him there?"

And he ran to tell the wonder to the inhabitants of the valley. Soon a little crowd was collected and stood gazing up at St. Martin's Wall.

"God be with him!" was the compassionate exclamation of all. "He can never leave that spot alive—he must perish miserably of hunger!"

Just then a party of horsemen galloped along the valley, and rode up to the crowd, which was increasing every moment. It was the emperor's suite, who, giving up all hope of following his perilous course, had gone back to where they had left their horses in the morning, and ridden round, hoping to meet their master on the other side of the mountain.

"Has the emperor passed this way?" one of them cried out. "He climbed up so far among the rocks that we lost sight of him."

The shepherd cast a terrified look at the wall, and pointing upward, said:

"That must be he up yonder. God have mercy upon him!"

The emperor's attendants gazed at the figure, and at each other, in horror. One of them had a speaking-trumpet with him, such as mountaineers sometimes use for shouting to one another among the hills. He raised it to his mouth, and cried at the pitch of his voice:

"If it is the emperor who stands there, we pray him to cast down a stone."

There was a breathless hush of suspense now among the crowd, and then down came the stone, crashing into the roof of a cottage at the foot of the rock.

A loud cry of lamentation broke from the people, and was echoed on every side among the mountains. For they loved their young emperor for the winning charm of his manner, for his frank and kindly ways, and his especial fondness for their country.

The sound of that wail reached Max's ears, and looking down, he could see the crowd of people, appearing from the

giddy height like an army of ants—a black patch on the bright green of the valley. The sound and sight raised his hopes; he had completely given up all thought of delivering himself by his own exertions, but he still thought help from others might be possible. And now that his situation was discovered, the people he knew would do whatever lay in the power of man for his deliverance. So he kept up his courage, and waited patiently and hopefully. It was so hard to believe that he, standing there in the bright sunshine, full of youthful health and strength, was a dying man, and never would leave that spot alive.

Higher and higher rose the sun. It was mid-day now, and the reflected heat from the rocky wall was well-nigh too great to bear. The stones beneath his feet became hot as a furnace, and the sunbeams smote fiercely on his head. Exhausted by hunger and thirst, by heat and weariness, he sank down on the scorching rock. The furious headache and dizziness which came over him made him fear that he was about to become insensible. He longed for some certainty as to his fate before consciousness had forsaken him, and, following a sudden thought, he drew from his pocket a small parchment book, tore out a blank leaf and wrote on it with pencil, then tied the parchment to a stone with some gold ribbon he happened to have with him, and let the stone fall down into the valley as he had done the first. What he had written was the question, "Whether any human help was possible?" He waited long and patiently for the answer; but no sound reached his ear but the hoarse cry of the eagle. A second and a third time he repeated the message, lest the first should not have been observed—still there was silence, though the crowd in the valley had been increasing all day; and now a vast assembly—the inhabitants of Zierlein and all the district round—had gathered at the foot of that fatal throne which the emperor had desired for himself.

The day wore on; the sun was fast sinking toward the West, and Max could no longer resist the conviction that there was no help possible, that all hope must be over for him. It seemed, as soon as he had faced this certainty, that a calm resignation, a high courage and resolve, took possession of his soul. If he was to die, he would die as became a king and a Christian—if this world were vanishing from him, he would lay firm hold of the next.

Again he tore a leaf from his book, and wrote on it. There was no more gold ribbon to bind it to the stone, so he took the chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece—what value had it for a dying man?—and from that high and airy grave he threw the stone down among the living.

It was found, like the others before it. None had answered these, because no one was to be found willing to be a messenger of death to the much-loved emperor. The man who found the stone read the letter aloud to the assembled crowd, for the emperor's messages were addressed to all Tyrol.

And this was the last message:

"Oh, Tyrol, my last warm thanks to thee for thy love which has so long been faithful to me."

"In my pride and boastfulness I tempted God, and my life is now the penalty. I know that no help is possible. God's will be done—His will is just and right."

"Yet one thing, good friends, you can do for me, and I will be thankful to you even in death. Send a messenger to Zierlein immediately for the Holy Sacrament, for which my soul thirsts. And when the priest is standing by the river, let it be announced to me by a shot, and let another shot tell me when I am to receive the blessing. And then I pray you unite your prayers with mine to the great Helper in time of need, that He may strengthen me to endure the pains of a lingering death."

"Farewell, my Tyrol,"

MAX."

The reader's voice often faltered as he read this letter amid the sobs and cries of the multitude.

Off sped the messenger to Zierlein, and in all haste came the priest.

Max heard the shot, and, looking down, could see the white robe of the priest standing by the river, which looked like a little silver thread to him. He threw himself on his knees in all penitence and submission, praying that he might be a spiritual partaker of Christ, though he could not receive in body the signs of salvation. Then the second shot rang on the air, and through the speaking-trumpet came the words of the blessing :

" May God's blessing be upon thee in thy great need—the blessing of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whom heaven and earth praise for ever."

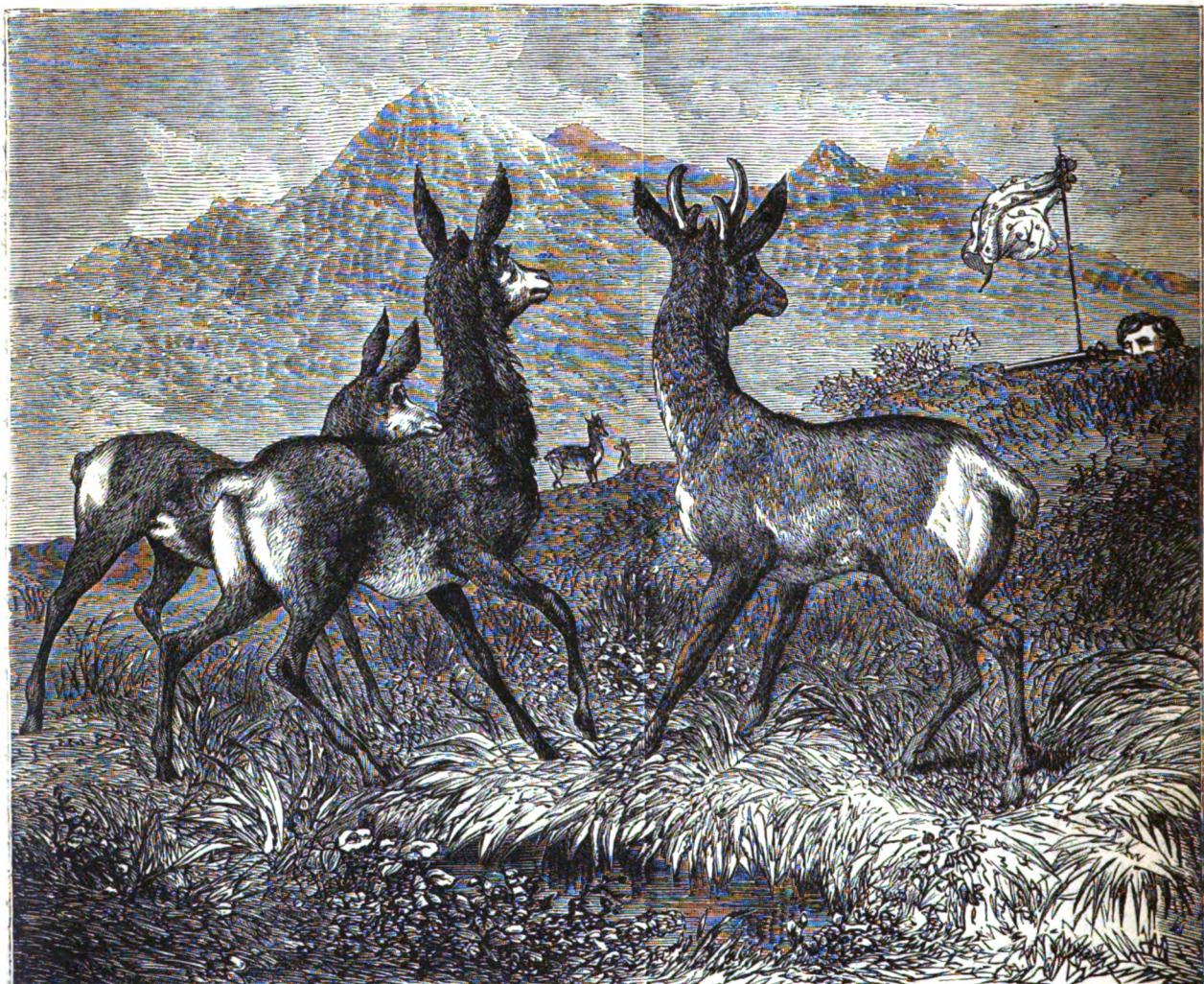
eternal fires stole in Max's heart, and drew his thoughts and desires heavenward to eternal Love and eternal Rest. So he knelt on, wrapt in prayer and in lofty and holy thoughts.

Suddenly a bright gleam flashed on his eyes, and a figure in a flicker and dazzle of light stood before him. No wonder that in his present mood, his spirit raised above earthly things, this vision should seem to him something more than human.

" Lord Emperor," it spake, " follow me quickly—the way is far, and the torch is burning out."

Hardly knowing whether he was still in the world of mortals or not, Max asked :

" Who art thou ?"



FATAL CURIOSITY.—MANNER OF HUNTING THE AMERICAN PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE.—SEE PAGE 249

The emperor felt a deep peace filling his heart as the words of blessing were wafted to his ear.

The sun had by this time sunk behind the mountain range beyond the valley of Zierlein ; but a rosy blush still lingered on the snowy summits, and the Western sky glowed in crimson and gold. Beneath, in the deep purple shade of the valley, the people all knelt, and the emperor could hear a faint murmur which told him they were praying for him.

Touched by their sympathy, he, too, continued kneeling in prayer for the welfare of his subjects.

It was quite dark now, and one by one the stars came forth on the deep blue sky, till at last all the heavenly host stood in glittering array. The sublime peace of those silent

" A messenger sent to save the emperor."

Max rose ; as he gazed it seemed to him that the vision assumed the form of a bright-haired, barefooted peasant youth holding a torch in his hand.

" How didst thou find thy way to the cliff ?" he asked.

" I know the mountains well, and every path in them."

" Has heaven sent thee to me ?" asked Max, still feeling as if he were in dream-world.

" Truly, it is God's will to deliver thee by my hand," was the simple answer.

The youth now turned and slid down into the hollow out of which Max had climbed that morning, then glided through a crevice in the rock behind, which the emperor had failed to detect. Stooping low, he with difficulty



MAXIMILIAN'S WISH.—"THE EMPEROR COULD HEAR A FAINT MURMUR, WHICH TOLD HIM THE PEOPLE WERE PRAYING FOR HIM."
SEE PAGE 350.

squeezed through the narrow chink, and saw the torch flaring below him, down a steep, rugged fissure which led into the heart of the rock. Leaping and sliding, he followed on, and the torch moved rapidly before him, its red light gleaming on metallic ores and glittering on rock crystals. Sometimes a low, thundering sound was heard, as of underground waterfalls, sometimes water, dripping from the rocky roof, made the torch hiss and sputter. Downward they went, miles and miles downward, till at last the ravine opened into a long, low, nearly flat-bottomed cavern, at the end of which the torch and its bearer suddenly vanished. But at the place where he had disappeared there was a glimmer of pale light. Max groped his way toward it, and drew a long breath as he found himself again in the open air, with the silent stars above him and the soft grass beneath his feet. He looked round for his deliverer, but no one was to be seen. He soon perceived that he was in the valley of Zierlein, and afar he heard a confused noise as of an assembled multitude. He followed the sound, but was forced to rest more than once from extreme weakness and weariness before he reached the foot of St. Martin's Wall, and saw priest and people still kneeling in prayer for him. Deeply moved, he stepped into their midst and cried :

"Praise the Lord with me, my people. See, He has delivered me!"

The emperor was never able to discover who had been the instrument of his wondrous rescue. A report soon spread among the people that an angel had saved him. When this rumor reached the emperor's ears, he said :

"Yes, truly, it was an angel; my guardian angel, who has many a time come to my help—he is called in German 'The People's Loyal Love.'"

Maximilian never forgot that day on St. Martin's Wall. It taught him many a lesson. It is said that he never again went out chamois-hunting without commanding himself "*à la garde de Dieu*," as the native mountaineers of Switzerland and Tyrol now are wont to do. And this spirit of thoughtless daring was sobered into a true and higher courage, which, throughout his life, never forsook him in the face of danger and death.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE verb "to christen" is an obvious corruption of "to christen," bearing allusion to the baptismal ceremony at which infants are supposed to be "christianed." Country people speak of baptismal names as "christen names," and are probably justified in doing so; since, if we accept the verb in its elided form, we may just as well agree to spell the adjective the same way for the sake of uniformity.

Since the Conquest our christen names have undergone three distinct changes: the first two marking epochs of national history; the last, and it is to be hoped, still incomplete change, being a reaction from the previous one.

From the time of William I to Charles I we had good, plain English names. Then came a long period, commencing with Cromwell, of Puritan names, when pious souls seemed to regard those names as alone "christian" which were taken from the Bible. Accordingly boys were called after all the good patriarchs, prophets, priests, kings, and law-givers to be found in the scripture genealogies; and girls, such names as Sarah, Keziah, Kerinhappuch, Ruth, Eve, Esther, and Rebecca. Bible names being exhausted, children were christened after their religious graces and virtues, girls—Faith, Hope, Charity, Joy, Mercy, Truth, Peace; and boys, Praise-God, Live-well, Steadfast, Earnest, Overcoming, and so on. It was in these times that a father, bringing his little daughter to be christened, said, in answer to the minister's inquiry for the name, "Ax her;" and when the minister replied it was no use asking the girl her name, explained

that he meant *Acts*, sir, having already named four boys Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and that he intended to go regularly through the New Testament.

The Puritan fashion gave place to the "Tom, Dick, and Harry" age of names, which has not done yet modifying itself. A period, to be plain, of nicknames. At first, good, round bold nicknames of the "Will, Rob, and Ben sort"; and there really was some excuse for softening such "keep your distance" sort of names for girls as Patience, Mercy, and Charity to the more euphonious and less affected "Patty, Merry, and Carry." But, once started, the rage for "y's" seemed to have no bounds. Elizabeth became Lizzy; Kate, Katy; Anna, Anny; Angelina, Angy; Martha, Marty, and Esther, Hetty. And it did not stop here, for boys' names began to rival girls', till we come to Willy and Tommy and Georgy and Wally. Not to be beaten by the other sex, the girls abandoned the "y" and betook to themselves the "ie," writing their names Katie, Annie, Angie, Martie, and Hettie, until so universal has this practice become, that the very female servants in the kitchen, Bettie and Sarie and Sophie themselves likewise; whilst men, not content with doing their best for fifty years to effeminate their names to those of the other sex by writing Willy, Georgy, and Benjy, have actually come to diminutive themselves in many cases down to Willie and Georgie and Benjie, etc.; so, why not to Little Billee and Georgy Porgy at once?

There is a great deal in names. We expect much more strength and self-reliance from Richard, or even Dick, than from Dicky—from Edward than from Teddy, and we generally get it. The name by which a boy is called has a distinct influence in the formation of his character, and it is impossible to constantly apply a diminutive to the one without dwarfing the other. The best proof of the influence of names on character is this very singular one: viz., the aptness with which a man's christen name always seems to attach to him, and the many points of resemblance he bears to his name and to all his namesakes. Now, as names are given, if not quite hap-hazard, yet at least as a matter of taste exercised by parents, and certainly without any knowledge of the child's future disposition, this can only be accounted for by supposing that children grow up in some measure to fit their names, their names not having been given to fit *them*. Sterne goes further—he says: "How many Cæsars and Pompeys by mere inspiration of the names have been rendered worthy of the, and how many are there who might have done exceeding well in the world had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and *Nicodemus'd* into nothing!" The Emperor Severus consoled himself for the gaieties of his wife by putting it down to her unfortunate name—he said, "All Julias were frail." All the Scotch kings named James were unfortunate; so were all the queens of Naples named Joan. Every Cæsar named Caius perished with the sword. Julius Caesar himself believed so much in names, that he entrusted the command of the African expedition to an untried man, a mere namesake of the Scipios, because the Scipios had proved invincible in Africa. Louis VIII.'s ambassadors, in negotiating a marriage with the Spanish princesses, refused the Princess Royal, and chose the less accomplished and less beautiful of the two because she was named Blanche, saying that "the name Urraca (that of the more beautiful princess), would never do." Agnes is a name to which prejudice long attached—on the ground that all who bore it would go mad.

Talking of names and their fatalities;—in the middle of the last century there was the British privateer "Terrible." Every sailor declared she would come to a "terrible" end, for she was launched from Execution Dock, commanded by Captain Death, her first lieutenant's name was Devil, and

the surgeon's name was Ghost. In her second fight (it was with the *Vengeance*, off St. Domingo), she was overpowered by immensely superior weight of men and metal, and of her two hundred men all except twenty-six were slain before the enemy could board. Of these twenty-six, sixteen had lost an arm or a leg, whilst the remaining ten were entirely disabled by grievous wounds. The deck could not be seen for blood and bodies, and presented the appearance of a shambles. "A good name is better to be chosen than precious ointment" in more senses than one. Merely from the chance of his name being Regillianus, an obscure person was elected emperor. Jovian owed his elevation to the same cause. Achilles was bound to beat Hector from the superior power conveyed by the sound of his name—for the name "Achilles!" sounds like the fierce victorious onset of one who hurls the ashen spear with lengthy shadow. Hector rather suggests brave, immovable, dogged resistance against the inevitable. Long ago, those learned in the science of names, called "Onomantia," came to the same conclusion from ascertaining that the numeral letters in the victor's name amounted to a greater sum than those of his antagonist.

Only think of the son of Mr. Godley being brought up to the church with the *Christian* name of Blastus. What ferment could a poor curate expect who bore the name, Blastus Godley? Could he ever become a bishop? In these days, he would stand a poor chance of being "King's chamberlain" even, like his Bible namesake.

Very few writers of fiction have recognized the absolute necessity of modeling characters in strict accordance with their names. Bunyan and Fielding adopted the plan of simply labeling their creations with descriptive but unname-like names, such as Christian, Littlefaith, Greatheart, By-ends; and Allworthy, Square, Thwackem, Lovegold, Wheedle, Foxchase, etc. But the names of Mr. Dickens's creations are expressive of character in a far more subtle way—they are picture-words simply in their sound. Pickwick, Weller, Pecksniff, Micawber, Scrooge—all tell the sort of people to whom they belong as plainly as "Minne-haha" speaks "laughing-water," and "Baim-wawa," the sound of thunder, to the Indian.

What says the proverb? (and there is wisdom in proverbs) "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." If it is bad enough to be *called* bad names, how much worse to be christened them? It is really a substantial grievance not to have a good name. For myself, I would rather be called "N. or M." all my life, than numbered and lettered like a family I am acquainted with, in which the boys are called after the Latin numerals and the girls after the Greek alphabet (they have got to Octavius and Delta already.) Fancy marrying Miss Omega? There is a possibility of it, for this family resides in a parish where may be read on a stone in the churchyard:

"Some have children, some have none,
Here lies the mother of thirty-one."

I know two men, father and son, both named Thankful Joy. The former was so christened because *his* father was so delighted at a change, after his wife had successively presented him with eight girls, that he wished to say so. When Thankful got used to his name, he liked it so well that he gave it to *his* son. Father and son are both in the farming and gardening way. Their cows die, their sheep get the rot, their crops get cut off with the frost like other people's, but they are always happy, and I never saw either without a smile. I put it down entirely to their names. Had they been christened Barabbas, or even Pontius Pilate, they would have taken these things to heart.

I would not like to say no person has ever been hung who had not a bad name, but it is very nearly true. The vast

majority of murderers have repulsive names, account for it how you will—and in the case of a memorial being prepared for the purpose of petitioning for a condemned man's life, the sound of his name would at any rate have some weight in influencing my decision to sign it.

There is a demand for good names for children, and a kind of impatience of the hackneyed Tom, Dick, and Harry sort, available for nicknames, which leads many persons to seek new names, often equally objectionable, because either foreign or fine. Foreign names and fine names are unfit for English people; and what need of them with so many good Saxon names, with strong, pure meanings, which might be revived with advantage. Any English history contains a mine of them.

How much more beautiful and more English are the Saxon forms of the girls' names, Elaine, Adela, and Agatha, than Ellen, Adelaide, and Agnes! Here are some more—Editha, Aldyth (a lovely name), Ethel, Rosamund, Hilda, Eleanor, Edgiva, Alwina. And for boys, why not Olaf, Godwy, Uther, Gurth, Oswold, Ulf, Edric, Athelm, Cuthwin, Alred, Kenwulph, Eric, Gawaine, Osmund, Kenneth, Godrith, Algar, Ethelbert, -red, -wulf, -ward, -mar, -mund, or -bald, Saxwulf, Edwy, and Cissa?

MR. JOHN POUNDS, THE GRATUITOUS INSTRUCTOR OF POOR CHILDREN.

JOHN POUNDS was born at Portsmouth in 1766, and, after being incapacitated by an accident from working in the dockyard there, placed himself under an old shoemaker, obtained an honest subsistence as a shoe-mender, and for thirty-five years was the occupant of a weather-boarded tenement in his native town.

After a time John Pounds took upon himself the charge of a feeble little boy, his nephew, whose feet were deformed. He effectually cured this distortion by an ingenious imitation of the ordinary mechanical means recommended by the faculty.

His heart warmed toward the poor child, one of a large and poor family, and he became its instructor—a task which gave him great delight.

But he did not confine his exertions to his nephew. He began to seek out pupils amongst the most neglected. His second pupil was the son of a poor woman, who was absent from home the whole of the day endeavoring to obtain her living.

Scholars soon became so numerous that his humble workshop, which was about six feet wide and eighteen feet in depth, could not contain so many as he would have willingly taught. Hence, he always preferred and prided himself on taking those whom he called "the little blackguards."

His biographer says, "He has been seen to follow such to the town quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato to induce them to come to school."

In the last few years of his life he had, generally, forty scholars under his instruction at one time, including about a dozen little girls, who were always placed on one side by themselves. Here he pursued his double labors, seated on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and mending shoes, while his pupils were variously engaged, some reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing him their performances in accounts. Others were seated on forms, on boxes, and on a little staircase.

He taught the children to read from handbills, and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the "Rule of Three" and "Practice" were performed with accuracy.

With the very young, especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious; he would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses.

Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent, but he invariably preserved the attachment of all.

He took an enlarged view of the objects which education should comprise, and endeavored to impart valuable practical knowledge to his scholars, teaching them how to cook their own plain food and to mend shoes. He was their doctor and nurse when they had any ailments; and when they

bors; nor did he obtain any, beside the pleasure attending the pursuit, the satisfaction of doing good, and the gratification felt when occasionally some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, would call to shake hands, and return thanks for what he had done for him in infancy. Indeed, some of the most destitute of his scholars have often been saved from starvation only by obtaining a portion of his own homely meal."

Mr. Pounds died suddenly on the 1st of January, 1839. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several successive days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and, not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.

Nor was he unlamented by his fellow-townspeople. The



JOHN POUNDS, THE PORTSMOUTH COBBLER.—SEE PAGE 355.

were in health, he was not only the master of their sports, but the good old man made playthings for the younger children.

He encouraged his pupils to attend Sunday-schools, exerting himself to procure clothing for them, in order that they might make a creditable appearance. On Sunday morning they put on their dress at his house, and in the evening it was again restored to him.

Some hundreds of persons in all have been indebted to him for all the education which they had ever received at school; and, as a necessary consequence, many are now filling stations of credit and respectability, whose elevation, poverty and ignorance combined would have prevented, even if these misfortunes had not consigned them to the prisons.

It is said, "He never sought compensation for these la-

services which he rendered to the ignorant and neglected children of the poor entitle him to a place among those humble benefactors of mankind whose deeds of goodness have been, like his, performed in a spirit of benevolence.

Pope Pius IX. was, in early life, the associate and warm friend of Tata Giovanni, who acted in Naples the part of John Pounds.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CATAMOUNT.

I PRESUME that the boys of the Middle States are not aware what a grand hunting-ground we have up here in Northern Maine. It would hardly be strange if they were not; for there has been so much said about the Adirondacks, within a year or two, that one might easily conclude there wasn't another trapping-ground in the country.

I wish some of the young fellows who go to the Adirondacks could spend a few weeks up among the Maine lakes next Summer with me. I think I could show them bigger game and more fun than they will find up the Hudson.

The whole of Northern Maine—an area equal to the three States of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut—is, as yet, an almost unbroken wilderness, "where the bear roams, and the wild-cat prowls," and some larger beasts; for we have the moose and the cariboo, the "lucivee" and the fisher-cat, while, now and then, up in the wild regions about Mount Katahdin and the Allagnash waters, a panther—which, by-the-way, we call a *catamount*—is met with; not a very agreeable wayside acquaintance, either, for it is of a larger and fiercer sort than that found further south.

Three years ago last Winter, I had an adventure, or, rather, had a hand in an adventure, with one, which may, perhaps, be worth relating.

I had gone up from Bangor with my uncle Washburn to "make the round" of the lumbering camps, or "gangs," established by the firm of which he was a member, along the west branch of the Penobscot River.

From Bangor up through the wilderness, a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, to the "head of the Chesuncook" (the upper end of the Chesuncook Lake), where there is a supply depot for the lumbermen, there had been a beaten road, and we had traveled with a double-horse sled, putting the horses tandem as the track grew narrower; for it was toward the last of January, and the snow lay from three to four feet deep all about us. But at the "head," the beaten trail terminated, and snowshoes came into requisition.

A "spotted line" led off to the Bangor camps, the nearest of which was some twenty-five miles to the westward. A *spotted line*, I perhaps should explain, is made by first going through the woods, with a compass to keep the direction,

and spotting a tree every few rods with an ax. After this has been done, any one can travel by simply following the spots.

In the course of a week we had made the round of all the gangs, save two, which were at work up on the Cancomgomac stream; and, after a long day's tramp through the "black growth," we came out to the lowermost of these, situated at the foot of the lake of the same name.

Here a queer report came to our ears from the upper camp, located some ten or twelve miles above. It was to the effect that the men had got scared. They had seen an Indian devil, or something!

It would have been no very strange thing to hear there had been a row in camp; for the men were nearly all Irish and "Bluenoses," as we call them from the provinces. But to hear that a whole gang of lumbermen had got frightened, was decidedly sensational.

Such was the story, however. And during the evening the "boss" from the scared camp—every gang has a boss or overseer—came down to get a gun. Firearms, for the good reason above hinted at, had not been provided at the upper camp.

Curiosity broke loose at the sight of him.

"Well, well,

Mr. Murch!" exclaimed Uncle Wash. "What's this I hear from your gang?"

"Hardly know what to tell you, sir," said Murch. "It's a foolish affair. But the men have got a dreadful bugaboo started. Fact is, they've been telling about seeing and hearing something for more than a week. I didn't pay any attention to it, though. But, day before yesterday they all came running into camp, pell-mell, scared half to death! Something had jumped at Billy O'Nun, out of a great spruce!"

"What did it look like?" asked Uncle Wash.

"Well, they tell me so many different stories, it's very



AN ADVENTURE WITH A CATAMOUNT.—"UP, FULL THIRTY FEET FROM THE SNOW, CROUCHED A LARGE, LIGHT-GREY ANIMAL, READY TO SPRING DOWN."

tible to find out. They all declared it was an 'Indian devil,' though what an Indian devil can be, is more than I know. I had all I could do to get them back to their work. And last night, as they were coming in to supper, there was another scare! Something screeched, and rushed out from a clump of cedar. Mike Shea had the back of his coat all slit to pieces! He says the creature did it; but perhaps it was the brush he ran through. And this morning not one of them could I get to stir out from the camp. There they stuck, and there they've been all day. I thought I would come down and get a gun—I may be able to shoot the creature, if there really is anything. I must get their courage up again somehow. You see, they're not Yankees."

"Have you ever seen anything of this—creature, yourself?" asked Uncle Wash.

"Not a thing. But I did hear a very singular cry this evening as I was coming down. I suppose it was rather foolish in me, but I stepped along pretty fast after that. 'Twas a very startling and peculiar sort of a cry."

"Ah, well!" laughed Uncle Wash. "We will go up with you to-morrow. Perhaps we can find out what it is?"

The next morning, loading up the old camp-musket, as a reinforcement to our rifle, we set out. It was toward noon when we came out in sight of the log camp. A number of men were standing about the door, and, seeing us coming, the others came out—there were twenty-three of them.

"This is a fine sight!" cried Uncle Wash, as we came up. "Why aren't you out at work? Do I pay you forty dollars a month to lay round this camp all day?"

The men looked a little foolish; but the fluent Billy O'Nun came to the rescue:

"Sure and indade, and your honor couldn't blame us. Sich a murthering baste as lapes from the top o' the trees!"

"What have you seen, anyhow?" demanded Uncle Wash.

"Seen! An' ye may well say that! Seen 'im, as big as an ox, an' haard 'im shrieck!"

It was no use talking with them—they were in a perfect funk. Indeed, it was not without the greatest difficulty that we prevailed upon Billy to go with us to the place where the creature had sprung at him from the tree.

He consented at last, very reluctantly, and came edging after us.

"We shall be likely to find the animal's tracks, if there has really been anything of the sort about here," remarked Uncle Wash.

And we did find rather larger ones than we had been looking for! Near the tree which Billy indicated as "the one," a heavy trail began, leading off into the forest. The snow was very deep and soft, and the beast had gone off with easy bounds, striking its feet all together, and making huge plunges some ten or twelve feet apart.

"Whew! Must have been quite a *cat*!" cried Uncle Wash. "Guess we will follow this a little ways. Looks like big game."

On our snowshoes, we didn't mind the depth, the main thing being to keep out of the brush. But, after following for forty or fifty rods, we came to where the trail was crossed by a much more recent one.

"Gone along here some time to-day, I should judge," said Murch. "May overhaul him by following this. He wouldn't run far at one heat. Snow's too deep."

Looking to the priming of our guns, we struck off upon the new track, and had gone twenty rods, perhaps, when the trail suddenly stopped. Beyond a certain point, where the last heavy plunge had been made into the snow, there were no more tracks!

Here was a strange terminus, certainly—and we halted in considerable surprise.

"Belike, he's snaking under the snow!" cried Billy, coming up. "An' he'll be laping out on us!"

And we were laughing at Billy's hypothesis, when a strange cry—a wild, shrill scream—rang out, seemingly, over our heads!

Our eyes followed the sound; and there, on the limb of a great yellow birch, up full thirty feet from the snow, crouched a large, light-gray animal, with its ears laid back, and its long tail beating *time* on the limb behind—ready to spring down.

A fellow can't turn round very quick on snow-shoes; but, I assure you, I wasn't long performing that evolution. As I hadn't been entrusted with either of the guns, I felt anxious to put the fighting men in the rear. Billy was already ahead of me. And just then there came another screech.

Both guns were fired; and, glancing over my shoulder, I saw the catamount bound from the limb, and heard a heavy thud down into the snow.

"We haven't hit him! He's coming!" yelled Murch.

No time for reloading guns.

"Run! For heaven's sake, run!" shouted Uncle Wash, puffing up behind.

And we did run. A man can run on snowshoes—after a fashion—and pretty tolerably fast at a pinch. But the depth and softness of the snow alone prevented us from being overtaken.

On we went for dear life, and were not many minutes getting over the seventy-five or eighty rods between us and the camp.

The men had heard the guns, and were out around the door. But, seeing us coming, they all dove in again, and we rushed in after them full tilt, with the catamount not four rods behind us!

The door was hastily slammed to, and held.

"Now load, quick!" cried Murch.

Peeping out between the logs, I could see the panther before the camp, lashing itself, and glaring about. Rearing up against a tree, standing near, it began sharpening its claws, making the bark fly in a very suggestive manner.

"Fix him this time," muttered Uncle Wash, poking the muzzle of the rifle out between the logs.

"All ready!" exclaimed Murch, who had thrust out his gun over the door.

They fired together.

With the reports, the creature sprang up, with a savage growl, and, as if intending to get into the tree, leaped upward upon the trunk fifteen or twenty feet; but, falling back into the snow, turned and bounded away.

"After him!" shouted Murch, pulling open the door, and rushing out. "After him with your axes!"

We ran out.

There was blood where the creature had stood, and the trail he was making was marked with great red blotches.

The whole gang now turned out after us, to hunt him down. But the fighting part was over.

At a distance of a quarter of a mile, we came up with the old fellow, lying, panting and exhausted, in the snow.

Another shot, with a few knocks from an ax, did his job; and it was amusing to see how *brave* the whole gang became, in the course of a few minutes.

GUARANA.

GUARANA-BREAD, as it is called by the Brazilian Indians, has some properties worthy of being known. It is the product of a small climbing shrub, growing chiefly in the northern parts of the empire, and on the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries, known among botanists as the *Paullinia sorbilis*. The plant ripens its seeds about October or November. They are then gathered, peeled, dried, and stored away until wanted for conversion into guarana-bread. The

manufacture is of the simplest. After being slightly roasted, the seeds are reduced to powder by means of a coarse file, and the powder worked into a stiff paste with water; a certain proportion of whole and broken seeds being mixed with the mass before it is molded into oblong cakes or cylindrical rolls; looking, when dry, like chocolate-colored sausages. If they are a dark-brown hue, it is a sign that the seeds have been over-roasted, in which case the guarana loses both flavor and efficacy, and fetches, of course, a lower price in the market.

Mantegazza pronounces guarana to be without a rival as an aliment for travelers, its virtues being unaffected either by heat or damp, putrefaction or time; while it is available for service wherever a draught of water is procurable; for, unlike tea, coffee, and cocoa, guarana needs only to be mixed with cold water to furnish a refreshing, sustaining beverage, which, by the addition of a little sugar, is rendered as palatable as it is stimulating, leaving its grateful flavor a long time in the mouth.

No wonder the Indians of the Amazon consider guarana-bread an indispensable necessity when journeying far afoot, especially indispensable, seeing they think it a panacea for diarrhoea and dysentery, and credit it with making tongue-tied folks eloquent.

We are assured that there is nothing in the world so healthful and so reinvigorating as a cup of fresh guarana, its stimulating properties far exceeding those of coffee or tea; but like all stimulating drinks, guarana must be indulged in judiciously. Taken immediately after a meal, it is apt to derange the digestive functions; and if the drinker mixes his cup too strong, or imbibes too freely of the beverage, it produces over-exhilaration, inquietude and wakefulness, and destroys the appetite.

Guarana is scarcely destined to obtain a place among European, much less British, beverages, but it may possibly find favor as a remedial agent in nervous ailments. Dr. Leconte, a French physician, eulogises it as a specific in cases of sick-headache, one of the most obstinate complaints with which doctors have to deal; and, writing to an English medical journal, says: "I feel myself justified, as well by my own experience as by that of many physicians of my acquaintance, in affirming that this medicine never fails, except when improperly prepared, adulterated, or injudiciously administered." To be properly prepared, the rolls of guarana should be pulverised, and then treated with alcohol, dried and reduced to powder; to be administered in doses of two grammes, a second dose following at an interval of a couple of hours, if the first fails to produce the desired effect.

Dr. Wilks, if not quite so enthusiastic as his French brother, speaks favorably of the new remedy, deposing that one lady patient of his contrived to keep her old enemy at bay for half a year by its aid; and that another wrote to him: "When you prescribed guarana-powders for me for severe and frequent headache, you asked me to let you know if I found them beneficial. I have every reason to believe them a complete preventive of headache; as on the least symptom, I have taken a powder, sometimes a second in two hours' time; and in no case have they failed as an effectual cure."

Spite of this testimony to the merits of guarana, it may be doubted whether those who have recourse to it will not find it lose its power after a while, if it does not prove harmful in the long run. The writer happens to know by painful experience what sick headache is, and he also happens to have found a preventive, at least in his own case; the very simple one of abstaining from tea altogether, and taking coffee, pure coffee, morning and evening. Having enjoyed a twelve month's freedom from headache, he is impelled to advise all sufferers that way to imitate his example before trying the vaunted guarana of Brazil.

BABIES AND THEIR BELONGINGS.



ONTRIVANCES for the pacification of the infant mind, for controlling the exercise of infant restlessness, or for teaching unlearned babies the art of locomotion, have been very numerous. Most of them are now antiquated, or altogether out of date. Leading-strings were at one time almost universally used in the nursery, and to be still in leading-strings lives as a by-word and a reproach now that they themselves have been long forgotten. Children are often assisted to walk in our own day by a handkerchief or shawl passed round their waists; but the leading-strings of old—such as we have depicted—were contrivances expressly fashioned for the purpose. A band met round the child's chest (where it was fastened by buttons), and to the band the strings were attached.

The go-cart was a much more complicated apparatus. Some of these elaborate engines were made with the top a permanent circle, so that the child had to be dropped within it; others were divided and hinged off, so that they could open and close upon the ambitious infant whose first attempts at pedestrianism it was intended to facilitate. There was another sort of go-cart, not unlike a small double towel-horse; and some were made of wicker-work.

Go-carts are shown in many Italian and French pictures; and the machine, slightly varied, seems to have been commonly used throughout Europe for several centuries.

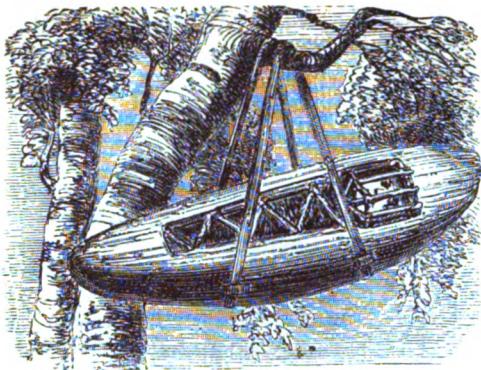
Michael Angelo, in his old age (he was modest as well as great), drew the figure of an old man in a go-cart, and wrote beneath it "*Ancora impara*" (still learning).

The roundabout, represented in the larger engraving on page 360, was a contrivance far less common than the go-cart, though it was almost as ingenious. To be sure, there was this objection to it, that going rapidly round and round a pole, at a distance of a couple of feet or so, is likely to produce giddiness, and even, perhaps, to addle infant brains. On the other hand, while it is impossible to calculate the orbit of a phenomenon in a go-cart—while in vigorous little hands (or with vigorous little hands in it) that apparatus was constantly coming into collision with you and your furniture in a way surprising and disastrous to all parties—you always knew where to have a baby in a roundabout. There were practical limits to the dear child's enterprise of which he was ignorant, and with which you had many reasons to be satisfied.

The sketch from which our drawing was made was taken at Caistor, in Lincolnshire, seventeen or eighteen years ago. We have since seen in other parts of England—in old country cottages—a hole in a beam above, and another in the floor below, which evidently once accommodated a revolving pole like that shown in our picture. In almost every case, however, the then occupants of the cottage were totally ignorant of what these holes were designed for.

To pad the head is a Devonshire expedient, designed to mitigate the effects of a fall. It is known elsewhere, no doubt; we think we have heard that it is used in Spain. In some cases the pad is placed only at the front and at the back of the head; in others it is continued all round. A band passed over the top of the head keeps it in position.

Lacing the body to a pillow is a German custom. No doubt it is a practice congenial to infants of a lymphatic disposition, with no turn for self-government. Children of American constitution would probably kick at the restraint. It is thirty years since they were emancipated from the



A LAPLAND CRADLE.

intolerable tyranny of swaddling-bands—relics of an effete barbarism extending back to the feudal period—and the nurse who now attempted to fetter an American infant with them again would find herself grievously mistaken. Still we



THE GO-CART.

cannot but applaud the pillow contrivance—for little Dutchmen.

The mothers of Southern infants sometimes bind up their infants, too, like mummies; but their children are livelier and less plump than those of Germany, and so, with a certain propriety, they are lashed, not to a pillow, but to a board. A hole is drilled at the head of the board, and by this means the little dear can be suspended to the wall, or hung out on a branch like peaches or canary birds. We often hear of the ripe South; this is how they ripen children through the sour period of teething. Provided with a rattle, they are themselves able to scare away the birds, and it is not till a later period that they are henpecked. That the musical capacity of southern Italians had originally anything to do with the practice of suspending them among the branches, we have no authority for supposing.

Indian squaws, and squaws of several other countries, in fact, follow a similar custom. The little papoose is lashed to a straight board by bandages which are laced tight behind with thongs. Its feet rest on a broad hoop passed round the bottom of the board. The Indian mother is passionately fond, and many an hour she spends in decorating the baby's



THE ROUNDABOUT.



A PAD FOR THE HEAD.



THE DUTCH CUSTOM.

cradle with porcupine quills, the teeth of various animals in quaint devices, and the figures of men and horses, etc., either embroidered or painted. Another and a larger hoop is stretched over the child's head ; this serves the double purpose of protecting its face in the event of a fall, and as a screen against the weather. Besides, a toy may be conveniently hung from the canopy for baby to play with. When mamma has to travel, however, the toy is taken away, and baby's arms bound to his sides as an additional safeguard against the effects of tumbling. How the child is carried from place to place may be seen in our engraving. A strap or broad strip of hide is passed round the back of the board and over the mother's forehead, as porters sometimes use to carry their loads. In this way the child is confined for seven months ; it is then released and carried in the folds of a blanket at the mother's back. Should the infant die before it reaches the age of seven months, it is buried, and its



YOUNG ITALY.

place in the cradle filled with black quills and feathers. This altered burden is still carried from place to place by the disconsolate mother for more than a year sometimes (if no other little stranger arrives in the meantime), and all with the same care as if the veritable baby was cooing or yelling at her back. While engaged with her small domestic duties, she will chatter the jargon of mothers to her poor bundle of black feathers, just as if the little one were still there with ears to listen to her fond foolishness. No doubt she believes it is there ; that she has charmed its spirit into the cradle, where it lies hid amongst the feathers.

In India children are carried astride on the hip ; in Egypt and in many other eastern countries the same custom is known. The Egyptian women, however, oftener carry their babes astride on the shoulder. Thus, in Isaiah we read, "I will lift up mine hand to the Gentile, and set up my standard to the people, and they shall bring up thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried on their shoulders."



A CHINESE WINTER CRADLE.



SIOUX BABY-CARRIAGE.

Among other people who carry children on the hip are the Samoans, amongst whom a curious custom of adoption prevails. The general rule is for the father to give his child to a married sister; and as children are a source of wealth, she or her husband makes some present in return. As, of course, their children are given away after the same fashion, the traffic is endless. What have the paternal and maternal instincts—upon which we are accustomed to insist so much—to say to this practice?

The women of ancient Ethiopia seem to have carried their children from place to place somewhat after the manner of the Indians.

The cradles or baby-frames of different countries are curious enough. Savage nations show really more ingenuity, and are better enabled to relieve the mother in the care of the child, than many that boast of their civilization. The Indian squaw puts her child in a safer position while engaged in her labors than the poor white washwoman.

The Chinese Winter cradle is a kind of basket made of straw, very thickly twisted. In shape, it is something like an hour-glass, and is open above and below. The waist holds the child up, and in the open end below a sort of foot-stove is placed, to keep the infant warm. In it is a well-padded dress. The child is here kept warm and enjoys its toys without any fear of accident.

The mother can easily carry it about, although it has not a handle to hang it up, like a squaw's baby-frame.

Affection seems to have prompted ingenuity among even savage nations in constructing a comfortable cradle for the helpless infant. The baby-frame of our Indians is a very convenient arrangement both for mother and child, and could be adopted with benefit by white women compelled by their labors to leave their infants alone. The mere open box we use as a cradle is liable to many accidents, while the baby-frame enables the mother to have her child always in sight and out of harm's way.

The Lapland cradle shown in our illustration is a similar structure. A piece of wood, shaped like a canoe and hollowed out like one till sufficiently light and portable, is filled with a soft grass, which retains the animal heat, and in this the child is placed, with bands across to keep it from falling out, and a sort of visor or bar to protect the face. Two straps at the head and feet enable the mother to hang it on a bough or hook of any kind. Provision is made for securing cleanliness, but on the whole it is inferior to the Indian baby-frame, which is simply a board with a hoop at the top for suspending it, and the infant is swathed on the board, which has a slight rim around.

Some of the Lapps seem to dispense with even this cradle, and one writer, who tells us that the women generally carry the children on their back, gypsy fashion, adds, that when they go to church they leave the babies outside the building to keep them warm, an operation effected by the strange expedient of digging a hole in the snow and popping them in, leaving a dog to keep guard against the wolves.

MY NIGHT LODGER.

EVERY person said I was a queer little girl. I can't remember when they did not say that. From all that I can learn, I was not a queer baby. I cried like any other child, and was just as troublesome, so the queerness must have been acquired.

I cannot discover wherein my queerness lies; when I ask my friends, they say, "Why—well, you are different from other folks." A very clear and satisfactory definition!

This having the word "queer" attached to my name used to annoy me; my dolls were the only specimens of humanity to whom I confessed this. To them I confided all my secrets

and my manifold trials. They were attentive listeners—never interrupted me. There was "Rosa," the very large one, she was my prime favorite, and—oh, there were so many of them I cannot describe them all.

When I was eleven years old our folks tried to make me think I was too old to play with dolls. I felt as though life would have no pleasure for me were my dolls taken from me. No one knows how I loved them. I used to go to my room and, locking the door to keep my fun-loving brothers and sisters from intruding, I would play by the hour with my miniature family. Another favorite resort of mine was the garret. It was full of boxes, barrels, and chests, containing old papers, books and letters.

Many of the letters were very ancient, written by relatives of whom I had scarcely heard. There were letters from parents to children, from brothers to sisters, and *love-letters*. The latter interested me the most, although I thought they were rather silly. I suppose I could not appreciate the height and depth, and length and breadth, of the tender passion.

Filling my pockets with apples, I would take possession of the garret and some comfortable old chair, minus an arm or a rocker, and there I would sit for hours, reading. I had a passion for ghost stories, and stories of robbers and pirates, although they used to frighten me terribly. When in the midst of the most frightful story, down would tumble a bundle of something from the rafters, making considerable noise, and leading me to imagine the ghosts and the robbers had stepped from the book to the garret.

An old apple-tree stood by one of the windows; it had the greatest faculty for unearthly creaking and groaning, and the lightning-rod generally kept up a malicious racket.

I declare it is a wonder I didn't lose my senses reading so much trash and hearing so many fearful sounds.

But this has nothing to do with my "lodger." I believe I am becoming garrulous.

In the first place, I must tell you papa was a wealthy farmer, and our neighbors were "few and far between."

When I was in my twelfth year, papa and mamma made up their minds to take a pleasure-trip to the "Far West." This was something unusual; they seldom left home. Well, they went, and my two sisters, two brothers and myself had a gay time "keeping house."

One day, all except myself and our servant girl were invited to a dinner-party. I confess I dreaded to have them go.

"Kate, we will bring you any amount of candy."

"Now, pet, you know you and Sally can stay here just as well as not."

"Don't be a baby, Kitty"—were the words directed to me. Finally I resignedly bade them "get out of my sight."

Sally and I were good friends; she told me stories and sang songs till I began to think it was quite a fine thing to be left at home.

Tired of staying in the house, I sauntered down the front walk, and amused myself by indulging in a forbidden pleasure—swinging on the gate.

Looking down the road, I spied a man coming along. I flew to the house, and, satisfied that he was coming in, I ran to Sally. Seizing her dress with both hands, I exclaimed:

"Oh, Sally! there is a dreadful-looking man coming it."

Sally picked up the poker and walked to the door, while I, imitating her example, snatched a stick of wood. Suddenly Sally cried:

"You little goose, it is Bill McCarty!"

Sure enough, it was Sally's beau. Her mother was very sick, and McCarty was sent to bring Sally home immediately.

Here was a dilemma. Sally didn't want to leave me, and

unless she started home then, she might not see her mother alive. It was nearly time for the rest of the folks to come home, so I managed to raise courage enough to say I was willing to remain alone.

In a few minutes Sally was off, and I was left in possession of our great house, which never seemed so large to me before. I tried to read, but it was impossible; all the murder stories I had ever heard came to my mind.

I remembered that none of our doors could be locked. Papa, who had a few strange ideas, declared locks were a nuisance. I felt that I was doomed.

I went out to the yard, and, to my dismay, discovered that the sky was overcast and a storm near at hand. I could see the rain coming; faster and faster it came; it was soon at the house. Oh, how it did rain!

On each side of our yard was a brook, pretty and peaceable in pleasant weather, but a very little rain transformed them both into raging torrents.

As I stood at the window I saw first one bridge, and then the other, swept off. I knew now that I must stay alone all night; it would be impossible for my brothers and sisters to get home.

Travelers, or, as Sally called them, "trampers," often stopped at our house over night, as there was no public-house near. To my horror, I now saw one of them coming across the fields. Should I hide? No, that was not to be thought of. Without stopping to knock, the great rough man walked in.

"Can I stay here all night?"

I dared not refuse him, so as firmly as I could, answered: "Yes."

He seemed surprised at seeing no one but myself, and questioned me much. I told him my brother was upstairs writing; that we two were alone. That was the first thing that entered my head to tell him. Such a villainous countenance that man had!

His hair was cut close to his head, leaving his huge ears in bold relief. Wicked-looking eyes, and a brutal mouth, completed his general expression of ferocity.

Bed-time came, and I directed the man to a room upstairs in the servants' department, not the "upstairs" where I had said my brother was.

Now that there was real danger, I was calm and reasonable. I fastened the door that led upstairs with my embroidery scissors, which happened to be in my pocket, so as to guard against surprise, and hurriedly collecting our silverware, carried it to mamma's room and hid it in the bed. No one would have supposed the bed had been disturbed.

I was elated at my ingenuity.

I then hunted up what few jewels the girls possessed, and placing them, with what money I could find, in a box, I tied them in my pocket. After doing this, I stole downstairs and removed my scissors from the door. These scissors were counted among my most valuable treasures. I had them many years, and had no intention of losing them now.

I expected the man would only wait till he thought I and my fictitious brother were asleep, and would then search the house for valuables, and finish by killing me.

Only one plan for escape that I originated seemed feasible. I determined to wait till I heard my lodger in the rooms below, and then wrap myself in papa's shawl, and jump out of the window. I was not kept in suspense long; the peculiar squeak of the sitting-room door warned me that it was time to act. Quietly I raised the window, and just as the steps approached the stairs, I jumped to the ground. Fortunately, there was a bed of lilies directly beneath the window, and they softened my fall.

That there was danger of breaking my neck I had not thought. I was determined to escape.

It was dark as Egypt, the rain was pouring down in torrents, but this was nothing in comparison with the horror within the house.

Half a mile back of our house lived a friend of papa's—Mr. Vincent. I resolved to go there. I ran along, stumbling against fences and falling into ditches, thinking I never knew such a long half-mile.

Finally I reached the house, and managed to tell my story. Several young men happened to have been delayed there by the storm, and, headed by Henry Vincent, a young man of some twenty-two years, they prepared to capture my visitor.

I was too excited to remain at Mr. Vincent's. I declared I would go back home. They all tried to persuade me not to do this except Henry Vincent, who said "such a little heroine should do as she pleased." With my hand tightly clasped in Henry's, we started.

When we came within sight of our house, we saw a light flitting from room to room, and a few words of boisterous song floated to us on the breeze. Silently my friends surrounded the house, guarding every avenue of escape. Henry and I (I would not let him leave me for a moment) entered the house. We found the vagabond searching papa's desk.

He had found several hundred dollars that I had not seen, when preparing for flight. He started to run when he saw us, but finding men and revolvers on all sides, he was obliged to surrender.

He was safely bound, and then questioned. It appeared he was a noted thief who had long baffled the police.

He said when he learned the house was occupied only by two individuals he was much elated. He did not intend to proceed to acts of violence, unless my brother and I troubled him too much. When he found the house deserted, he concluded I had not told him the truth—that I was alone. Not finding me, he supposed I had hid, and he would not hunt for me.

Lifting me into his lap, Henry Vincent called me the "bravest little woman he ever knew." All the others praised and flattered me, till I began to think men were greater talkers than women. All that night we staid there, but before morning I was "raving like a madman." Three long weeks I remained unconscious.

When I became sensible, anxious faces were bending over me. Papa, mamma, and all the folks were at my bedside.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

In a moment that dreadful day came to my remembrance.

"Oh, I know," said I with a shudder.

It was a long, long time before I regained my strength.

Every person petted and praised me. I was the heroine of the neighborhood. Henry Vincent never tired of descanting upon my bravery, and devoted himself to me in a manner that would have been very aggravating to his young lady friends had I been a few years older.

My "lodger" was sent to prison to meditate for some years.

THE RED THRUSH DEFENDING ITS NEST.

THE red thrush is one of our most pleasing American birds—we may even say songsters—for its loud, varied, and melodious voice, which, in the opinion of Audubon, is surpassed only by that of the mocking-bird, is heard over all the land, from the seabeaten shore of the Atlantic to the upland plains of Missouri; and if he deserts the North at the approach of Winter, he is ever true to the South.

It is no diminutive bird, being about eleven inches long, and its outspread wings exceeding a foot in span. Its plumage is a brownish red, the breast being a reddish white.

The nest of the thrush has a sort of cup in the interior, formed of earth and other materials, and here it lays from



RED THRUSHES DEFENDING A NEST.

four to six buff-colored eggs, covered with numerous brown dots. Being a bold and powerful bird, it stands its ground before cat, dog, or fox, and stands in no fear of hawk or snake. When one of the latter treacherously assails a thrush or her nest, the cry brings others to the rescue, and the scaly foe, attacked on every side, soon beats a hasty retreat, dis-

comfited and defeated. The thrush thus justifies the name, popularly given to it, of the "Brown Thrasher."

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

SMOKING OUT A TIGER.

ON our homeward march (says Gordon Cumming) we again passed Wuggeria, and went out on the hills during the heat of the day, hoping to fall in with something. As we were ascending a spur, we espied some animal lying under a ledge of overhanging rock in a bay formed by the contour of the hill to our right. We had no regular shikarees—only a few Bheels picked up as we were leaving the village; these pronounced the beast to be a hyena, and we decided on having a shot at him. Carefully marking a tree on the crest of the rock above him, we made a circuit, and, ascending to the table-land, came out above the spot where we had marked him. Standing ready to open fire, we directed the Bheels to heave down stones, which they did, but nothing appeared. We concluded that the game had moved, but some of the Bheels crawled along the face of the rock like monkeys, and, on looking over, ascertained that there was an inner cave within that in which we had seen the animal lying. It was evident that on hearing us he had quietly risen, and moved in, so we agreed to smoke him out. We, therefore, found a place where we could descend, and so passed round the base of the rock to the cave.

The outer part was triangular in shape—about seven yards wide at the outside, and four or five deep, having at the further end an inner cave of about four feet high by two and a half broad. The outer cave was quite open in front, and seven feet high at the outside. From the cave the hill sloped sharply down, covered with trees and bushes.

Some of the Bheels advanced to the mouth of the inner cave, and, looking in, saw one eye of the creature, like a ball of fire, at the far end of the den. We endeavored to get a shot, but owing, I suppose, to some projecting piece of rock, we never could see both eyes at once, and two shots which I

fired in were without effect. Meanwhile, the Bheels had collected a large bundle of grass and sticks, which we rolled up to the entrance of the inner cave, and having set fire to it, we all withdrew to the mouth of the outer to watch the result. There was a most thorough draft into the cave, and the flame was swept into it, but the beast made no sign, and at length the fire died down.

We then had another large bundle of dry grass made up, but this time we mixed it well with green leaves. On this being fired, a dense black smoke arose, and was carried into the cave. It was such that we thought no beast could live in it; but again the fire died out, and though the inner cave was filled with smoke, the tenant had made no attempt to come out.

We had just made up our minds that he had died in the hole, when, from the inner cave, came a sudden rush of smoke, as if driven out by something advancing rapidly. We stood ready, and the next instant, through the embers of the fire, came—not a hyena—but a large tiger, charging blindly, with savage growls.

Hayward carried a short rifle, with a ball of some three ounces in weight, and I had a double rifle of fourteen bore. In the instant that elapsed between the tiger's emerg-



MY NIGHT LODGER.—"WRAPPING MYSELF IN PAPA'S SHAWL I RAISED THE WINDOW AND JUMPED TO THE GROUND."—SEE PAGE 362.

ing from the smoke and his reaching the entrance of the outer cave he was struck by the three balls. Two had taken him through the shoulder, and one through the loins, disabling his hind-quarters. As he fell, we could have placed our guns on his head—too near, in fact, to be pleasant.

Our followers behaved with great steadiness, and at once handed us our second guns. By this time the tiger had managed to drag himself from the cave, and having got on the slope of the hill, he was evidently unable to move up toward us. When he first appeared, the Bheels were up the trees in an instant, but came down when they saw him fall, and assisted us to ascend the rock. This we did one at a

time, the other keeping guard in case of accidents. The tiger, though disabled, was very savage, and had plenty of life in him, and crunched the underwood savagely. After some time we gave him his *quietus*, and carried him home to the camp. He was no doubt the same beast that had dodged us so cleverly at the well, but we had checkmated him this time. From his boldness he had long been the terror of the village, though we did not hear that he had killed any one.

After this exploit, we returned to Baroda.

BARNEY McGEE, AND HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE TO AMERICA.



N the morning on which our story opens, Barney McGee stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying the exterior of his cabin, and casting his mental eye behind it to the patch of ground which grew a handful of potatoes, and vegetables enough for broth-making.

It was evident by his dissatisfied air that neither prospect pleased him; and as he turned on his heel

and paced up and down the road, a puzzled expression came over his features, as if he were calculating on certain vague chances.

With head bowed, he muttered to himself :

"My father was born in there before me; he died an' left it, as poor as whin he came intil it. I was born there, too, an' if I stay there all my life, I'll die in it as well, an' devil the scrape av inthrest I'll have to show whin I pay the debt of nature. Troth, if I had but a pinny o' money it's not here I'd be, where starvation's the only thing that's plenty! There's a betther place nor this across the wather, an' it's there I shud be now. Bad luck to this fightin' against what will niver give way before ye! Nelly! I say, Nelly!"

"Yis, Barney, I'm comin' til ye!" a voice exclaims, and in a second Nelly appears on the road, drying her hands upon her apron, as she trips to the side of her husband. He draws her to him affectionately, and placing an arm about her, points to the cabin.

"D'yee see what's before ye, Nelly?"

"Troth, I'd be blind if I didn't, Barney."

"Well, I think we've lived there long enough."

"Is it for movin' ye are, Barney?"

"Yis, but not just about this quarther—d'yee know what I think?"

"No, faith—how shh'd I know?"

"Well, I think that the sooner we leave this the betther."

"Well, leave us go inside—maybe it's the cowld ye're afeered of."

"Ah, it's not that I mane, darlin'; it's the house that covers us, an' the poor bit av a counthry that owns us, that I'm talkin' to ye about. Ye know how hard we've strangled wid the poverty that's atin' intil us, an' ye know that we'll only grow waker the longer we strangle. Ah, if—"

"Why don't we go til Ameriky, Barney, where yer ould friend, Thady, is doin' so purty?"

"Why don't we go til Ameriky, is it, Nelly? Could ye speak if ye had no tongue? Could the bird fly if it had no wings?"

"An' could we go til Ameriky if we had no money?—that's what ye mane, Barney?"

"Jist that, *now*. Thady's the boy would help me, if

he had a little money past him. Shure we were brought up together, we worked together, we got dhrunk together, we coorted together, an' if we live, we'll die together! The last words he gave me at partin' were, that if ever he had it in his power to help me, he'd do it. Troth, I wish he had it in his power now; he couldn't have a betther opportunity. Murther, but there's a hard Winter before us — there, Nelly, there's the *craythur* shoutin' for ye; go in an' speake til it."

Nelly went in to do what she could for the "craythur"—the pig—and Barney resumed his walk and his soliloquy.

"Yis, this is no place for us now, that's sartain; but how'll we get till a betther? No money to be got without work; since there's no work, there's no money, av coarse. An' that's the way it'll be all the time. If Thady only knew how I was! I must sell the pig, anyway. If I had only larned to be a sailor in my young days, how aisy I could get across the big wather now, by workin' my way! but there's Nelly—how could she do? If it wasn't for—"

"Bernard McGee!"

Barney turned about quickly, and beheld the new postman standing with a letter in his extended hand.

"Does a party named Bernard McGee live at this place?"

"No, sir, I think not; he might be a relation of mine, but I never heerd tell of him."

"Then I must be at fault, but I was directed to this locality in particular. However, I suppose I'll find the individual somewhere," concluded the man of letters, as he posted off in another direction.

Barney scratched his head in perplexity, the name sounded so familiar; but in a moment both postman and letter vanished from his mind, and he busied himself with his former thoughts.

When the afternoon was drawing on, and he had taken his morsel of dinner, and was applying a piece of lighted turf to his pipe, the idea suggested itself that Nelly might know who the before-mentioned Bernard was.

"Nelly," he said, when he had got his pipe fairly in working order, "did ye iver hear tell of anybody be the name of Bernard McGee?"

"Is it jokin' ye are?"

"Troth, I'm not."

"Bernard McGee, is it? Av coarse I've heard of him. He's got the purtiest wife in the parish, Barney, an' you ought to know that!" said Nelly, as she smiled archly at her husband.

"I ought to know it? Faith, I'm ignorant of the charge, as the man said to the judge."

"Why, who should be Bernard McGee but yer own swate self?"

"Me? Shure my name's Barney!"

"Well, wasn't Bernard the name yer mother gay' ye? an' wasn't ye christened Bernard? an' isn't Bernard only a genteel name for Barney—you bosthoon!" And Nelly threw back her head, and laughed heartily at the simplicity of her husband.

"Well, yer a betther scholar nor me, Nelly; and if it wasn't for yer penethrashun, I might be badly wronged." And Barney narrated the circumstance of the letter to his wiser half, who stood with staring eyes during the recital, astonished beyond measure at the dullness of her spouse.

With the story once told, Nelly did not rest easy until she had sharpened Barney's wits with a scolding, which he took as a matter of course, for his stupidity on many other occasions had called forth sundry domestic lectures. He waited quietly until Nelly had exhausted herself, and then, putting on his hat, announced his intention of going to the post-office and claiming the letter, which he was sure had been returned by the carrier.

Barney's idea did not receive Nelly's sanction, and she

proved this by taking him by the ear as he was passing through the door, and leading him back to the fire-place, telling him, as she sat him down on a stool, that she would go and claim the letter for him, since he might forget who he was, and where he lived, before he reached the post-office!

Then the bustling woman smoothed her hair, changed her apron, and throwing on her hood, took her departure for the town hard by. Barney kept his place on the stool until the sound of her footsteps died away, and then he arose, and going to the road, looked earnestly after the neat figure until it had almost vanished in the distance.

"Faith," said he, as he re-entered his cabin, closing the half-door behind him, "it's a comfort to get a scowldin' like that now an' then, an' to have sich an illegant craythur to do the scowldin' for ye. What wud I be now, if it wusn't for her? Didn't she make me quit the dhrink? Didn't she make a new man out av the ould lavins that I was—didn't she? Av coarse she did! I think I shud take another smoke to quiet my narves; an' if I want to philosopher a bit, the pipe will give me a hand at the thinkin'. Now (puff) who in the name of the poker (puff) could have sint me a (puff) lether? Maybe it isn't for me, afther all (that's a splendid pipe—smoked for three years, and devil a brake in shank or bowl yet), an' won't I have the laugh at Nelly! An' I'm no less than *Bernard*? It's a coat av arms I'll be gittin' next—troth, I've one wid two arms in now, but it's a disgrace to a *Bernard*; it'll raquire a new one to keep up the title."

Thus the rambling fellow went on, speculating upon this and that, until a shadow which fell before him and a thundering rap at the door caused him to part company with his thoughts. Looking up, he beheld part of the figure of a man leaning over the half-door, and swinging his stick inside in a careless way, that showed the easy-going nature of its possessor.

"Well," said the stranger, "I suppose I needn't ax yer lave to go in an' lite me pipe?"

"Ye needn't throuble yer conscience much on that score," said Barney, as he made room for the man beside him.

The latter personage was a long time in getting his pipe filled, keeping up a running fire of talk, and finding it convenient to pull Barney to his seat again when a drove of pigs which attracted his attention went past.

"Don't bother yerself wid runnin' to the doore, man; them's me own bastes (this tobaccy av mine must be damp), an' it's about that baste av yours that I'm here this minnit—what might ye be wantin' for him?" And the pig-driver looked intently at the fire, apparently careless as to whether or not a sale might be made. Barney, wishing to drive as smart a bargain as possible, tried to appear equally careless, and replied:

"How d'ye know but I wouldn't sell him?"

"Arrah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'? Wasn't I spakir' to that sprig av a wife av yours last week, whin I was goin' to Ballystravick? An' didn't she say ye wor dyin' to sell the baste?"

"Yis, threue for ye, Mr. Pig-driver, but maybe I changed me mind since that—d'ye see?"

Barney gave a side look at the dealer in swine, as much as to say, "Corner me now, if you can."

"Changed yer mind, did ye? It's a big bargain ye'r tryin' to make, Mr. Barney. Doesn't the whole countrhy know ye'r wantin' to go to Ameriky? an' aren't ye tryin' to turn every penny ye can? Does that look as if ye didn't want to sell the pig? Ah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'?" and the roving merchant gave Barney a poke with his stick that sent him backward off the stool, and caused him to take several turns on the floor before he righted himself.

He took this part of the argument in good part, and see-

ing that the tide was setting against him, named a price that was full market value for the pig. Strange to say the buyer accepted the terms without a quibble, and mentioning that he would not take the animal with him at that time, left a crown as an "earnest," and bade our hero good-day. He seemed very well pleased, for as he hurried after his drove, he

gave vent to—"A pig for a crown! whoo-o-o-o!"

Barney filled his pipe again, and sat down to "philosopher."

"Nelly ought to be near home (puff) by this time. Won't she (puff) open her eyes (puff) when I tell her (bad luck to that damp tobaccy!) about the fine trade I made with the pig-driver! How did he know my name was Barney? He must have guessed it. Why, didn't I guess myself *Bernard*? Nelly thinks I'm no hand at a bargain; won't I surprise her wid my smartness? An' he was a gintale man, too, that driver. Think of him lavin' a crown wid me on the pig. How does he know but I'll sell the baste before he comes afther him? Troth, I must have a bit of a reputation! And he paid a clever price, too; maybe I axed too little for him. I'll take a look at the bhoy; he must be improvin'."

With his hand crossed behind him, under his coat-tails, Barney sauntered forth to take a view of the animal he had just disposed of. He proceeded to the sty, where Nelly had placed "the bhoy" a short time before she went after the letter—pig was not there!

"I guess he's broke out, and is takin' a ramble along the road; I'll look after him, and tell him he's sowld, jist to kape him from runnin' away," said Barney, as he started in search.

Strange to relate, the swine was not to be found. Had he broken through a hedge, and was he enjoying himself in one of the neighboring fields? Barney looked, but to no purpose. Not on the road, not in the fields—where could he be?

Barney stood a moment with his arms folded, and a thought began to strike him, and the harder it struck him the blanker he looked and the longer grew his visage—could it be possible?

"Yis, sich things has been did before. Oh, murther! if Nelly hears it—an' av coarse she will hear it—won't she haul me over the coals! Faith I must set afther the thief of a rascal."

Your surmises are right, *Bernard*. While the pig-driver was keeping you well employed in your cabin, his men were coolly releasing your pig from its pen; and it mingled with the drove as they went past the door. Hurry yourself, or your walking property will be beyond your search.

Feeling the terrible responsibility that rested upon his awkward shoulders, Barney obtained the aid of a neighbor, and the two started in pursuit. Their route lay toward town, so the chances of meeting Nelly on the way were nine in favor to one against. Barney fully realized his position.

"Oh," said he, "if I could only get the baste back widout her hearin' about it! I wasn't half as smart as I thought I was, wid all my bargain."

A sharp run of twenty minutes brought the pursuers in sight of a cloud of dust, from which they inferred that the objects of their search were not far distant.

"All's right now," said Dennis to his friend, as the two broke into a quicker run.

The friend had his eye on a figure that was becoming painfully distinct as it approached, and he replied:

"Yis, Dennis—I think—eh? Moses! there's Nelly!" and aware of his awful situation, he stopped short on the road.

"How will I face her?" he asked of Dennis, who also had sobered down to a stand.

"Tell her we're runnin' a race; she will——"



SMOKING OUT A TIGER.—“WE STOOD READY, AND THE NEXT INSTANT, THROUGH THE EMBERS OF THE FIRE, CAME A LARGE TIGER, CHARGING BLINDLY, WITH SAVAGE GROWLS.”—SEE PAGE 365.

"Who ! that's it, Dennis ; stretch yerself as hard as you can."

Away the two went at a break-neck gait, Dennis having the lead by a yard, which Barney, for obvious reasons, allowed him to keep. Our hero hoped to preserve this order of things until Nelly would be passed ; but the Fates were against him ; for, just as Dennis was meeting the lady in question, his foot came in contact with a stone, and in an instant he was sprawling on the road. Barney was so close behind that it was impossible for him to step aside to avoid a fall, and down he went on poor prostrate Dennis, the two forming a bundle of old clothes and humanity at the feet of astonished Nelly.

Her first impulse was to assist the fallen, but there was something so ludicrous in their expressions, and something so funny in the whole affair, that she could not help laughing loudest, and exclaiming :

"Is this where ye are, gentlemen ?"

"Arrah, Nelly, sure ye won't scowld if I tell ye all about it ?" asked Barney, still keeping to the road.

"Ah, how could I scowld ye when I have such good news wid me ! Sure the letter—"

"Ah, don't spake about the letter, Nelly, for the pig's stole."

"The pig's what ?"

"It's stole."

"An'did ye let it be stole from forinst ye'r face, ye bosthoon ?"

Before Barney could reply, his wife took him by his coat-collar, and set him on his feet in a style more hurried than dignified.

The poor man was thoroughly frightened, but managed to recount the affair of the swine to Nelly, who, with her usual tact, understood the matter without much explanation.

The result of the wayside conference was, that the three took the business in hand, and the running commenced again, the female showing, by the strides she made, that her movements had not always been confined to walking.

We shall not describe the scene which took place when the pig-driver was overtaken and the animal or its equivalent in money demanded. Let it suffice to say, that through Nelly's abilities of voice and hands, and by the interference in her behalf of several gentlemen who happened on the spot, full value was received for the stolen quadruped.

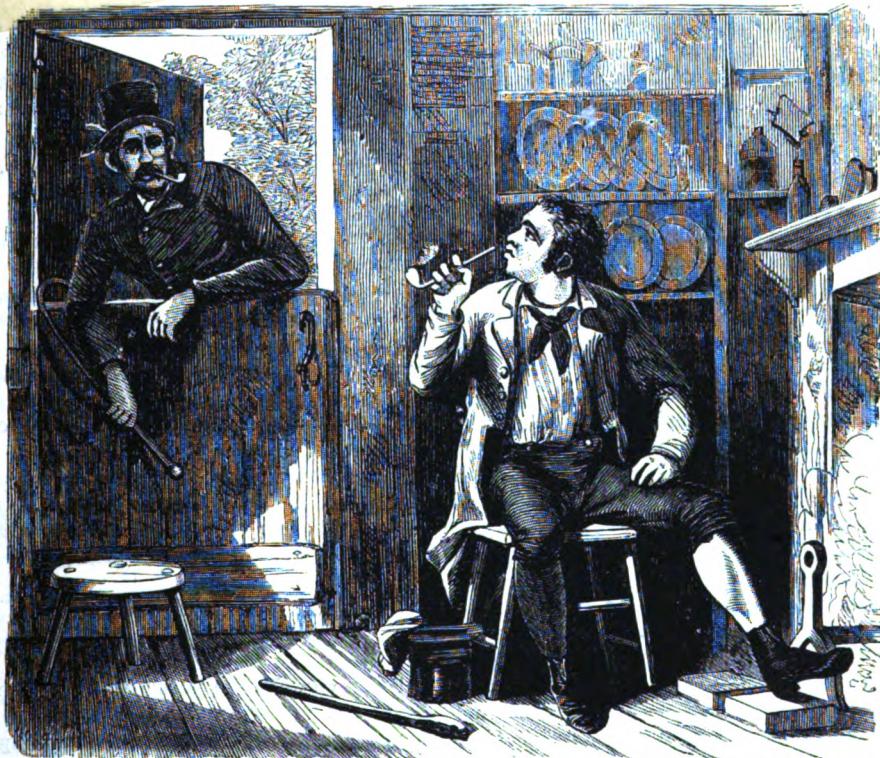
Our interesting couple returned to their cabin in good spirits, leaving Dennis behind them, he preferring to remain in town to meet some friends who were coming in from a neighboring fair.

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Husband and wife were very happy that evening. Their supper was a much better one than usual, and when this had gone the way of all suppers, such a quantity of turf was piled on the fire that its warmth penetrated into nooks and corners that had never been warmed before.

The two people who sat in the glow staid up very long, and talked earnestly all the time. The question of the pig did not intrude itself, for a more important subject was under consideration. It had turned out that the letter which Nelly had gone to claim was, as she had supposed, for her Barney, and it was from the identical friend, Thady O'Toole, of whom he had been discoursing in the morning. Enclosed in the epistle were four pounds sterling, in the form of a draft, and the conclusion of the epistle was to the effect that Thady had sent the money, in keeping with his promise, to help his friend ; and that he (Barney) was to try and earn whatever balance was required to pay the passage, of himself and wife, and the two were to take an early ship for America.

Thady's letter, then, was what caused Barney and Nelly to sit up so late on that particular night ; and the letter and the gift had recalled so many old memories, and awakened such a sense of gratitude in their hearts, that they wandered frequently from the question at issue—how were they to acquire funds enough to pay passages for two ? The four pounds were sufficient for the expenses of one, but Barney would not think of



BARNEY M'GEE, AND HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE TO AMERICA.—"LOOKING UP, HE BEHELD PART OF THE FIGURE OF A MAN LEANING OVER THE HALF-DOOR, AND SWINGING HIS STICK INSIDE IN A CARELESS WAY."—SEE PAGE 366.

leaving his good wife behind him ; for, indeed, the gray mare was the better horse, and, besides, they had such an affection for one another, that a parting was not to be thought of. Of ready money, two pounds were all they could muster ; four more were necessary—ten in all—in order that they might pay their way to Liverpool and have something left for outlay before they would meet with Thady.

To make an additional four pounds was a puzzler to Bernard. Even the fertile brain of Nelly was at fault. To procure work was out of the question. They had nothing that could be turned into money, and such friends or relatives as they could number were poorer than themselves.

"I'll tell ye what we'll do, Nelly," said Barney, when the conversation was almost exhausted and his tobacco was getting low ; "we'll pack ourselves up to-morrow—we've nothin' t' hinder us—and start for Liverpool. And we'll go round among the ships, an' I'll thry t' get payin' your way an' workin' my own. Is it a bargain, Mrs. Bernard?"

"It is, Mr. McGee; but ye musn't be payin' a crown as an earnest, for fear yer pig might be stole while the——"

"Arrah, howld yer tongue, an' go t' bed, or the sun will be makin' faces at ye soon."

A tramp about the many docks of Liverpool is a wearying one, and our friends realized this fact when they undertook to carry out their plan. The disappointments of the first day, however, did not baffle them, and when night came on they put up at a lodging-house, determined not to let the matter fail for want of trying. But their case did not improve with the next day; parties were willing enough to take the passage-money for Nelly, but Barney's propositions to work his way were received unfavorably. Thousands of emigrants were leaving for America, and for this reason ship-agents and captains were very independent; so Barney and Nelly pleaded in vain.

In this unpleasant situation, Nelly, as usual, was the first to propose a feasible plan for working out of the emergency. She saw that to return home would be an acknowledgment of defeat; and, after a long debate with herself, she very unwillingly came to the conclusion that she and her husband must part.

She was used to hard work, and could easily get employment as a servant. Barney could go to the States before her, and get himself well settled; and he could send her a portion of his earnings, which, together with her savings, would place her in the way of reaching him within a few months.

Poor Barney was a long time in becoming reconciled to this scheme. Indeed, it was the hardest effort of his life; and it was not until Nelly—far-seeing woman—actually insisted upon the temporary separation that he consented.

The superior force of Nelly's nature won the victory for her here. She took a man's part upon herself; bolstered up her husband's failing spirits, making him lose sight of the present by her pictures of the future; and when he pleaded his fears as to crossing the ocean and entering a strange land alone, she ridiculed him in such a style, that he became ashamed of his faint-heartedness.

But light as the good woman's spirits were, apparently, her heart was almost breaking, and many a flood of tears were shed unknown to Barney. Still she bore up right womanly until the hour of parting, and then, when Barney had kissed her for the last time, and was looking so sorrowfully at her, while he lent on the rail of the tender that was to convey him to the vessel, her courage gave way.

Sitting down upon the dock, she buried her face in her lap, and choking sobs soon evidenced the grief that was upon her. Barney could express his feelings only in his face. Cry he could not, and he even forgot his whining part, and tried to comfort her who was now the partner of his sorrows.

It was while he was talking loudly to Nelly, and gesturing, that a stout, elderly gentleman, with a young lady on his arm, came upon the scene. He gave a hasty glance at what was going on before him, and then shook his cane threateningly at Barney, exclaiming:

"How dare you, sir?—how dare you, I say?"

"How dare I what, sir?" asked our hero, in a melancholy tone.

"Bella, do you hear that? How dare you, sir, desert the woman in this manner?"

"Faith, it's not desertin' her at all I am, sir. I had to leave her because I——"

"Quite enough, quite enough, my man. I shall see that your case is attended to."

"But, papa," interposed the young lady, "perhaps you have mistaken the man; perhaps he——"

"Not at all, my dear; such affairs take place every day."

Why, only yesterday I came upon a fellow who was running away from his wife, and she, poor creature, had followed him all the way from home, was nigh distracted—it was open, palpable desertion, Bella. The matter interested me so, that I took it in hand, and had the fellow brought before a magistrate. Strange to say, the case was decided against us; but this case shall not slip me. I shall pay the woman's passage myself, and thus defeat the plans of this worthless scamp. Young man, is not this woman your wife?"

"She is, sir," answered Barney, who, having heard the conversation, was only too willing to have it thought that he was deserting Nelly.

But Nelly, whose mind was always the stronger, had heard the conversation, too, and, disdaining to take advantage of the occasion, she lifted her tearful eyes to those of the well-meaning gentleman, and said:

"Ah, sir, if ye knew how yer cruel words hurt me, and wronged him that's there before ye, ye would take them all back agin."

"There, papa, I was afraid you were rash," and, taking her hand from her father's arm, Miss Bella bent by the side of Nelly, and tried to heal the wound. And when she had heard poor Nelly's story, her father was not long ignorant of it.

"Well, well, Bella, I—I was rather hasty, I admit. But I shall soon repair my fault."

And repair it he did.

As an evidence of it, Bella placed in Nelly's hand a paid passage ticket and a sovereign.

The wind is playing with Bella's curls, as, leaning upon her father's arm, she watches the tender while it vanishes in the river fog, with the happy couple on board. The happy couple are gazing earnestly on their benefactors; Nelly waves her handkerchief as a last adieu, the old gentleman lifts his hat, Bella kisses her hand, and then the curtain of fog falls over them.

Years afterward, when other scenes had been forgotten, Barney and Nelly could easily recall this one; for in each of their hearts had been enshrined twin-pictures of a golden-haired lady and a hale old English gentleman.

A CURIOUS LINGO.

"You wan-che one pe-sze boat?" What visitor to Hong Kong will not remember this pigeon-English greeting, as the anchor 'e' let go with a whirr and a splash into the still waters? We say pigeon-English, for as such is this gibberish known; but as pigeon in Chinese really means business, it is clearly a misnomer; and we are pleased to remark that at last the English residents are beginning to be ashamed of making use of such a wretched jargon. It was solely brought into use by their own indolence, or a strange unwillingness to make themselves acquainted with even a smattering of the language spoken by the people with whom they were destined to live, and with whom they were brought into daily contact. Now, however, that British merchants in China have awakened to the necessity of eradicating the wretched admixture of Chinese and English, grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies of every description in the local dialects are finding their way into houses which before knew them not; and an example is being set by masters and mistresses of communicating their wants and wishes in Chinese.

Now that the thin edge of the wedge is thus inserted, it is devoutly to be hoped that it will be driven home, and creating such a fissure as will utterly preclude the possibility of the future commingling of such objectionable elements of intercommunication, and destroying the jargon that has hitherto obtained. To assist in the gradual extinction of this pigeon-English, a generation of Chinese is growing up

who have studied English at the schools established at Hong Kong, and also at the treaty ports, and who can now speak our language, if not fluently, yet grammatically. There are thus bright prospects, and with such forces at work its days are numbered; and although it is too early to say it has expired, and to add *requiescat in pace*, yet its extinction is, we may confidently assert, certain; but before it has quite disappeared, it may perhaps be interesting to our readers to give them a slight outline of its origin, and a few specimens of the rubbish our countrymen are talking in China, together with its characteristics.

In the first place, this pigeon-English is a compound of English and Portuguese, with a *soupçon* of Chinese idioms: and when we add that in but a very few instances a correct pronunciation of either of these languages is given, the effect may be imagined, but it most assuredly cannot be described. A few specimens of this lingo have found their way into English literature—for example, the parodies on “Excelsior” and “My name is Norval,” which respectively commence, “That mighty time begin, chop-chop,” and “My name belongey Norval;” and although these lines are childish and absurd, yet they are an improvement on pigeon-English, pure and simple, which can only be found in the native vocabularies published for the benefit of compradors and domestics entering the service of the English.

These vocabularies consist of a volume of about fifteen pages, entitled “A Vocabulary in uso amongst the Red-Haired People;” its outer cover being adorned with a full-length portrait of one of the red-haired race, dressed in the costume of the Georgian period, in breeches and stockings, and armed with stick and sword. The author commences with the English numerals, and does not stumble over one and two; but three proves a stumbling-block, his nearest approach being “te-le,” the “r” presenting an insuperable difficulty. Six becomes “sik-sze,” and seven “sam.” He gives a Hibernian twang to ten, which he pronounces “tin”; “lim” does duty for eleven, “tui-lip” for twelve, “toonte” for twenty, “one hantoon” for a hundred, and for a thousand “one taoushan.”

In Chinese, there is always inserted between the numeral and the substantive to which it applies a word which it is customary to call a classifier, since it points to the kind of object represented by the substantive; thus, instead of saying “two knives,” a Chinaman’s expression would be, “two to-be-held-in-the-hand knives”; or instead of “a table,” he would say, “one length table.”

These various classifiers the authors of pigeon-English have melted down into one word, “piece.” The Chinese equivalent of one indefinite article is “one pe-sze,” while for “a knife,” the expression would be, “one pe-sze mai-fo.”

Strange confusions have arisen from the use in Chinese of the verb “to have,” which is pronounced “hap.” “Not at home” would be expressed by “No hap,” and a death is announced by “hap tai,” that is, “has died.” “Fashionable” becomes “hap fa-sze,” (fashion); “to be busy,” “hap pigeon”; and “to be at leisure,” “hap tim.”

The most frequent expressions in these vocabularies are those relating to sailors. “A young officer” is a “mit-chi-man” (midshipman); “a second mate,” a “sik-kan-mit”; “a sailor,” is a “say-le-man.”

About military ranks, less is known. “Sho-che-man” (soldier-man) is the only equivalent of a military officer, and is held to include all ranks, from the field marshal to the drummer boy; the only distinction recognized in this service being the “kan-a-man,” or “artilleryman.” It is descriptive of the state of foreign society in China to find that “a wealthy man” is translated into a “machin” (merchant).

The relations of life bear strange and unusual guises in pigeon-English. A wife speaks of her spouse as her “ha-

sze-man,” and he of her as his “wai-fo.” A friend is a “folin,” here the “r” is again a puzzle; an uncle is a “young-ke”; ready money is “nip-te-ka-she,” and so on.

To enable him to converse with his future English master, the would-be servant should make himself acquainted with such common phrases as “ting-ke” (thank you), “how mutche ka-she” (how much cash), “ko oao sai” (to go out), “ko sit-te” (to go into the city), or “ko hom” (to return home); and he is given to understand that when his master says to him “I ko she-lip,” that he is going to sleep; or that if he receive the order “No sze-pik-ke,” he is not to speak. The Portuguese element in the jargon is noticeable in words such as “man-te-lin” (mandarin), “pa-te-le” (for padre, priest), and “sa-pe” (saber, to know).

These few specimens are sufficient to show the grotesque absurdity of pigeon-English. But its absurdity is not its worst feature. Its general use among foreigners at the ports has tended to create an impassable gulf between them and their Chinese neighbors, thus preventing the one from gaining any intelligent information about the other.

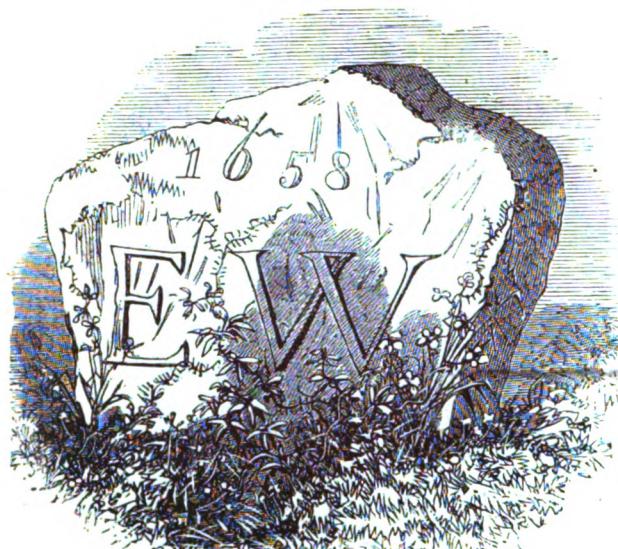
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

We believe that the whole tribe of letter-writers is divisible into three classes. There is the man that feels pleasure in writing; there is the man that writes because it is his duty to write; and there is the man to whom writing is a positive nuisance. Of all social bores, the man that feels pleasure in writing is the greatest. He never allows an opportunity to escape him; and if opportunity does not offer, he makes it. On returning a book you have lent him, he requests a line to say that that it has reached you safely, and you are thus forced to reply. Should you, in the course of conversation, refer to a passage in a favorite author, the next day you are invited to supply him with chapter and verse. If you meet him for the first time at the club, he will find an excuse to send you a note to keep himself in your memory. You would not think that your acceptance of a cigar would entail on you the trouble of writing a letter. But it does. He invites you to drop in any evening convenient to yourself to smoke another. His mania for writing would be harmless were you not forced to reply; but it takes two to carry on a correspondence, and you cannot evade the *convenances* of life.

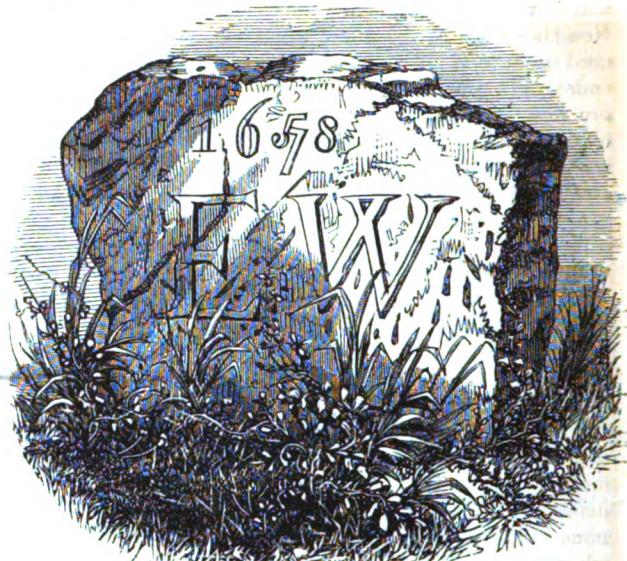
Of the man who writes because it is his duty, there is little to be said. He neither provokes nor is provoked. He answers a letter just as he would return a salute in the street, as a matter of course; and never sends one except from the absolute necessity of doing so. His epistolary correspondence is regulated on purely business principles, and he just as much thinks of squandering letters on his friends as five-pound notes.

But there remains the third class, to whom the writing of letters is an absolutely repugnant task.

Napoleon I. used to say that all letters in time answer themselves, and acted on his belief. To subscribe the hieroglyphics which passed for his name was regarded by him as a sufficient effort in the epistolary way. The Duke of Wellington kept a secretary who had learned to imitate his hand, and most of the curt notes treasured in cabinets as the autograph of the great duke are notoriously spurious. Even men of letters, whose vocation is writing, have had a similar dislike to correspondence; and it is revealing no secret to say that one of our most illustrious living poets employs the pen of his wife, whose cunning hand has deceived a legion of autograph hunters. Thus these, by subterfuge, pay what is exacted by society. But we are not all Napoleons or Wellingtons or famous poets, and most of us must in our own persons suffer the penalty.



THE JUDGES' CAVE.—FIRST HEADSTONE AT WHALLEY'S GRAVE.



THE JUDGES' CAVE.—HEADSTONE AT WHALLEY'S GRAVE.

THE "JUDGES' CAVE," WESTVILLE, CONN.

THIS celebrated cave is situated on the top of "West Rock," in the village of Westville, about two miles from the city of New Haven, Conn.

The origin of the name of the cave is as follows:

On the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England, many of the judges who had condemned his father, Charles I., to death, were apprehended and executed, but a few of them escaped. Of these, Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell fled to this country.

The two former arrived at Boston on the 27th of July, 1660, and on the 7th of March, 1661, came to New Haven, where they were well treated by the minister and magistrates, and for some days considered themselves safe; but the news of the king's proclamation being brought to New Haven, they were obliged to abscond.

They, however, returned a short time after to deliver themselves up to the authorities, but no measures were taken to secure them; and on the same day some of their friends visited them at the house of Mr. Davenport, the minister, and advised them not to surrender.

They then returned to their cave, to which place they had before fled upon hearing of the arrival of the proclamation.

From this retreat, any approach to the mountain could be observed, and any vessel coming up the harbor could be easily distinguished.

The cave is formed on a base of perhaps forty feet

square, by immense pillars of stone, about twenty feet high, surrounded by trees which conceal it from observation. The interior of the cave affords ample room for the accommodation of two or three persons.

A Mr. Sperry, who lived about a mile distant on the west side of the "Rock," supplied them with food, sometimes taking it himself, and at other times sending it, tied up in a cloth, by his boys, who would place it upon a certain stump, from which the judges would take it.

Their stay at this cave was short, however, on account of the wild animals, who, at that time, infested the mountains.

There were several other places about the mountain which they used for places of concealment, but the cave was the principal refuge.

Many anecdotes are related of the skill and dexterity of the judges in fencing, and also of the bravery and courage they displayed upon several occasions, and of their hair-breadth escapes from their pursuers.

One day while the judges were walking out toward Neck Bridge, New Haven, they were overtaken by Mr. Kimberly, with a warrant for their apprehension, and an effort was

made to take them. The judges stood upon their defense, and repelled the officer with their canes until the latter was obliged to return to town for assistance; when he came back they had disappeared, and were concealed under the bridge over which their pursuers rode.

Tradition says this was all preconcerted, in order to



THE JUDGES' CAVE AT WESTVILLE, CONN.

show that the authorities at New Haven had used their best endeavors to apprehend them before the arrival of the king's officers.

A short time before this, to prepare the minds of the people for the reception of the pursuers from England, the Rev. Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text: "Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth. Let mine out-

casts dwell with the Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." This doubtless had its effect, and put the whole town upon its guard, and united the people in using caution to conceal them.

In 1664 the regicides removed to Hadley, and remained there during the famous "King Philip's War." In 1665, during the observance of a fast, and while the people were assembled in the meeting-house, the building was surrounded by Indians. It was customary then to go armed to the places of worship, and upon the first intimation of attack the congregation prepared to repel the enemy. Suddenly, however, in the midst of the people, there appeared, says the legend, a man of very venerable aspect and quaint apparel, who took command, arranging and conducting the defense in the best



THE JOHN DIXWELL MONUMENT.

military manner. Under his direction the Indians were repulsed, and the town was saved. He then immediately disappeared, and the inhabitants were at a loss to know who their preserver was; nor was it found out until fifteen years afterward that the man was William Goffe, the regicide. But this story has now been proved to be entirely mythical.

Colonel John Dixwell came from Hadley to New Haven before the year 1672, and was

known as James Davids. During the seventeen years he lived in New Haven, nothing extraordinary was known of him. His residence was on the corner of College and Grove Streets.

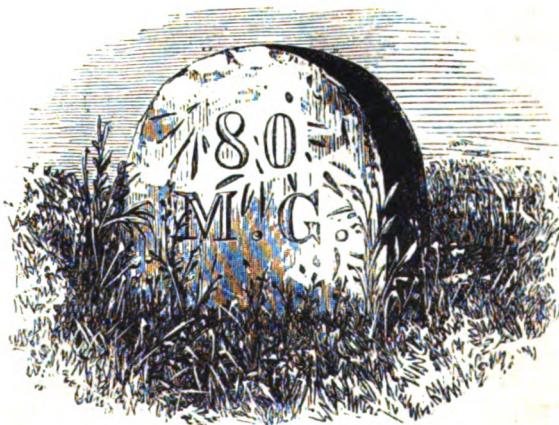
He had no secular business, but employed his time in walking through the woods and groves adjacent to his dwelling. He never mingled in any society, but rather kept himself reserved from even his neighbors, with, however, one exception.

The Rev. Mr. Pierpont lived a short distance from Colonel Dixwell's residence, and their lots being contiguous, it became habitual with the colonel to walk across his lot to that of Mr. Pierpont, who would emerge from his house at the same time, and thus they would meet at the dividing line and converse. They became very intimate, much to the wonder of Mrs. Pierpont, who often asked her husband what he could see in that man who led so obscure a life. Mr. Pierpont would answer that his friend was a very learned man, and knew more about religion and all other subjects than any other person in the place.

Sir Edmund Andross was made Governor of New York in



FIRST STONE ERECTED AT DIXWELL'S GRAVE.



STONE AT GOFFE'S GRAVE.
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1675, and of Massachusetts in 1686. In one of his tours through the colony of Connecticut about 1686, while attending public worship at New Haven, he observed a venerable old gentleman at meeting, and noticing him closely, observed something singular in his air which excited his suspicions. After meeting he inquired who he was, and being told he was a merchant, who resided in the town, replied that he knew he was not a merchant, and showed himself inclined to be particularly inquisitive about him. Colonel Dixwell was probably notified of the inquisitiveness of the Governor, for he did not attend meeting in the afternoon. It is a tradition that at this meeting the deacon gave out the Fifty-second Psalm to be sung—Sternhold and Hopkins's version—which runs thus :

“ Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise;
Dost thou not know there is a God
Whose mercies last always? ”

“ Why dost thy mind yet still devise
Such wicked wiles to warp;
Thy tongue untrue, in forging lies,
Is like a razor sharp. ”

“ Thou dost delight in fraud and guile,
In mischief, blood, and wrong;
Thy lips have learned the flattering style,
Oh, false, deceitful tongue ! ”

Governor Andross is further reported to have resented this as an intended insult upon himself, and after meeting, reprimanded the deacon for it. Being told, however, that it was the usage of the church to sing the psalms in course, he excused the deacon and let the matter drop.

After living twenty-nine years in exile from his native country, banished and forgotten by the world, seventeen years of which were spent in New Haven under the name of James Davids, Esq., Colonel John Dixwell died in 1688-9.

He and all the other judges died in a firm expectation of a revolution in England. Though this had actually taken place in the November before his death, as the news had not arrived, he died ignorant of it, about a month before the seizure of Sir Edmund Andross at Boston.

On his death-bed Colonel Dixwell disclosed his true character, and owned his name as John Dixwell, but requested that no monument should be erected on his grave giving an account of his person, name, and character, “ lest his enemies might dishonor his ashes,” but that only a plain stone might be set up at his grave, with the simple initials, “ J. D.,” his age, and the time of his death. Accordingly, a plain, rough stone was erected at his grave, near the graves of Governors Eaton and Jones, with this inscription.

The engraving is a correct copy of the old stone now to be seen in New Haven. A handsome iron fence encloses this, as also a beautiful marble monument recently erected by the people of New Haven.

While residing in New Haven, Colonel Dixwell was twice married, and at his death left a wife and two children.

President Stiles, in his history of the judges, says, “ So late as the last French War, 1760, some British officers passing through New Haven, and hearing of Dixwell's grave, visited it, and declared with rancorous and malicious vengeance that if the British Ministry knew of it they would even then cause their bodies to be dug up and vilified.” Before they left the spot, they defaced the stones with their bayonets—the marks of which are visible to this day.

“ Often have we heard the crown officials,” resumed Stiles, “ aspersing and vilifying them, and some so late as 1775 visited and treated the graves with marks of indignity too indecent to be mentioned.”

The inscription upon the recent monument to Colonel Dixwell reads as follows :

Here rests the remains of
JOHN DIXWELL, ESQ.,
of the Priory of Folkestone,
in the County of Kent, England.
Of a family long prominent in Kent
and Warwickshire, and himself possessing
large estates and much influence
in his County, he espoused the popular cause,
in the revolution of 1640.

Between 1640 and 1660,
he was Colonel in the Army,
an active member of four Parliaments,
thrice in the Council of State,
and one of the high court which tried
and condemned King Charles the First.

At the restoration of the Monarchy
he was compelled to leave his country;
and after a brief residence in Germany,
came to New Haven,
and here lived in seclusion,
but enjoying the esteem and friendship
of its most worthy citizens,
till his death in 1688-9.

HORSE-SHOES.

A NOVEL subject of inquiry, and one possessing considerable interest, is that of the origin and history of horse-shoes, and of the art of shoeing horses. That it is one of great antiquity is evidenced by the many early examples of horse-shoes, of different periods, which have, from time to time, been discovered, and by the references to them to be found in old writers. With the Greeks and Egyptians shoeing appears not to have been known, nor does it seem to have been practised by the early Romans; although many passages in the classic writers, by license in translation, have been made to give a coloring to the idea that the hoofs of their horses were shod, sometimes with iron and sometimes with brass. There can be but little doubt that the first foot-covering of the horse, adopted when the hoof became injured, was leather, stitched on with thongs, in much the same manner as sandals for human beings, and also those for sore-footed camels and other animals. From this the transition to metal rims, attached by clamps, and then with nails, would be easy and natural; but to what people this invention belongs is a matter which requires much research—and it is doubtful whether any investigation will ever be able satisfactorily to set the question at rest.

Mr. Fleming, in a recent work especially devoted to the subject, is inclined to give to the Celts, or Gallo-Celts, the credit of being the first inventors of this most useful art. That horse-shoes were not in use among the Celts is, however, pretty evident; as to that people the use of iron was unknown, and no remains of shoes of bronze or of any other material have ever been exhumed in barrow digging. The earliest known examples found in the British Isles are of the Romano-British periods, and these have not unfrequently been found on Roman sites and with undoubted remains of that people.

During the Anglo-Saxon period it is evident, not only from remains occasionally discovered, but from illuminated MSS., that horse-shoeing was regularly practised; the shoes, however, being of a somewhat different form to those of the preceding era. With the Normans the art was, of course, much practised, as the following facts, among others, testify: the Conqueror gave to Simon St. Lix, one of the noblemen who came over with him, the town of Northampton, and other land, on condition that he provided shoes for his horses; and another of his nobles, De Ferrars, or Ferraris, was the chief of his shoers or “ ferriers,” from which his name was derived. He had large grants of land in Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and elsewhere, from his sovereign in

consideration of his services, and the family became Earls of Derby, etc., and bore for 'heir arms successively six horse-shoes, and *vaire*, within a *bordure* of horse-shoes. A curious circumstance in reference to Norman horse-shoes, not mentioned by Mr. Fleming, is the discovery of a pitcher, bearing on one side the horse-shoe, and on the other the buckle badges of the Ferrars family. This curious vessel is engraved in the "Reliquary," and is worth attention. Another matter connected with the Ferrars family is the curious custom at Oakham, in Rutland, of the town claiming from every peer who passes through it a horse-shoe. The old hall—the shire hall—of Oakham is a Norman building, erected by Walkelen De Ferrars, and on its door, and on various parts of its interior, are horse-shoes of various sizes and dates, which have been claimed from, and given by, royal personages, peers who have passed "through the precinct, or lordship" of the De Ferrars. The arms of the town is also a horse-shoe.

Passing downward, the Marshalls—"Marescallus"—whose duty was "every morning, and late at night, to see that the horses are properly groomed . . . and also ascertain that they are well shod"—became Earls of Pembroke, and bore a horse-shoe and a nail on their seals. In 1235, Walter Le Brun had a plot of land granted him in the Strand, whereon to erect a forge, for which he was to render to the Exchequer yearly, as quitrent, six horse-shoes, with the nails—sixty-two—belonging to them, and this custom has been continued ever since, and is the origin of the "counting the horse-shoes and hob-nails" on the swearing in of the London Sheriffs at the Court of Exchequer at the present day.

Examples of horse-shoes of a little later period—those belonging to the unfortunate Earl of Lancaster—are more than usually well authenticated. When the earl, on the close approach of the royal army, fled from his stronghold of Tutbury Castle, and crossed the river to gain the Derbyshire side, his baggage, and military chest, containing all his money and valuables, were lost in the river Dove, and there remained until the year 1831, when, in deepening the river, they were found. These consisted of an immense number of coins—computed at 100,000—and some other relics. They were, in many instances, so firmly imbedded in the sand and gravel of the bed of the river as to be not easily separated, and the iron of the chest, and of other articles, had become oxidized, and cemented the mass firmly together. Among the mass some horse-shoes were discovered, imbedded in the conglomerate, and firmly attached to gravel and coins. They are in the possession of Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, and are engraved in Mr. Fleming's last volume.

The seal of the city of Gloucester, of the reign of Edward III., presents a good illustration of the form of horse-shoes and nails of that period, and from that time downward the art has continued, and the form, with but few improvements till quite recent times, has remained with but little alteration.

THE learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man is equally useful to the wise and the simple. The merely learned man has not elevated his mind above that of others; his judgments are not more penetrating, his remarks not more delicate, nor his actions more beautiful than those of others; he merely uses other instruments than his own; his hands are employed in business of which the head sometimes takes little note. It is wholly different with the wise man: he moves far above the common level—he observes everything from a different point of view; in his employments there is always an aim, in his views always freedom, and all with him is above the common level.

THE DIAMOND.

ITS SOURCE, PROPERTIES, AND USES.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY.



LTHOUGH the diamond has been known for ages, we are scarcely nearer the solution of the problem of its origin than we were when it was first discovered. There are no end of conjectures and theories as to the probable origin of the precious gem, but we still want positive evidence of its real position among minerals. A great difficulty in the way of arriving at a just conclusion lies in the fact that the gem has never been found *in situ*—that is, in the original rock from whence it is supposed to have been washed. A few solitary specimens have been picked up imbedded in a peculiar elastic sandstone, called itacolomite, but although this rock is abundant in various parts of the world, we have yet to hear of the opening of any diamond mine in any country where it occurs. Numerous theories have been started to account for the origin of the diamond. It may be worth while to notice some of them.

According to Dr. Hamlin, it is always found in, or rather upon, beds of gravel, usually modified drift, and has never been met with anywhere else, because it has its origin among the gravel. The diamond placers of South America, of India, of Ceylon, and of South Africa are all geologically similar. The placer is usually a filled-up lagoon, of basin shape, with a gravelly bottom. Near the margin the diamonds are found at a slight depth, imbedded among the gravel. Further toward the middle of the lagoon the depth to the gravelly bottom may be seventy or eighty feet, hence it is necessary to dig to that depth to find the diamond stratum. Dr. Hamlin believes that the formation of the diamond began long after the close of the drift period, and that they are of undoubted vegetable origin. The vegetable theory is also accepted by other writers, and the fact that some specimens have been found to contain organic matter helps to sustain the vegetable hypothesis. That they were at no time imbedded in rock, but are the product of a regular growth after the date of the drift period, is one of the latest suggestions in reference to their origin.

Sir Isaac Newton early inferred the true composition of the stone to be pure carbon, and subsequent philosophers proved the accuracy of his observation, by burning a fragment and collecting the carbonic acid resulting from the combustion. Michael Faraday converted one-half of a diamond into coke, leaving the other half in its natural state. So many persons have performed similar experiments that there is no doubt in the minds of scientific men as to the true composition of the diamond.

That many attempts should be made to prepare so valuable a gem artificially is very natural. The experiments have been made to find a solvent for carbon from which it would be possible to crystallize the gem as easily as alum crystals can be raised from a saturated solution. It is superfluous to remark that a proper solvent has not been found. Molten iron takes up considerable quantities of carbon, and may be said to dissolve it, but the crystals which form out of it partake of the form and properties of graphite rather than of a brilliant. Professor Despretz, of Paris, came nearer solving the problem than any of his predecessors. By aid of a powerful galvanic battery, he succeeded in accumulating a cluster of microscopic crystals on one of the electrodes, which was dipped in carbon suspended in hydrochloric acid. These crystals proved to have the same form and properties as diamonds, but their cost was considerably greater than



MILITARY ESCORT CONVOYING DIAMONDS TO THE COAST IN BRAZIL.

natural stones of the same size. The experiment was considered to be interesting scientifically, as going to prove that it is not improbable that some day we shall discover a feasible

way of making artificial diamonds. Some diamonds contain red, white, and blue spots, and if they are heated to redness, and protected from the air, these spots dis-



DIAMOND FIELDS ON THE VAAL RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA, DISCOVERED IN 1870.

appear. This behavior seems to indicate that the temperature at which the diamond was originally formed was below redness. The fact that diamonds can be transformed into graphite by aid of a powerful electric current goes to prove that diamonds and graphite are only allotropic conditions of carbon, differing in the temperature at which they were formed. It would look as if the diamond had been formed like coal, by a slow decomposition of substances containing carbon, either vegetable or mineral.

The diamond has long been known in Asia, in Hindostan, Borneo, Sumatra, and in the Ural mountains, before it was discovered elsewhere—the district from Cape Comorin to the Bay of Bengal, including the famous mine of



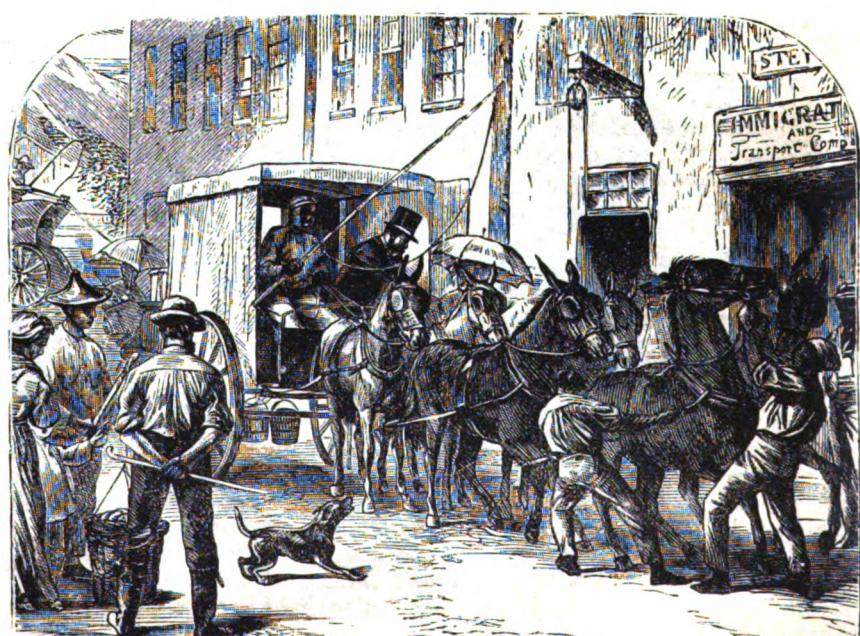
SOUTH AFRICA.—DIAMOND-SEEKERS IN CAMP.



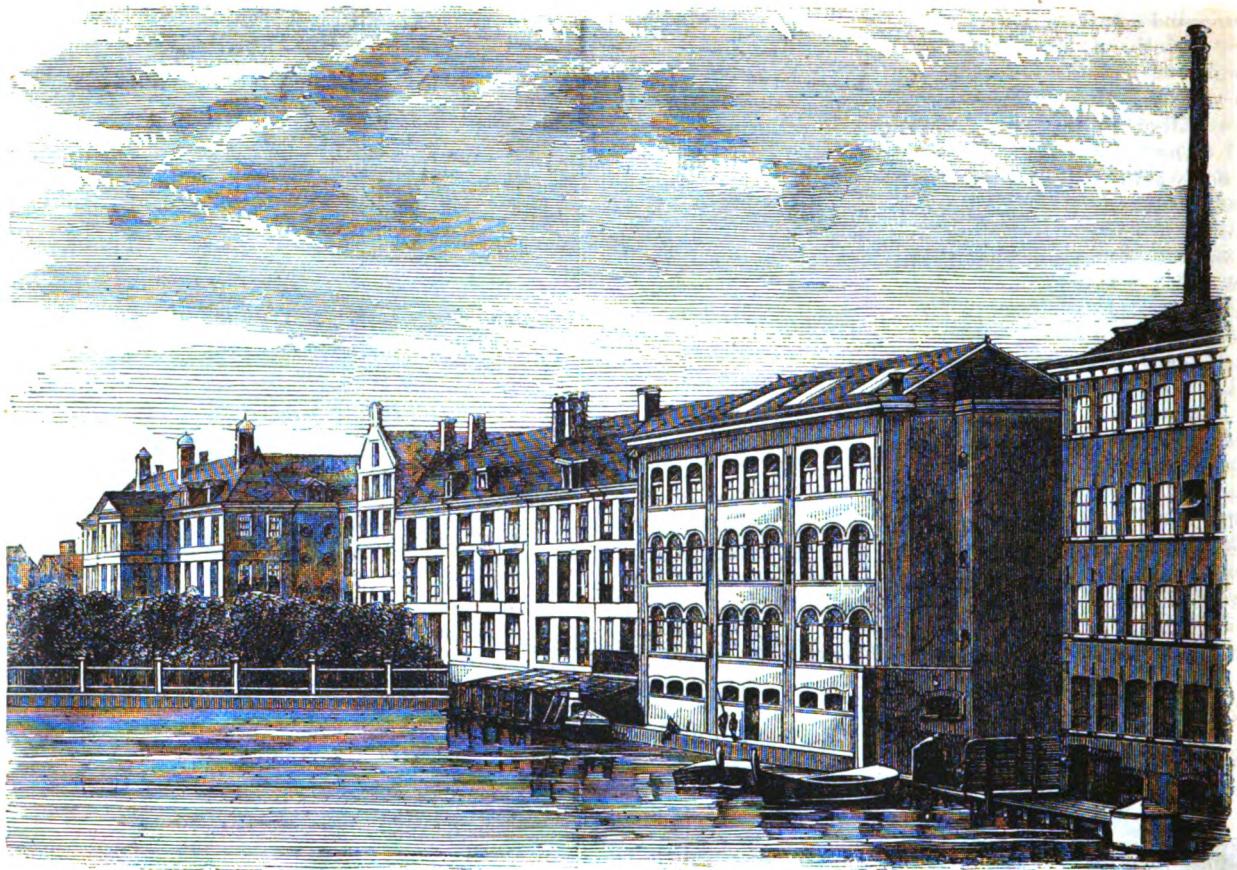
DIGGING AND WASHING IN SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS IN 1870.

Golconda, supplying the world until 1728, when the Brazilian mines were discovered. The diamond district of Brazil is situated in the Serra do Frio, in the province of Ninas Geraes, extending from East to West, between lat. 17 deg. and 19 deg. south. The mines were originally Government property, and were placed under the management of officers specially detailed for the purpose, who employed at times as many as 5,000 negroes at the works. Since 1873 they have become exclusively private property, and are worked in the same manner as the gold mines of other countries. A singular uniformity has been observed respecting the diamond grounds of Brazil, which has served as an important check upon the workman. It has been found that the same cubic mass will yield in washing pretty

nearly the same number of carats whether of large or of small diamonds. Though very large gems do not abound in this district, some of considerable size have at times been found. In sending the diamonds to the coast it has always been necessary to have a convoy of military to protect the caravan from attacks of marauders, and as the invading party was sometimes made up of deserters from the regular army, and as collusions with the escort were possible, it occasionally fared hard with the caravan, and fewer diamonds were found at the end of the route than were started on the journey. The yield from this locality is said to have fallen off very considerably of late years, and so

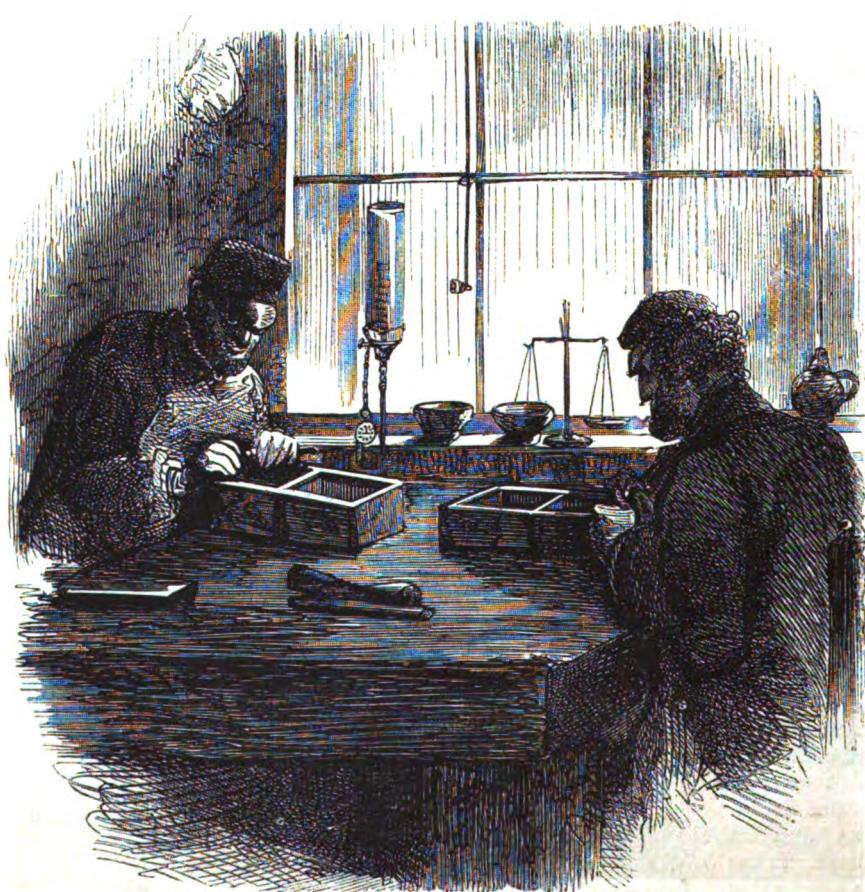


LEAVING CAPE TOWN FOR DIAMOND FIELDS IN 1871.



DIAMOND-CUTTING WORKS ON THE AMSTEL, HOLLAND.

it may have been one of the reasons why the Government thought it wise to put the business in private hands. A splendid diamond found in Brazil some years ago, and carried to France, is called the "Star of the South." Its general form is a rhomboidal dodecahedron, and upon its faces are impressions which appear to have been made by other diamonds, so that the whole was probably a group of diamond crystals. Another famous diamond from Brazil is in possession of the King of Portugal. If genuine, of



SPLITTING DIAMONDS.

which there is some doubt, its value, according to the usual rule of computation, should be \$28,000,000, weighing, as it does in the rough, 1,680 grains. The Brazilian diggings were visited by Alexander von Humboldt the early part of this century, and when afterwards this celebrated traveler was on the estates of Prince Demidoff in Russia, from a similarity of appearance in the structure of the gravel beds, he predicted that diamonds could be found, on careful search, in the Urals, which prediction proved

true, and the first specimen found was sent as a present to the author of "Kosmos," and is now carefully preserved in the mineralogical cabinet at Berlin. The Russian mines have been worked since 1829, and have yielded a number of very valuable specimens. Towards the year 1870 the supply from all quarters was getting low, and it was necessary to have recourse to the old jewels of Portuguese, Spanish, French, and English families to satisfy the demand, the United States being then the best market. A great change

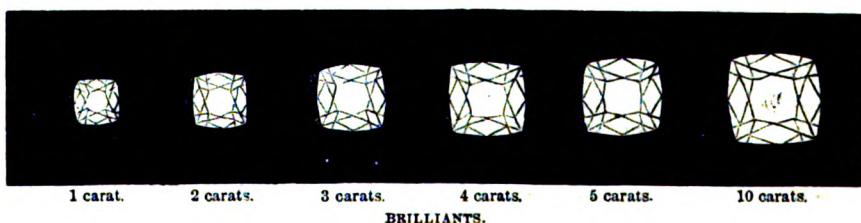
in the supply and price of diamonds was occasioned by the discovery of the South African fields in 1867 and 1870. They had been known to traders, but the knowledge was kept secret until the finding of a diamond (21½ carats), by a white child, on the bank of the Orange River, at once attracted the attention of the whole world to this locality, and it was not long before the country was overrun by adventurers. The first settlers of this part of the world were Hollanders, and the names of towns and rivers at the Cape, as in the vicinity of New York, show their Dutch origin. Just as in the State of New York we have the Walkill, so in South Africa the principal river is named Waal, after an arm of the Rhine in Holland. This name is now changed into Vaal River, and here a regularly organized community of diggers have been at work, a short distance from the Mission Station of Phiel.

The place where the diamonds are found is a large district of country belonging to Dutch Boer farmers and native tribes. The diamond mine is indicated by the presence of great quantities of garnets on the surface, which are, however, not of any value in that distant part of the world. In

24 deg. to 28 deg. east, and 27 deg. to 30 deg. south. A great part of this region has been honeycombed very much as was the case in California. Since March, 1867, when the first diamond was found at the Cape, it is estimated that diamonds to the value of twelve million pounds sterling have been brought away from there. As stated by Professor Tennant, about ten per cent. of the Cape diamonds may be classified as the first quality, fifteen per cent. of the



POLISHING DIAMONDS.

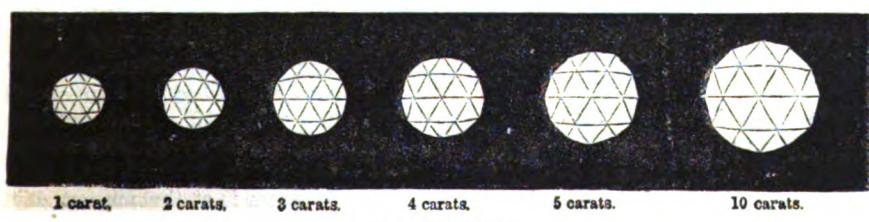


1 carat. 2 carats. 3 carats. 4 carats. 5 carats. 10 carats. BRILLIANTS.

second, and twenty of the third. The remainder, under the name of *bort*, is employed in cutting diamonds and for various other purposes by the lapidary, by the engineer, for rock-drilling, and so on.

If the system of hydraulic mining could have been applied in Africa much labor and expense would have been saved. At Colesberg Hopje, reliance had to be placed on the

slow and tedious process of windlass and bucket for removing both water and gravel, and a single heavy rain could destroy the labor of a month. The product at this principal bed in 1874 fell fifty per cent. from the average of the two previous years. The rains have caused heavy cavings of the



1 carat. 2 carats. 3 carats. 4 carats. 5 carats. 10 carats. ROSE DIAMONDS.

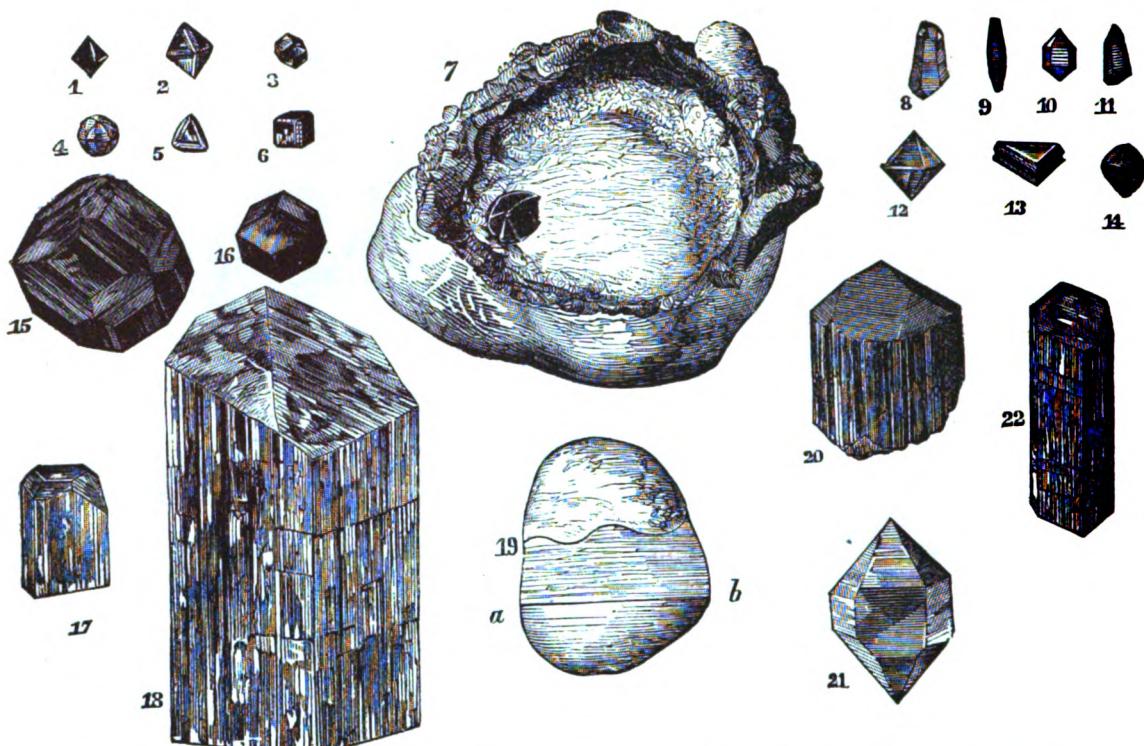


Fig. 1. Octohedron Diamond. Fig. 2. Octohedron having six planes on the edges. Fig. 3. Dodecahedron with rhombic faces. Figs. 4, 5, and 6 are rarer forms. Fig. 7. A conglomerated mass of Quartz Pebbles, two crystals of Diamond, and various grains of Gold; the whole cemented together by oxide of iron. Figs. 8 to 11. Crystals of Corundum. Figs. 12 to 14. Crystals of Spinel-ruby. Figs. 15 to 16. Crystals of Garnet. Figs. 17, 18 and 19. Rhombic prisms of Topaz. Fig. 20. Tourmaline. Fig. 21. Crystal of Transparent Quartz, or "Rock Crystal." Fig. 22. Beryl.

deep pits which formed the diggings, so that one-third of the ground is thought to be covered up by slides, which it will scarcely pay to retrieve. The deep diggings are flooded, and there is no way of draining them except the bucket and rope, working through depths of 180 ft. and more. The value of claims is steadily falling; the diamond colony is poor; and the whole condition of things will be sufficiently indicated to any old Californian by the fact that loans are made on the mining licenses at the rate of ten per cent. a month, with foreclosures at the end of the first month. In the diamond camps the small stones form the basis of value, and would doubtless be used as the common currency but for one fact. While the value of gold is directly proportioned to its weight, a pound nugget being worth exactly twelve times as much as an ounce nugget of the same fineness, the value of diamonds increases with enormous rapidity as they grow heavier, so that they cannot be paid out in pinches, the same as gold. For that reason they occupy in South Africa about the same relation that gold bears to greenbacks. Transactions take place in diamonds, but the amount of exchange has to be calculated in another currency.

The discovery of the diamond fields of South Africa bids fair to exert a great influence on the native population of the adjoining provinces. The Secretary to the Government of Griqualand West, Mr. J. B. Currey, says that the natives come in large bodies, often as many as two thousand in a month, arriving in a wretched state of emaciation. They wear no clothing, save a cincture round the loins, and although very thin and bony when they arrive, in about six months they become very sleek, well made, and often powerful men. They are very thrifty, and generally have from eight to ten pounds in money when the time for their departure arrives. This

they expend in purchasing guns, powder, and lead, old military uniforms, beads, brass-wire, and perhaps a little food, with which they set out for their own country, each man staggering under his burden. In the middle of 1875 came the first party of Maschonas, large, powerful, jet-black men, from lat. 18 deg., on the southern bank of the Zambesi. Commenting upon this remarkable movement of the natives, Mr. Currey makes the following observations:

"And this great stream of native labor returns, after a few months, to the great ocean from which it flowed, bearing with it, as is inevitable, some traces of the strange lands through which it has passed, and some tinge of the things with which it has come in contact. We cannot prevent this, even if we would. For good or for evil, these natives have tasted of the tree of knowledge, and know that they are naked. They go back with something to tell, and the strange stories that must be repeated from hut to hut, and village to village, the distorted accounts which must be spread of our religion and our laws, our virtues and our vices, our manners and customs, will produce results greater than any that all the missionaries of Europe could effect in a century. Events novel and rapid, which we have had no power to control, have unexpectedly placed us in intimate communication with new tribes, and our connection with them entails results which no indifference can ignore, and from which no timidity can escape."

The ancients knew nothing about cutting the diamond, but wore the natural stones, selecting the most regular. The

art of cutting was invented by Louis Berquin, of Bruges, in Belgium, in the year 1456, and a guild of diamond-cutters was established by him about the year 1470. Diamond-cutting was for a long time a monopoly in Holland, and the business is at the present day mostly confined to Amsterdam.



Octohedron.



Modified Octohedron.

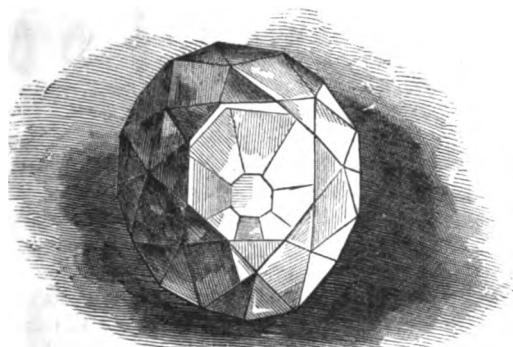


Dodecahedron.



Irregular Forms.

CAPE DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.



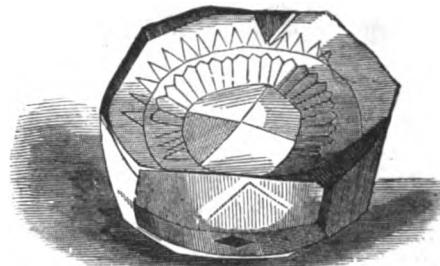
THE KOH-I-NOOR, RE-CUT.

There has been, however, a Diamond Company established in New York since 1871, where the process is carried on to great perfection. The business is divided into three entirely distinct and separate branches. First, there is the cleaver, or splitter, called the *klover*; then the cutter, or *snyder*; and, lastly, the polisher, or *sliper*. It would be difficult, if not impossible for one person to become expert in all three branches. The splitter, or cleaver, must be a person of the quickest perception and great skill, otherwise he could at one blow destroy a most costly gem. Seizing a stone, he looks at it quickly, and decides instantly in his mind how the stone must be cut, so as to give it the greatest weight and brilliancy. He must be able to detect at a glance any flaws or streaks, and to decide what minute fragments must be cut off to remove the flaws, and must be so thoroughly acquainted with his subject as to be able to tell whether the imperfection is at the surface or in the heart of the stone. Having decided all these points, he secures the stone in a wooden stick, by means of a cement made of rosin and pounded brick-dust, and prepares a second diamond, having a sharp edge, precisely in the same way in another stick. Steadying his two hands over a small wooden box, lined with brass, which has at the bottom a sieve to secure the precious dust, he applies the knife-edge of one diamond to the face of the other. It cuts rapidly; there is a distinct notch made, and the flaw is removed in a few minutes, which it would require some days, or even weeks, to grind off, and the fragments can be turned to account for settings.

The cleaver having determined what shape the diamond shall have, it is handed over to the cutter. The stones are secured in precisely the same sticks, and held over exactly the same kind of box. The stone to be shaped is held in the left hand, though both stones are in process of cutting. The thumbs are closely braced, the left hand being protected by a leather glove. The process is a very slow one compared with the cleaving, and requires no end of patience and judgment.

The next step is the polishing, which is accomplished by revolving steel disks running parallel with the floor, the tables turning with a speed of 2,000 revolutions to the minute, the operation being facilitated by a cream of oil and diamond powder occasionally applied by the workman. Previous to polishing, the stone must be soldered into a

brass cup, the solder rising about it until it looks like a big acorn, the stone forming the apex. Placing the stone in the acorn with its point downward, the workman clamps it in a wooden rest, the downward point touching the revolving wheel. To produce pressure, he puts on the wooden rest

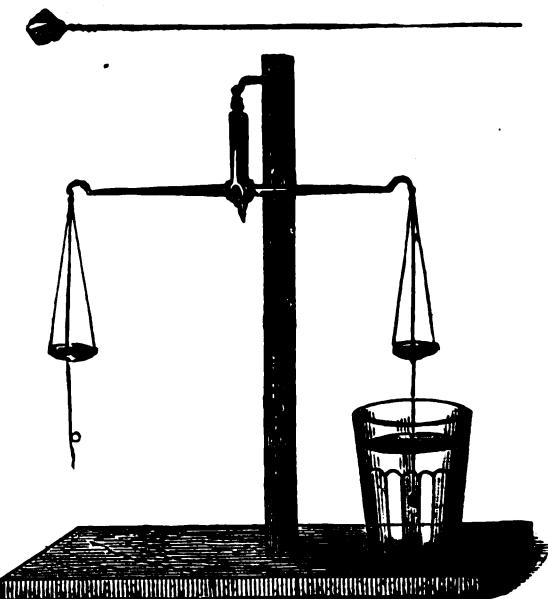


ORIGINAL CUTTING OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

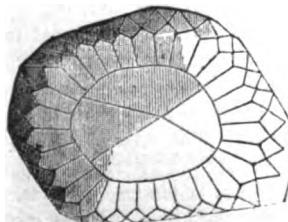
pieces of lead, weighing perhaps four or five pounds. The same person can watch two or three stones at the same time. The diamond is occasionally removed and the progress of the work determined as much by the sense of feel as by sight. It is said that the African stones are particularly hard and obstinate, giving much more trouble than the South American ones. It requires years of assiduous and patient toil to acquire proficiency in this business. Formerly the diamond was cut in flat stones, having large parallel faces; this method, however, gave only a little fire, and the forms now adopted are known as the rose and the brilliant.

The rose has usually two plane parallel faces, the one below being larger than the one above, but the upper table is sometimes surmounted with a pyramid. This method of cutting is usually confined to flat stones which do not have a good form.

The method of cutting in brilliants is much better adapted to stones of value. It consists of an upper plane, which is quite large, and generally square, with the two angles cut off. This is surmounted by a border made up of triangular or lozenge-shaped faces. This border generally occupies one-third of the whole height of the stone. There is sometimes another border below, called the pavilion, which occupies the other two-thirds of the height, the faces of which have the same general shape, but are longer. This is terminated by a lower plane, similar to the upper one, but much smaller. This method of cutting is the best for the fire, since the rays of light no longer traverse the stone, but are thrown out of it by the upper face, through which they enter. For



SIMPLE MODE OF TESTING A DIAMOND BY FINDING ITS SPECIFIC GRAVITY, THREE AND A HALF TIMES THAT OF WATER.



PLAN OF FINEST CUTTING.

this reason the stones are always set open. In the following table we give the weights of several historical diamonds:

WEIGHT OF HISTORIC DIAMONDS.

	Carats.	Carats.	
Rajah.....	367	Piggott.....	82 1-4
Great Mogul (a).....	279 9-16	Nassac (c).....	78 5-8
Orloff.....	194 1-4	Dresden.....	76 1-2
Koh-i-noor (b).....	186	Sancy.....	53 1-2
Portuguese.....	148	Eugenie.....	51
Florentine.....	139 1-2	Pasha.....	49
Regent (c).....	136 3-4	Dresden (green).....	48 1-2
Star of the South (d).....	125 1-4	Hope (blue).....	44 1-2
Koh-i-noor (recut).....	106 1-16	Polar Star.....	40
Shah.....	95	Cumberland.....	82
Sultan of Turkey.....	84	Russian (red).....	10

(a) Uncut, it weighed 900 carats. (b) Uncut, it weighed 793 carats; it is supposed that another stone weighing 130 carats was cut off the original. (c) Uncut, it weighed 410 carats. (d) Uncut, it weighed 251 1-4 carats. (e) Uncut, it weighed 89 3-4 carats.

Perhaps the most famous of all diamonds is the Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," now in the possession of the Queen of England. According to Indian tradition, it was obtained before the Christian era from one of the mines of Golconda. During two thousand years it passed through many hands, and finally, on the annexation of the Punjab to the East India Company's territory in 1849, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England, to whom it was accordingly delivered by the Company, July 3d, 1850. At this period its weight was 186 carats, but its form was not in accordance with its great value, and a commission of scientific men was appointed with reference to the propriety of recutting the gem, and, after obtaining the opinion of experts in Amsterdam, it was decided to give it in charge of Mr. Coster, of Holland, who made of it one of the most magnificent gems to be found in the world.

Jewelers acquire by practice the habit of distinguishing between the diamond and all other stones which are used to imitate it. It requires long experience and practice to acquire this power, and it is better to use some scientific means than to trust to the judgment alone. These means are given in the following table:

TABLE FOR DISTINGUISHING PRECIOUS STONES.

Density.	Refraction.	Index of Refraction.	Electricity.
Diamond . . .	3.52-3.55	Simple.	2.455 Positive, not durable.
Ruby, Sapphire, and Oriental	3.9-4.3	Double. 1 axis.	1.763 Lasts several hours.
Amethyst.			
Chryseberyl.....	3.5-3.8	Double.	1.760 Lasts several hours.
White Topaz.....	3.4-3.6	Double. 2 axis.	1.635 More than 24 hours.
Chrysolite.....	3.3-3.5	Double.	1.660 Positive.
Emerald.....	2.6-2.8	Double. 1 axis.	1.583 Positive.
Spinel.....	3.4-3.8	Simple.	1.755 Not tried.
Zircon.....	4.4-4.6	Double. 1 axis.	1.990 Positive, not durable.
Quartz.....	2.6-2.8	Double. 1 axis.	1.549 Positive, not durable.
Schist.....	var. 3.5	Simple.	Not durable, variable.

A simple method of testing diamonds by finding the specific gravity is shown on page 381; also the appearance of Cape diamonds in the rough.

The employment of diamonds in the arts is of comparatively recent date. The small stones which have very sharp edges, are used for cutting glass. Diamonds of gray or black color cost from five to six dollars a carat, in gold, a carat being equal to four grains. Such diamonds, instead of being transparent, like the white ones, are only translucent. They seldom occur in regular forms like the white ones. Clear stones are used in jewels for watches. One of the most recent, and at the same time most important, applications of the diamond is in the invention of the diamond drill. By aid of this drill, driven by compressed air, the immense work of the Mount Cenis tunnel was pushed to completion, and the equally gigantic enterprise of the St. Gothard tunnel is actively worked at the present time. The same principle has been successfully applied to a diamond stone-saw.

The latest novelty in the line of diamonds is the process by which it is claimed that ordinary crystals can be veneered with a coating of the pure gem. The manner of accomplishing this wonderful task, which, it is needless to say, is only worthy of confidence by believers in the perpetual motion, is given by the inventor, who labored twenty-eight years in perfecting it, as follows: "After the quartz and other crystals are cut in proper shape they are put into a galvanic battery, which coats them over with a liquid, that is made of diamonds which are too small to be cut, and the chippings and cuttings that are taken off of diamonds during the process of shaping them. Thus all of the small particles of diamonds that have heretofore been comparatively worthless can now, since this discovery, be used to produce diamond liquid." This solves so neatly the question of artificial diamonds that it is a pity it is not true.



THE PITT DIAMOND, EXHIBITED TO THE SAN CULOTTES UNDER A MILITARY GUARD DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ANOTHER GREAT TUNNEL.—A company has recently been formed at Lausanne, Switzerland, to undertake the tunneling of the Simplon. It is proposed to start at Brigue, on Swiss territory, at a height of 1,920 ft. above sea level, and cut a tunnel 11.4 miles long through to Pelle, in Italy. As there is much difficulty in raising the requisite funds to construct the St. Gothard Tunnel, it is not likely that the new enterprise will be started very soon, and it is also a question whether it would not be superfluous, in view of existing tunnels.

THE KRUPP GUN.—The large Krupp gun is now mounted upon its carriage at the Centennial Exhibition. Its diameter is 5 ft., length 25 ft., and bore 14 inches. Its weight is 58,460 kilogrammes, or about 64 tons. The charge of powder is said to be 500 lbs, and the weight of the shot 1,200 lbs. On its trial at Essen, this gun penetrated a 12-inch plate at two miles distance.

PREDICTION OF SEX BEFORE BIRTH.—M. Mattei has made several hundred observations on this point, which he has carefully noted and tabulated, and from which he derives certain conclusions. He finds that a fetus having 130 to 135 pulsations per minute is ordinarily a boy, while 140 to 150 per minute usually indicates a girl. The only deviations from the rule were in the case of unusually large, and at the same time feeble, female infants. The rate of pulsation was reduced by the weakness of the child to 130-135, and hence the erroneous conclusion that it must be a boy.

TELEGRAPHING THE EXACT HANDWRITING.—Mr. W. Sawyer has patented a machine which enables the operator to transmit an exact *fac simile* of the writing of the sender of a message. The sender writes his message upon ordinary white paper; this is laid upon a metallic plate, and passed between two rollers, with the effect of transferring the copy to the plate. The metallic plate is a conductor of electricity, while the lines of writing are non-conductors. Whenever the point is upon the metallic surface, the electric current passes through the wire, but when it touches the writing the current is broken, and a dot or line makes its appearance on chemically-prepared paper at the other end of the line. The moment a point is passing over the surface of one instrument, it is followed exactly by the point on the other instrument, and thus a *fac simile* of the writing is produced. It is possible to transmit a portrait or architectural drawing by the same instruments.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—Dr. Hachenberg, of Round Mount, Texas, reports an instance of the ignition of some cotton on a certain table of his house, caused by a stereoscopic instrument, that was exposed to the direct rays of the sun in such a position that the two lenses brought the heat to a focus. Glass globes, filled with water, have been known to set fire to woodwork, and the deadlights of ships have proved equally dangerous. Many attempts have been made to turn the sun's rays to practical use, the most recent invention in this direction having been made by Ericsson, in America, and Mouchot, in France.

BLUE LIGHTS.—General Pleasanton is an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of blue light to cure diseases. In a recent work he relates a number of instances of the cure of rheumatism in a mule by putting panes of blue and colorless glass in the window of his stable; also the cure of a woman suffering from complicated diseases by similar treatment; and the cure of spinal disease by combined light. The medical profession would say that he claims too much.

GLASS FROM BLAST-FURNACE SLAG.—The process consists in using the slag from iron furnaces in its liquid state, direct from the blast-furnace. It is found that the whole of the slag, when thus employed, is convertible into perfectly transparent glass of a good color. The liquid slag is conducted into a tank holding about 15 cwt., where it is mixed with other materials, and in an incredibly short space of time glass is produced which is good enough for bottles, roofing, skylight, green-houses, roofing-tiles, and many other purposes; and being made from waste material, is very cheap.

LIGHT REGISTERING APPARATUS.—Professor Roscoe has invented an automatic light-registering apparatus, the object of which is to keep a record of the amount of light that falls at any particular spot during small fixed intervals. Clock-work drives the apparatus, photographic paper is the sensitive agent used, and by mechanical arrangement only small portions of the sensitized paper are exposed at stated intervals.

EXHIBITION OF SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.—The exhibition of scientific apparatus, at South Kensington, London, last month, includes some very rare and interesting objects. Among these are the original telescopes and other instruments used by Galileo; Watts's first steam engine; the original air-pump made by Otto von Guericke, of Magdeburg; a quadrant belonging to Tycho Brahe; a telescope by Huyghens; the pendulum apparatus of Foucault and Gauss; Babbage's calculating machine, and that made by James Black for Lord Mahon; the original Napier Bones; the measuring instruments of Sir Joseph Whitworth; the apparatus employed by Joule in ascertaining the mechanical equivalent of heat; the apparatus with which Faraday made many important discoveries; the original Wheatstone bridge; the instruments used in laying the Atlantic cable; Armstrong's hydro-electric machine.

TOUGHENED GLASS.—The manufacture of glass by the De la Bastic method is at present carried on on a small scale in Pennsylvania. By his process lamps and tumblers can be toughened so as not to break when thrown upon the floor. By the new process, the glass, after having been run from the furnace and molded, instead of being put into the annealing pots, is immersed in a hot bath, consisting of linseed oil and tallow. The bath is kept up to about 320 degrees. The ware, after dipping, is removed to a second bath having a temperature of 200 degrees. Lastly, the glass goes into a water bath and is cooled. The chief difficulty thus far encountered is found to be in the fact that the glass cannot be cut with a diamond. It possesses the property of Prince Rupert's drops and explodes if a scratch or fracture is made in it. This will prevent its use for window glass, but not for many other purposes.

A RAILWAY IN CHINA.—An experimental railway is now being built in China connecting Shanghai and Woosung, a town at the junction of the river. It is only nine miles long, but the object of the English capitalists who are building it is to show the Chinese what a railroad is like. Thus, by degrees, it may be possible to introduce the system into the Empire. Several Mandarins have been invited to make trial trips, and, although a little timid at first, eventually accepted the offer, and were delighted with the experience.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A SLOW MATCH.—A ten years' engagement.

THE most unattractive thing in marriage.—Age.

No woman ever saw the time when she had hairpins enough.

MOTTO for a yeast factory.—“Early to bread and early to rise.”

WHEN is a fowl's neck like a bell?—When it is *wrong* for dinner.

WHEN is a sheep like a year?—When divided into four quarters.

MRS. PARTINGTON denies that she has ever sued a man for “reformation of character.”

THE HEART'S MISGIVINGS.—Eating mince pie and wondering, after a pause, what the cocontents were composed of.

“**SWEAR** not at all,” said a chaplain to a trooper. He replied, “I do not swear at all, but only at those who annoy me.”

DR. JOHNSON's estimate of wines and spirits was summed up in these words: “Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes.”

A NEW YORK vagrant, who had been fined regularly every week for begging, requested the magistrate to fine him by the year at a reduced rate.

A WAG, having married a young lady named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in all his life before.

“**Is THE captain of your ship a religious man?**” asked a city missionary of a Jack Tar. “Yes,” replied the latter; “of course he is—that is, when he ain't drunk.”

HEAVY GALE.—A Yankee, in describing a gale of wind, says: “A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open and turned completely inside out.”

OLDFASHIONED.—Mrs. Smithers is oldfashioned, and calls rather “ruther,” and neither “nuther”; but you eat a piece of her mince pie once, and you'll never stick up your nose at her again.

HERMANN, the magician, has been naturalized in Boston. While taking out his papers he pleaded poverty, and then drew a \$5 note from the City Clerk's vest and presented it in payment of his fee, much to that officer's amazement.

LAST Winter, in Boston, a young woman put her false teeth in a glass of water at night, and in the morning found them imbedded in a block of solid ice. She was late at breakfast, the process of thawing out the teeth with a bonfire of matches having been slow.

PRUDENT.—A rich woman has brought up her accomplished and beautiful daughters to do washing and ironing. When questioned, she replies: “Oh, it is always well to be prepared for any contingency. Perhaps some of the poor children may marry an Italian count!”

“**How, MY dear fellow, can I make a girl love me, who is constantly devoured by love of herself?**” asked a young gentleman of his friend.—“Oh,” replied the latter, “that is the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love till it overflows; all that runs over will be yours.”

Not long since a young man applied for permission to teach in a school, and, utterly failing in the necessary examination, was finally asked when it was that Napoleon Bonaparte flourished—before or after the Conquest? After meditating some time he replied, “You have got me this time, gentlemen!”

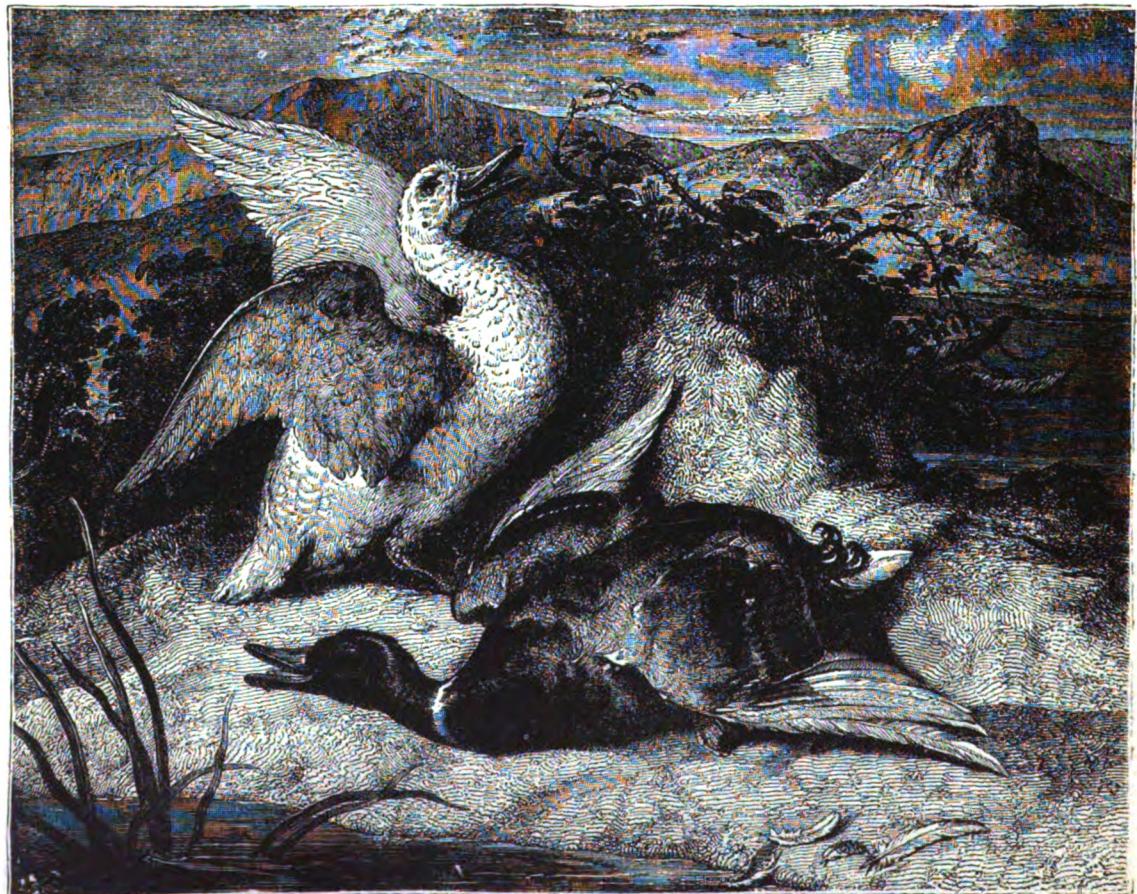
A GENTLEMAN finding his watch had stopped, took it to a watchmaker to put it right. “He armed his eyes with a microscope,” says the gentleman, “and continued to exhaust all my patience for a considerable time, very sapiently occupied, as I thought, examining the machinery to discover the difficulty. At length he told me he could do my watch no good unless he took it all to pieces; to which, objecting, I carried it to another, who, a good deal to my surprise, discovered that I had only forgotten to wind it up.”

IN a recent debate in Parliament on the Irish whisky trade, on the question whether Government ought to stop the common practice of mixing Scotch whiskys in bonded warehouses, and then selling the product in Ireland as Irish whisky, whereas it is, in fact, a mixture of Irish and Scotch whiskys, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, speaking as a teetotaler, made rather a good joke. He said that “what was meant by good whisky was whisky which would make you drunk in the pleasantest way and the shortest time;” and, he added, “No definition that I know of will hold water better than that!”

COULD anything be better than the following “improvement” of a minister of Arran, who was discoursing on the carelessness of his flock? “Brethren, when you leave the church, just look down at the duke's swans; they are very bonny swans, an' they'll be sooming about an' aye dookin' doon their heads and laving theirsels wi' the clear water till they're a' drookit; then you'll see them sooming to the shore, an' they'll gie their wings a bit flap, and they're dry again. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, an' I lave you a' ower wi' the Gospel till you are fairly drookit wi' it. But you just gang awa' hame, an' sit doon by your fireside, gie your wings a bit flap, an' ye're as dry as ever again.”



THE WOMAN'S TAILOR IN BEARN.



THE WIDOWED DUCK.

